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(CONTAINING)

Avellaneda's Quixote.

Virtuous Orphan.



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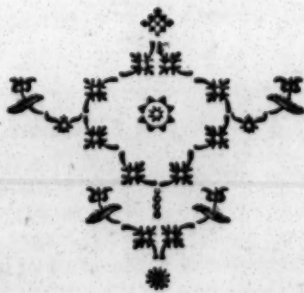
1784.



A
CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN SPANISH,
BY THE LICENTIATE
ALONZO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS YARDLEY, ESQ.
IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXIV.



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

IN the following pages the publick are presented with that Continuation of the History of Don Quixote, which is so frequently mentioned and reviled in the Second Part of the Knight's Adventures by Cervantes. How far this contumely is just, or how much of it may be attributed to other motives than those of dispassionate criticism, the generality of readers have hitherto had little opportunity of deciding. To many of them (and those, too, conversant enough with the Quixote of Cervantes) the existence of Avellaneda's work has probably been unknown: and the disadvantage they must have laboured under from the want of it, is too obvious to enlarge upon; since, without it, Cervantes himself frequently appears (like the doughty hero of his tale) combating a phantom of his own heated imagination. It has therefore always astonished me to observe, that, whilst a long succession of translators and printers seem to have vied with each other in improving and multiplying editions of Cervantes's Don Quixote in English, this Continuation by Avellaneda has never been more than once rendered into our language. The translation is now not very easily to be met with; and, when found, is dissatisfactory in point of style. If, by those who are acquainted with it, the present attempt shall be judged to possess some superiority in that particular, I shall esteem my labour sufficiently rewarded. With regard to Avellaneda, truth requires me to declare, that neither of the translations stand in the first degree of relationship: they are both copies from the French*. This circumstance is honestly avowed by Captain Stevens†, my predecessor in the undertaking; and the plea which he alledges in excuse for his conduct, will not, I hope, be condemned as frivolous, when applied to mine. In his preface, the Spanish original of Avellaneda is asserted to be scarce even in Spain; and my own enquiries all concur in confirming this assertion. 'In England,' adds he, 'it perhaps was never seen; at least, that I can hear of.'—I have, indeed, been somewhat more fortunate; I once obtained possession, for a few hours only, of the Spanish original: and I then discovered that the anonymous French translator had in some places rendered his author very paraphrastically. One story in the French, which I had noticed with more particular attention, as it is introduced by Mr. Pope in his Essay of Criticism‡, I searched for in the Spanish original;

* The earliest edition of the French translation that I have met with, was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1705.

† I apprehend this Captain Stevens to be the person who translated from the Spanish a History of the Discovery and Conquest of India by the Portuguese; an edition of which translation was published in 1695, in three volumes octavo.

‡ The story above alluded to is to be found in Book III. Chapter 10. of this work; and is told by Pope as follows.

- ' Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
- ' A certain bard encountering on the way,
- ' Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
- ' As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;

B

' Concluding

nal; but searched in vain. Such a discovery of interpolation in the Frenchman, at first almost determined me to commit to the flames the present translation from him, in which I had then made considerable progress, and (as the procurement of a copy of the Spanish original remained a hopeless speculation) to surrender my design to utter oblivion. As soon, however, as the vexation of disappointment had subsided, my cooler reason could not help acknowledging, that light, though faint or refracted, was preferable to absolute darkness; that to see, though through a medium somewhat distorted, was still better than to be blind; and that, upon any subject whatsoever, the best evidence that the circumstances would admit of, was always desirable. I therefore returned again to my work: how far I have been wise in judgment, or successful in execution, it remains with a candid public to determine. My sole motive for undertaking it was the desire of rendering accessible and amusive, an author, whose connection with Cervantes, had he no other claim to immortality, seems to require that his book should not be forgotten. I will not affront the observation of my readers, by pointing out the various passages in which he is alluded to in the second part of that author's *Don Quixote*; but I cannot forbear requesting they will refer to Book IV. Chapters 7. and 20. which will be found particularly relative and striking. In the mean time, I must crave leave to remark, that if I may be suffered to indulge any confidence in my own judgment, or in the concurrent decisions of several literary friends; the intrinsic merit of Avellaneda, at least as he appears under the hands of his French paraphrast, is alone sufficient to recommend him to notice. Who this paraphrast was, I confess I am in some degree doubtful. Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, Vol. I. page 144, Edit. 1772, mentioning the story of *Don Quixote* which that poet has introduced in his *Essay of Criticism*, informs us, that the incident is taken from the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, first written by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an author than the celebrated Le Sage. 'The book,' continues he, 'is not so contemptible as some authors insinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in many strokes of humour and character worthy Cervantes himself.' Dr. Warton then proceeds to relate at length the latter part of the dialogue between *Don Quixote* and the scholar, for which he refers us, in a note, to 'Continuation of Hist. of *Don Quixote*, B. III. Ch. 10.' and, according to this reference, it will be found in Captain Stevens's translation before-mentioned. It is evident, then, that Dr. Warton considered the French book from which the present work is translated, as the production of Le Sage; and yet, notwithstanding

-
- ‘ Concluding all were desp’rate fots and fools,
 - ‘ Who durst depart from Aristotle’s rules.
 - ‘ Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 - ‘ Produc’d his play, and begg’d the knight’s advice;
 - ‘ Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 - ‘ The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 - ‘ All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 - ‘ Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 - ‘ What! leave the combat out?” exclaims the knight.
 - ‘ Yes, or we must renounce the stagirite.”
 - ‘ Not so, by Heav’n!” he answers in a rage;
 - ‘ Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”
 - ‘ So vast a throng the stage can ne’er contain.”
 - ‘ Then build a new, or act it in a plain.”

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The deference always due to such an authority, I have some reasons for doubting in the case before us*. Thus much, however, is universally allowed—that Le Sage actually wrote, or at least has always been reputed to have written, a history in French of the adventures of Don Quixote: I believe, also, that it was the first production of his pen. Le Sage, as Dr. Warton informs us, generally took his plans from the Spanish writers, the manners of which nation he has well imitated. *Le Diable Boiteux* was drawn from the *Diabolo Cojuelo* of Guevara; his *Gil Blas* from Don Gusman d'Alfarache. Le Sage made a journey into Spain to acquaint himself with the Spanish customs. He is a natural writer, of true humour. He died in a little house near Paris, where he supported himself by writing, in the year 1747. He had been deaf ten years.

Having thus laid before my readers such imperfect intelligence concerning Avellaneda and his translators, as it has been in my power to procure, I shall now proceed to communicate some additional notices relative to the present subject.

It is well known, that the First Part of Don Quixote's History, by Cervantes, was published at Madrid in the year 1605. In 1614, Avellaneda put forth his Continuation; and in 1615 appeared the Second Part of Cervantes. These are the dates of the original Spanish Don Quixotes. But the French nation, never satisfied (as it should seem) with harassing the unfortunate knight-errant, have presumed, in defiance of the prohibition issued by Cervantes at the close of his work, to drag the mouldering warrior from his tomb, and compel him to set forth in pursuit of new mischances and rib-roastings. I have seen a *Histoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche*, in six volumes duodecimo, the purport of which is as follows. The first four volumes contain a translation (not in all parts faithful to the original) of Cervantes's Don Quixote, as far as the last chapter. The close of that chapter is altered; and the translator, instead of suffering his hero to die in peace, informs us, that he recovered from his illness, and returned so perfectly to his right senses, that one would suppose he had been crazy for no other purpose but to evince the danger of indulging one's self in the study of books of chivalry. The fifth volume opens with telling us, that another Arab, called Zulema, (and, since his baptism, Henriquez de la Torre) having discovered that Don Quixote had fallen again into his former extravagances, determined to continue the history of his adventures. That he had made considerable progress, when he took it into his head to go to the Indies. Being unwilling, however, that the work should remain unfinished, he committed his papers to a friend, requesting him to add thereto such farther account as he could procure of Don Quixote's achievements; so as to finish the work against his return. The beginning of the sixth volume acquaints us, that Henriquez dying on his passage from the Indies, Cid Ruy Gomez, the person to whom he had entrusted his papers, omitted to pub-

* The loose paraphrastical manner in which the French book is rendered from the Spanish, is, however, a strong internal evidence of the hand of Le Sage. How little Le Sage scrupled taking liberties of this sort with his author, is sufficiently evinced by his *Roland L'Amoureux*; a prose translation, published in 1716, of the *Orlando Innamorato*. In this work he has indulged himself in most unwarrantable licence; not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumstances of his own invention. See Preface to Hoole's *Ariosto*.

lish them. That Ruy Gomez dying also, the History of Don Quixote's Atchievements fell at last into the hands of a Spanish valet, who attended his master in the train of Philip V. of Spain. By this valet it was sold to a French gentleman attendant upon Philip, and from him procured, upon promise to translate it into the French language, by the anonymous editor of the work. At the close of the sixth volume, Don Quixote dies with the sentiments of a good Christian.

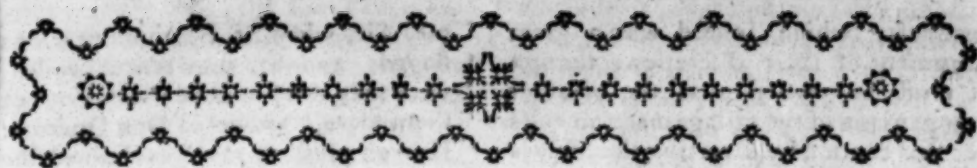
Still I have more torment in store for the persecuted Knight of La Mancha. Besides the work just mentioned, I am in possession of six volumes of *Suite Nouvelle et Veritable de L'Histoire, &c. de Don Quichotte de la Mancha*; traduite d'un Manuscrit Espagnol de Cid Hamet Benengely, son veritable Historien. The preface to this work is said to consist of extracts from the Letters of Carasco and Benengeli, explaining the whole progress of Don Quixote's history from beginning to end, and furnishing information also respecting the ensuing *Nouvelle Suite* of his adventures. The author, after dragging the wretched knight through five volumes, at the end of the fifth informs us, that he renders up his spirit, together with a dose of his own precious Balsam of Fier-à-bras, which had been in vain administered to him in the agonies of death. The sixth volume of this *Nouvelle Suite* contains the exaltation of Sancho Panza to the post of Alcalde of Blandande; his abdication of that office; his return home to his wife; and his final determination to renounce governments and dignities for ever.

By this time, I fear, I have exhausted my reader's patience on the subject of the French Don Quixotes. I was willing, however, to accumulate in this preface whatever I conceived might be connected with, or illustrative of, the work I had undertaken. I have endeavoured to prevent mistake by discrimination; and, if unable to produce the substance, I have at least served to point out the shadow. That the present attempt may stimulate some possessor of the original Spanish work to favour the publick with a genuine and critical translation of the rival of Cervantes, is the sincere wish of my heart; it's accomplishment would be the most satisfactory reward of my labours.

W. A. YARDLEY.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have met with the second volume of an edition of Avellaneda in English, printed for Paul Vaillant in 1745. It is said in the title-page to be 'Now first translated from the original Spanish, by Mr. Baker.' That this assertion contains more of impudence than of truth, I need little scruple in affirming; since I find, upon examination, that the work is Captain Stevens's Translation from the French, literally reprinted; and the curious cuts (in truth they deserve that epithet) with which it is said to be illustrated, are copies from the same book. Mr. Baker's book made a second appearance in 1760, for T. Warcus, Fleet Street.

AVELLANEDA's



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

WHICH MENTIONS ANOTHER ARABIAN BESIDES BENENGELI, AND TREATS OF THE SUCCESS OF DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CAGE.



THE sage Alisolan, an historian of equal veracity with Cid Hamet Benengely, relates in his memoirs, that the Moors, from whom he was descended, having been expelled the kingdom of Arragon, he accidentally found certain annals, written in the Arabian language, which contained the third sally made by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from his village of Argamasilla, in order to be present at the tournament which was soon after to be held in the city of Saragossa. The relation he gives us is as follows.

Don Quixote having been conveyed home in the cage by the kind care of Peter Pérez the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, was closely confined to his chamber with a chain at his heels. He was there daily plied with strong broths and cordial liquors, in which,

questionless, there was a sufficient portion of hellebore; and, in short, nothing was spared that might conduce to restore him to his reason. The poor gentleman was himself well disposed; for he so much dreaded relapsing into his madness, that he never ceased pressing his niece Magdalen to find him out some excellent book, which might employ and divert him during the seven hundred years continuance of his enchantment. She gave him, by the curate's direction, Villegas's Flos Sanctorum; the Gospels of the Year; and the Sinner's Guide, by Father Louis of Granada. The reading of these books insensibly blotted out all the ideas he had conceived of knight-errantry, so that in six months time he seemed to be perfectly recovered. Then was his chain taken off, he was no longer locked up in his chamber, but was allowed the liberty of going to church, where he heard mass; and was so attentive to his curate's lectures, that all people were very much edified at it. In short, Mr. Martin Quixada (for he was now no longer called Don Quixote) was looked upon as a man perfectly restored to his wits, and all men blessed Heaven for it. However, none as yet durst talk to him of any thing that might seem to have relation to his former madness;

madness; which indeed was a great argument of their discretion: though it must be owned that the pleasant companions of the village made amends for this caution by diverting themselves with his adventures in his absence. It happened about this time, that the great heat of the weather cast his niece into such a fever as the physicians call Ephemera; which, though it generally lasts but a day, very often proves dangerous; and, to be brief, poor Magdalen died of it. Don Quixote could not but be much concerned at her death, notwithstanding it was worth to him eight hundred ducats as her heir; but having still a good old house-keeper, who was an excellent housewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off insensibly.

One holiday, after dinner, as he sat in his chamber, reading the lives of saints, his old squire Sancho Panza came to visit him, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. 'Are you there, my friend?' said Don Quixote; 'you come very opportunely to hear the life of a great man.'—'By no means, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'I will not enquire into other men's lives and conversation, for that is an unlawful curiosity. Every man must mind his own business, without concerning himself with other people's matters.'—'What simplicity!' exclaimed Don Quixote: 'the book which I design to read to you is holy, and for your improvement. Draw a chair, that you may listen to me more at your ease.'—'What book is it that lies before you?' said Sancho; 'is it not some book of knight-errantry?'—'No,' replied Don Quixote; 'it is the *Flos Sanctorum*.'—'And pray who was that *Sanctorum*?' quoth the squire. 'Was he a king, or was he one of those giants that were converted into wind-mills last year?'—'What a silly fellow thou art,' answered Don Quixote. 'This book contains the lives of saints; such, for instance, as St. Lawrence, who was broiled on a gridiron; St. Bartholomew, who was flayed; and so of all other saints, whether martyrs or confessors, whose festivals are kept by the church.'—'As God shall save me,' said Sancho, interrupting him, 'I believe you design to become a saint-errant, to gain the terrestrial paradise. But pray, tell

me, Sir, when St. Bartholomew was flayed, and St. Lawrence broiled, were they dead or alive?'—'Both of them alive,' answered Don Quixote. 'Heaven preserve me!' exclaimed the squire; 'that's ten times worse than tossing in a blanket. Hang me if ever I follow the example of your saints! As far as mumbling over the Creed and Lord's Prayer half a score times on my knees, I'll not be outdone by e'er a capuchin of them all; but for being roasted, or broiled alive, I am your humble servant; my talent does not lie that way.'—'Enough of that!' quoth Don Quixote: 'let us read the life of St. Bernard, whose festival is kept to-day.' Though the honest gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he so complaisant as to begin it again; and, at every leaf he turned over, he made such judicious comments upon the text, that the best moral philosopher would have been puzzled to outdo him. This, though for the most part it was but labour lost on Sancho, so far moved him, that he cried out, 'Let me die, if you do not preach as well as the curate, when he makes a sermon for the tithes! But now you talk of St. Bernard, I remember, that last Sunday, Peter Alonso's son, that goes to school, read a book to us under the tree by the mill. By'r lady 'tis the finest book! Oh 'tis quite another thing than your *Flos Sanctorum*. In the first place, before you read a word, just at the beginning of the book, you see a knight on horseback, who with a sword broader than my hand strikes a rock, and cleaves it asunder.'—'I know who that is,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is Don Florisbran of Candaria, a most worthy knight. Besides, that book mentions several other valiant knights; as, the Admiral of Quasid, Palmerin de Olivia, Blastordas of the Tower, the dreadful Giant Maleorto of Brandanquia, and the famous enchantresses Zuldaria and Dalphadea.'—'Right,' quoth Sancho; 'and the book says, that those two enchantresses carried away I know not what king, I know not how, into I know not what castle.'—'It is the castle of Azefaros,' said Don Quixote. 'But Peter Alonso's son must certainly have stolen that book from me.'—'If so,' quoth the squire, 'he shall not

not enjoy it long, for I will take my turn, and steal it from him; and will bring it you next Sunday, that we may read it instead of your Flos Sanctorum: nothing pleases me like the stories of those ancient knights, who at one stroke would cut both man and horse in two.—‘You will do me a pleasure,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘if you can bring it me again; but pray let it be done so privately that nobody may know of it.’—‘Let me alone for that!’ answered the squire; ‘till then, Sir, I wish you well: I must go to my wife, who perhaps may want me.’ Sancho being gone, Don Quixote’s head began to be much agitated with those things that had laid buried, and were now revived in his memory. He put by the Flos Sanctorum; and, walking about the room in a disorderly manner, began to recal into his disturbed imagination all the former ideas of his knight-errantry: however, as much discomposed as he was, hearing the bell ring for vespers, he took his cloak and his beads, and went away to church.

CHAP. II.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S RELAPSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Martin Quixada was greatly discomposed by what had happened, yet he did not discover it in his behaviour; and he might by degrees have recovered his peace of mind, had not Sancho distracted him again the next Sunday. That visit put him past all recovery; for the moment Don Quixote took into his hands the History of Don Florisbran of Candaria, the very picture of that armed knight overthrew all his reason, and made him as mad as ever. ‘Sancho,’ said he to his squire, ‘the book you have brought me, without all doubt, contains most wonderful feats of chivalry; but it is much better that we endeavour to imitate, and, if possible, to outdo them, than to spend our time in reading them. We have already sacrificed several months to a criminal inactive course of life, and omitted the exercise of those duties

incumbent on us; on me as a knight-errant, and on you as a faithful squire. It behoves us, my friend, to return to our employment, which will be very pleasing to God, and beneficial to the world; since we shall deliver the earth from those immense and haughty giants, who, against all right and reason, do insult both knights and ladies. Thus shall we revive the fame of our ancestors, and purchase infinite glory for ourselves and our posterity. This it is, my son, will make us rich for ever. We go to conquer kingdoms for ourselves and for our friends.’—‘Fair and softly,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him: ‘it is no such easy matter to catch them. Pray, good Sir, do not buzz your chivalry any more in my ears: you promised me, last year, that you would make me a king, or governor of some considerable country; my wife an admiral; and my children princes. And what is come of it? I am still but poor Sancho Panza; and all governments shun me as if I had the plague. Let us talk no more of it, good master Don Quixote; let us both keep ourselves well whilst we are well; and let those fools be beaten who make it their business to look for it. The Yanguesi-^{*}ans, God be praised, did so curry my sides that they left no itching in them. Besides, it cost me my dapple; and when the mule is dead, the physician must travel a foot†.—‘As for that, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘we will be better provided this year to perform the duties of our profession than we were the last. I will buy you a bigger ass than that which was stolen from you, and we will take along with us provisions, money, and linen; for, to say the truth, I have observed that those are very necessary precautions.’—‘Upon these terms,’ said the squire, ‘and provided you pay me my wages every month, I am at your service: I will return with you to the exercise of chivalry. Give me but the money, and I will away immediately to my gossip Thomas Cecial, who has a stately ass to sell, and we will set out to-morrow.’—‘I am pleased to see

* The Yanguesi-ans are carriers of Galicia.

† In Spain the physicians ride on mules.

'you so eager,' answered Don Quixote, 'and I take it for a good omen: but we cannot be quite so expeditious, my friend; I must first provide me with arms, for I know not what is become of mine. Besides, that our sally may prove the more auspicious, I must send you to the Princess Dulcinea, to inform her from me, that I am going to seek new adventures. Were not that cruel enemy of my repose the most hard-hearted princess in the world, I would go and prostrate myself in her presence, and make a tender to her celestial beauty of all the heroick actions my courage is about to undertake; but so unparalleled is her rigour, that she will not permit me to be blessed with her ravishing sight, till I have by my infinite achievements obliterated the memory of the exploits of the most famous knights-errant, and even of Hercules himself: and therefore I think fit, my friend, that you go this very day to that adorable inhuman creature. Describe to her the excess of my amorous pain, in such a lively manner as may move her compassion: in short, speak to her so feelingly, that your relation may touch her heart; and be sure to remember all she says to you, that you may repeat it to me word for word.'—'Nay, as for matter of talking,' quoth Sancho, 'I defy a lawyer to outdo me: I will answer for it, and will not fail to make it good. There is but one thing that troubles me; and that is, to know what I shall say to her.'—'You shall say,' replied Don Quixote, 'that her most humble slave, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, is still ready to expose himself for her sake to the most dreadful dangers; and that he conjures her sovereign beauty not to forsake him when he shall invoke her in his adventures.'—'Enough, Sir,' answered the squire; 'I shall well enough remember what I can of those words.'—'Let us hear, I pray you,' said Don Quixote, 'whether you can repeat them well: deliver yourself to me as if I were the Princess Dulcinea.'—'That is very pleasant,' quoth Sancho: 'how would you have me take you for the Lady Dulcinea, when you are my master Don Quix-

ote?'—'Why, numscull,' replied the knight, 'cannot you, whilst you talk to me, imagine you are speaking to Dulcinea?'—'No, by my grandame's soul, can't I!' answered the squire; 'for when I talk to you, I know very well I do not talk to another: and, again, I am positive that you are my master Don Quixote.'—'What a blockhead you are!' quoth the knight: 'peasants are generally sharp and malicious; but, for your part, it must be owned your simplicity is not to be matched. It is better that I write to my amiable queen, and that you carry her my letter; for you would entertain her with some foolish discourse.'—'Some foolish discourse!' replied the squire: 'no, indeed! God be praised, I have as much wit as another in my understanding; and you must not think to persuade me that the moon is made of green cheese.' However, Don Quixote, resolving not to trust to Sancho's memory, went into his closet, took pen, ink, and paper; and, after long pausing and deliberation, at length composed an epistle in a style incomparably singular. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his squire, who cried out in a transport, 'By the Lord, a most curious letter! a schoolmaster would scarce write a better. It is a bow-shot beyond that you sent Madam Dulcinea from the Black Mountain. I understand some few words of that, but I can make nothing at all of this, with a pox to it! Give it me, and I will be gone immediately with it to Toboso; and this very night will bring you a good or a bad answer.' Don Quixote read his letter over and over several times, then transcribed it fairly; and, delivering it to his squire, said to him, 'Take it, my son, and go see that heavenly wonder, who has the supreme disposal of my destiny. Farewell! I expect your return with impatience. May the Heavens grant that you bring back a favourable answer!'

A few minutes after Sancho was gone, one of the *alcaldes** of the town came to call upon Don Quixote, and carried him to the market-place, or square; where they found the curate, the barber, and other men of note of

* An inferior minister of justice among the Spaniards.

the place, in a little ring. Whilst they stood there discoursing, they espied coming up towards them four gentlemen, attended by several pages, and by twelve grooms leading as many horses, with rich furniture. They all beheld this stately cavalcade with attention; and the curate, turning to Don Quixote, indiscreetly (contrary to his custom) said to him—'Tell us the truth, Mr. Quixada, if you had seen these cavaliers arrive here six months ago with this equipage, would it not have puzzled you? You would have imagined that those gentlemen were no less than the four immense giants, keepers of Bramiforan, the enchanter's castle, and that they were come abroad to steal away some princess of high renown.' Though these words were such as might have moved Don Quixote to some extravagant action, considering his brains were already in a ferment, yet he answered very discreetly—'Mr. Curate, if you please, let us lay aside raillery; and let us rather go up to those gentlemen, who stop in the village: let us know who they are, and what they look for.' His advice was followed; all the company drew near the gentlemen; and, after the usual salutations, the curate very courteously asked them who they were, and whether they designed to lie in the village. 'Master Licentiate,' replied one of them, 'we are gentlemen of Granada, who are going to the tilting at Saragossa: our design was to have travelled on two leagues farther, but our servants and horses were so tired, that we thought fit to rest them here; and we must desire you to give us leave, though it were but to lie in your church, rather than oblige us to go any farther.'—'Well, gentlemen,' said the curate, 'since there is no inn in this place fit to entertain so many, I will take care to lodge you myself: the two alcaldes shall each of them take one gentleman and his followers, and Mr. Quixada and I will take care of the other two. You will not be treated, gentlemen, suitable to your quality, nor as we could wish; but it shall be with a great deal of goodwill and affection.' The curate having thus ordered their lodging, every man carried his guests home; the gentlemen having first agreed amongst themselves that they would set out very early

in the morning, to avoid the great heat of the weather.

CHAP. III.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ENTERTAINED HIS GUEST, AND OF THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote having conducted his gentleman to his house, ordered his housekeeper to make supper ready, and not to spare the poultry; with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well stored. Whilst supper was dressing, his guest and he were taking the fresh air in the court before the house. Don Quixote being desirous to know his name, asked his family, and why he came from so remote a part to the tilting of Saragossa. The gentleman answered, that his name was Don Alvaro Tarfe; that he was descended from the ancient family of the Tarfes, a race of noble Moors in Granada, nearly allied to their first kings. 'You know,' said he, 'what account there is in history of these affairs, and how all the Ahencerrages, the Zegrís, the Gomeles, the Maças, and other noble families of Granada, embraced the Christian religion, and remained in Spain, after the Catholick King, Ferdinand, had conquered that flourishing kingdom. As for the motive of my journey, I must confess it is love. A lady, whom I admire, chuses that I should be present at the tilting at Saragossa, as her knight; and to please her I go thither, to contend for the prize which is to reward the conqueror.'—'I wish you may succeed,' said Don Quixote. 'However, though Fortune, which disposes of events, should not prove favourable, you will still have the satisfaction of approving yourself a faithful lover, performing all that in you lies for the honour of your lady. Be so kind as to give me an account of that most excellent person's rare qualities, and of the principal adventures of her life.'—'It would take up more time than I shall stay here,' replied Don Alvaro, 'to satisfy your curiosity. I can only tell you, that my mistress is in the sixteenth year of her age, and that she is counted the greatest beauty in Andalusia.'

'dalusia. It is true, she is of the smaller size; but——' 'That is pity,' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'for Aristotle says that a woman, to be perfect, must be large.'—'With Aristotle's leave,' replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I am not of his opinion in that particular, no more than in many others. I admire nature as much in it's small as in it's greatest works. Precious stones are small; and the eyes, which are the most beautiful and most moving parts of human bodies, are the least.'—'You are in the right,' quoth Don Quixote; 'yet you cannot deny, that tall, well-proportioned women, have a more noble and majestick air than the others.' This debate concerning the size of women held them till one of Tarfe's pages was sent by the housekeeper to acquaint them that supper was ready: then Don Quixote led his guest into the room where the cloth was laid, and both sat down to table. During the supper, Don Quixote fell into a deep reverie: one while he would sit with the victuals in his mouth, gazing earnestly on the cloth, without so much as winking; another time, Don Alvaro asking him whether he was married, he answered—that Rozinante was the best horse Cordova ever produced. The Granadine being much surprized at this extraordinary distraction of thought, was desirous to know the cause of it after supper. 'Mr. Quixada,' said he to him, 'if you will give me leave to be free with you, I must declare that you seemed to me just now so wholly absent, and absorbed in thought, that I have reason to believe you have some discontent upon you: if so, I beseech you do not hide it from me, and I will alleviate your trouble, if it be in my power. Grief, when confined, and, as it were, shut up in the heart, has always violent effects; whereas, by communicating it to a friend who will bear part, it is diminished and dissipated.'—'I am obliged to you,' Don Alvaro, answered Don Quixote, very formally; 'and I wish I could serve you in return for your generosity. But be not surprized at having seen me discomposed: it is not easy for

us, who gloriously profess knight-errantry, who daily engage with giants or enchanters, with Endriaguses* or rhinoceroses, for the purpose of disenchanting princesses, and redressing wrongs; it is not easy for us, I say, to keep down our thoughts, filled with all these ideas, from soaring aloft.'

Tarfe was astonished to hear Don Quixote talk so wildly; he conjectured the poor gentleman was not sound in his intellects; and, to be the more fully convinced of what he fancied, he said to him—'For all this, Mr. Quixada, I do not comprehend what it was that so wholly took up your thoughts at supper.'—'Though it does not well become knights to reveal such secrets,' replied Don Quixote, 'nevertheless, since you are a gentleman, and subject, as well as myself, to the God of Love, I will not conceal from you the troubles of my soul. The incomparable princess who has captivated my liberty seems insensible to my passion; and yet, Don Alvaro, I protest, before God and man, that I have never transgressed the laws of chivalry: I have ever strictly followed the examples set before me by those ancient and primitive knights-errant, the invincible Amadis of Gaul, his son Esplandian, Palmerin de Oliva, the Knight of the Sun, Tablantes of Richemont, Don Belianis of Greece, and, in short, by all others who have had the honour to profess the sacred order of knight-errantry.' Don Alvaro, who had a quick apprehension, hearing this extravagant discourse, found immediately how the matter stood: he perceived that his host had given himself too much to reading books of chivalry; and, resolving to divert himself, he said to him—'Pray, Mr. Quixada, is the lady whom you adore, of this country? for you being a person so judiciously nice, she who had qualifications to charm you must be at least another Diana of Ephesus.'—'She surpasses in beauty,' replied Don Quixote, 'not only Diana of Ephesus, and Polixena of Troy, but even Dido of Carthage, and Doralice of Granada. Her eyes and her com-

* Endriagus is the name of a most dreadful monster, slain by Amadis de Gaule, who at that time had assumed the title of the Knight of the Green Sword.—See Amadis de Gaule, Book III. Chap. 10.

plexion are like the rising sun, and the natural red on her cheeks resembles a rose when it is new blown; her teeth are of ivory, her lips of coral, and her neck is whiter than alabaster: her name is the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso; and mine, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.' With much difficulty did Don Alvaro restrain himself from laughing, when he heard the appellation Don Quixote had made choice of; an appellation he highly approved, as being so happily descriptive of the original. 'It is that princess,' continued our hero, 'who gives life to my thoughts, who raises my imagination, and causes those distractions which make me so much a stranger to myself. I quitted my house and country, to perform a thousand glorious undertakings abroad for her honour; and I sent to her all the fierce giants and unparalleled knights I encountered, having conquered and reduced them to submission. And yet, would you believe it, Don Alvaro? notwithstanding such unheard-of services, she is to me more cruel than an African lioness, or an Hyrcanian tyger: she receives my passionate letters with disdain, or rather with horror. I have made speeches to her longer than those of St. Catharine to the senate of Rome: I composed verses for her more tender than Petrarch's to his beloved Laura; and poems more sublime than those of Homer or Virgil, and more full of digressions than Lucan's Pharsalia. I have this very day sent her a letter replete with the most respectful expressions; and I expect no other return but an answer teeming with rigour and disdain.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he saw his squire. 'Well, Sancho,' said he to him, 'what news do you bring me from my infanta? Am I to live, or must I die?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'here is a letter she got the sexton of Toboso to write for her, and which she ordered me to deliver to you.'—'A letter from her!' quoth Don Quixote, transported with joy; 'What a mighty favour! Good God! is she at length grown sensible to my love?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'read the letter first; perhaps you have no such great cause to rejoice.'—'Be pleased, I beseech you, Don Alvaro,'

said our knight, 'to give me leave to read this note, and satisfy the impatience I am under to know my doom.' This said, he kissed the letter, opened it, and, after having read it to himself, cried out, 'O Heavens! can I receive such an answer without dying for grief? Never did lady send such an unworthy threat to a knight! Did the Infanta Oliva ever use the Prince of Portugal thus, though she had so great an aversion to him?'—'What! Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'can the Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso despise you, when there is no princess in the world but would look upon it as an honour to be favoured with your love?'—'Do you judge of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'hear what that inhuman creature writes to me.' He then read to Don Alvaro Dulcinea's letter; which was as follows.

TO MARTIN QUIXADA THE BRAIN-LESS.

IT is long since my brothers ought to have treated you with a good cudgelling, in return for all the impertinent letters you have sent me. Had they been at home when that old fool Sancho Panza brought me your last, he had not gone away with all his ribs whole; but patience for that—if ever he comes hither again, he shall pay for it all together. And as for you, Mr. Martin, I would have you to take notice, that if ever, for the future, you call me Dulcinea del Toboso, and entitle me Queen, Infanta, or Empress, you may have cause to repent having given me those Shrovetide names the longest day you have to live. Be it known to you, that by sea and by land my name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.'

By this abusive letter, you may judge, Don Alvaro, said Don Quixote, 'whether I have not reason to complain of the unparalleled ingratitude of Dulcinea.'—'O the jade!' cried Sancho. 'Mind me, good Sir; I wish I may be troubled with the snivel as long as I live, if my master has not performed more acts of chivalry, by day and by night, for that jilt, than any other would have done for a lady-abbess. But what a pox

' need he trouble himself? He who has
 ' garlick eats it with his bread; he
 ' that has none must be content without
 ' it. Between friends, my master Don
 ' Quixote is too patient. If, instead
 ' of writing to that brazen-face, he had
 ' sent her by the post, or any other way,
 ' half a score good kicks in the guts, she
 ' would never have been so squeamish.
 ' I am well acquainted with that sort
 ' of cattle; if you give them their way,
 ' they will shew no mercy. If a man
 ' turns sheep, the wolves will devour
 ' him; if he takes a cuff on the ear, he
 ' shall have two, and so-forth. I would
 ' fain see them put their tricks upon
 ' me: but, egad! they are not such
 ' fools; I can fence with my foot as
 ' well as brother Jerome's mule, when
 ' I have my Sunday shoes on full of
 ' hob-nails. If Dulcinea had made
 ' her two brothers, Basil and Bertrand
 ' Nogales, beat me, it had been the
 ' dearest beating they ever bestowed in
 ' their days.' Sancho's hand was too
 ' much in to stop here; and Don Quix-
 ' ote was fain to bid him hold his peace;
 ' but all would not do. 'I must tell you,'
 ' continued he, ' how that toad served
 ' me one day, when I carried her ano-
 ' ther letter from my master. I found
 ' her in the stable, filling a pannier of
 ' dung; and no sooner did I open my
 ' mouth to tell her that my master Don
 ' Quixote most humbly kissed her
 ' hands, but she saluted me with a
 ' shovelful, steeped in horse-piss, across
 ' the face. My beard being that day,
 ' unfortunately for me, thicker than
 ' Master Nicholas the barber's brush,
 ' the filth stuck to it like pitch.'—'In
 ' good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smil-
 ' ing, ' that was an ill reward, my
 ' friend, for carrying the letter. Dul-
 ' cinea, as far as I can perceive, does
 ' not follow the examples set her by the
 ' ancient heroines of chivalry, who
 ' loaded those squires with presents who
 ' brought them love-letters.'—'Love-
 ' letters!' quoth Sancho; 'on my con-
 ' science, if a cardinal's squire should
 ' carry her an ass's burden of them,
 ' she would not so much as thank him.
 ' You never beheld such a sour face as
 ' our lady makes when a letter is de-
 ' livered to her: a body would think
 ' she was eating crabs; and may the
 ' devil blow his bellows in the poop of
 ' her!'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don

Quixote, ' do not curse that princess;
 ' ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she
 ' is, still I adore her. Think she is the
 ' sovereign over my will, and respect
 ' what I love.'—'In truth, worthy Don
 ' Quixote,' said the Granadine, 'I can-
 ' not but be amazed. I confess your
 ' infanta's stile is harsh: but have not
 ' you, perhaps through inadvertency,
 ' given her some cause of offence? Ex-
 ' amine yourself well; perhaps you
 ' have, without reflecting on it, in-
 ' serted in your letter of this day some
 ' word which she may have taken in a
 ' wrong sense: you know that some-
 ' times happens among ladies.'—'No,'
 ' Don Alvaro,' replied Don Quixote,
 ' there is nothing in that letter which
 ' could give her cause of offence; and,
 ' to convince you it is so, I will this
 ' moment shew you the foul copy.'—
 He went immediately, and brought it
 out of his closet; and, sitting down
 again, read distinctly, in a grave tone,
 these following words.

' TO THE MATCHLESS PRINCESS
 ' DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

' WOULD the faithful love which
 ' boils over in the veins of this
 ' your slave, O ungrateful fair! permit
 ' me to be angry to rebellion against
 ' your perfection and absolute empire,
 ' I should soon by oblivion take revenge
 ' of the contempt with which you treat
 ' my scorching flames! But perhaps
 ' you, my sweet enemy, imagine that I
 ' never exercise my thoughts in any
 ' thing but undoing of wrongs, and
 ' punishing of felons; yet, though
 ' every day I have employed my body
 ' against outrageous giants, and have
 ' often shed the blood of such monsters,
 ' my thought, which is so nimble-
 ' winged, hath nevertheless not for-
 ' borne joyfully to call to mind your
 ' most admirable endowments, and
 ' that it was captivated by the most ex-
 ' cellent lady among the queens of
 ' high rank. However, O noble prin-
 ' cess, be pleased to receive me to mercy,
 ' if I have committed any discourtesy
 ' towards your high majesty and royal
 ' beauty: and I may well deserve it;
 ' for through love all faults are par-
 ' donable. This is the favour humbly
 ' sued for to your imperial perfections,
 ' by

* by him who is so much yours till his departure out of this world; the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect—

• DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

‘In good truth,’ said Don Alvaro, smiling, ‘I never saw any thing more exquisite than that letter: it is so good, that it might verily pass for an epistle written in days of yore by Sancho, King of Leon, to the noble lady Ximena Gomez, when the famous Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his absence*. But how comes it, Don Quixote, that, being so polite and elegant in your discourse, you wrote to your infanta in that stile, which, as you well know, is now quite out of date?’—‘I will tell you the reason,’ said Don Quixote; ‘I did it to try whether, in imitating the stile of our ancient knights, I could bow the inflexible Dulcinea, and soften that heart of adamant, whose hardness my common expressions only serve to increase.’—‘And why,’ quoth the Granadine, ‘did you take the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect?’—‘As for that,’ quoth Sancho, ‘you must excuse him, for it was I that gave it him; and, to deal plainly, it does not misbecome him.’—‘I took the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect,’ said Don Quixote, ‘because my absence from my sovereign lady made me sorrowful to excess; and in it I imitated Amadis, who took the name of Beltenebros†.’

Tarfe seemed concerned at Don Quixote’s afflictions; and said to him, ‘Positively that letter is very full of respect; and I cannot conceive what should set Dulcinea so unreasonably against you, or why she thus abuses a knight of your worth.’ Then changing the discourse, he said—‘Being to set out to-morrow before day, to avoid the heat, I would willingly go to bed, with your leave.’ Don Quixote answered, he might use his pleasure; and went out to fetch some sweetmeats to treat his

guest before he went to bed. The Granadine drawing near to the bed, which was made for him in the chamber they were then in, called two of his pages to undress him: but Sancho, fearing to lose the privileges of a squire, would not suffer any but himself to do that service; which so pleased Don Alvaro, that, holding out his leg to have the boot drawn off, he said, ‘Go to, then, my friend, since your good-will is such, draw steadily; for it will be a great honour to me to be able to boast I was unbooted by one of the most famous squires of knight-errantry.’—‘Give me leave, Don Alvaro,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I do really believe I am as good as another; and though I have not the title of Don, yet my father had.’—‘How so!’ said Tarfe. ‘If your father bore that title of honour, have you degenerated from it?’—‘No, Sir,’ replied Sancho; ‘but my father placed that honourable title as best pleased him; and, instead of placing it before his name, as you gentlemen do, he put it after, or behind.’—‘Then his name,’ said the Granadine, ‘was Francis Don, John Don, or Martin Don?’—‘You have not hit it yet, Sir,’ answered the squire; ‘his name was Peter Remendon‡.’ Don Alvaro could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of wit; and asked Sancho whether his father was yet living. ‘No, Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘he died of kibed heels ten years ago.’—‘Of kibed heels!’ cried the Granadine, laughing; ‘he is the first man I ever heard of that died of such a distemper.’—‘God take me, Don Alvaro,’ cried the squire, ‘may not every man die of the distemper that pleases him best!’ Don Alvaro and his pages were still furnished with new subject of laughter when Don Quixote returned, followed by his housekeeper, bringing a plate of dry sweetmeats, and a flask of white wine; but Tarfe would accept of none. ‘I dare not eat,’ said he; ‘for I never eat between meals but I suffer for it. I have often made the

* An old story in Spain, of which there are ridiculous ballads.

† Amadis de Gaule, (Book II. Chap. 6.) being in disgrace with Oriana, his mistress, withdraws to the habitation of a very old hermit, from whom he receives, at his own request, the name of Beltenebros; which may be interpreted the Beautiful Obscure; or, as it is rendered in the English translation of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, Edit. 1619, The Fair Forlorn.

‡ Remendon, in Spanish, is a butcher, or cobbler.

‘experiment on myself of the aphorism
 ‘of Avicen, or Galen, that to eat before
 ‘the last nourishment taken be digested,
 ‘is prejudicial to health.’—‘Well,’
 cried Sancho, ‘there is never a villain
 ‘nor a Gilian of them worth a straw:
 ‘I would no more forbear eating when
 ‘I had got a bit in my hand, than I
 ‘would spitting when I have occasion,
 ‘though those fellows should jabber
 ‘more Latin to me than there is in the
 ‘A, B, C.’—‘You are in the right,’
 ‘friend Sancho,’ quoth Don Alvaro;
 ‘and, with your master’s leave, you
 ‘must take this bit from me.’ This
 said, he took up a preserved pear on the
 point of the knife, and gave it him.—
 ‘Pray excuse me, Sir,’ said the squire;
 ‘these dainties do me harm when the
 ‘quantity is too small.’ He took it,
 however, and eat it, notwithstanding.
 Don Quixote then wished a good-night
 to his guest, who retired to bed im-
 mediately.

CHAP. IV.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S MIGHTY PRO-
 JECTS AND DESIGNS, WHICH
 WERE ALL APPROVED BY HIS
 SQUIRE.

DON Quixote having quitted Don
 Alvaro’s chamber, led Sancho
 into another, where he said to him,
 ‘Stay here, my friend, and lie with
 ‘me this night; I have an affair of the
 ‘greatest moment to communicate to
 ‘you.’—‘Hold a little, Sir,’ replied
 the squire; ‘I must first take one turn
 ‘in the kitchen, for I have not had
 ‘my supper yet; and I am like the
 ‘cuckow, I cannot sing till my belly is
 ‘full.’—‘Go down then to supper,’
 said Don Quixote; ‘and come to me
 ‘again instantly.’—‘Sir,’ quoth San-
 cho, ‘I will put in double bits to have
 ‘done the sooner; I will be with you
 ‘in a very little time, and perhaps
 ‘sooner than I could wish myself; for
 ‘I am much afraid that Don Alvaro’s
 ‘servants have not left me much to
 ‘do.’ This said, he went down into
 the kitchen; and Don Quixote went to
 bed to wait his return. The house-
 keeper had killed so many fowls, that
 there was enough to satisfy Sancho:
 she set before him all that was left of
 the supper, and he crammed himself

up to his throat; then returning, in a
 good humour, to his master’s chamber,
 ‘So now, Sir,’ said he, ‘we may talk
 ‘about business. I am now fit to give
 ‘advice, for I am as full as a tick.’—
 ‘Shut the door,’ quoth Don Quixote;
 ‘and come to bed to me.’ The squire
 stripped without any ceremony; and
 his master having him by his side, spoke
 to him as follows. ‘Friend Sancho,
 ‘I have one of the greatest designs in
 ‘hand that ever occupied the thoughts
 ‘of a knight-errant; but, before I
 ‘acquaint you with it, it will be con-
 ‘venient I put some questions to you,
 ‘which I did not think fit to ask be-
 ‘fore Don Alvaro. How did Dulci-
 ‘nea look when she received my let-
 ‘ter? Did she read it?’—‘No, Sir,’
 answered the squire; ‘but she caused
 ‘it to be read.’—‘And did she not
 ‘express any token of satisfaction?’
 replied Don Quixote. ‘I beg your
 ‘pardon,’ quoth Sancho; ‘she laughed
 ‘like a mad woman, till her sides
 ‘shook again.’—‘She is a very re-
 ‘served princess,’ said the knight.
 ‘And how do we know that it was not
 ‘the better to conceal the tender affec-
 ‘tion she has for me, that she coun-
 ‘terfeited so much rigour, and writ
 ‘to me in such a harsh manner? But in
 ‘short, since a heart that is full of
 ‘love cannot but betray itself, did she
 ‘not, when she dismissed you, let slip
 ‘some word that might cherish my
 ‘love? Did not some obliging expres-
 ‘sion escape her against her will?’—
 ‘Yes, indeed, Sir,’ replied the squire;
 ‘she spoke words enough: she told me
 ‘that you and I were the two greatest
 ‘madmen in all this country of La
 ‘Mancha; besides, I don’t know how
 ‘much more, which I am sorry I did
 ‘not remember, to have told it you
 ‘again word for word, as you com-
 ‘manded me.’—‘Nay, that is too
 ‘much!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘I be-
 ‘gin to open my eyes; I perceive the
 ‘haughty one despises me, and that I
 ‘impose upon myself when I give a
 ‘favourable construction to her cru-
 ‘elty. It is decreed! I must set my-
 ‘self free from her unworthy bands;
 ‘I say unworthy bands, because ne-
 ‘ver princess threatened to cudgel a
 ‘knight-errant. This way of pro-
 ‘ceeding is abusive: for knights to be
 ‘hated is tolerable; let it pass, they
 ‘are not therefore the less amorous or
 ‘faithful;

faithful; but they must not endure to be despised. I will therefore obliterate the memory of Dulcinea; the resolution is fixed; and this is one of the great designs I had to acquaint you with! — 'Faith and troth,' quoth Sancho, 'I am glad at my heart that Madam Dulcinea is no longer one of us, for her having taken so much pains to daub me in her stable. May I never get my government, if she does not one time or other bite her nails for madness, when she hears you are a king, and I a governor; and that it is her own fault she is not an empress, and her two brothers princes! who are now never like to be any thing but poor labouring fellows. God knows how they will curry her hide for having behaved herself so like a sow towards you, instead of receiving your letters like a gentlewoman, and granting you all knightly favours you desired. Oh, how mad she will be! but then it will be a day after the fair: after meat, mustard; and like sending for the doctor when the patient is dead. And when a man has scalded his throat and guts, it is too late to blow.' — 'That is not all neither, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'I have another project in my head, which I am pleased to take your advice in.' — 'Be quick, then, Sir,' quoth the squire; 'for I perceive, by the many and powerful wamblings of my brain, that I shall soon fall asleep.' — 'I have understood,' answered Don Quixote, 'that there is to be a solemn tilting at Saragossa very speedily. We must not by any means let slip so favourable an opportunity; and I design tomorrow to take measures for providing myself with new arms, that we may set forward immediately.' Sancho told his master he was ready to follow him through the world; which so pleased Don Quixote, that he embraced him for joy, though the squire was too far overcome with sleep to be duly sensible of it. However, the knight, who did not perceive this, held on his discourse in the following manner. 'Then we will go to Saragossa, where I shall win the first prize at the jousts; and since that ingrate Dulcinea has repaid my constancy with contempt, I will seek some other lady who will better requite my services. Perhaps you

will say I ought to make a scruple of changing my mistress; but to that, my friend, I answer, that the Knight of the Sun forsook Claridiana for the Princess Landabrides, though he had not the least cause to complain of her. And that I may find a person worthy of such a knight as I am, I design to repair to the court of Spain, where my reputation has already made me known. The beautiful princesses, who compose the queen's court, charmed with my mien and reputation, will vie with one another to make conquest of my heart; but I will not submit it to the disposal of any but of her who shall give me the greatest testimonies of her love, either by endeavouring to dress herself to please me, or by the passionate letters, the scarfs, the bracelets, and other magnificent presents, she will bestow upon me. The court knights, and particularly those of the Golden Fleece, envious of my honour and good fortune, will use a thousand artifices to lessen me in the king's opinion: I will demand satisfaction of them; and, having killed or disarmed them all in the presence of the king and court, I shall certainly gain the reputation of being the best knight in the world. What do you think of my resolution?' He held his peace a while to hear his squire's answer; but finding he was asleep, he jogged him with his elbow, saying, 'Hey, my friend! give ear to me, I conjure you.' — 'You are in the right, Sir,' cried Sancho, betwixt sleeping and waking; 'all that mob of giants is only fit to be hanged, and it is well done to lay them on.' — 'Heaven confound thee and thy giants!' quoth Don Quixote; 'I am working my brains to beat into your head that which, under God, most behoves you and me in this world, and you sleep like a dormouse.' — 'Good Sir,' said the squire, 'be pleased to let me sleep, and I will allow all that you have before said, or shall hereafter say to me, to be good and true.' — 'By the living God,' answered the knight, 'it is none of the least misfortunes to be forced to communicate important affairs to such a clown as you are! Well, sleep on, poor wretch! and be for ever a slave to your senses: for my part, I will not deliver myself up to the arms of slumber,

‘slumber, till I have imprinted in my imagination the means I am to use to win the first prize at the jousts. I will imitate the wise architect; who, before he puts hand to the work, first contrives and disposes in his fancy all the parts of the structure he intends to raise.’ In this employment Don Quixote spent the greatest part of the night: he represented to himself, by the force of his distracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the tilting. Sometimes he talked to the knights he was to run against; another while he demanded of the judges of the field the prize he had deserved. Then having, in most humble and grave manner, saluted a lady, whom he conceived most beautiful, and most richly adorned, sitting in a balcony, he gracefully presented her, on the point of his lance, as he sat on horseback, the jewel he had won as her knight. At length, sleep overcoming his senses, for a while dispelled all those extravagant ideas which his distracted notion of knight-errantry had formed in his fancy.

An hour before day somebody knocked hard at the door of the house. The knight awaked; and having, not without much calling and shaking, roused his squire, he bade him rise and see what was the matter. Sancho got up, though not without cursing those who broke his rest. He found the curate, and the two alcaldes, who came to call up Don Alvaro, that he might set out in the cool of the morning with the other gentlemen of Granada, as had been agreed among them the night before. That done, the curate and alcaldes returned home to give their guests some breakfast, who were after that to come and take up Tarfe in their way. All persons were presently up in Don Quixote’s house; and, whilst the stranger’s servants packed up all things to be gone, the housekeeper and Sancho made ready the breakfast. In the mean while, the Granadine, having dressed himself, said to Don Quixote, who came into his chamber to bid him good-morrow, ‘Sir Knight, I have a favour to beg of you; I am informed one of my horses is lame, and cannot carry the least weight, which will oblige me to leave here such part of my equipage as is most cumbersome, and not absolutely necessary. Among other things, I have a suit of armour

wrought at Milan, which I do not much care to carry to Saragossa; for, besides that it is more fit to run at the ring than for tilting, I have another suit, which I set a greater value upon. I desire, therefore, that you will order it to be laid up safe for me in your house till my return.’ He had no sooner spoken these words but two of his servants brought in a great trunk, and placed it at Don Quixote’s feet; who, having had the curiosity to view the whole suit of armour, piece by piece, was in an extasy of joy at so agreeable a spectacle. The armour was compleat, back and breast, gorge, head-piece, greaves, gauntlets, arms, and knees; in short, nothing was wanting. Our knight, whose fancy travelled far in a short time, presently conceived what excellent use he could make of so rich a trust; and being possessed with this imagination, he said to the Granadine, with a cheerful countenance—‘I hope, Don Alvaro, you will not have cause to repent entrusting me with so precious a treasure.’ Then he asked what sort of equipage he would appear in at the tilting, what liveries he would give, and what device he would bear. To all which Tarfe answered him precisely, without imagining in the least what strange projects his curious examiner had in his head. Whilst they were putting up the armour into the trunk, Sancho came in, saying, ‘Don Alvaro Tarfe may be pleased to come and sit down to table, for I have taken care to get breakfast ready.’—‘Say you so, friend Sancho?’ quoth the Granadine: ‘I perceive you are a man of dispatch. But is your stomach come to you so early in the morning?’—‘As for that,’ replied Sancho, ‘you need not question it; and it deserves to be recorded in the parish register; for, in spite of the devil and all his works, my stomach is so good, that I never remember rising full crammed from table in all my life-time; unless it were a twelvemonth ago, when my uncle James Alonzo, being steward of the brotherhood of the Rosary, employed me to distribute the dole of bread and cheese: that day, Sir, I must confess I was forced to let out two holes of my girdle.’—‘God continue your good appetite!’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘I would give a great

great deal to have such a sound constitution of body.' Tarfe had scarce eat a bit when the other Granadine gentlemen came in; and day beginning to appear, he mounted his horse, after returning thanks to Don Quixote for his courteous entertainment. But our knight thinking himself obliged by all the rules of chivalry, as well errant as sedentary, to bear them company some part of the way, caused Rozinante to be brought out of the stable, ready saddled and bridled; and, placing him before Don Alvaro, 'Behold,' says he, 'the finest horse you ever heard of: Bucephalus, Alfano, Sayan, Rapieca, Bayard, Cornelin, and Pegasus himself, were not to compare to him.' — 'I believe so, since you say it,' replied Tarfe smiling, after viewing the skeleton beast with astonishment; 'but in truth, good Sir Don Quixote, by his looks, a man would never believe what you say of him.' Most certain it is, that Rozinante, being prodigiously tall and long, and withal so lean that one might have shot straws through him, did not seem entirely to deserve the eulogy of his master. To conclude, the Granadines set forwards; and when they had rode about a quarter of a league, they entreated Don Quixote not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There passed betwixt them some little courteous contest; but at length the most obliging knight of La Mancha gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and returned to his village.

CHAP. V.

OF THE FIRST USE DON QUIXOTE MADE OF THE ARMOUR HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH BY DON ALVARO.

AS soon as Don Quixote came home, he sent for Sancho, who was just then got to his own house. The squire came running very readily upon his master's orders; who immediately double-locked his chamber-door, that nobody might interrupt him. 'Rejoice, my son,' said our knight; 'I have an agreeable piece of news to tell you: we may make our sally when we please, for I have met with a suit of armour already.' — 'Pray where is it?'

said the squire. 'In that trunk,' replied Don Quixote, shewing him that in which Don Alvaro's armour lay. 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I doubt you know not what you say; we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted by other men's goods: that trunk is none of yours; it belongs to Don Alvaro Tarfe.' — 'That's your mistake,' answered Don Quixote: 'I must discover all the mystery to you, my friend. These arms are enchanted; and it is the wise Alquife, my protector, who sent them to me privately last night by Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I may go to the tilting at Saragossa, and there win the most valuable prize. This is a common practice of enchanters, when they will not personally shew themselves to the knights they favour: it was thus, and by the hands of the Infanta Imperia, that the wise Belonia sent armour to her favourite Don Belianis, when he undertook to fight for the Dutchess of Isperia, whom the great Cham of Tartary would have caused to be burnt. Be not, therefore, so silly as to believe this armour belongs to Don Alvaro; it belongs to none but me; and I tell you it is a present the wise Alquife sends me by him.' — 'If so,' said Sancho, 'let us examine this same armour a little, since the key is still in the trunk.' Don Quixote instantly opened it, and took out the armour. The squire, seeing it very highly polished, and adorned all over with flowers, trophies, and other delicate engravings, after the Milanese manner, concluded it must be all of beaten silver; and in rapture cried out, 'By the Lord, my dear master Don Quixote, that choice armour did doubtless belong to him that first laid the foundation of the Tower of Babel! If it were mine, I would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of eight, such as are current at this time.' Having so said, he took up the head-piece; and, having viewed it attentively, went on, saying, 'By the sacred beard of Pontius Pilate, this silver cap were fit for an archdeacon! and if the brim were but two fingers broader, the king himself might wear it. The curate had best put it on at the procession of the Rosary: this rare cap, and his fine brocade cope, will make him outshine the sun-dial. By my father's ghost, D I will

'I will lay a wager this armour is worth above sixty thousand millions! But tell me, pray, Sir, who was it that made it? Was it the wise old thief himself? or did it come into the world ready-made?'—'How silly you are!' replied Don Quixote: 'the wise Alquife may very likely have been the workman; for doubtless it could not be wrought but by some great enchanter. And when I examine the exquisite workmanship of it, methinks I see the beautiful armour of Achilles, which Homer says was made by Vulcan, the infernal blacksmith, at the request of the goddess Thetis.'—'A plague rot him,' cried Sancho, 'for a cursed blacksmith, that works at the devil's forge! I will go to his shop to get him to mend my ploughshare; but let him stay awhile, with a pox to him!'—'It must be confessed,' quoth Don Quixote, without regarding what his squire said, he was so taken up with his own notions, 'that this is admirable armour. I am resolved, my son, to try it immediately; help me on with it.'—'By my faith,' said Sancho, at every piece of armour he put on, 'these plates of silver delight my eyes; they look like a glittering piece of church stuff! But, above all, the gauntlets pleased him; he could never sufficiently admire them; and declared, if he had the like, he should never want gloves as long as he lived. Don Quixote now, seeing himself in armour cap-a-pie, began to swell with pride and exultation. 'Well, Sancho!' said he, in a louder tone than ordinary, 'what think you of this armour? Does it not add new dignity to my gallant demeanor? Tell me, do you think the genteel Don Seraphin of Spain, whom none could behold without admiring, had so fine an air as I have?' Whilst he uttered these words, he paraded pompously about the apartment with a stately step and elevated deportment; sometimes he stamped on the ground like one in a passion; sometimes he lifted his arms as if he threatened: then would he move five or six paces hastily; presently he stopped all on a sudden; and, at last, his extravagant ideas working with increased violence, transported him into a perfect phrenzy. He drew his sword; and, gazing on Sancho with a wild and ferocious aspect—

'Stay! thou devouring dragon!' exclaimed he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the Sanchos in Spain out of their senses; 'thou dreadful monster of Lybia; thou infernal basilisk! stay, and thou shalt feel the wonderful force of my arm! Thou shalt see whether with one stroke of my redoubtable sword I cannot cut asunder, not only thy venomous and monstrous figure, but even the two sturdiest giants that ever the haughty and enormous race produced!' This said, he advanced towards the amazed and terrified squire; who, perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous manner, sheltered himself behind the bed, which being fortunately at a distance from the wall, gave him opportunity of avoiding the first assault of his master. Still the raving knight did not recover himself from his phrenzy; he vapoured about the room like a demoniac, flourishing his sword round his head with such skill and agility, that the most active gladiator could not have outdone him. He laid about him to the right and to the left, back-stroke and fore-stroke, flashing all that stood in his way, cutting the hangings and other goods in a most dismal manner; but, above all, the bed-curtains and coverlid were hewn to tatters in an instant. 'Thou proud giant!' cried he to the quaking and miserable Sancho; 'thou haughty animal! thy last hour is now come; thou shalt now satisfy the Divine Vengeance for all the ills thou hast done in this world!'

As he thus cried out, he made such a home-thrust, that had the bed been a little narrower, or had not the curtains in some degree broken the force of the push, there infallibly had been an end of the faithfullest of all squires. The poor wretch did not spare his voice in this most imminent danger: he roared loud, and hideously; and squeezed himself up against the wall as flat as a flounder, to avoid the fatal blade of his master. Happy had it been for him to have possessed the strength of Samson, that so he might have driven back the wall a pike's length! Still he bawled out, as loud as he could stretch his throat—'Alas! my dear lord and master! by all the miseries the devil brought upon holy Job; by the wounds of master St. Lazarus; by the holy arrows of Sir Saint Sebastian;—

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WILLIAM AND SONS

Plate II.

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‘tian; I conjure you have compassion on my poor sinful soul!’ These words, instead of appeasing Don Quixote, seemed rather to confirm him in his folly, and to encourage him the more to pursue a revenge which he thought necessary for the publick safety, honourable to knight-errantry, and meritorious towards purchasing Heaven. ‘Ah, subtle serpent!’ replied he in the same haughty tone, ‘thou crawlest at present, and hopest to appease my wrath with humble expressions; but thou art deceived! thou shalt not impose on me by thy fraudulent supplications! Deliver, deliver up, I say, thou lustful monster! all the princesses, whom, contrary to all right and reason, thou detainest in thy castle, that harbour of robbers like thyself! Restore, thou infamous thief! the immense treasures thou hast stolen; set free the knights thou hast kept enchanted for so many ages; and surrender up to my hands the wicked enchantress that has been the occasion of so much mischief!’—‘Good master Don Quixote!’ cried the squire, ‘recollect, for the love of God, that I am neither knight nor princess; nor much less that cursed enchantress you talk of: I am poor Sancho Panza, your neighbour and your faithful squire, and husband to honest Mary Gutierrez, whom you have above half made a widow by putting me in such a fright. Ah! ill luck on her that bore me!’—‘If then you will have me give over pursuing you,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘cause the empress I demand of you to be forthcoming immediately; but let her be brought safe and sound, pure and unspotted, and I will receive thy haughty figure to mercy, after thou shalt have owned thyself vanquished. Wilt thou perform this, thou arrogant monster?’—‘I will, in the name of all the devils in hell!’ quoth Sancho; ‘but open the door for me first, and put up that cursed sword which pierces me with fear, and I will instantly bring you hither not only all the princesses you require, but even Annas and Caiaphas, if you desire it.’ This promise laid the storm; and our knight returned his sword to the scabbard with as much gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary had been done, yet bathed in sweat,

and very much tired by the terrible blows he had bestowed upon the bed and furniture, during his conflict with the imaginary giant. Sancho, having somewhat recovered himself, crept out from behind the bed, pale and ghastly, and his eyes still flowing with tears. He cast himself at his master’s feet, and with a weak and feeble voice exclaimed—‘Sir Knight Errant, I own myself vanquished, and beg of you to forgive me, and I will never return to this place again!’ Don Quixote gravely gave him his hand to kiss in token of forgiveness, repeating a Latin verse he was often wont to make use of—

‘*Parcere prostratis docuit nos ira leonis.*’

‘The lion teaches us to spare the fallen.’

‘I will receive thee to mercy, giant,’ continued the knight, ‘in imitation of some ancient knights, whose example I design to follow; but it must be upon condition that thou shalt thoroughly amend thy life, and shalt be ready to do all service to young damsels, according to the rules of ancient chivalry; ceasing to commit any outrage against them, and righting all wrongs to the utmost of thy power.’—‘I do vow and promise so to do,’ replied Sancho, ‘with all my soul; and do offer the curate to be my security for performance, who I am sure will be bound for me upon this occasion; but that there may be no mistake, your worship will be pleased to tell me, whether, when you oblige me to set right all that is wrong, you suppose that clause to include the licentiate Peter Garcia, prior of Toboso; who, having a club-foot, is in that part not right naturally: for, to deal plainly with you, good Sir, it is God that made him so, and I will not concern myself with it.’

These words removed the cloud from the eyes of Don Quixote; who, being at length come to himself, easily concluded, that, after the scene he had been acting, Sancho would have no great relish for the profession; and therefore, resolving to turn it all into raillery, he said to him, in a pleasant tone, and smiling, ‘Well, what think you of all this, my son? Is not the man who could give you such a proof of his courage

‘in a chamber locked up—is not he, I say, able to overthrow a multitude of enemies, though ever so brave, in open field?’—‘By my troth,’ quoth Sancho, ‘all I can say to you is, that if you design to give me such proofs as these often, I have done with the calling. You may from this time provide yourself another squire: no wages, no ass, no equipage, shall draw me along; I leave it all to you!’—‘Enough, friend!’ answered Don Quixote; ‘all that I did was only to shew you my courage and activity.’—‘Well, well,’ replied Sancho, ‘you make a pretty business of it, by my troth! What is past, is past; but, pray, why did you make those thrusts and cuts so home, that they grated upon my very ears?’—‘I have not hurt you,’ rejoined Don Quixote; ‘and I took a great deal of care to avoid it. Once more I tell you, all this is but mere pastime, which you ought not to take ill in the least.’—‘Let it pass, then, for once,’ said the squire: ‘but come no more there; for, by the Lord Harry, I do not like such pastime!’—‘Talk no more of it,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘but help to disarm me, and let us think of nothing but our expedition.’ Sancho being thus reconciled, they began to lay the project of their sally; and it was soon settled, that the eight hundred ducats which Don Quixote inherited from his niece Magdalen, should be appropriated to that purpose; that Thomas Cecial’s ass should be bought with part of it that very day; and that all the rest should be put up in a cloak-bag, with some linen. This was accordingly put in execution to a tittle, as our Arabian historian relates it. Sancho bought his gossip’s ass, and came the next day to Don Quixote to acquaint him with it. ‘I come to tell you, Sir,’ said he, ‘that I have the finest ass betwixt this and Salamanca: you need but hear him bray to be convinced. Oh, the rogue will perform the drudgery of chivalry most compleatly! I long to be upon him.’—‘You shall not be detained long,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘for I design to set out this night. We have nothing to do now but to prepare all things for it: and we shall meet with no hindrance, because we are alone; for my housekeeper is gone to wash linen at the pond of Toboso.

Now let us examine whether Rozinante be in good plight, and want nothing: then will we search all the house to see if we can find the lance and the buckler I had last year. If we do not find them, we cannot miss of something to make others.’—‘With submission to your better judgment,’ said the squire, ‘I think we had best begin by searching the house; and if we happen to find your last year’s lance and target, we will then carry Rozinante a measure of barley; we will saddle him, and all under one make him just ready to set out, which will put us in some forwardness.’—‘No great matter,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but, since you will have it so, I am content; let us search the house out of hand.’ They went directly, therefore, into the kitchen; where Sancho espying a broom, laid hold of it; and having viewed it well, ‘Sir,’ said he to his master, ‘I have a thought come into my head: by my troth, I believe this is your lance; without doubt your lady housekeeper has made a broomstick of it.’—‘I should be loth to swear for her,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘the poor housekeeper knows not the value of such things; and, besides, she is so ill affected to knights-errant, that she is likely enough to have put one of the most glorious instruments of chivalry to that vile use.’—‘Well, Sir,’ quoth the squire, ‘where the needle is lost, there it is found. If Madam Housekeeper has made a broomstick of a lance, why may not we make a lance of a broomstick? Nothing is easier; it is only kicking off the broom, and fastening a spear at the end of the staff.’—‘You are in the right,’ said Don Quixote; ‘and I have a sharp piece of iron in my chamber, which will be fit for the purpose.’—‘Good,’ quoth Sancho; ‘if so, we want nothing but a buckler, and we are in the field. Let us look about narrowly, and perhaps we may meet with it.’ From the kitchen they went into a room where the housekeeper lay; and there they left no place unsearched: nor did they lose their labour; for our knight espying an old great brass-plate, on which they used to dry linen, on the top of a cupboard, which had been thrown there because the foot was broke off and the plate bruised and battered, ‘Ah! what

'what is this?' cried he. 'What a miracle, Sancho! I espy on that cupboard the most precious buckler in the world!' Having spoken these words, he mounted upon a chair to reach the brass-plate; and as soon as he had it in his hands, 'O wife Alquise!' exclaimed he, 'how much is Don Quixote de la Mancha obliged to you! How shall I able to acknowledge such favours?—Son Sancho, admire what this great enchanter, my protector, does for me! He is not satisfied with sending me enchanted armour, but to that present he adds this wonderful buckler, which is the same the matchless Emperor Bendanazar formerly bore.'—'Sir,' replied the squire, shaking his head, 'I can assure you that is none of the buckler you talk of; for it is an old rusty brass-plate to dry linen on.'—'I grant it is like one,' rejoined Don Quixote; 'and it is that which deceives you. So you took Mambrino's helmet for a barber's bason, because it was like a bason*. You give too much credit to outward appearances: but you may rely on me; knights are never imposed upon. You must understand, friend, that Bendanazar had three things which made him invincible, and by means whereof he conquered the empires of Babylon, of Persia, and of Trebizond. The first of them was a ring †, whose virtue was such, that the person who wore it could not be enchanted; the second was a sword, which at one stroke, and without any labour, would cut in pieces the best-tempered armour; and, lastly, the third was this wonderful buckler you see here, which is impenetrable, and would resist even a thunderbolt!—Heaven be praised, Sir!' said Sancho: 'in truth, it was well done of you to tell me all this; for the devil take him that would ever have imagined that target to be any other than an old brass-plate to dry linen on, which

I should not have thought worth picking off the ground. Would to God we had the ring and the good sword of that Bendanazar! But if we cannot have all, we must be satisfied with what we have. The batchelor Sampson Carrasco was in the right, the other day, when he said that all men could not be popes, nor archdeacons; and that, so he had but a good mitre and crozier, he cared for no more.'

Don Quixote was overjoyed that he was master of a buckler whose excellency he was so well acquainted with; yet he found one objection against it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to render it serviceable; for it had no ring within to hold it on the arm: however, being ingenious, he at length devised a remedy. He made two holes through it, and fastened in them a great leather thong, which had formerly served him for a girdle. The squire perceiving that his master had pierced the buckler, said to him, 'Ho, Sir! did not you say this target was not to be pierced? I perceive there is no duty laid upon lying.'—'Do not wonder at that,' replied Don Quixote; 'for the great magician who made it, enchanted it after such a manner, that the knights who are possessed of it may make what they please of it; whereas in battle it cannot be pierced or cut, or broken, as you may plainly see by these dreadful blows that have fallen upon it, and which have only made a small impression on it.' As he said this, he shewed him the many bruises there were on the brass-plate. When the knight had fitted his shield and lance, he went out with Sancho to the bin where the barley lay, and taking out a double measure, carried it to the stable. Rozinante, who had a good nose, soon smelt it, and began to neigh; which Don Quixote looked upon as an undoubted good omen of the success of his folly. They saddled that excellent horse, and had leisure to prepare all

* In an old romance in Ottava Rima, entitled *Innamoramento di Rinaldo*, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes against Charlemagne and the Christians with a vast army. He is at last killed by Rinaldo; but no particular mention is made of his helmet.—For the account of the Barber's Bason, which Don Quixote takes possession of as the helmet of Mambrino, see Cervantes. In the first book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Mambrino's helmet is mentioned as being worn by Rinaldo.

† This ring of Bendanazar's, or (as his name is spelt in an English translation of the Romance of *Belianis*) Brandezar, was won from him by Don Belianis, who slew the emperor in a dreadful combat; but it does not appear in the above-named translation, that this ring had any thing to do with Brandezar's conquest of Babylon, &c.

things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

CHAP. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY;
OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE
MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS
FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamassilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar; his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—'You see,' said he, 'my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.'—'All is well hitherto,' quoth the squire; 'but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!—'O thou cowardly and perfidious barber!' cried our hero; 'I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin

church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in it's vast compass, more tygers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desert Lybia can breed on it's burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damsels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my genteel mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet: at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, "The Loveless Knight!"—Upon my life, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.'

Such was the discourse between our adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the night, and most part of the day, without resting: but now the squire, who was not so indefatigable as his master, was upon the point of beginning

to rail against knight-errantry, when they discovered an inn at a good distance from them. 'God be praised!' cried Sancho, 'I espy a good likely inn, where we may pass the night; and to-morrow we will prosecute our journey merrily.' Don Quixote, who was then in the vein of taking inns for castles, looking on this, said—'Upon the word of a knight, that is one of the strongest castles in all Spain! I scarce think there is such another in all Lombardy!'—'Pray, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'take heed what you say. Methinks you are too rash in swearing by your knighthood. Perhaps that which to you looks like a castle, and to me like an inn, may more likely be the one than the other.'—'I tell you it is a castle,' answered Don Quixote; 'and a wonderful piece of architecture! How regular it is, and how advantageously seated! Do not you see it's lofty towers and it's battlements, it's great draw-bridge, and the two fierce griffins that guard the entrance?' Sancho opened his eyes as wide as he could stare, the better to discover the towers and the griffins; and it was none of his fault if he saw them not. 'Sir,' said he, 'you will make me mad: that house has neither towers nor griffins; and all I can say of it is, that if this be not an inn, there never was an inn in this world.'—The knight stiffly maintained the contrary; and, whilst they were thus contending, two men on foot passed by them. The squire asked them whether the house he saw was an inn, or a castle: they answered, it was an inn, and known in that country by the name of 'The Inn of the Hangdog;' because formerly the innkeeper had been hanged for murdering a passenger that lay in his house. 'It is false,' cried Don Quixote, sternly. 'Away! and evil go with you, base scoundrels that ye are! thus to take away the Constable's reputation, who has always been looked upon among us as a worthy and honest knight! As for that castle, I maintain it is no inn; it is a castle, in spite of you, and all others that shall think the contrary.' The two travellers were no less surprized at these words, than at the strange figure of him who pronounced them: but seeing him so wrathful, they would not venture to contradict him; and so went on their

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things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

CHAP. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY;
OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE
MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS
FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamafilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar: his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—'You see,' said he, 'my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.'—'All is well hitherto,' quoth the squire; 'but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!'—'O thou cowardly and perfidious barber!' cried our hero; 'I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin

church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in it's vast compass, more tygers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desert Lybia can breed on it's burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damsels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my genteel mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet: at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, "The Loveless Knight!"—Upon my life, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.'

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other nations, not observing such strict discipline, which is the key to success, are easily broken and routed.' — 'Well, Sir,' said the squire, 'I will obey you; or else we should never have done. Dapple and I will go put your orders in execution; Rozinante and you may follow us gently: but I must tell you, that if I find none of all that you have said, I will enter the inn without farther ceremony, and will there give orders for our supper; for, by my faith, my guts are so empty, that they twist again for mere hunger!' Having so said, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and soon got to the inn. There he looked all about him; and seeing nothing but a plain house, and a sign to it—'I knew well enough,' said he to himself, in a transport of joy, 'that this house was a good inn, an heavenly inn, and more useful, than all the castles in Spain!' This said, he went up to the door, and asked the innkeeper whether he had entertainment. 'I have,' quoth the host, who was a pleasant fellow; 'your ass and you shall be treated like princes.' Upon this fair promise Sancho alighted; and, taking off his portmanteau, desired the landlord to lock it up for him. Then enquiring what there was to eat, he was told there was an excellent cabbage soup; and, if that was not enough, they would lay down a curious young rabbit. Sancho gave two skips in the air when he heard that blessed soup mentioned; and, hoping to stuff his carcase with it, he led his Dapple to the stable, and whilst he was giving him straw and barley, and ordering some for Rozinante, Don Quixote came up to the house.

The innkeeper and some travellers, who were then standing at the door, spying so extraordinary a phantom in armour, imagined they beheld some figure cut out of old tapestry. They viewed him attentively from head to foot; whilst he, casting a side glance upon them, and looking very gravely, passed by without stopping, or speaking one word. He rounded the inn, examined the wall nicely, and measured it's height with his lance in several places. At length, having thoroughly traversed the whole building, and arrived at the door again, he then stopped, and raising himself fiercely on his stirrups—'Indefatigable governor!' said he, with

a dreadful voice—'and you, redoubted knights! who watch day and night to guard this place you have been entrusted with—behold here the Loveless Knight! I do summon and require you to deliver to me instantly, and without the least reply, my faithful squire; whom you, contrary to the laws of good chivalry, have taken by treachery, or by the fatal art of the old sorceress who affords you her black assistance. It is an excess of courtesy towards you which inclines me to demand him by words, when it is in my power to right myself by force of arms. Restore him to me, then, unless you will have me put you all to the sword, and raze this impregnable castle to the ground! But restore him to me safe and sound, pure and unspotted, as also all the knights and damsels whom your unheard-of cruelty has immured in deep dungeons. If not, come out all together against me, not unarmed as I see you are now, but with your best-tempered arms, and your lances of hard ash which you brandish in so dreadful a manner! Mount your swiftest couriers, and all at once assail me! Here I expect you, to chastise your boldness!' Whilst he thus spoke, he was forced every moment to tug with might and main the bridle of Rozinante, whom with much difficulty he restrained from entering a stable which the poor beast found himself near to, and laboured hard to take possession of! The pretended defenders of the castle were much surprized at the knight's discourse; and perceiving that, in pursuance of his challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the combat, calling them slaves and cowards, the innkeeper undertook to answer him, and said—'Sir Knight, here is no castle that I know of, nor any knights to defend it. All our strength is in our wine, which is so brisk that it will not only knock a man down, but will make him say as much or more than we have heard from your worship. I solemnly assure you that we have no squire shut up in our inn. If you have a mind to take up your lodging in it, why do not you alight. We will treat you handsomely; and, if you have a fancy to it, we will furnish you with a brisk Galician lass to pull off your stockings, and she is as ready to

to perform as to tender her service.' These courteous offers did not satisfy our Loveless Knight. 'I vow,' cried he, 'by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that unless this minute you deliver up to me the flower of trusty squires, and that Galician princess you talk of, you shall all perish by my sword!' As Don Quixote was not a man that would vent his threats in vain, it is impossible to say what might have happened, if Sancho, hearing the altercation, had not stepped out to pacify his master. He ran to him; and, laying hold of his bridle—'The noble Don Quixote,' said he, 'is welcome! He may safely come in. As soon as ever they beheld me, they all submitted themselves. Alight, then, Sir,' continued he; 'they are all our friends, and only wait to treat us with such a cabbage soup as St. Christopher himself would be glad to meet with; and which I think it long till I am engaged with!'—'But, my son,' said Don Quixote, 'has nobody wronged you? Tell me ingenuously? I am ready to revenge your quarrel.'—'No, no, Sir,' replied the squire; 'nobody in this house has touched the tip of my finger, and all my limbs are as sound as when I came out of my mother's belly.'—'If so,' quoth Don Quixote, 'take this buckler in one hand, and with the other hold my stirrup till I alight.' Our knight being dismounted, went into the house; and Sancho led Rozinante to the stable. Whatever the host could say to him, Don Quixote would not unarm; alledging that, among Pagans, it was not good to be too secure. He only took off his head-piece, and sat down to table merely out of complaisance. The soup and the rabbit were served up. He scarce meddled with them, though he had not eaten a bit the whole day; and spent all supper-time in exhibiting the dignity and haughtiness of a knight-errant. As for his squire, he was more complaisant to his entertainment; for, after devouring all the soup, he swallowed down above three pounds of beef and mutton, and all the rabbit, besides two bottles of white wine, which he drank to the last drop.

After supper, the innkeeper led Don Quixote into a handsome apartment. Sancho unarmed his master, and then went out to lead Rozinante and Dapple

to water, and give them another measure of barley and straw. Whilst he was in the stable, the Galician maid, whose good-nature the host had not commended without cause, went into Don Quixote's chamber, and accosting him with more impudence than good grace, said to him—'Sir Knight, I come to know of you whether you have any need of me. Though my complexion is a little brown, yet I am not dirty. Tell me, then, shall I pull off your stockings? I am very ambitious of serving you; for I never saw any thing so like a rogue I was once in love with, as you are. But no more of him; what is past is gone. It was a damned dog of a captain, who stole me away from my father's house, promising to marry me; but, as yet, he has not been so good as his word; and the scoundrel was gone in the morning with all my cloaths and jewels.' As the pretended damsel uttered these words, she burst into tears; and, immediately resuming her speech, said—'Sir Knight, though you see I am servant to an honest innkeeper, yet I am a damsel and a maid of honour. But, unhappy orphan that I am, I am left alone and in want; without hopes of any relief but what I must expect from Heaven, and from the generosity of the knight that now hears me. Would to God some good Christian would revenge my wrongs, and pierce the heart of the traitor that deceived my unsuspecting innocence!'—'Most beautiful princess,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her eagerly, 'leave that to me. It is the duty of knights-errant to right such wrongs as those; and I swear, by the order of knighthood which I profess, that, after the tilting at Saragossa, at which I cannot avoid being present, I will punish that perfidious man who has so basely forsaken you! To-morrow you shall mount your white palfrey; and, covering your beautiful countenance with a veil, that the affliction which causes your tears to flow may not appear, you shall go with me, if you please, to the royal tilting at Saragossa, attended by your faithful dwarf. Do not make any longer stay here, most charming virgin! retire to your apartment, to taste the sweet repose of the night on that happy bed which alone enjoys the blessing of

‘holding your tender limbs, and rely on a word which cannot fail.’ The Galician wench, finding herself dismissed with such singular expressions, presently concluded that Don Quixote was a different sort of being from the muleteers that used to travel that road. But her design being to draw a few rials* from him; and perceiving that the story of the captain had not succeeded as she expected, she immediately altered her method. ‘Sir Knight,’ said she, ‘if you have any kindness for me, I beseech you to lend me two or three rials, because I am in great need; for yesterday, as I was washing the dishes, I had the misfortune to break two curious earthen plates; and my master swears he will break my bones, if I do not pay for them.’—‘Fear nothing, my princess,’ replied Don Quixote very gravely; ‘the audacious man that dares touch you, shall touch me in the apples of my eyes.’—‘I am much obliged to you, good Sir,’ quoth the wench; ‘and I should be much more so, if you would be pleased to give me the two rials I ask. That will save me the beating my master has promised me; and he is the most punctual man in the world at keeping such promises.’—‘How, two rials,’ said Don Quixote; ‘I’ll sooner give you two hundred ducats, nay three hundred, if you want them.’ The wench, who looked no higher than two rials, supposing by his offer she should easily have them, drew near to the knight; without any ceremony, to requite him with a hug; but Don Quixote, like another Joseph, started up in terror at the danger this amorous inn-keeping wife of Potiphar was like to bring him into. ‘I have never read,’ quoth he in great disorder, ‘that any knight-errant, of those I intend to imitate, gave way, upon the like occasion, to any dishonest action.’ This said, he called upon his faithful squire to come to the relief of his virtue, which was attacked so dangerously. ‘Sancho! Sancho!’ cried he, ‘bring me our portmanteau.’

The squire, who was then talking with the landlord, running up—‘Open that portmanteau,’ said the knight, ‘and give this beautiful infanta two hundred ducats. We shall be no

losers by it, my son; for when I shall have taken revenge of an outrage done to her, she will not only return us that sum, but she will give you part of the jewels and precious stones a discourteous knight has ungraciously robbed her of.’ The sparing squire hearing such an extravagant order, thought his very soul was going to be torn from him. ‘What do you talk of two hundred ducats?’ quoth he in a surly manner. ‘Is it not much easier to give this impudent baggage two hundred kicks in the guts? By the giant Goliath’s ears, I’ll give no such sum! Does the brazen jilt think her strumpet’s face, and her tanned hide, are worth half that money? Was it not she that asked me just now in the stable to give her a groat. Oh, the jade! As I hope to live, Sir, if I lay hold of her hair, I’ll make her skip down all the stairs at once!’ When the wench saw Sancho in such a rage, she drew him aside, and said to him—‘My dear friend, your master only bids you give me two rials, and I desire no more; for I am sensible enough there is no thinking of two hundred ducats.’ The knight of La Mancha was not a little surprized to see his squire treat a princess with so much familiarity. ‘Sancho,’ said he to him, ‘do what I bid you immediately, and let me hear no more of you. We will set out to-morrow with the infanta, to conduct her back into her country, where we shall be repaid with interest.’ The squire perceiving he must submit, said to his master, ‘Well, Sir, I’ll retire and pay her that money below stairs at my leisure.—Let us go, Madam Infanta. Will you please to walk down, and help me to carry this portmanteau? I’ll pay you immediately.’ As silly as Sancho was, he had more wit than to obey his master. He gave the wench but a groat, swearing he would beat her like stock-fish, if she did not tell Don Quixote she had received two hundred ducats. To which the sly gipsy made answer—‘I am very well satisfied with this groat, master squire; and I wish you good night.’ The innkeeper took the wench into the kitchen; and Sancho went to bed on a quilt they had laid for him upon two

* The Rial Plate is a Spanish coin worth about sixpence; but the Rial Bass is only worth a groat.

mules pannels, making a pillow of the dearly-beloved portmanteau which he had so lately preserved from being embowelled by the extravagance of his master.

The first thing he did the next morning, was to give straw and barley to Rozinante and the ass. Then he caused a good piece of lamb, or mutton, (for none but the innkeeper could decide which it was) to be laid to the fire. That done, he went up to his master's chamber to awake him. The poor knight was but then got to sleep; he had not been able to close his eyes all night, his head was so full of the tilting, and of the revenge he was to take on the perfidious captain. He was so discomposed with these whimsys that, awaking in a consternation when his squire called him, he cried out—'O thou disloyal knight! who, after breaking thy plighted faith, art not ashamed to see the light of the sun! behold here the avenger of the Princesses of Galicia!'—'Do not put yourself into a passion, good Sir,' answered Sancho; 'the princess is well paid, and kisses your errant worship's hands. Rise quickly, for breakfast will soon be ready.'—'I am resolved to set out immediately,' said Don Quixote, getting up; 'for I think it long till I am at Saragossa. Help me on with my armour, and let us stay here no longer.' As soon as he was armed, he went down into the kitchen, where he took two or three mouthfuls standing; and then causing Rozinante to be brought out, vaulted gracefully into the saddle; and, raising his voice, said to the innkeeper, and other standers by—'Generous Castellano—and you, valiant knights of this fortress—consider whether I can do you any service.'—'Sir Knight,' answered the host, 'we want nothing at present, God be praised, but that you order your squire to pay for your meat, and the straw and barley for your beasts.'—'Friend,' replied Don Quixote, 'pray, with your leave, where did you ever read, that Constables, who have had the good fortune to entertain knights-errant in their castles, made them pay for their entertainment?'—'Every man has his way,' quoth the innkeeper; 'and my method is, not to lodge any man for nothing.'—'Well,' said Don Quixote, 'since you will be taken for an innkeeper,

what is it you demand?'—'Fourteen rials,' quoth the host. 'Enough,' replied the knight; and ordered Sancho to pay him: but, at the same time, spying the Galician wench with a broom in her hand, he cried out—'O sovereign infanta, here am I ready to undergo all hazards in performing the promise I made to you. I burn with impatience till I restore you to all your rights, and bring you back to your illustrious parents; whose eyes, since they saw you, are become inexhausted fountains of tears. Grieved am I to the heart to see so worthy a princess in the habit of a servant of an inn, and sweeping the house of such infamous wretches as these are. Mount, then, your palfrey immediately; or, if ill fortune has deprived you of it, make use of my squire's indefatigable steed, and come along with us to Saragossa.' The innkeeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worst sense, fancying by this talk that our knight had a mind to debauch his servant, and that she was consenting to it, grew angry; and, calling out to the girl—'How now, impudence!' said he, 'do you dare to put tricks upon me? By the Lord, I'll make you repent your intrigue with this madman! May never barber's bason come near my beard, if you do not pay for this! Away, you slut! go wash your dishes, and leave off your lewd intrigues with that crack-brained fellow.' The Galician, relying on her innocence, would have cleared herself; but the furious innkeeper, not giving her time, stopped her mouth with a sound cuff on the face, accompanied by half a score good kicks, which overthrew the princess almost crippled.

O ye Heavens! what a spectacle was this for the Knight of La Mancha! To what a paroxysm of passion did not this dismal sight transport him! Achilles, when he ran to revenge the death of Patroclus; the god Mars, when he saw the blood run from the goddess Cytherea; were not half so exasperated or frantick. To delineate the dreadful aspect of Don Quixote at that moment, would require a pen dipt in the infernal streams of Tartarus. He instantly unsheathed his sword, and raising himself in his stirrups at least half a foot higher than ordinary, addressed himself to the innkeeper with a voice like that of

Mars when he agitates the mountains of Thrace—'O thou rash knight!' quoth he, 'who hast dared presume in my presence to insult the most noble lady in all Spain, do not think so heinous a crime shall go unpunished!' Thus saying, he spurred Rozinante fiercely forward upon the constable of the castle, who thought of nothing less than this invasion; and, whirling round his blade in the air, discharged such a formidable blow on the seat of his antagonist's understanding, that had not the thickness of his hat caused it to glance aside, the kitchen-princess had been compleatly revenged of the knight of the inn. The cruel blade, however, grazed his skull, mowed down one side of his hair, and carried away a small piece of his ear. The blood streaming from the wound, alarmed all the inn, and every man laid hold of the weapon that first presented itself. The innkeeper ran into the kitchen roaring like a bull; and, seizing the longest spit he was master of, breathed nothing but speedy revenge. In the mean while, Don Quixote, contrary to his custom, had very discreetly withdrawn to a little distance, the better to stand the fierce attack which he expected to be made upon him. The inn was seated on a rising ground, and about a stone's throw from it was a large meadow; in the midst of that meadow the courageous avenger of insulted beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, 'War! war!' obliging Rozinante to traverse the ground every way in a most awkward manner, and fiercely brandishing his sword; for Sancho was left behind in the inn with his lance and target. The judicious squire, perceiving that, as the matter stood, he was in danger at least of being tossed in a blanket a second time, laboured all that in him lay to still the storm: but the host, who had thrown aside his spit, upon seeing his enemy at such a distance, called for his gun; and if by good luck his wife had not thought of hiding it, our knight had then certainly ended his days and his adventures. The hostess, and all the passengers, represented to the innkeeper that he was going to kill a madman; and that, since his wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the devil. Sancho put in to back all that was said; and made not the least

exception against all the qualifications they assigned his master; perceiving that it was the only way to quell the disturbance. He paid the fourteen rials to a doit, and then took leave of the innkeeper, his wife, and all their company; making them a thousand legs, and using all manner of civility to pacify their resentment: this done, drawing his ass after him by the halter with one hand, and carrying the lance and buckler in the other, he hastened with all speed to his master in the meadow. 'Good God, Sir!' said he, coming up to him, 'was it wisely done of you to hazard your carcass for a wench ten times uglier than Pontius Pilate's maid? On my word you have escaped a scowering: had the innkeeper found his gun, you had gone away with a brace of bullets in your guts; and all your fine armour would not have saved you, though it had been lined in velvet to boot.'—'Tell me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'how strong is the enemy. Do they march in platoons like advanced bodies, or in battallions? Have they a great train of artillery, many curassiers and pikemen? Are there many archers among them? Are they veteran troops, or new levies? Are they well paid? Is there either plague or famine in their camp? Who is it commands in chief? What general officers have they? Inform me what numbers there are of English, Germans, Swiss, Spaniards, Flemings, French, and Italians? Tell me quickly, that we may provide for our defence. Let us draw lines in this meadow; let us dig ditches, and throw up trenches; let us raise bastions and redoubts; let us cover ourselves with curtains and palisadoes: let us secure ourselves, my son.'—'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'where are we now? Consider, for God's sake, good master Don Quixote, that here is nothing of all that you talk of: all about is as smooth as my hand. And since Heaven has rescued us out of the innkeeper's clutches, let us fly from his inn, as one would from the whale of Jonas.'—'Aye, but, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'shall we leave the princess in the hands of her enemies? We ought to return to the castle to deliver her from them, and

to

to chastise that clown of a Castellain who has been so base as to make himself an innkeeper, contrary to all the laws of chivalry.'—'Ads my life, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'have not you punished him sufficiently, since it costs him an ear?'—'But you do not consider,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I cannot fly without disgracing myself.'—'Very good!' answered the squire; 'that is a pretty story. Have not I often heard you say that a knight must be courageous, but not rash?'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and you now put me in mind of it seasonably; for I am sensible my valour carries me a little too far at this time. It is reasonable to give way to numbers, and not run into dangers unadvisedly. A good retreat is equal to a victory: what is delayed is not lost. When we return from Saragossa we shall find means to relieve the Princess of Galicia; therefore I consent that we retire, provided we do it in good order, and in such manner as may not in the least look like flying, for fear has no power over my heart: and that none may be ignorant of it, I here solemnly declare that I retire, but that I do not fly!' Having spoke these words, he rode out of the meadow with a fierce and martial countenance, and took the road towards Ariza, followed by his courageous squire, who every moment looked behind him, believing the furious Castellain was at his heels.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS
COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE
AND ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Sancho lost sight of the inn, he fell again into his usual good-humour, which the fear of tossing in a blanket had with reason suspended. 'So, Sir,' said he to his master, 'are you resolved in earnest never more to think of Madam Dulcinea, nor to perform any acts of chivalry for her?'—'There is no doubt to be made of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'for she has worn out my constancy. I own her no longer for my mistress; and it being my will from this time forward to be called The Loveless Knight, it is proper that I merit that name by

some remarkable action.' To this effect, as soon as he came into Ariza, he wrote a challenge, which Sancho affixed to one of the pillars or columns of the great square, or market-place, the contents whereof were as follows: That any knight whatsoever, whether errant, or sedentary, who would maintain that the ladies deserved to be beloved, spoke falsely; and that he would make him own the contrary by force of arms, either man to man, or ten to ten; that it was true that, according to the laws of chivalry, there was no refusing to defend them, and to revenge the outrages committed against them; and that it was also lawful to make use of them for procreation, provided it was under the indissoluble knot of matrimony. That the unheard-of ingratitude of the matchless infanta the renowned Dulcinea del Toboso, was a sufficient proof of this undeniable truth. The challenge was subscribed, 'The Loveless Knight.' All the people of Ariza laughed heartily at this challenge; but no man so far concerning himself as to engage in the fair-sex's quarrel, the Loveless Knight left the place, after causing the ingenious device he had contrived to be painted on his shield.

When he came near Ateca, a large open town in the neighbourhood of Calatayud, he espied, and at the same time shewed to his squire, a little hovel covered with thatch in the midst of a field of melons, at the door of which stood a country-fellow who watched the melons, with a long bill in his hand. He gazed steadily on him, and then said to Sancho—'Let us halt, my son; if I am not much mistaken, here is one of the greatest adventures we can meet with: you see that redoubted warrior, who stands at the gate of that mighty castle with a lance, or a javelin, in his hand; that is one of the most celebrated knights you ever heard of.'—'Good again!' quoth Sancho; 'one day one mistake, and the next day another.' In short, Sir, either you are dim-sighted, or I am not the flower of errant-squires: the man you shew me there is a country-fellow guarding his field of melons; and he is in the right, for there are people continually travelling this great road to Saragossa, who might make bold to step into his field and refresh themselves

‘ selves with his fruit.’—‘ Aye, Sancho,’ replied the knight, altogether wrapt in his imagination, ‘ it is the famous Count of Angiers, the most renowned of all the Paladins* of France; it is Orlando Furioso.’—‘ I tell you once again, Sir,’ said the squire, ‘ that it is an honest country-man who is guarding his melons, and looks no more like a count than I do.’—‘ Surely I know better than you what he looks like,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘ that prince, as the most authentic book, called *The Mirror of Chivalry*, informs us, was enchanted by a Moor; who, by his wonderful art, brought him into that fortress you see, to defend the entrance of it against any mortal whatsoever. It is this same Orlando, who, transported with jealous rage, because Medoro, a young Moor of Agramante’s army, had stolen away his mistress the beautiful Angelica, tore up the tallest trees by the roots†. So that, my dear child, I can this day say, as once the great conqueror of Asia did, that I have at length met with a danger worthy of me: I will not therefore go any farther till I have tried this adventure, since my good fortune has thrown it in my way.’ Sancho, who hoped to have diverted his master from that dangerous enterprise by his usual discretion, replied—‘ It is my opinion, Sir, that we go forthwith into the village, and that we do not meddle with that Orlando, who has done us no harm; for if the holy brotherhood‡ once lays hold of us, we shall most certainly be sent to the gallies, and be kept there till the grey hairs grow out at the calves of our legs.’—‘ Ah, Sancho,’ replied the knight, ‘ how ill you relish adventures! What would become of us if I should follow your timorous advice? I should shun all opportunities of acquiring honour, and should become the scandal of knight-errantry. Islands and empires are not to be

gained after that manner. My friend, if you would have me make your fortune for you, rouse up your courage, and shew yourself worthy of the post you may expect from my valour.’—‘ Well, Sir,’ quoth the squire, ‘ since it is absolutely necessary, for the gaining of kingdoms, to murder that poor melon-keeper, I will oppose it no longer; you may even put your hand to the plough. Since I am among wolves, I must howl as well as they. It is true, Orlando has done us no wrong; but why should he stand in our way. When it rains, unhappy they who stand under the spouts.’—‘ Now that Paladin’s body being rendered invulnerable by enchantment,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ and there being no possibility of wounding him any where but on the sole of the foot, you may plainly see I am going to encounter the greatest danger that ever knight-errant was in. I must therefore recommend one thing to you: do you perform the duty of a faithful squire. Apply yourself to the god of battles; and beg, in the most fervent manner your zeal shall suggest, that I may come off conqueror in this combat: but if he shall dispose otherwise, if I fall under the irresistible force of the Count of Angiers; if I perish, do not fail to carry me back to my house at Argamassilla, thus arrayed as I am in the beautiful armour of my great friend Alquife; provided that Orlando, pleased with it’s goodness, and finding his own battered by the weight of my strokes, does not take it away, as formerly the haughty Ferrau|| took away that which belonged to the beauteous Angelica’s brother. This is not all neither; you shall cause me, in all my armour, and in a fierce posture, to be seated on a great chair of black cloth; and remember, that I will have my excellent sword in my hand, as the Cid Ruy Diaz§ had; to the end that if any audacious Moor attempts to

* Paladin was a title of honour given by Charlemagne to his twelve peers. See Preface to Hoole’s *Ariosto*.

† See the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto.

‡ The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, is an ancient institution in Spain, consisting of men enrolled from all parts, whose business it is to apprehend robbers and felons.

|| See the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. Book I.

§ Ruy Diaz was a great Spanish general against the Moors, of whom many fables are told; and, among the rest, that he sat in a chair after his death several years, with his sword in his hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the beard, he struck him. The Moors gave him the title of Cid, which in Arabick signifies Lord.

'pull me by the beard, as a Jew did that brave defender of the faith, I may, like him, take my revenge immediately.'

Sancho could not forbear shedding tears, when he heard the knight talk after this rate. 'Ah, my good master Don Quixote!' cried he, 'I conjure you by Noah's ark, and by all the beasts in it, not to meddle with this Orlando! Should you cut off one of his ears, yet you would not have an ear the more.' Thus speaking, as one who loved his master entirely, and who was sensible that if he lost him all his hopes would vanish, he fell into such a fit of sighing and sobbing, that it was dismal to behold him. 'Alas!' said he, in a sorrowful tone, 'what need was there that I, unhappy wretch as I am! should come to serve your worship as your squire for so short a time? Should your worship have the luck to perish in this cursed battle, tell me what will become of your poor squire in these Indies, so remote from his own country? What will become of the poor forsaken damsels? They will have no protector left them. Who will defend them against the giants? Who will do and undo all wrongs? There is an end of all; and knight-errantry is gone to the dogs. Why did not I die last year at the hands of the Yanguessians?'—'Do not weep, my friend,' interrupted Don Quixote; 'I am not dead yet. Have not all knights been in the same danger I am in? And yet how many of them ended their days in peace, in their ancient seats, with their wives and children about them. Yet, since I may cease to live this day, and since I am ignorant what fate is reserved for me, what is said, is said. If I die, you shall punctually perform what I have ordered.' Having spoken these words, he gave Sancho his hand to kiss, and spurred on towards the field of melons.

Rozinante, who was so spent with hunger and weariness, that he could scarcely stand, stopped, regardless of the spur, to regale himself, at every turn, with the leaves of the hedges that grew beside the way. In vain did his master upbraid him for not performing to his satisfaction the duties of knight-errantry: the poor beast moved

never the faster. At length, however, they reached the fatal field; and Don Quixote, having now entered it, made directly towards the cottage. The imaginary Orlando, as soon as he beheld him, cried out with might and main, that if he did not speedily retire, he might have cause to repent it; but the knight still advanced. When he was come within forty or fifty paces of the peasant, he stopped; and, brandishing his lance with a martial air, spoke to him in this manner—'Most valiant Count of Angiers, whose exploits have been sung to such melodious lays by the prince of poets, the divine Ariosto, this day I am to try with you the wonderful force of my arm; a day memorable in knight-errantry! At this time, fierce Paladin, it shall not avail you to have your whole body enchanted and invulnerable; for I, by thrusting a long pin up the sole of your foot, will give unto you your death's wound. Reflect, great warrior, on the various fortunes of heroes! Thy proud head, which was the terror of the Saracen camp, and whose angry looks no mortal till this day could bear, shall be cut off by my sharp and dreadful sword, after a long and tedious combat, and then borne away on the point of my lance to the tilting at Saragossa: nor shall the army of the Emperor Charlemagne be able to deliver you out of my hands. Nothing shall save you; the valor of your cousin Rinaldo of Montalban, the efforts of Montesinos, of the Marquis Olivier, and of the genteel Astolphus of England, shall not guard you from my strokes; your two cousins, Grifon the white, and Aquilan the black, and the enchantments of the subtle Maugis of Aigren, shall nothing avail you. Come, then, renowned Frenchman, I make use of no fraud against you; I come not to destroy you attended by a numerous army, like Bernard del Carpio and the Moorish king Marsilius of Arragon: I am but a single Spaniard with my horse and arms. What is it detains you?—Advance! Let not cowardice have any power over such a heart as yours; and if you cannot avoid the sad fate which threatens you, yet at least preserve your ancient glory from the tongue of

‘ of slander.’ Here our knight paused a while, imagining what he had said would be sufficient to persuade Orlando that he ought to prefer a glorious death, though certain, before an infamous life. But the peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to answer, Don Quixote proceeded in the following manner. ‘ Tell me, O warlike Orlando! whence comes this heaviness, which renders you so unlike yourself? Is it a time to stand idle, when you hear yourself challenged to the fight? Draw near, great Paladin, mount your trusty and swift Brigliadaro*. But I remember,’ continued our knight, ‘ that the Moorish enchanter, who posted you here to guard his castle, left you no horse: I will therefore alight from mine; for it shall not be said that I fought you at an advantage.’ This said, he alighted. ‘ Courage, courage!’ cried Sancho, at a great distance; ‘ courage, master Don Quixote! fall on courageously! I help you at this distance, praying for you like a madman. I have already twice said the *De Profundis* for your undertaking!’ The melon-keeper seeing Don Quixote approach, covering himself with his shield, and brandishing his lance in such manner as made him believe he could have no other design than to kill him, (which was the only idea he could affix to the strange harangue he had just heard) called loudly to him not to advance. Finding this warning utterly disregarded, he laid down his bill-hook; and, picking up a smooth round pebble, instantly fitted it to his sling, and hurled it with all his force at the valorous Manchegan. By good fortune, the enchanted target being composed of brass, was proof against the stone, which fell down at his feet, without execution; but the Count of Angiers soon catching up a second pebble larger than the former, discharged it with redoubled might against the breast of the unfortunate Don Quixote: his armour rang like a bell, and he dropped senseless upon a bed of melons. The slinger, upon this, apprehending he had killed his man, fled towards the town immediately.

C H A P. VIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS DON QUIXOTE SAID TO HIS SQUIRE; AND HOW THAT CURIOUS DISCOURSE WAS INTERRUPTED.

‘ **A**LAS, poor Loveless Knight!’ cried Sancho, when he saw his master’s fall; ‘ I told you this cursed melon-keeper, who is a greater heretic than the Giant Goliath, would spoil your dancing.’ Having so said, he entered the field, leading his ass by the halter; and drawing near to Don Quixote, to see whether he was in a condition to receive any help, he found him stretched out at full-length, and not much unlike a dead body: in time, however, the knight came to himself; and Sancho asking him whether he was wounded, he answered he was not; but that Orlando, in his fury, had thrown a whole mountain upon him, the weight whereof had almost crushed him to pieces. ‘ Help me to get up, Sancho,’ continued he; ‘ and be not afflicted, since I can boast that I have obtained the victory.’—‘ Aye, aye,’ said the squire, ‘ you are the stoutest, sure enough; for you have borne the blows.’—‘ Is it not enough for me,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ that my enemy is fled? Is not that a plain demonstration that he durst not stand me? But let him go for the present: I shall meet with him another time, and make him finish the combat we have begun. The worst of it is, that I feel myself bruised all over with a dreadful blow he bestowed on me with his club, and I am hardly able to breathe.’—‘ By my faith it was no club he had in his hand,’ replied the squire; ‘ but a damned sling, with which he threw the two stones that have put you in this precious situation!’—‘ Support me, my son,’ said Don Quixote, when he was got up; ‘ let us go into that castle to rest ourselves, and to set free all the knights and ladies that have been enchanted there for so many ages.’ Whilst he spoke, he moved towards the cottage, leaning on his squire, who had enough to do to sup-

* Brigliadaro, which signifies Bridle of Gold, is the name given to Orlando Furioso’s horse, in the poem of Ariosto.

port him and his armour: but when he came to the door, he stopped short, and, seeming to be mightily astonished, cried out—'What is it I see? I find nothing here but a poor cottage! The magnificent palace, which but now appeared to me, is vanished!'—'As for my part,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not deceived in the least; for, from first to last, this cottage seemed to me no more than a cottage; and I am glad that once in your life you will grant you took a pig for a dog.'—'I grant nothing,' replied Don Quixote; 'every man sees after his own manner. It is no wonder that you, who are but a peasant, can see things but like a peasant; but I, who am knighted, and consequently see things as they really are, have cause to be surprised at finding nothing here but a little hut.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am of opinion it is better for us to go into the cottage to rest us, than to stand here arguing whether I ought to see like a peasant or like a knight; and when we are there, we may eat of the melons, if we please, since they are in our power.'—'I consent, my friend,' answered Don Quixote; 'for I am sorely bruised, and it is my courage that supports me more than my strength.'

Thus saying, they went into the cottage; and Sancho, having seated his master in a wicker-chair in the easiest posture he was able, went and unbridled Rozinante, and took off Dapple's pannel; and, leaving the two beasts to range at discretion in the melon-ground, returned to his master, bringing the portmanteau and pannel on his back, and Rozinante's bridle in his hand. 'Ah, Sancho!' said Don Quixote to him, 'I do not wonder now that I find neither knight nor ladies here: I see into the mystery; I have discovered the deception. That malignant Moorish enchanter whom I told you of, ten thousand times more crafty than Atlas the magician, knowing that all his conjuration could not defend the Count of Angiers against my prowess, nor exclude me from his magnificent castle, what has he done to disappoint me? He has carried away the Paladin, and transported him and his castle, by the hands of his familiar devils, to the top of the highest mountain of Armenia, near

Noah's Ark; and has left nothing here but a wretched hut to deceive our eyes and understandings. But I am not so easily imposed upon: for, as soon as ever I have won the prize at the tilting, we will go into Armenia; we will clamber up even to the summit of that high mountain; we will besiege the enchanter's castle; and when we have made ourselves masters of it by killing Orlando, we will set free the great Cham of Tartary, the two princesses his daughters, his bastard, his uncle, and his sister, whom the false necromancer keeps there enchanted.'—'Aye, Sir!' quoth the squire, 'but if that Orlando Furioso guards the castle-gate with his staff that has a spear at the end of it, and his devilish sling, I declare to you I will not come within an hundred leagues of him.'—'Let not that trouble you,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will take care that he shall not hurt you; and, to do you honour, it is my will that you kill him, by running a long pin into the sole of his foot when I have him under me.'—'Then you must be sure,' quoth Sancho, 'to hold him so fast that he can stir neither hand nor foot.'—'I will grasp him so hard,' said the knight, 'that he shall not be able to breathe.'—'If so,' answered the squire, 'we shall be very unlucky if we do not compass our design. By Jove, I will clap my four fingers and my thumb to it, and I'll thrust the pin up to his guts! But, Sir,' continued he, 'I have a thought just come into my head: I would fain know why that Moorish necromancer enchanted the bastard of Tartary?'—'Why?' replied Don Quixote, 'I will tell you; for I know all the sequel of the story. The enchanter fell in love with the great Cham of Tartary's younger daughter: that princess, who was as beautiful as the sun, was called Guenipea. She was thought to be daughter to Charlemagne; and there was reason to believe it: for that prince, in his younger days, going abroad to seek adventures, like a knight-errant as he was, the great Cham's wife seeing him, fell in love; and the history tells us that the matchless Guenipea was the fruit of their tender affections. However it was, the Moorish enchanter used all the methods gene-

rally practised by lovers to please their
 mistresses, to gain that princess's af-
 fection; but Guenipea, who hated
 him mortally because he was red-
 haired, made such harsh returns to
 his courtship, that the Moor, despair-
 ing ever to gain her love by his ad-
 dresses, had recourse to the secrets of
 his art: but enchantments, as you
 well know, having no power over the
 affections, and the princess requiring
 all his love with hatred, he resolved
 to steal her and all her family. To that
 end, he caused his demons in one
 night to build the palace you saw but
 a moment ago in this melon-field,
 and in it he shut up the great Cham
 and his family. But you will ask,
 and it will be an ingenious question,
 what reason the enchanter had to
 build a castle upon such a great road;
 for I agree with you, that magicians
 generally seat them in deserts, on the
 top of some steep rock in the midst of
 the sea, or in the most secret part of
 a close forest: I will inform you,
 therefore, what private motives in-
 fluenced the Moor on this occasion.
 His intention being to humour the
 Princess Guenipea, and to make her
 confinement as easy as possible, he
 caused the castle to be built in this
 field, well knowing the princess was
 such a lover of melons, that she could
 not live without them: in short, San-
 cho, Guenipea is passionately fond of
 them; and I think I have read that
 her stars seem to foretel she shall die
 of a surfeit of melons.—'Lord, how
 I pity Guenipea!' cried Sancho, 'for
 being now cooped up on that high
 mountain of vermin; where, I fancy,
 there are no more melons than in the
 pond of Toboso. But, Sir, now you
 talk of the melons, let us taste a little
 of those that grow in this ground.
 Since you have gained the field of
 battle, we had as good reap the fruit
 of our victory.' Having so said, he
 went and gathered two melons, which
 he chose by making an incision in them;
 and returned with a joyful heart and
 smiling countenance. He gave his
 master some slices of them, who eat
 very little; for his part, he laid about
 him as fast as he could swallow: but
 in the height of his jollity the Count of
 Angiers returned with three lusty fel-
 lows of the town; and seeing Rozi-

nante and Dapple living at discretion
 in the melon-ground, breaking the
 hedges, eating some of the melons,
 and trampling on the rest, they rushed
 into the cottage, cursing and swearing,
 and presently rang a dismal peal of
 bastinadoes upon the bones of our ad-
 venturers. Don Quixote, who had un-
 fortunately taken off his head-piece, to
 be the more at ease, received, among the
 rest, such a knock on the skull, as
 brought him senseless to the ground.
 A still sorer portion of cudgelling fell
 to the lot of the squire; who, having
 no armour to break the fury of the
 blows, lost nothing of the good-will
 with which they were laid on. This
 sharp piece of service being over, the
 Paladin and his companions, not at all
 concerned for the wounded men, whom
 they left speechless in the hovel, return-
 ed to Ateca; taking Rozinante and
 Dapple along with them, in satisfaction
 for the damage that had been done in
 the melon-field.

CHAP. IX.

OF THE GREAT SORROW AND AFF-
 FLICTION DON QUIXOTE AND
 SANCHE ENDURED FOR THE LOSS
 OF ROZINANTE AND DAPPLE—
 AND HOW THEY WERE ENTER-
 TAINED BY MASTER VALENTIN,
 A CANON OF ATECA.

ALL this while Don Quixote and
 his squire lay entranced on the
 ground. At length Sancho coming to
 himself, and feeling his bones ache
 with the bruises he had received, cried
 out in an angry, whining tone—'Well,
 Sir Loveless, or rather Brainless
 Knight, will you believe me another
 time? I have advised you, over and
 over again, to go about your business
 and wrong nobody; and I could never
 prevail upon your dogged disposition.
 Chew now upon these apples of af-
 fliction; and God grant that half a
 score more of those Jews you talked
 of do not come to make an end of
 us if we stay here any longer. Lift
 up your head a little, if you can,
 brave knight! and you'll find it so full
 of bunches, that you'll have more
 reason than ever to call yourself the
 Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.'

Don

Don Quixote, at these words, raised his head, and exclaimed, 'King Sancho! King Sancho*! you cannot, however, say that I did not forewarn you a traitor would come out of Zamora during the siege, to surprize you.'—'A curse on the spirit of antichrist!' cried Sancho in a rage; 'our souls are just ready to skip out of our mouths, and you are muttering the story of King Sancho! You had better sing the Swan's Hymn†, methinks. For St. Apollonia's sake, let us go home and look out for a surgeon to plaister our bodies all over!'—'You must understand, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that the traitor who has brought me into this condition is the perfidious Bellido d'Olfos‡, the lawful son of Olfos de Bellido.'—'The plague confound him, and all his race to the seventh generation!' said the squire. 'Haste away to Zamora,' continued the knight; 'and when you are near the city, you will discover at a distance the good old man Arias Gonzalez, standing betwixt two battlements; in whose presence you shall change your name, and take that of Don Diego de Lara§: then uttering the same words that Don Bermudo's son made use of, you shall charge with treason, and shall challenge, all the knights, squires, women, and children; and, in a word, all the town. Then shall you kill all the sons of Arias Gonzalez, and of Peter Arias.'—'Blessed Virgin, and Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a fine condition, I warrant you! Here have four great over-grown hang-dogs of melon-keepers, been pounding me to a mummy with their cudgels, and you would have me go to Zamora, to renounce my baptism, and to challenge all the town, that an hundred thousand millions of men may come out of the city and devour me with a grain of salt. It is better for us to rise, if we are able, and go get ourselves dressed in the next town.' This said, exerting the feeble remains of his strength, he raised himself from

the ground; and Don Quixote, taking his hand, with much difficulty did the like. But when, upon their quitting the hut, they cast their eyes round the melon-field, without being able to descry either Dapple or Rozinante, then was it that they perceived, in it's full extent, the implacable enmity of the Moorish enchanter. Don Quixote was grieved to his soul; and Sancho, yet more impatient than his master, was nearly beside himself. 'Alas, my dear Dapple!' quoth he, blubbering most bitterly, 'we have been too soon parted! Oh, my ass, the delight of my soul, the light of my eyes, and the charming object of my thoughts! Who are the robbers that unmercifully drove you away? you, who for your long ears might be dean of the asses! We two understood one another, like two foster-brothers! When I carried your barley into the stable, you made as harmonious musick as the barber does when he goes at night to play on his guittar and sing under Joan's window.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what does it avail you thus to torment yourself? Have not I lost the best horse in the world?'—'Body o' me!' replied Sancho sourly, 'I do not forbid you to lament your horse; let me bewail my ass, then!'—'I tell you once more, my son,' answered Don Quixote, 'you ought to take comfort after this loss, though he were lineally descended even from the ass of Balaam. It is a weakness to be inconsolable for losses. If they are irreparable, reason should make us bear them with resolution. If they may be repaired, why should we let sorrow overwhelm us? I will make strict search after Rozinante and Dapple; and if it does not succeed, we have still our portmanteau to relieve us. We'll buy another horse, and another ass; and thus we'll disappoint the magician, who thought he should prevent my appearing at the tilting at Saragossa, by causing my horse to be stolen. In the meanwhile, you must carry the portmanteau and the

* Sancho the First, King of Castile, was murdered at the siege of Zamora, by a villain who pretended to desert to him from that place.

† The Swan is said by the poets to sing just before it's death.

‡ Bellido d'Olfos is the traitor who killed King Sancho at Zamora.

§ An old romantick story in ballads, that this Lara challenged all the city of Zamora for the murder of King Sancho.

' pannel on your back, as far as that town, where we will rest ourselves.' The hope Sancho conceived that he should once more obtain sight of his dear Dapple, mitigated his tribulation; and, though his body was bruised all over, he took up the pannel and portmanteau, contriving it so that the crupper of the pannel hung over his mouth.

As soon as they entered Ateca, a crowd of boys and idle people gathered round them, and attended them shouting to the great square. The magistrates, and some of the canons of the church, were walking there at that time. They were astonished to see Don Quixote in that uneasy equipage, and his squire laden with the pannel, the crupper of which bridled up his nose. The scene seeming at once both comical and serious, they knew not whether to laugh at, or commiserate them. But Don Quixote finding himself in the midst of such a numerous assembly, which seemed not to have eyes enough to gaze on him; and being moved with a just resentment against the ravishers of Rozinante, addressed the audience as follows, particularly fixing his eyes on the magistrates and churchmen—' Are not you ashamed, gentlemen,' cried he, ' to allow of robbers among you; who, to please my enemy the Moorish enchanter, have by surprise deprived me of my indefatigable courser, and my squire of his excellent steed! Order what has been stolen from us to be restored immediately; and let those audacious persons who have wounded us, because they caught us on foot and defenceless, be delivered up to us on discretion: otherwise I must look upon you all as traitors, or as accessory to treason; and as such I defy and challenge you all, either man to man, or all of you at once, against me singly!' This extravagant harangue did not fail to excite the laughter of the audience; and one of the churchmen, taking some of the others aside, said to them—' Gentlemen, I suspect this strange personage must be the very Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history we have lately read for our diversion. You shall see I am not mistaken.' Thus saying, he went up to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—' Sir Knight-errant, (for by your noble

mien, and by your armour, we guess you are of that order) are not you, I pray, that incomparable knight of La Mancha, whose unheard-of exploits resound in all parts? In a word, are not you the heroick Don Quixote?'—' Yes, I am he,' replied the knight very gravely; ' and I will make those villains who have stolen Rozinante, fully sensible that their base contrivances against me will not be tolerated!'—' Good Sir Don Quixote,' answered the canon, ' we have here too great a veneration for knights-errant, and especially for you, to suffer you to be wronged in the smallest particular. We will do you justice for the injury you have received; and will not only take care that what you have lost shall be restored; but if you know the men that have abused you, assure yourself we will cause them to be most severely punished.'—' As for him that I fought with,' said Don Quixote, ' I know well enough where he is; and he shall soon hear from me. But the villain that wounded me treacherously was Bellido d'Olfos.'—' No, no!' cried Sancho interrupting him, and putting aside the crupper which stopped his mouth; ' hear me, gentlemen! He that knocked down my master, with a stone cast out of a sling, is an arch knave that guards a field of melons hard by here. A brawny-backed fellow, who squints, and has turn-up whiskers. It is that dog, whom Heaven confound! who came with other madmen and beat all our bones to a jelly; and when they had mauled us to death, carried away Rozinante and my ass, God knows whither!' Master Valentin (for that was the name of the canon who spoke to them) being naturally very charitable, and believing Don Quixote stood in need of some relief, said to him—' Sir Knight, all that has been stolen from you shall be restored: in the mean time, I beseech you, do me the honour to repair to my house with your squire.' Sancho pressed his master to accept of the offer, and Master Valentin carried them home.

The first thing that the good churchman did, was to send for the surgeon of the town to search the wound the knight had received in his head, which fortunately did not prove dangerous. Whilst the surgeon was making some lint,

lint, and taking out his implements for the first dressing, Don Quixote looking earnestly upon him, said—'In truth, Master Elizabet*, my dear friend, I am overjoyed that I am this day fallen into your skilful hands; for I remember to have read, that you know how to apply such sovereign medicines to the wounds of knights-errant, that Averroes, Avicen, and Galen, were scarce worthy to be your apprentices. But I pray you, tell me whether my wounds are mortal? for if they are, I cannot, by the laws of chivalry, consent to their being dressed till I have had full revenge for Bellido's treachery.' The surgeon, not knowing what answer to make to this nonsense, looked upon Master Valentin; who, on his side, was hardly less astonished. Fearing, however, that too much talking and earnestness might throw Don Quixote into a fever, and render his wound dangerous, he continued dressing without speaking a word; except assuring him that in a few days he would be perfectly recovered. After the dressing, the canon sent every person out of the apartment, leaving Don Quixote to repose himself on a very good bed. Sancho, who held the candle during the operation, and had not spoken a word the whole time, was bursting to make amends for such a long silence, by setting his tongue at liberty again. No sooner, therefore, was he out of the room, but he said to Master Valentin—'By my faith, Master Licentiate, my ribs smart cruelly. That Bellido, since it must be Bellido, was no kinder to me than to my master; he has left no part sound about me but my stomach: and, by the Lord, had he spoiled that, as he has done all other parts of me, I should wish all the Bellidos in the world at the devil! And therefore I beg of you, Master Licentiate, that you will order the cloth to be laid immediately, that I may exercise my jaws a little; for I have more need of that at present than of picking my teeth.'—'But, friend,

quoth the canon, 'we must see whether you are not wounded also, before Master Elizabet is gone: you need only speak, and he'll make two incisions for one.'—'Oh, by my conscience, I have done with him!' answered the squire; 'all these surgeons wish for nothing but wounds and sores. Let them alone; they will thrust their lancet into your head without any ceremony, as if it were to pull maggots out. God be praised I am not wounded; and I can better be without lint this bout, than without bread and liquor.' The canon, upon this, ordered him some supper; and, having sent out to enquire after the pretended Bellido and his companions, who were easily found, procured the restoration of Rozinante and Dapple. Sancho seeing them, ran hastily out of the porch where he was at supper, and coming up to his ass, embraced him with all the tenderness of a lover to his mistress. 'Welcome, my dear Dapple!' cried he. 'I wish you joy! Tell me, how have you been used during my absence? Has that greatill looking fellow Orlando given thee straw and barley enough to mumble? Oh, the drunken dog! Oh, the splay-footed rogue! May it please St. Nicolina, my godmother's patroness, that I may see him hanged an hundred years hence.' Valentin seeing Sancho so joyful at the recovery of his ass, said to him smiling—'Master Squire, though you had lost your ass, you ought not to despair; for I would have presented you with a delicate she-ass worth at least as much, if not more than he is.'—'That cannot be, Master Licentiate,' replied the squire; 'my Dapple is worth his weight in gold; and we were made for one another. I understand him by half a word, as well as if I had begotten him. I know whether he asks for barley, or whether he would be carried to water. In short, I can say no more, but that I know him better than you do your father.'—'Then you understand the language of the asses,'

* Master Elizabet is a very skilful surgeon belonging to the Lady Gracinda; by her he is deputed to attend upon Amadis de Gaulle, who at that time travelled under the title of the Knight of the Green Sword. Soon after, being cast away upon the Devil's Island, Amadis slays a hellish monster, named Endriagus; (not unlike the dragon conquered by Spenser's Red Cross knight) and is healed of the wounds received in that combat, which were many and dangerous, by Master Elizabet. Amadis de Gaulle, Book 3. Chapters 9 and 10.

said Valentin. 'As well as any licentiate,' answered Sancho: 'there is not a syllable escapes me.'

CHAP. X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH MASTER VALENTIN, AND TWO OTHER CANONS; AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN THEY SHEWED HIM THE FIRST PART OF HIS HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho was gone from the clergyman to carry Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, two canons of the great church came to visit their brother Valentin. They asked him how he liked his two guests. 'As well as can be,' replied Valentin; 'I can assure you I have now in my house a princely pastime. Don Quixote really seems to me as mad as the historian has represented him; and for Sancho, though he has his senses, his simplicity is such that I do not wonder he consents to all his master's chimeras. If you have a mind to be diverted, come and dine with me to-morrow. The knight rests at present, and it would be barbarous to disturb him.' The canons accepted of the invitation; and, as they were taking leave of their brother, Sancho returned from the stable. Valentin stopped him; and, having set his tongue going upon his master's affairs, the honest squire, who desired no better than to have an audience, acquainted the canons, that Don Quixote, no longer able to bear Dulcinea's scorn, had changed his name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, for that of the Loveless Knight; and that, under this appellation, he was going to exert his dexterity and valour at the tilting at Saragossa: in short, he told them whatsoever he could recollect of his master's exploits and adventures. The canons were ready to expire with laughter at every turn; for Sancho's stile was no less diverting than the follies he related. When they had heard him, they went home; not questioning but they should have good sport the next day. After they were gone, Valentin entered Don Quixote's room very softly; intending, if he was awake, to make him eat a few new-laid eggs, and drink a glass of wine: but, whether

nature, being exhausted by heating and fatigue, required rest; or whether the bed of a canon possessed in some peculiar degree the powers of somnolency; he found the knight in so profound a sleep, that he left him till the next morning; when Don Quixote arose, greatly refreshed and invigorated.

The canons did not fail coming the next day to dine with Valentin; and when they were all seated at table, they began to discourse of knight-errantry. 'It were happy for us,' said one of the canons, 'if there were more knights-errant at this time amongst us; for the world is much more depraved than it was in the days of Amadis de Gaule: and, though there were as many knights in Spain as there are gnats, God forgive me! I believe they would all find employment enough. Injustice reigns everywhere, falsehood prevails, and undressed wrongs are infinite. In one place detraction sullies honour, and destroys reputation; in another, orphans are crying for assistance: and I will forfeit my prebendal dignity if there be any thing more frequent than forsaken damsels.' — 'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that, to the shame of this age, knight-errantry is neglected; but it shall not be my fault if that sacred order be not speedily revived; and if all men, whose courage and virtue render them worthy, would follow my example, we should soon see justice done to those orphans and damsels you speak of.' — 'Aye, if they would follow your example,' answered the canon; 'but there's the point. Pray, where will you find men fit to encounter giants as tall as wind-mills! men bold enough to charge a whole army as if it were but a flock of sheep! Believe me, worthy Don Quixote, your actions will be admired; but I much question whether any body will imitate them.' Sancho, who waited at table, and now and then drawing near the side-board, took a good draught by stealth; and another time, carrying off the dishes that were served up, suffered nothing to return to the kitchen without tasting it; hearing now his master's exploits discoursed of, soon put in for a share of the conversation. 'Master Licentiate,' quoth he, interrupting the canon, 'you have forgot the best of the story. Is the

the adventure of the fulling-mills but a trifle, d'ye think? Hang me, if I do not fancy I still hear that founded noise, which made my guts wamble in my belly! Faith and troth, I found, that bout, that my mother's son was in quake-breech fear!— And you made your master smell it,' replied Valentin, smiling. 'I don't deny it,' answered the squire; 'but you know very well, Master Valentin, that, when nature will work, there is no bidding her stay: the shot must fly, or the gun split.' The canons burst out a laughing; and he who had been silent before, said—'For my part, I admire the penance Don Quixote underwent in Sierra Morena * in imitation of Beltenebros!—' And, pray, was not the rescuing of the galley-slaves,' cried Sancho, 'a notable exploit? And the combat with the Biscainer, and the adventure of the Yanguessians? But hold, gentlemen,' continued he, checking himself, 'no more of that, I beseech you; let that never be mentioned; there's a reason for it.'—'Well, friend Sancho,' said Valentin, 'that adventure, for your sake, must be buried in oblivion, as well as that of your tossing in a blanket: and, for my part, whenever I read your master's history over again, (and I keep it very close in my closet) I promise you that, when I come to those scurvy passages, I will turn over the leaf without reading them.'

Don Quixote was amazed to hear that Valentin was in possession of his history. 'Master Licentiate,' said he, 'is it possible that the wise Alquife, who is to record all my actions, has already published those I have performed!—' The wise Alquife,' quoth Valentin, 'is not the author of the history I speak of: it is an Arabian writer, whose name, if I mistake not, is Cid Hamet Benengeli.'—'I am not acquainted with that necromancer,' answered Don Quixote: 'but it is no matter; do me the favour to shew me his work.'—'With all my heart, if you desire it,' said Valentin; and, rising from table, he went into his closet, whence he brought a book, which

he delivered to the knight. 'Let us see, pray,' quoth Sancho; 'let us see whether that book mentions me.'—'You need not question, friend,' said one of the canons; 'for it mentions your ass.'—'My ass!' quoth the squire; 'then it is the ass Ginesillo de Passamonte stole from me; for this ass I have now was not with us last year. Alas, poor infant! he is this year in his noviciate of knight-errantry; but, on my conscience, if he holds on as he begins, he must have a whole history written of him alone.' In the mean while, Don Quixote opened the book; and, while he read, the canons eyed him attentively. He stopped at the first page; where the author, describing him, says, none ravished him so much as the works of Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired for the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported when he read such amorous complaints as the following!—'The reason of the unreasonableness which you offer to my reason, does so weaken my reason, that, with all reason, I complain of your beauty, &c.'—'Benengeli,' quoth Don Quixote, shutting the book in a passion, 'is an impostor, or rather a slanderer. I perceive he has compiled this work only to rob me of my honour, that I might be taken for a madman by those who do not know me. He made haste to be before-hand with the wise Alquife, my faithful historian, well knowing that the first impressions are hardly to be defaced. He charges me with being fond of fustian bombast stuff: do you, gentlemen, do me justice; tell me whether my words make good that charge? By this you may discover that ancient historians are to be read with circumspection, and that their censures are no more to be regarded than their praises; since an author dares slander me whilst I am yet living. I declare, I disapprove of Feliciano de Silva's stile; I am not pleased with his impertinent jingle of words; and, Heaven be praised! I am so far from falling short in my judgment in that point, that I flatter myself I have sense enough to find fault with better works than that of Feliciano de Silva,

* Sierra Morena is a chain of mountains in the province of Andalusia in Spain. The name signifies the Brown Mountain.

‘and I know not but I might make good criticisms even upon Galatea*. I will recite to you a few verses of my own composing; not that I value myself upon being a good poet, but only to convince you that I do not love bombast; for, if I affect it, it must appear in my poems, rather than in my conversation; since you know that poets, giving a loose to their fancies, may easily swerve from their natural strain, and fly into extravagances, if judgment ceases to guide them.’ The canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his verses—‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘hear a Sonnet, which I composed last year, on the Princess Dulcinea’s recovery from a fit of sickness.’

SONNET.

AT length, my fair, we gain the victory due!
Death, vanquish’d Death, declines th’ unequal strife:

Our vows o’er Fate prevail to spare your life;
And Nature’s loveliest work is sav’d in you.

Languid and pale your fading beauties grew!
Languid and pale, they still inspir’d delight:
Your eyes half quench’d in everlasting night,
Reverence at once and streams of sorrow drew!

Those eyes their wonted radiance now impart;
Those heavenly charms with health return again;

But what, alas! returns to my poor heart!
My fair-one’s cure scarce mitigates my pain!
Since, if she die, I too for grief depart;
If she survive, I perish by dildain!

‘This, I think, may suffice,’ continued Don Quixote, ‘to convince you, that Benengeli gives a very false account of me.’—‘Sir Knight,’ said one of the canons, ‘your works and your discourse much discredit that Arabian author; yet, after all, he deserves pardon, for though in the first page of his book he does you that wrong, I can assure you that throughout all the rest of his history he does you justice, making you talk like a man of sense.’—‘So much the worse,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘for an author ought to preserve consistency in his characters. Read all Homer’s Iliad, and mark whether the character

of Achilles fails in any part. Do not you see the same Achilles who braved Agamemnon, and who chose rather to suffer the conflagration of the Grecian fleet, than to forego his resentment? Do not you see, I say, the same coherence of passion in the answers he returns to good old Priam, who desires he will restore to him the dead body of Hector his son? Thus it is that Homer keeps up all his characters: you will not find that he ever departs from any of them. Ulysses is always crafty; Nestor still continues the oracle of the army: and therefore Benengeli, designing to make me pass for a madman, ought not to make me discourse like a discreet person.’

CHAP. XI.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PARTED WITH MR. VALENTIN; AND HOW SANCHO FOUND ARCHBISHOP TURPIN’S CLUB.

THE canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of folly and judgment which appeared in Don Quixote’s discourse; and, being conscientious men, who pitied their neighbours frailties, they cursed in their hearts the pernicious books which had destroyed such an excellent understanding. Sancho, who had stood by and listened to his master with a great deal of attention, perceiving that he had done, said, in his turn, to the canons—‘Well, gentlemen, what say you now to my master Don Quixote? I’faith you must own he has both rhyme and reason at his fingers ends! Had he been an archbishop, he had made lectures in every corner! Words multiply under his hands; I could listen to him for ever: and when he talks, I fancy I hear a book read! By my faith, I would this very moment give sixpence I have in my pouch, with all my heart, to have words always at command as he has! Ah! what brave stories I would tell the wenches at the bake-house in our villagel I love men of sense; I declare it: and if Fortune should so order it that my wife and I should have a son by our holy endeavours, I here

* A work written by Cervantes, and published in the year 1584.

‘ make a vow I will send him to learn divinity at Salamanca. But the dog must not think he shall spend his father’s means in gaming with other sons of whores like himself, for I will give him more lashes with this girdle I have on, than there are hairs in my venerable beard.’ So saying, he took off his girdle, and began to apply it smartly to the legs of the canons, crying out in a passion—‘ Study, you hang-dog! learn your book, if you design to be a governor after me.’—‘ Enough, enough, Mr. Sancho!’ said one of the canons, holding his arm; ‘ remember the boy you are whipping is not yet begotten.’—‘ Well, I will have done, then, for this time,’ replied the squire, ‘ since your workshops are so pleased; and he may thank you for it, for if I am so satisfied for the first fault, he may assure himself he shall pay for all the next he commits.’—‘ How absurd your behaviour is, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote very gravely; ‘ you have no son yet, and you pretend to whip him already, because he will not go to school.’—‘ Ah, Sir!’ quoth Sancho, ‘ do not you know that children must be corrected in time; and that if they are humoured when they are little, they grow lazy and wilful? They must understand from their mother’s belly that learning is to be whipped into them; for so my father bred me: and if I have any guts in my brains, by my troth! I may thank good banging for it. He let drive at me so unmercifully, that the old curate, who then lived, (God have glory of his good soul!) every time he met me in the street, laying his hand on my head, would say—“ If this boy is not beaten to death, he will grow by inches.”’—‘ Nay, then, friend Sancho,’ quoth Valentin, ‘ I perceive your old curate was a great prophet.’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ replied the squire; ‘ I will assure you he was a man of parts. In his younger days he had been at the university of Alcala; and he was so learned, that he could say part of his vespers by heart.’ The canons were mightily pleased with Sancho’s flights, whom they perceived to be no wiser, but yet pleasanter, than his master’s; and therefore they came every day to Valentin’s,

where our adventurers still furnished them fresh scenes of diversion.

Don Quixote, finding his wound perfectly cured at the end of eight days, thought he could not make any longer stay there without infringing the laws of chivalry; and therefore the ninth day, after dinner, he said to his host—‘ I think it is now time that I have your permission to depart for Saragossa: you are very sensible how much that expedition concerns knight-errantry. If fortune proves favourable to my undertakings, I design to send you the chief prize of the tilting, which I now conjure you to accept of: it is the least I can do for one who has taken such care to recover me of my wounds.’ The charitable Valentin, who longed to discourse seriously with our adventurer, and to try whether it were not possible to incline that distracted soul to some profitable employment, calling up all his eloquence to his assistance, answered Don Quixote in this manner—‘ Mr. Quixada, you are free to go when you please; but I beseech you, consider for a moment, how strangely you are misled and deluded! Others would please themselves with humouring your extravagant notions; but, for my part, I know nothing more deplorable, and I think it a duty of my profession to endeavour to remove your blindness. Consider that Amadis de Gaule, Esplandian, and all those other ancient knights, whom your ridiculous books of chivalry make mention of, and whose examples you fondly endeavour to follow, are but imaginary heroes. What historian, what wise author of any nation whatsoever, writes of them as of men that have really had a being! All the actions recorded of them in those fabulous books which have disturbed your understanding, are nothing but lyes invented for the amusement of the idle: pernicious works, which magistrates ought to prohibit under the severest penalties, since such vain reading conduces only to keep people in ignorance, and make them neglect those things which are profitable and instructing. Be- think yourself, master Quixada, that it is a mortal sin thus to forsake your house, and neglect your affairs, for

G the

' the sake of rambling about the world
 ' like a madman, with that poor peasant
 ' whom you have seduced to take part
 ' in your extravagances. Cannot you
 ' discern, even in the midst of your
 ' madness, that you make yourself the
 ' sport of great and small, and that
 ' you expose the honour of a gentleman
 ' to the scorn of the rabble? Under the
 ' absurd pretence of righting wrongs
 ' which are not committed, you molest
 ' travellers upon the publick road; and
 ' perhaps, ere long, the Holy Brother-
 ' hood may lay hold of you for mur-
 ' dering some innocent creature; and
 ' then, without any regard to your
 ' distempered imagination, will inflict
 ' on you some punishment that may
 ' stigmatize your family. Let me en-
 ' treat you once again, Mr. Quixada,
 ' seriously to consider with yourself;
 ' put away all those fantastical notions
 ' of chivalry; get home as fast as you
 ' can, and give your friends and kin-
 ' dred (who deplore your folly) the
 ' satisfaction of seeing you once more
 ' make the right use of your reason.
 ' Read good books; and follow such
 ' exercises as may gain you the esteem
 ' of all good men. If you are will-
 ' ing to take my advice, I do here pro-
 ' mise to bear you company to your
 ' own habitation, though it be above
 ' forty leagues from hence to Argama-
 ' filla; and I will defray all the charge
 ' of the journey, that you may be per-
 ' suaded I have no other design in the
 ' counsel I have just given, but to pro-
 ' mote your honour, and to take care
 ' of your soul.'

As soon as master Valentin had
 ended, Sancho, who had observed his
 discourse with great attention, took
 upon him to speak; and, without rising
 from his ass's pannel, on which he
 was then sitting, said—' Indeed, Mr.
 ' Licentiate, you are no fool! All you
 ' have said to my master Don Quixote
 ' is most true; and it is no more than
 ' has been told him an hundred thou-
 ' sand millions of times by the curate
 ' Peter Peres, master Nicholas the bar-
 ' ber, and myself; but, as they say,
 ' My mother corrects me, and I laugh

' at her: it is a vile child, that will not
 ' mend. You will never rid his mad
 ' head of the whim he has taken of go-
 ' ing about to look for wrongs, or ra-
 ' ther for melon-keepers or muleteers,
 ' to beat us like dogs: besides, he
 ' every moment takes inns for castles;
 ' abuses all we meet, by calling them
 ' Renards and Orlandos, and giving
 ' them such names the devil himself
 ' would not endure. Look ye now,
 ' Mr. Valentin, this is matter of fact:
 ' but the other day he gave the title of
 ' Infanta of Galicia to a nasty wench
 ' that came to me in the stable; and
 ' offered to commit the seven deadly
 ' sins for a groat. Body o'me! he
 ' talked to her with more breeding
 ' than he would do to the daughter of
 ' the Archdeacon of Toledo!'

During all this time, Don Quixote
 was leaning upon a window, absorbed
 in a profound reverie; which induced
 master Valentin to hope that his har-
 rangue would produce the desired ef-
 fect upon him: but, as soon as Sancho
 ceased speaking, he started up like one
 that wakes out of a dream; and, look-
 ing round upon the canon with indig-
 nation, said to him, in a furious man-
 ner—' I am astonished, my Lord Arch-
 ' bishop Turpin*, that you, being one
 ' of the Emperor Charlemagne's chief
 ' barons, and allied to the twelve peers
 ' of France, should have quitted the
 ' noble exercise of chivalry, and given
 ' yourself up to such an idle and un-
 ' profitable life! The love of knight-
 ' errantry is in me too prevalent to ad-
 ' mit of my following such cowardly
 ' counsels. No more, then, offend my
 ' ears with these frivolous exhorta-
 ' tions, but rest satisfied with tamely
 ' saying your breviary; since, to the
 ' detriment of your former glory, you
 ' basely hang up, as an useless wea-
 ' pon, that ponderous and sanctified
 ' club, with which you used to beat
 ' out the brains of giants, and which
 ' has been so fatal to the fiercest war-
 ' riors in the armies of King Marsi-
 ' lius and Agramante.'—' Ho, ho!
 ' Mr. Valentin!' quoth Sancho, in-
 ' terrupting his master and turning to

* The subject of a fabulous history ascribed to Turpin is the exploits of Charlemagne and
 his peers in the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain. Turpin is said to have been a monk
 of the eighth century; who, for his knowledge of Latin, his sanctity, and gallant exploits
 against the Saracens, was preferred to the archbishoprick of Rheims by Charlemagne.

the clergyman, 'you have had a touch at knight-errantry, too, it seems, though you do not boast of it: I will warrant you, then, you are no stranger to cudgelling, and bangs from a sling. By my soul, I am glad of it! He who finds most fault with the mare is the man that buys her.'—'My son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'give me my armour presently, and lead out my horse in a moment: let us get out of this palace, which is more dangerous than Armida's.'—'You see, master Licentiate,' quoth Sancho, 'that your lecture has signified nothing: in short, my master Don Quixote has too much wit to want sense.'—'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'time is precious; do what I bid you presently.' The squire went immediately for his armour; and the knight, having put it on, mounted Rozinante, and abruptly departed; bowing to the archbishop gravely, but without speaking one word, so incensed was he at his cowardice. As for Sancho, when he was seated upon his ass, he said to master Valentin—'Mr. Licentiate, I thank you for your good cheer; and I pray God to keep you *per seculorum!*'—'You are very learned,' answered the clergyman; 'you talk Latin!'—'Like a canon,' quoth Sancho; 'though we have not taken our degrees, as you have done, yet we know a little of every thing as well as you: I could once have read my Criss-cross-row off hand; and if I had minded my godfather, who was churchwarden of our parish, and would have given me learning to help him to make up his accounts, I should have been, by this time, the top of our parish. In short, Mr. Valentin, my town's name is Argamafilla; and I shall be always there ready to obey your commands, provided it be not against God or the Holy See Apostolick. Farewel! I kiss your hands; and I beseech holy St. Agnes that you may live as long as our grandfather Abraham, from whom we are all descended!'

Having spoken these words, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and followed his master; but, as he passed through the market-place, he was stopped by some officers of the town, who had a mind to have a little sport with him. 'Hey! whither are you bound,

'Sir Knight?' said one of them.—'Gentlemen,' said Sancho, 'I am no knight as yet; that is not to be done so hastily as you imagine: A man must be apprentice before he can be master; but when that holiday comes, we will be sure to keep it. In the mean time, we are going to the tilting at Saragossa, and from thence we proceed to take griffins nests on the mountain of Vermin.'—'Good Mr. Squire,' said another, 'pray let us partake of the jewels you shall win at the tilting.'—'As for the jewels,' answered Sancho, 'you should have spoke sooner; they are already promised to Master Valentin, who expects them as punctually as he does his four meals a day: but if you will accept of any giants, you shall have them in all sorts of dresses.' This answer set all the officers a laughing; which the boys of the town observing, they began to shout and make faces, and at the same time saluted the speaker with a volley of peas from their farbacanes, or pea-shooters. Sancho, not much relishing such a salutation, on this occasion approved himself a worthy squire of the renowned Don Quixote; he put on his ass boldly into the midst of the boys, and laying about with his cudgel to the right and left, soon drove away those that came nearest to offend him: having thus made himself way by his valour, he clapped both his heels to Dapple, and overtook his master; who, seeing him come upon a full trot, and in a heat, said to him—'What is the matter, my son? you seem disturbed.'—'The business is over,' answered the squire; 'and, God be praised! I had no need of your assistance. The Moorish enchanter had let loose at least an hundred fairies at my heels; but, by the help of this staff, which I accidentally found in Master Valentin's stable, I drove them all away like flies.'—'Sancho, Sancho!' said Don Quixote, with a look and tone of astonishment, 'let us go on fair and softly. You say you have put to flight the enchanter's devils with that staff now in your hand.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied the squire; 'for, by being used to chivalry, I gather courage.'—'By the Lord!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is Archbishop Turpin's club that you have found; for, in short, my son, no

' cudgel, of any length or thickness
 ' whatsoever, can put spirits to flight;
 ' that requires a weapon which has
 ' been blessed by some minister of the
 ' holy church.'—' By my faith!' said
 Sancho, ' I will not answer for it's be-
 ' ing Archbishop Turpin's club; but
 ' I know it did me service at this time,
 ' and may stand me in stead another.'
 —' Ay, child!' quoth Don Quixote,
 ' it is better than Hercules's club: let
 ' us keep that inestimable weapon very
 ' carefully; it will be of the utmost
 ' use to us: for, although my valour
 ' be supported by a wonderful strength
 ' of body, yet it is of no force against
 ' the powers of hell; whereas, by vir-
 ' tue of a club so sanctified, which
 ' those rebellious spirits cannot with-
 ' stand, we shall easily drive away the
 ' devils and the enchanters.'—' So that
 ' if we had had this good weapon last
 ' year,' said the squire, ' we should
 ' not have been so unmercifully beat-
 ' en.'—' There is no doubt to be made
 ' of it,' replied Don Quixote. ' Since
 ' it is so,' answered Sancho, ' I will
 ' keep it safer than my first shirt.—
 ' Oh, holy club!' said he, kissing it,
 ' in an happy hour were you found:
 ' when I took you up in Master Valen-

' tin's stable, I would willingly have
 ' changed you for a bit of cheese; but,
 ' by my faith! I will not now take a
 ' dozen of hogs-puddings for you.—
 ' Tell me, pray, Sir,' continued he,
 ' was it not by means of this club that
 ' Master Valentin came to be an arch-
 ' bishop?'—' That may very well be,'
 said Don Quixote. ' Body o'me!' re-
 plied the squire, ' since it has made an
 ' archbishop, it may as well make a
 ' governor. Why not? Cannot he
 ' that threads a needle as easily string
 ' a pearl?'—' It is certainly the wife
 ' Alquife,' said Don Quixote, ' that
 ' has conveyed to us such a precious
 ' treasure, to make amends for the
 ' fault of forsaking us the other day
 ' in the melon-field!'—' It is true,'
 quoth Sancho, ' that of late he has not
 ' minded where we begged our bread.
 ' He leaves us to stretch the leather
 ' with our teeth: if you tumble in the
 ' mire, there you may stick for him.
 ' By my faith, I believe he only gave
 ' you that armour to get you well
 ' beaten!'—' Say no more, my child,'
 said Don Quixote; ' let us not com-
 ' plain of him: we may well forgive
 ' his past neglect, considering the pre-
 ' sent he has made us this day.'

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

AVELLANEDA'S



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AS HE ENTERED THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.

UNFORTUNATE knight 'of La Mancha!' exclaims the sage Alifolan, at the beginning of this chapter; 'how little fortune favours your magnanimous undertakings! You left Argamassa to gain all the honour of the jousts at Saragossa! and before you are able to reach the place, the whole ceremony is at an end!' In short, when Don Quixote arrived within a mile of Saragossa, he was informed the tournament was over. This news exceedingly afflicted him; and though he had in reality no person but himself to thank for losing so fair an opportunity of renown, yet could he not forbear laying all the blame on the Moorish enchanter and Archbishop Turpin. 'Those false men,' said he, 'have accelerated the conclusion of the tilting, purposely to deprive me of the prizes; which, had I once entered the lists, I had assuredly been master of.' San-

cho also, partaking of his master's dissatisfaction, murmured much that they had not staid for them. 'Oh, the rakes!' said he, 'they were in mighty haste with their lousy tilting; why did not they put it off till your coming? There had been much better sport, I'll warrant them; for the more fools, the more laughter. What unmannerly people they are, to make so little account of us! What, do they think you have a scald head, because your scull is bald!' Don Quixote, for his part, compleatly vexed at having missed so splendid an opportunity of displaying himself, when he came to the Aljameria, which is an ancient palace of the Moorish kings of Saragossa, suddenly halted; and abundance of people flocking about to have the better view of him, and to ask why he came thus all in armour after the tilting was over, he raised his voice, and spoke these words— 'Knights of the city—and knights of this strong castle—give ear to me! That I may retrieve the honour the enchanters have deprived me of by accelerating the tilting, I publicly challenge all those among you, whom love has made subject to some lady or princess! and to-morrow you shall be eye-witnesses how unfortunate they will prove whom my lance shall reach, ' or

‘or who shall encounter the edge of my invincible sword! But, at the same time, I challenge the governor, lord-mayor, aldermen, and all other magistrates of the city; to punish their incivility in not putting off the tilting for my sake!’ This said, he spurred on Rozinante towards Saragossa; leaving about fifty or sixty persons, who had listened to him, in marvellous astonishment. ‘It is some mad fellow who rides about the country,’ said some of them. ‘If he is not a fool,’ said another, ‘he is some scoundrel fit to be picked up by the Holy Brotherhood.’ Sancho, not enduring to hear his master spoken ill of, cried out—‘Gentlemen, have a care what you say! you must not prate after this fashion about my master: he is the best knight-errant in our village. I have seen him, with my own eyes, perform such feats of arms, that should I go about to tell you all the story, I should stand in need of the pen of Goliath. It is true, that after fair weather comes rain. The wicked enchanters have sometimes curried our hides; but let them look to that: they shall pay for it, as I am an errant-squire.’ All who heard him fell a laughing; and admired his harangue as much as they did that of Don Quixote. One of them asking him what countryman he was—‘My master’s,’ replied Sancho: ‘I am of my own village, which is called Argamasilla of La Mancha.’—‘And what is that Argamasilla?’ quoth another. ‘What is it?’ replied Sancho: ‘nay, faith, ’tis another guise place than your Saragossa. We have with us little houses with great courts, where there are above an hundred head of cattle: and, God be praised! in our village we have a smith, who out-does Aristotle at sharpening a ploughshare. We want nothing but a clock: but our curate, Mr. Peter Perez, vows we shall have a delicate pair of organs against the next jubilee year.’ When he had thus spoken, he would fain have gone after his master; but one of the by-standers stopping him, said—‘Pray, friend, before you leave us, tell us the knight your master’s name.’—‘It is,’ answered Sancho, ‘the great Don Quixote de La

Mancha: but do not mistake him; he is not now called, as he was last year, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect; his name now is, the Loveless Knight, by reason of the unjust disdain of Madam Dulcinea, alias Aldonza Lorenzo, or Nogales; and my name is Sancho Panza, an honest man, as is said in my village, and husband to Mary Gutierrez; who is so good-natured and fair-conditioned, that she would willingly serve every body.’ Having so said, he put on his ass to overtake Don Quixote; which he easily accomplished, Dapple’s trot for the most part being little inferior to Rozinante’s full speed, whose *ne plus ultra* was a hand-gallop.

Our adventurers at length reached Saragossa, and entered the city at the little gate, Don Quixote very attentively viewing the windows and the streets; while Sancho occupied himself with conjecturing at which of the inns his master would alight: for Rozinante, by natural instinct, stopped wherever he saw a sign; and the knight was fain to make liberal use of the spur-rowels, before he could prevail on him to proceed. As they rode on in this manner, they saw a man approaching them, mounted on an ass, naked from the waist upwards, with a rope about his neck. Another man, who made but an uneasy lacquey, followed him on foot nearer than he could have wished, holding in his hand a large bundle of rods, with which he jerked his back very frequently. They were attended by eight alguaziles*, and above two hundred boys shouting: it is easy to guess, without uncommon penetration, that this was a thief caught in the fact. Our hero, seeing this pitiful spectacle, determined speedily what line of conduct best be-seemed his character as a redresser of wrongs. Resolving to put a stop to such injustice, he fiercely took his post in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, and, fixing his lance in the rest against those ministers of felony and treason, (a people outlawed in all ages by knight-errantry) in a threatening tone he cried out to them—‘Ye infamous and outrageous knights! unbind and set free that over-hardy cavalier, whom you have surprized

* Officers of justice in Spain,

by your usual wiles; as, full of affliction for his lady's absence or disdain, he reposed himself, without his armour, on the bank of a purling stream, under the shadow of the green willows! You have not only treacherously taken from him his horse, sword, and lance; but you have stripped him of his cloaths adorned with diamonds and rubies, and now basely carry him to a steep and inaccessible rock, there to immure him in a strong tower, and add one more to the numberless knights, sultans, and emperors, whom you most unjustly detain in those dark and pitiless dungeons! Unbind him, then, instantly! or I shall know how to force you to it, traitors and robbers as ye are! The alguaziles, surprized at the appearance of a phantom, armed cap à pié, uttering such extravagant menaces, knew not what answer to make him. When they first perceived him brandish his formidable lance, they had halted; and now stood gazing at each other without speaking a word. The very executioner, though he had his orders from the supreme court of justice, ceased tormenting the patient; who, benefiting by the voice of this new Orpheus*, found his punishment suspended for some few minutes. At last, a man on horseback, who served as a clerk or notary among the officers of justice, perceiving that so strange a fellow alone stopped all the company, drew near the knight; and said to him—'What a pox is all this you prate to us? Stand aside! Are you mad?' No sooner had he uttered these words, than Don Quixote put back Rozinante to gain more ground; and then advancing furiously upon the bold man who had presumed to use such disrespectful language to a knight-errant, had infallibly run him through with his lance, had not the notary thought it wisest to avoid so rude an encounter by instantly sliding down from his horse. The venturesome knight missing, by this stratagem, the object of his career, was borne against a wall with such violence, by the impetuosity of Rozinante, that rider and steed came to the ground together, miserably disconcerted. In ad-

dition to this misfortune, the lance was shivered into fifty pieces. This complicated danger, however, served but to evince the wonderful presence and self-collection of the resolute Manchegan: he in an instant cleared himself from the partner of his disaster, and what else soever impeded his rising; and, though dolefully bruised by the tumble, rushed forward amongst his astonished adversaries, sword in hand. The alguaziles, not knowing which way to turn themselves, cried aloud—'Help! help! We charge all here present, in the king's name, to aid and assist us!' Several persons that were passing by, came in upon this outcry; and, drawing their swords, hemmed in Don Quixote; who, nothing daunted at the sight of so many enemies, bellowed with a loud voice—'St. James!—St. Denis!—my friends and companions—the day is our own!' and, at the same time, laid about him so dextrously, that many came off with their ears and jaws horribly scarified. At length, however, somebody seizing him behind, got him undermost: then his valour became useless. There was no remedy but submitting to the greater number: in spite of all his efforts, they bound his hands; after which five or six of the alguaziles set him upon his own horse, with his face towards the tail, and conveyed him to prison.

Sancho, who had been an eye-witness to all this affair, was wonderfully afflicted when he saw his master carried off in so ignominious a manner; and, following him at a distance, but without discovering that he belonged to him, the poor squire wept bitterly. 'A curse on him that does not love me!' said he to himself; 'what devil advised me to return again to knight-errantry! A murrain on all islands and governments! Would they were all in the bottom of a well! By St. John's eagle, my master is finely brought to bed! Alas! what will become of me! What shall I do here alone, without any wife or children? Poor fatherless wretch as I am! I shall now be forced to live like an abbot; and have nothing to eat but the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the earth!'

* Alluding to the descent of Orpheus into hell, where he suspended the torments of the damned.

Amidst these sorrowful mutterings, he came to the gate of the prison; where, having seen Don Quixote secured, he stood a long while without knowing which way to bestow himself. He heard the people about him say, that the man in armour deserved the severest punishment for offering to hinder the execution of justice. Some thought him worthy of death; but others, more merciful and compassionate, adjudged him only to be disciplined with two hundred lashes.

In the mean while, Don Quixote being conveyed into the prison, was stripped of his armour, and hand-cuffed for the greater security. The gaoler's son attempted to tie a rope about his neck; but the knight, full of disdain at such unworthy usage, lifted up both his hands, which were fastened together, and bestowed on the young man such a sour salutation with his hand-cuffs, that, although the youth's hat in some measure broke the force, his head did not escape without a contusion. He was about to second his stroke, when the gaoler prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the blood gush from Don Quixote's nose and mouth. The gaoler's servants took his part, though there was no great need of it, and trampled the prisoner under their feet. Not so satisfied, the gaoler and his son went to the judge in criminal causes; and represented the matter so heinously, that, without any farther proof, he ordered the criminal to be immediately whipped in all the markets, and then to be sent back to prison; intending afterwards, in course of law, to examine concerning his motives and accomplices. At the same time that the gaoler came back from the judge, the thief who had been whipped unluckily returned with the alguaziles. The gaoler seeing this, called to the executioner—'Friend,' cried he, 'take down this man; but do not send away your ass, for you must first ring a peal on the back of that drunken sot in armour, who has wounded my son, and attempted to murder the notary.' Sancho hearing these words, was grieved to the heart; and with much difficulty restrained himself from proclaiming his distresses to the

world, when he saw they were preparing in earnest to lash his master.

CHAP. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT.

WHILST Sancho was bewailing himself, some gentlemen passed by; who, seeing abundance of people about the prison-gate, had the curiosity to ask what was the matter. A young fellow told them the whole story; and as they were listening to him, Sancho drawing near to observe their conversation, which he thought in all probability must concern his master, discovered Don Alvaro Tarfe among them. That Granadine gentleman had not yet left Saragossa, having staid, after the tilting, to contrive among his friends a course at the ring; which diversion they were to entertain the people with the next Sunday. At sight of Don Alvaro, Sancho was well nigh distracted with joy: he immediately leaped down from Dapple, pulled off his cap, and casting himself at his feet, exclaimed—'O dear, matchless, and compassionate Don Alvaro Tarfe! I conjure you, by St. Luke's ox, to take pity on me and my master Don Quixote, who is in the house of Judas! These wicked people design to bring him out this moment, and to whip him like a pick-pocket, if your worship and good St. Anthony do not prevent it!' Tarfe soon knew Sancho; and, seeing his distress, easily guessed at the whole adventure. 'My friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'is it possible your master should be in such danger?'—'By all the fairies in the air it is true!' answered the squire; 'and here the ass waits for him*.' 'Good Sir Don Alvaro, go see my master Don Quixote from me, and tell him I kiss his hands; and beg that, if he must needs go whither the alguaziles please to carry him, he at least will not ride the old jade of an ass they have provided, for she is as lean as the last day of Lent, and goes all on one side; but desire him to make use of my ass, who has young

* In Spain, malefactors who are to be whipped, are mounted on an ass, instead of being fastened, as in England, to a cart's tail.

‘ legs, and on whom he will look like
‘ St. George a horseback.’

Don Alvaro could not avoid smiling at the ludicrous simplicity of Sancho: perceiving, however, that there was no time to be lost, he enjoined the squire to wait in that same place, whilst himself, with two of his friends, repaired to the prison. On their arrival there, they found the Loveless Knight unmanacled, and ready to sally forth for correction: the blows he had received, and the blood which covered his forlorn countenance, so compleatly disguised him, that, had they not been aware of his situation, they would not have known him to be the Knight of La Mancha. ‘ What do my eyes be-

‘ hold!’ exclaimed Don Alvaro. ‘ In
‘ what a condition do I find you! Alas,
‘ good Sir Don Quixote! shall I here
‘ offer all the service my friends and I
‘ can render you? I believe at this time
‘ my assistance will not be unwelcome.’

Don Quixote knew the Granadine at first sight; and, imagining he had been brought thither by the enchanters that favoured knight-errantry, to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in—

‘ Oh, my good friend Don Alvaro
‘ Tarfe!’ said he very gravely, and
smiling at the same time, ‘ you are
‘ welcome; yet, notwithstanding your
‘ uncommon valour, I own I am sur-
‘ prized to find that you have been able
‘ to compass so peerless an adventure;
‘ since I, who am the great Spaniard
‘ Don Quixote, the invincible Cavellero
‘ Desamorado, or Loveless Knight, have
‘ fallen under the enchantments of the
‘ traitor Arcalaus, brother to the va-
‘ liant Ardan Canila*, whom I slew

‘ in single combat! Tell me, I beseech
‘ you, how got you into this inacces-
‘ sible castle, into which I have been
‘ brought by art magick, together with
‘ all these princes you see here stretched
‘ out on the straw like so many poor
‘ and ignoble wretches? By what art
‘ did you chain up the two fierce giants
‘ who guarded the stately gate, and
‘ waved their massive clubs in the air
‘ continually? Finally, by what most
‘ fortunate device or contrivance did
‘ you lull to sleep the wakeful griffin
‘ that watches day and night in the
‘ first court, and in his mighty talons
‘ will bear up a knight armed at all
‘ points to the very clouds? Verily,
‘ Don Tarfe of Granada, you are the
‘ *ne plus ultra* of chivalry, since you
‘ alone have compassed an adventure,
‘ which has been before in vain at-
‘ tempted by the Emperor of Constan-
‘ tinople, Esplandian, and the divine
‘ Alastaxerea, the very daughter of the
‘ God of War! I envy your glory,
‘ since by your brave hands, which
‘ Arcalaus was incapable of resisting,
‘ we shall be all this day delivered from
‘ bondage; and his sister Arcabonna,
‘ who is no less formidable than him-
‘ self, shall be shamefully whipped
‘ about this castle as a sorceress, not-
‘ withstanding the tender love she bears
‘ me!’ — ‘ Noble and puissant Don
‘ Quixote!’ replied Don Alvaro, ‘ I
‘ lulled the watchfulness of the griffin
‘ as dexterously as the god Mercury
‘ himself! I have, besides, chained up
‘ the giants, and killed your enemy the
‘ enchanter! But all this is insufficient
‘ to effect your release: it remains, that
‘ I must obtain a favourable answer

* Don Quixote, in this place, takes the liberty of appropriating to himself an atchievement which does not belong to him. Ardan Canila, being driven back to the point of a rock, in a desperate combat with Amadis de Gaule, receives so cruel a wound, that, we are told, he fell from the top of the rock down into the sea, and was never after seen.—Amadis de Gaule, Book II. Chap. 19.—‘ This Ardan Canila was descended from the race of giants, born in a province called Canila, the which was in a manner wholly inhabited by such kind of people; notwithstanding, he was somewhat less of body than they, but not in strength. His shoulders were narrow, his neck and breast unreasonably thick, his hands and thighs large, his legs long and crooked, his eyes hollow, flat-nosed like an ape, his nostrils wide and loathsome, his lips great, his hair red, and thick bristled in that sort, as very hardly might it be curled: to conclude, he was so beset with freckles and black spots, that his face seemed as though it had been of sundry sorts of flesh; he was of the age of thirty years, or thereabouts, bold and expert in arms, furious, spiteful, and as uncourteous as might be; and yet, since he was twenty and five years of age, he never fought with any giant or other knight, either a foot, a horseback, or at wrestling, that was able to resist him, and whom he did not easily overcome. Such was the beauty, fashion, and gentle behaviour of Ardan Canila.’—The above quotation is taken from Book II. Chap. 19. of the English translation, in folio, of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, edit. 1619.

‘ from the prophetick statue of brass which is seated upon the marvellous pedestal. Herein consists the greatest difficulty of the adventure: as soon as that speaks, your irons will drop off of themselves; and, till then, no valour, no force, can set you free. I flatter myself I shall succeed, with the assistance of an enchanter who is my friend, and at my request will exert the utmost of his art in your behalf. When that is done, we will cause your amorous sorcerers to be whipped, as you desire.’—‘ Go, then, valiant Don Tarfeyan!’ cried Don Quixote; go, and perform these great actions, which Fate has reserved for you, to the glory of knight-errantry! And, in acknowledgment for the important service you design me, I here confer upon you the permission to accompany me in my adventures, which I would not grant to any other knight whatsoever; but you seem to me worthy of this honour: you shall fight by my side till I have conquered the mighty empire of Trebifond, and am married to a beautiful queen of England, by whom I shall have twin sons, who shall at length be born, after innumerable vows, supplications, and tears.’ The by-standers hearing Don Quixote talk at this rate, needed no other testimony to convince them of his madness. They all burst into laughter, except Don Alvaro, who still preserved his steadiness of countenance, fearing, doubtless, lest our knight should recal the advantageous grant he had so recently conferred upon him. The adventure of the marvellous pedestal began by this time to admit no delay, as the alguaziles grew very impatient to commence their procession. Don Alvaro persuaded them, however, to postpone it till he had spoken to the judge in behalf of the prisoner; which they durst not refuse to a man of his quality, though eager enough for the speedy scourging of the knight-errant, in revenge for the mischief and consternation he had occasioned. Don Alvaro, who was well acquainted with the nature of that class of people, not chusing to rely entirely on their promises of forbearance, left one of his friends to protect Don Quixote, whilst he, with the other, who was a kinsman to the judge, went to procure his enlargement. Sancho seeing Don Al-

varo come out of the prison, ran to him in great haste, and said very earnestly—‘ Well, Sir Don Alvaro, what do all the Jews within? Shall not you get my master out of their clutches?’—‘ Friend Sancho,’ said he, ‘ all will be well.’ At the same time he ordered one of his pages to take that honest countryman home with him, and treat him handsomely. Sancho, hearing these agreeable injunctions, cried out—‘ God reward you, Don Alvaro! but pray take care, if you please, that those wicked Pharisees restore to us poor Rozinante, whom they have hurried away without shewing him a reason for it. Bid them likewise give you the enchanted target; for my master Don Quixote would wish me hanged, if I should not get it for him again; and, by my faith, it cost us thirteen rials painting by an old painter at Ariza, who is as crooked, at least, as the prior of Toboso, and lived in a street I have forgot the name of.’—‘ Enough, friend Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro; ‘ leave all that to me; you need only follow that page, who will daintily entertain you.’ Sancho followed the page; and Don Alvaro went to the judge, who, as soon as he was acquainted with Don Quixote’s insanity, readily gave order for his enlargement, and that he should be delivered, with all that had been taken from him, into the hands of the Granadine. Tarfe lost no time; he returned immediately to the prison, took out the prisoner, and carried him to his lodging in a hired carriage; which passed in the knight’s apprehension for the flying-chariot of some magician who was a friend to knight-errantry.

When Don Quixote arrived at Don Alvaro’s, he was laid in bed to recruit himself a little with rest; and when it was supper-time, the table was set close to his bed-side, and the meat served up. Some of Tarfe’s friends, who were at this entertainment, were much struck with our hero’s countenance and conversation; and the Granadine, willing their diversion should be compleat, ordered Sancho to be called in before supper was ended. The honest squire having eat and drank at his discretion, as much, to wit, as would have served four men, was then in most excellent humour: he recited all his master’s adventures with his usual simplicity;

city; but when he came to the Princess of Galicia, he fairly owned that he had given her but a groat instead of two hundred ducats. Don Quixote, upon this, in a passion interrupting him—
 'How now, base clown!' said he, 'do you dare so to impose upon me? Infamous and contemptible mortal! how plain it is that you are but a peasant, and not a knight of noble ancestry, since you treat a princess of such rare worth so unworthily! But I vow, by the glorious order of knighthood I have received, that, in punishment of your sordid avarice, I will give that beautiful infant the first kingdom I shall conquer, in spite of all the enchanters, curates, barbers, and peasants, like yourself!'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'if you had added Susanna's Two Elders, I should not know how to help myself!'—'But, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'in good truth, you did not consider what you did. What, a groat, friend! Was ever the like present made to a princess?'—'Out upon it! a princess!' answered Sancho; 'she is as much a princess as my Dapple is a pope! Nay, God be praised! we have better skill in princesses than that comes to! As for the Princess Micomicona*, let her pass, a man might be deceived in her—but for this, is it possible, master Don Quixote, that your worship, who is so skilful in phisomy, could not perceive by her rags that she was neither a princess nor an admiral?'—'Sancho, Sancho!' quoth Tarfe, 'I doubt me there is some enchantment in that affair! Enchanters are very subtle: they certainly represented the Princess of Galicia to you in a nasty habit, to the intent that Don Quixote, taking her for a servant to an inn, might refuse her his protection. But Heaven, which formed this matchless knight for the comfort of afflicted princesses, gave him also an infallible instinct to discover them, however disguised.'—'You are in the right, Don Tarfeyan,' quoth Don Quixote; 'the enchanters cannot deceive me in that particular; and, in spite of all their sorcery, the Princess of Galicia is what she is. I own, she appeared to me very ill dressed and ungenteel;

But as soon as she acquainted me with her misfortunes, I plainly perceived how nobly she was descended. But my squire goes no farther than outward appearances; and though he has been forty times convinced of the malignity of enchanters, yet he is never the more upon his guard against them! The poor fool believes nothing but what he sees, without considering that the sight is the sense most easy to be imposed upon.—'Saints and Fathers!' cried Sancho, 'had the enchanters any hand in that matter too?'—'There is no doubt to be made of it,' quoth Don Alvaro. 'Poor Sancho! you was imposed upon in that affair by the enchanters; and you will be so continually, as long as you believe your own eyes, instead of giving credit to Don Quixote; who, looking upon things as a knight-errant, sees them without any change or disguise.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'if so, there is no swearing to any thing; for, between us, the Infanta of Galicia is as like a wench at an inn as ever I saw any thing! She is ugly, lame, and crooked; and the smock she wears is as dirty as a dist-clout! But, since she is a princess, let us talk no more of it. Let her mend, and God will bless her. I freely forgive her the cuff she gave me for eating a bit of cheese she had hid in her cupboard.' The gentlemen rose from table laughing, and went out of the room, that Don Quixote, who stood in need of rest after the laborious adventures he had been engaged in, might endeavour to compose himself. As for Sancho, he was delivered to the servants, who made sport with him, and played him as many pranks as he told ridiculous stories.

CHAP. III.

WHICH CONTAINS SEVERAL THINGS WORTH READING.

THE next morning, Don Alvaro came into our knight's chamber; and, sitting down by his bed, said to him—'How does Don Quixote, the flower of the knights of La Mancha, find himself to-day? I could wish

* Mentioned in the First Part of Cervantes's Don Quixote, Book IV. Chap. 2.

' some adventure worthy his invincible arm would offer in Aragon. There are frequently very dangerous ones in this kingdom; and I suppose you have been informed that some haughty giants appeared of late at the tilting at Saragossa, to the misfortune of a great number of knights? Why, alas! was not you here present to rid the world of such monsters?'—' My dear friend Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, very disconsolately, ' I am sorry I was not at your tilting: had I been there, the giants had not returned to their own countries with so much honour; but I shall meet with them one time or other, and they shall pay for all!'—' You are in the right,' replied the Granadine; ' but, in the mean while, I must tell you that I have concerted a course at the ring, to be run next Sunday with the principal knights of the city, in which several prizes of value will be conferred on those who shall exhibit the greatest dexterity: and the same persons who presided at the tilting will sit as judges. An infinite number of princesses and infants, glittering like stars on all sides, will display themselves at the windows and in the balconies. We knights will appear there in our most costly equipage, with devices painted on our bucklers, and on streamers of all sorts of colours: and if you, Sir, condescend to be one of the knights of my troop, I will undertake to furnish you with liveries that shall not disgrace you. Consider, Don Quixote, whether you will be pleased to admit me, by your side, to partake of the honour you cannot fail of gaining?'—' With all my heart, my dear Tarfe!' replied our knight, sitting up in his bed, ' though it were but to make you an eye-witness of the exalted feats I am capable of performing! I ought not to praise myself, it is true; but the wonderful adventures I have finished, are so notorious, that modesty is no longer useful!'—' You are in the right,' said the Granadine; ' but lie down, if you please, and I will cause the table to be brought to your bed-side, as it was last night, and we will dine together, with the other knights of our troop: we will talk about the preparations for our course at the ring; and we

' will therein be ruled by your judicious advice, since you are better skilled in those sports than we are.' When he had so said, Don Alvaro went out of the room; and Don Quixote, unable to take any rest after this discourse, began to let his thoughts run upon the purposed solemnity. So full was he of this imagination, that, without considering what he did, he arose, and began to dress himself: in this rapture he paused awhile, having his hose hanging about his heels, and his eyes fixed on the ground; then starting up, and taking a career, he thrust his finger against the wall, and cried out, as loud as he was able—' My lords judges, you see I have borne away the ring! Your excellences will be pleased to order me the prize!' Sancho, hearing his master's exclamation, ran up-stairs, and found him in the situation just described; which, as his shirt unfortunately chanced to be very scanty, prodigiously discomposed the modesty of the squire. ' For the love of God,' quoth he, ' pull up your hose, Sir! Are you not ashamed to exhibit your nudities in so unseemly a fashion?' This remonstrance aroused Don Quixote from his reverie; who, stooping to comply with the exhortation of his squire, displayed to his view, at the same time, a pair of posteriors not remarkable either for plumpness or delicacy. ' Body o' me!' quoth Sancho, ' you have now mended the matter finely, forsooth! You are resolved this day to salute me with all the filthiness the Lord has given you! Dress yourself quickly, and go down into the kitchen; there you will see capons and partridges turning before a good fire, with swingeing ribs and sirloins of beef, which make the spits bend under them as I would bend a rush! There you will see pots, skillets, and stew-pans, pastries, and forced-meats, in such abundance, that it overjoys one to see so much good meat together! To stay my stomach for dinner, I crammed down a good lunch of white bread, and half a turkey the cook gave me, who is a little pleasant bandy-legged fellow! It is true, our good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages make me swallow some spoonfuls of broth so hot, that one half of it comes out at my nose again: but that's no matter, they are

' wild

'wild fellows, who do not grudge what they give. I have drank three pots of a sort of drink they call Malmsey in this country, which is much better than our wine of La Mancha: here they talk of nothing but good cheer and merry-making; and do not you fear they will starve Rozinante, who is, next to you, the flower of chivalry! Dapple and he are so well pleased, and fed, that a little tickling will make them laugh. To deal plainly with you, Sir, these are the true adventures of knight-errantry, and we ought to seek no others.'—'Thou notorious scoundrel!' interrupted Don Quixote: 'it now plainly appears thou art, and never wilt be any other than a mere glutton; that thinkest of nothing but gorging thy belly, like a swine, instead of seeking, as I do, the true glory of knight-errantry!'

By this time, Don Alvaro and four friends he had invited to dinner, came into the room; and Don Quixote, having as yet scarcely compleated the fastening up his breeches, they could not forbear smiling: however, Tarfe, assuming a grave countenance, said—'Why would you get up, Sir Knight? You are not yet well recovered after your last adventure; pray, go to bed again, if you please, and we will dine as we supped last night.' Don Quixote would have excused himself, and put on his cloaths; but the Granadine and his friends, by their entreaties, prevailed with him to go to bed again: as soon as he was there, the table was brought in; and, all being seated, they began to discourse of the excellency and benefit of knight-errantry. It is needless to ask whether Don Quixote did not exert his talent upon this subject; it heated him so far that he acquainted them with all his projects; and declared, without reserve, the mighty feats he intended to perform at Trebisond against Cocklindor of the Red Islands, and against Arsicarabon the giant with the three faces. These extravagant titles, which no fancy less preposterous than that of Don Quixote could ever have invented, threw the guests into such a violent fit of laughter, that our knight, looking sternly on them, said he was ashamed to see men of their worth behave themselves so indiscreetly. Don Alvaro, perceiv-

ing he was almost angry, very wisely said to his friends—'Upon my word, gentlemen, it is very plain you are mere novices in knight-errantry, since you are so little acquainted with the incomparable Don Quixote, the very carbuncle of chivalry: if you would be informed what sort of man he is, go ask it of the knights and giants whom he has conquered; or repair to his former mistress the infanta Dulcinea del Toboso. It is not above a fortnight ago, as Sancho has informed me, that he fought with Orlando Furioso, whose head he would have borne away in triumph, after a tedious and bloody conflict, to have exhibited it at our tilting, had not a malicious enchanter carried off that Paladin by the powers of magick.' The guests, feigning great astonishment at what Don Alvaro told them, entreated the knight, in the gravest manner they were able, to pardon their indiscretion: and then, rising from table, they introduced a fresh to-pick, and talked of their course at the ring. Upon this, one of the gentlemen, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, said—'And what liveries will it please the heroick knight of La Mancha to appear with? for we will not deal away all the cards from the best gamester among us. I am of opinion that he should give a green livery, because it is the colour that represents Hope; and none has better reason to promise himself the prize of the course.'—'I fancy,' said another gentleman, 'his livery ought to be of a violet colour, because it represents Indifferency, and he is called The Loveless Knight: and I would counsel that some character-istick device against the ladies be painted on his shield.' The third differed in opinion; and advised Don Quixote to adopt a whitelivery, in token of his extraordinary chastity; and to express, by his device, that no lady in the world had ever yet possessed allurements enough to lead him astray. 'For my part,' said the fourth, 'I think the redoubted knight of La Mancha, who daily kills giants upon giants, ought to appear at the course with black liveries, to apprise all who shall be hardy enough to oppose him, that they must expect to reap no other fruit of their rashness, than

‘than a black and dismal event.’ Don Alvaro Tarfe, now taking his turn to speak—‘You will permit me, gentlemen,’ said he, to own, that I differ in sentiment from you all: Don Quixote being a person most singular, it will not be proper for him to appear like the rest upon this occasion; and, in my judgment, it will better become him to enter the lists like a knight-errant, armed at all points; and, that he may not make use of borrowed armour, I do now present him with a suit; for you must understand, gentlemen, that the suit he now makes use of is curious armour of Milan which I left in his custody at Argamasilla; and, since he has done it the honour to wear it, no knight in the world deserves to put it on: let him therefore keep it, to the glory of knight-errantry; and may it, from this time, become more famous than Sampson’s, which was formerly worn by the renowned King Gradassus! But, because it is somewhat tarnished by the vicissitudes of weather, and much more by the blood of so many slaughtered monsters, I will order it to be new polished. As for his device, he needs no other than that which he caused to be painted at Ariza, upon the wonderful buckler he brought hither; which is a present from his great friend the wise Alquife: it has not been yet seen in Saragossa, because he caused it to be covered with a piece of fine taffeta, as was the resplendent buckler of Atlantes*. The ingenious device will be here altogether new; and will inform all mankind what thoughts they are to entertain of The Loveless Knight.’ When Don Alvaro had spoken, they all agreed that his contrivance was the most eligible; and Don Quixote was so pleased with it, that he expressed much satisfaction. ‘You are in the right, Don Tarfe-an,’ quoth he; ‘it is expedient that I appear in armour, because it often happens that at such diversions there

arrive outrageous giants†, sovereigns of some strange islands, who, according to their custom, reflect on the king’s honour, and arrogantly challenge the court knights. As for my armour, my dear Don Alvaro, you are in the wrong, if you think it ever was yours. The wise Alquife never intended it for any person but myself; nevertheless, since, in his profound wisdom, he thought fit to send me that noble present by your hands, at your hands I will receive it as if he had no share in the gift.’ Don Alvaro and his friends were never weary of hearing the knight’s serious and sublime discourses; which, with Sancho’s simplicities, made such a medley as rendered their diversion compleat.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH SHEWS HOW DON QUIXOTE WON THE PRIZE AT THE COURSE OF THE RING.

THE day for running at the ring being now arrived, the gentlemen who were to exhibit made themselves ready, and gave all necessary orders for rendering the sport pleasant and magnificent. On the two sides of the square, two triumphal arches were erected, through which they were to pass to the lists; and on the triumphal arches were engraved several inscriptions in the praise of love. The windows and balconies were adorned with the most beautiful ladies of Saragossa, and of the neighbouring country; whose native charms were heightened by every embellishment of art, and whose sparkling eyes discovered their hopes of receiving the prize at the hands of their lovers. The most distinguished place was appropriated for the reception of the viceroy and his family; after whom the prime nobility of the kingdom were seated, according to their rank and employments. The procession com-

* A magician in Orlando Furioso. See Book II.

† An accident of this sort happens at the jousts held in Constantinople in honour of the nuptials of Prigmaleon, the brave Ethiopian, with Polixena the fair infant of Greece. In the midst of the divertisement, eight giants arrive in the place, who overthrow all in their way. In the end, however, they are all slain by the knights, after a desperate conflict. See The Love and Arms of the Greek Princes, or The Romant of Romants, translated into English for Philip Earl of Pembroke, Vol. II. Chap. XXIX. Edit. 1640.

menaced by the judges of the field; who, after having paraded round the place three times, richly clad, and followed by a numerous retinue, took their stations at the end of the course, amidst the sound of trumpets, in a magnificent theatre. Immediately as they were seated, there entered the place twenty cavaliers of graceful demeanour; they were divided into two troops, and marched, by pairs, arrayed in sumptuous liveries, with all the brilliant equipage of a superb and gallant solemnity. And here it is to be lamented, that our Arabian author has omitted to give us, in this place, a minute description of this majestick celebrity: for what reason I cannot divine, unless it be that he was unwilling to lose sight of his hero. He thinks it sufficient to acquaint us, that Don Alvaro, mounted on a fiery dappled courser of Andalusia, whose gorgeous trappings and stately carriage marvellously set off the elegance of his form, was arrayed in a habit of golden tissue, on which a wreath of lilies and roses, twined together, was curiously embroidered. On his shield he had caused to be portrayed to the life the hero of La Mancha, with the whole adventure of the criminal and the alguaziles. By the side of Don Alvaro, as his brother in arms, appeared the invincible Don Quixote; who entered the lists with a resolved and martial countenance. He wore his helmet on his head, and was armed at all points, ready to fight all the giants in the world. The multitude, who do not always interpret things in the most favourable manner, set up a loud hooting at the curious appearance of Don Quixote and his peaceable courser. The two troops, passing before the ladies, performed the usual salute of gallantry by shewing off the curvettings and prancing of their horses; in which particular, Rozinante, though untaught, played his part to admiration. When Don Quixote and Don Alvaro arrived before the judges, and had saluted them, the chief of the judges, directing his discourse to the knight, said, with much gravity—'Most famous prince of La Mancha, flower and mirror of knight-errantry! we look upon it as a great favour of fortune that you have

'vouchsafed to honour with your presence the diversion we have prepared for the ladies on this day.' The knight, with no less gravity, replied—'Great judge of martial exercises, though this be but mere sport, in comparison of the mighty enterprizes I daily attempt, yet I will not deny you the satisfaction of seeing my dexterity.' Having so said, he went on with Don Alvaro; who, when he came up to his troop, gave Don Quixote to understand, that he must not run till the last, lest he should deprive the other knights of the hopes of winning any of the prizes; and, since his course must needs be the finest and most pleasing of all, it was fit to reserve it for the last, that the sport might conclude with something extraordinary. Don Quixote could not offer any thing against such plausible reasons; but, drawing off to one side, became a spectator of the diversion.

The trumpets and kettle-drums now struck up again, and the cavaliers ran their courses; every one in his turn, as had been appointed by lot, shewing admirable skill and dexterity. Don Alvaro was admired above all the rest; he bore away the first prize; and gave good proof that he was descended from the ancient Abencerrages*, who first brought into Spain the custom of tilting and running at the ring, with other noble sports intended for the diversion of the ladies. When they had all run, Don Alvaro went up to Don Quixote, who began to be out of patience; and, leading him to the starting-place, the trumpets gave the signal. Don Quixote clapped his heels to the meagre sides of Rozinante; who, being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his master's honour, appeared on this occasion uncommonly nettlesome; and, after he had received about twenty memorandums from the spur, set out with more than ordinary swiftness. But here, alas! let us bewail the mutability of fortune, who delights in destroying, in a moment, the best-grounded hopes. Rozinante had now traversed half the course; he was now near the place where the ring was suspended on high, when his mighty mettle failing, he made a false step, and fell down under his master. This accident set all

* A noble race of Moors.

the spectators a laughing; and Don Quixote having helped up his horse, returned foaming with anger to the place from whence he set out. Don Alvaro, who was there ready to receive him, said to him—'Be not cast down, Sir Knight, since it was your horse's fault alone that you did not bear away the ring; your career was beautiful to admiration; and, if you take my advice, you must begin it again before Rozinante cools.' Don Quixote, without answering one word, set forward the second time; and, being beside himself with passion and concern, missed the ring: but the Granadine, who had expected this mishap, rectified it in an instant; for, having followed upon a hand-gallop, he raised himself on his stirrups, and taking off the ring with his hand, clapt it so adroitly upon the point of Don Quixote's lance, that our knight did not perceive the deception. At the same time he cried out, with a loud voice—'Victory! victory! the illustrious Don Quixote, the ornament of knight-errantry, has borne away the ring!' The knight cast his eyes upon his lance, and seeing the ring there, concluded that he had finished his course with honour; then, turning to Don Alvaro, he said—'You see how dangerous it is to be idle; Rozinante, for want of being kept in his wind, has notoriously scandalized me.'—'It is true,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'but you have made good amends for it, and you must now go up to the judges to demand the prize.' Don Quixote followed his advice; and advancing before the judges, held out his lance to them, saying—'Your lordships may be pleased to look upon this lance; methinks it says enough in my behalf.' The same judge who had spoken to him before, now undertook for his brethren; and having made fast to the end of his lance half a score great leathern points which he had caused to be brought for the purpose, and which were worth about a groat or threepence, he said to him—'Invincible knight-errant, as a prize for the skill and dexterity you have shewn in your incomparable career, I present you with that precious jewel!

'The wise Lirgandus, your friend, brought it from the Indies for you. In short, these wonderful garters are made of the real skin of the Phoenix, that celebrated bird, the only one of his species. And, since you stile yourself the Loveless Knight, I would advise you to present them to the lady in this assembly whom you shall judge the most insensible of that passion. But I do order you, upon pain of my displeasure, to come and sup with me to-night with Don Alvaro; and to bring your faithful squire, who alone deserves to be servant to a knight of your worth.'—'I return you most humble thanks,' answered Don Quixote, 'for the noble present the wise Lirgandus sends me by your equitable hands; and you shall soon perceive how much I value your counsel.' This said, he turned off to take an exact view of all the windows and balconies about the square. At last he halted at a low window where he saw an old woman between two courtezans, scurvily painted. This was the honourable lady he pitched upon. He drew near; and, resting the end of his lance, with the points hanging at it, on the edge of the window, said to her, in a grave and audible voice—'Most wise Urganda the Unknown*, you see here before you the knight, so entirely yours, whom you have so often defended against the wiles of your malignant brother enchanters! In return for these favours, I beseech you to accept, at my hands, of these precious garters, which I have gained with your favourable assistance; and which are made of the very skin of that self-begotten bird, so much celebrated by our poets?' The wise Urganda and her virtuous companions, wondering at this discourse, and at the present of the leathern points; hearing also the rabble shout continually; discharged a volley of abusive language against the knight, and instantly shut the window. Don Quixote, surprized at this incivility, knew not what to think; and stood silent, as doubting how he should behave himself. Sancho, who was come up to his master in the Square after the course was over, seeing what small account the old woman made of

* Urganda the Unknown is an enchantress in *Amadis de Gaule*, very friendly to *Amadis* and his companions.

the points, raised his voice, and cried out—'O the old branded excommunicate witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate points? Poor jade! what a fool she is! By my father's soul, if I catch up a stone, I will soon make her open the window: but pray, Sir, let us leave the old hen and her chickens. Give me those points; for these I have to my breeches are almost worn out; and the rest of them will serve in our errantry to mend Dapple's pannel, and Rozinante's saddle.'—'Take, my son,' replied Don Quixote in a melancholy mood, (holding down the point of his lance) 'take those rare garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the wise Urganda is more friendly to my enemies than to me. She has sufficiently convinced me by the ill language I have just heard.'—'Od's my life, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'as for the ill language, never mind that; for it is all but words, and the wind carries them away. The crow cannot be blacker than his wings: and an old whore's curses are as good as prayers.'

CHAP. V.

DON QUIXOTE AND TARFE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DON CARLOS TO SUPPER. SANCHE'S GOOD HUMOUR. THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH IN DON CARLOS'S HOUSE.

NIGHT drawing on, and all people beginning to repair to their homes, Don Alvaro came up to the Knight of La Mancha and acquainted him that it was time to go to Don

Carlos. 'Let us go,' answered Don Quixote; 'I am ready to follow you.' The Granadine would have persuaded him to quit his lance and his buckler, but the knight would not consent; and went away, armed as he was, to Don Carlos's house. He entered the hall where they expected him, like Amadis de Gaule entering the forbidden chamber of Apolidon*, after having compassed the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers. Don Carlos, then embracing him, said—'Welcome, the great Knight of La Mancha, to this house, in which all persons with him all manner of prosperity. But, good Sir Don Quixote, be pleased to lay aside your arms to refresh yourself after your glorious careers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable, since you are among your friends.'—'To please you,' replied the knight, 'I may lay aside my lance and my shield; but, for the rest of my arms, I beseech you give me leave to retain them. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two reasons. The first is, that by continually wearing these honourable instruments of knight-errantry, I enure my body to them; and they become easy, according to the maxim in philosophy, *Ab assuetis non fit passio*. The other reason is, because a discreet man should be always upon his guard. For I remember to have read in the wonderful book of the adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said knight having lost himself one day in a wood, with his friend Oristides the Trojan, they came at last into a certain meadow, where they found ten or twelve savages roasting a stag upon the coals. As they came near, the savages by signs invited them to eat. The knights, who stood in great

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* The adventures above alluded to, are recorded in Book II. Chapter 2. of the romance of Amadis de Gaule. The history of the Arch of Loyal Lovers, &c. is as follows. Apolidon, son to a king of Greece, fleeing with his mistress Grimanefa by sea from the court of Rome, is driven upon the Firme Island, which was then inhabited by a mighty giant. Apolidon slays the giant, and assumes the government of the island. Soon after, being summoned to mount the throne of Constantinople, which devolved to him by the death of the emperor his uncle; he establishes in the Firme Island, before his final departure from it, the following system of enchantment. He causes an arch to be made, over which is placed the image of a man formed of copper, holding a horn; and on the gate of his palace he erects the portraits of himself and Grimanefa. Should any man or woman, who hath falsified their first love, attempt to pass under the arch, the image shall blow so terribly with flame and stench through his horn, that they shall be thrown down in a swoon before the arch. But should any loyal lover assay the adventure, the image shall sound his horn melodiously, and the lover shall pass under the arch without difficulty. With respect to the rich chamber,

' need of such relief, accepted of the offer. They alighted; and having unbridled their horses, that they might graze freely in the meadow, they sat down among the savages who had shewn them so much civility. However, they would not take off their helmets, and only lifted up their beavers; but as soon as they began to eat, the savages treacherously fell upon them, and gave them so many blows on the head with their clubs, that had not the rare temper of the helmets defended them, the two knights had been pounded to death. They fell down senseless; and the savages, believing that they were dead, would have stripped them; but not being used to disarm knights, they were unable to accomplish their purpose. While they were busied in this attempt, Oristides and the Knight of the Sun recovered their senses; and perceiving the danger they were in, leaped up, drew their swords, and charged the savages with such resolution, that they soon made a wonderful havock. No stroke was lost; here tumbled a head, there fell a leg or an arm——' As Don Quixote recounted this sharp expedition, he drew his sword; and, the better to represent the prowess of the Knight of the Sun and his companion, began laying about him so furiously, that the company, justly apprehensive of being mistaken for savages, retreated as far off as they could, making a large ring about him, in the centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the assembly; but Don Carlos thinking fit to put an end to it, said to Don Quixote, smiling—' Enough, invincible knight! those savages have long since been destroyed. Let us talk no more of them, I beseech you.' Don Quixote stood still on a sudden, and put up his sword again with such deliberation as was scarcely to be expected from him. Don Carlos then drew near; and taking him by the hand, conducted him into another great

hall, where the table was ready covered; but, before they sat down, Don Alvaro missing Sancho, sent one of his pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had followed his master to Don Carlos's house, took occasion to walk into the kitchen, where he was wonderfully attentive to the preparations for supper. 'Master Sancho,' said the page, 'you are wanted in the supper-room. They will not go to their meal without you. Come and taste of the delicate dishes, and exquisite wines.'—'By my faith, Master Page,' quoth the squire, 'those gentlemen take me at a time when I am very ready to oblige them; for I have not put one bit into my belly these three hours!' So saying, he went into the hall. Then taking off his cap with both hands, and making a low reverence to the company—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'God rest your souls for thinking of me!'—'How now, Sancho,' said Don Carlos; 'you compliment us as if we were dead; we are still alive and well, God be praised! unless these gentlemen be out of order with the ill entertainment they have.'—'Mother of God!' quoth Sancho, looking at the dishes on the table, 'how can that be? Then these gentlemen would be like a countryman's geese with us, that died of the pip in a pond. This table needs no compliments: I see so many dishes full of ostriches, ragouts, and fricasses, that my mouth waters for joy.'—'Well, my friend,' said Don Carlos, giving him a capon on a plate, 'eat that to whet your stomach: I am told you dispatch those creatures with an extraordinary air.'—'You are not misinformed,' replied the squire; 'and it shall cost you nothing to see the experiment tried.' This said, he asked for bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the capon vanished in a trice. The pages, who waited at table, were as well pleased to see him as their masters; and therefore took

chamber, which had witnessed the fruition of his own and Grimanesa's loves, it is provided, that no male shall enter it, until some man, who shall surpass Apolidon in prowess, shall have first entered the same; and that no female shall enter it, until it has been entered by some woman fairer than Grimanesa. Over the entrance of the chamber is written—'He which shall enter herein, shall exceed Apolidon in arms, and shall succeed him as lord of this country.' The other circumstances of this enchantment, and the penalties which are ordained for the unsuccessful candidates, are too long for a note. Suffice it to say, that Amadis achieves the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers; and succeeding also in that of the Forbidden Chamber, obtains the signiory of the Firme Island.

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care to furnish his plate with all that was left on those they took off the table; and did not fail to fill him wine at every turn. This courtesy put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out—'In truth, Don Carlos, your pages and you are the very picture of plenty, you make so much of your friends.'—'Friend Sancho,' answered Don Carlos, smiling, 'you deserve our love for being so frank and open-hearted; and therefore, in reward of your plain dealing, take this plate of force-meat balls.'—'What do you call these balls?' replied the squire, taking the plate: 'I never saw any of them before.'—'Taste them, friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'and give us your opinion.' Sancho needed not twice bidding; he began to swallow them down, one after another, as if they had been grapes; saying to Don Alvaro—'By my troth, Don Alvaro, these balls are pretty baubles; I fancy the children in Limbo play with such balls: when I go home to my own country again, I will sow a peck of them in our garden; and if they come up well, I will sell them at a good rate. All that I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them before they are ripe; but to prevent that, whenever I go near them, my wife shall gag me.'—'Your wife!' said Don Carlos; 'then it seems you are married, Sancho! Is your wife handsome?'—'Handsome, quotha!' replied the squire; 'I would not change her for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whose true name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales. It is true, my wife will be fifty-five years old next grass, and the sun has somewhat tanned her face; but for all that she is a woman would puzzle a doctor. She prates like a magpye. The only thing the curate twits her with is, that as soon as ever she has scraped together a groat or fivepence, you may sooner take her by her honour, than hinder her going to John Perez, the vintner in our village, to change her money for the juice of the grape.'—'Have you any children?' said one of the guests. 'Body o' me!' replied the squire; 'why,

what do you think we have done that we should not have any? Yes, indeed, we have. And among the rest we have a little Sancha, who is as cunning as her mother already. Faith and troth she is a dainty-shaped girl, and as wise as a gipsy! As for her beauty, they are best judges of it who say nothing can be more like our curate; and he is the handsomest man in all La Mancha.' All the company laughed at the squire's simplicity; and Don Alvaro, observing that he had nothing left to eat, said to him—'Friend Sancho, see whether you can find an empty corner in your belly to lay up this plate of white-meat*.' Sancho took it, saying—'Master Tarfe, I thank you; and I hope, by help of God, this shall not be left out.' Immediately he clapped his hand into the plate, and in one moment all the white meat vanished, except what stuck to his beard.

When supper was over, the master of the feast led his guests to the other end of the hall, and seated them there till the servants had cleared the table; and it being his design that Don Quixote should have all the honour of the entertainment, he placed him between Don Alvaro and himself, and desired Sancho, who that night well deserved the surname of Panza†, to sit down on the ground at the feet of his master: then Don Alvaro began to tax Don Quixote with having been thoughtful during supper-time, not making merry with the rest of the company, or so much as tasting the meat that was set before him. 'It is a sign,' answered Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote did not like the dressing of our meat, and we need not wonder at it: how can the entertainments of private gentlemen, like ourselves, please so curious an appetite as his must needs be? Can he find any thing to relish with him here? he who, after gaining the prize of tournaments, and finishing unheard of adventures, is treated every day in the courts of emperors, sultans, and caliphs, such as those of Trebisonde, of Niquera, and of Syconia; all of them so renowned for the delicacy and sumptuousness of

* This white meat is the flesh of fowls bruised, and made into a mass with sugar and other ingredients.

† Panza, in Spanish, signifies Paunch.

‘their tables?’—‘Pox take me!’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ‘I cannot endure to hear all these hard names and dainty tables you talk of! They that told you all this, Don Carlos, are little better than false knaves and liars. We are not for the most part treated with any thing in our chivalry, but thumps of stones; and if we chance to eat melons, on my conscience they make us pay for saucel! It is true we sometimes meet with good people, such as master Valentin: but Shrovetide comes but once a year; and as for those emperors and caiphases you mention, the devil take him that ever saw any of them, unless it were in my master’s head, who is a fool if he does not pitch his tent here for ever.’ Don Quixote could not bear with Sancho’s impertinence any longer; and, giving him a good kick on the rump—‘Thou base scoundrel!’ said he to him in a passion, ‘will you hold your prating tongue? What evil genius moves thee to trouble this illustrious company with thy follies?’—‘Worthy Don Carlos,’ continued he, turning to the master of the house, ‘I beseech you to forgive my squire’s indiscretion, and rest satisfied that if I have not earen, it was not for want of relishing the dainties your table was furnished with; but because we knights-errant have always a guard upon ourselves against sensuality: we make use of food only to support nature; and when the emperors, to whose courts fortune is pleased to guide us, are desirous to give us entertainment, we make less account of the dainties served up, than of the honour they do us in admitting us to their tables. In short, we despise a life of ease and pleasure; and whilst we go about to redress wrongs, and to re-establish good order in countries, we consider it as pleasure and luxury to cross barren deserts, to be exposed to the rigour of seasons, and to pass whole days without eating, like Amadis de Gaul*, who lived above three months on the poor rock, without sleeping, or taking the least sustenance. There is another thing yet, Don Carlos, which hindered me partaking of the publick satisfaction; it is, that the wife Urganda, on whose

favour I relied, has very discourteously refused the prize with which you rewarded my dexterity; which any person, except herself, would have valued above an empire. This refusal is enough to damp the most undaunted courage; and I confess I am fain to call up all mine to bear up against it. I know not whence her hatred to me can proceed. Some perfidious enchanters must have given her a false character of me, as finding no surer expedient to undermine the very foundation of knight-errantry, than by sowing discord among the most solid supporters of it, and their wise protectress.’ Don Quixote would not have stopped here, so much was his heart interested in the subject before him, but that a company of musicians and dancers, whom Don Carlos had sent for to divert the company, then entered the hall.

For two hours there was a delightful concert of vocal and instrumental musick, intermixed with dancing; and this diversion concluded with a grotesque entry of a man clad like a peasant, who danced to admiration. During this performance, Don Carlos asked Sancho aloud, whether he could exhibit the like. The squire, grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of meat he had crammed down, yawning and making the sign of the cross on his mouth with his thumb, answered—‘By my hand, Don Carlos, I could cut capers better upon a good straw-bed than in this hall! As for that fellow, who shakes himself as if he were possessed, there is no making any hog’s-puddings of him, for I believe he has no guts in his belly.’ Sancho’s conceit set the company a laughing; but it lasted not long: a dreadful giant suddenly strode into the hall, and struck terror through the whole assembly. His height was little short of twelve feet, and his limbs were proportionably bulky: he was obliged to kneel down to enable him to enter the apartment; and when he raised himself again, his head touched the cieling. He was clad, after the Persian manner, in a long robe of scarlet cloth; and by his side hung an immense basket-hilted scymetar, which was supported by an iron chain: about his neck he wore a

* When, being in disgrace with Oriana his mistress, he assumed the name of Beltenebros.

vast ruff, and on his head a high cap
 encircled with the tail-feathers of tur-
 keys, in form of a coronet. As he
 entered, all the company started up in
 a fright, and gathered close about Don
 Quixote, as a flock of sheep gathers
 about their shepherd, at sight of a wolf;
 as for the knight of La Mancha, he
 made it evident that he was born to dis-
 pel terror and to embolden timidity.
 Preserving his temper undauntedly on
 this dangerous occasion, he cried out,
 with a resolute voice—'Fear nothing,
 gentlemen! this affair belongs to me:
 I understand well adventures of this
 nature; they frequently occur in the
 palaces of emperors: lay aside your
 apprehension; and let us hear where-
 fore this enormous giant presents
 himself before us.' The gentlemen
 being again seated at Don Quixote's re-
 quest, the giant, with a hoarse voice,
 such as is natural to all giants, spoke
 these words—'Princes, pages, and
 lacquies, here assembled, inform me
 who among you is The Loveleis
 Knight, formerly The Knight of the
 Sorrowful Aspect?'—'I am he, gi-
 ant!' replied Don Quixote sternly.
 'What would you have with me?'—
 'O, ye immortal gods!' replied the
 monster, 'how shall I requite you,
 since it is your pleasure that I find in
 this city what I have been seeking
 with so much cost and trouble these
 fourteen hundred years!—Beit known
 to you, princes and knights, that hear
 me, that you have here before you
 the dreadful Bramarbas Iron-sides,
 puissant emperor of the kingdom of
 Cyprus, which I conquered from
 it's lawful sovereign by the force of
 my invincible arm! The fame of the
 knight Don Quixote's adventures
 and wonderful actions has reached
 my imperial palace; and I must
 own, there is no place in the world,
 no town, street, tavern, or stable,
 where that great bully of knight-er-
 rantry is not spoken of. I have left
 my kingdom to seek him, not being
 able to endure that so extraordinary
 a person should live in the world. I
 design, therefore, to fight him; and,
 having cut off his head, to carry it
 to Cyprus, there to nail it up at the
 gate of my palace; that it may be
 known I am stronger than he is, and
 all that shall come after him.—And,
 therefore, illustrious Don Quixote,

'if you feel any unwillingness or dis-
 inclination to encounter with me,
 you need only suffer me to sever your
 head from your shoulders, and that
 speedily; for I am in haste to return
 home. There is also another busi-
 ness brings me hither: I have been
 informed that Don Carlos, the lord
 of this strong castle, has a young sis-
 ter, whose beauty is celebrated in all
 parts; now, it being one of my fail-
 ings to be fond of all pretty young
 girls, I design also to carry away
 that princess with me, and place her
 in my seraglio; and if Don Carlos
 shall oppose it, I challenge him, and
 all here present, to single combat.'
 The King of Cyprus stopping here, all
 the audience expected with amazement
 what Don Quixote would answer;
 when the knight, kneeling down be-
 fore Don Carlos, said—'Great Tre-
 batius, sovereign emperor of Greece,
 who, in the absence of thy sons, hast
 taken the name of Don Carlos, to
 confound the false enchanter who is
 contriving the ruin of thine empire!
 grant that I may here supply the place
 of the invincible Knight of the Sun,
 and of the valiant Rosclair his bro-
 ther, to whom it would belong of
 right to chastise the insolence of this
 monster!' Don Carlos, who was
 fain to bite his lips to avoid laughing,
 graciously held out his hand to the
 knight; and, raising him up, said—
 'Illustrious Prince of La Mancha!
 this affair, in reality, concerns us
 both; to deal plainly with you, I
 feel myself so terrified by the menaces
 of Bramarbas, that I cannot avoid
 giving him the Princess Trebasina
 my sister, unless you shall order other-
 wise: do, therefore, as you shall
 think fit; for whatever you shall de-
 cree will be most for our honour.'
 Don Quixote, hereupon, advanced to-
 wards the giant, and accosted him in
 these words—'Proud and insolent
 Bramarbas! had not the respect I
 owe to the emperor, and the other
 princes here present, restrained my
 vengeance, thou hadst already re-
 ceived the punishment thou deservest;
 but I accept of thy challenge, and I
 make all the vows usually made upon
 such occasions by the most renowned
 knights; and particularly, that I will
 not lie with the queen till I have laid
 thy monstrous head at my feet, which
 I design

' I design shall feed the crows and owls.' — ' O, ye immortal gods!' replied the giant, with a dreadful voice, ' must I endure a single man thus to threaten me? I vow by the whiskers of Briaracus and Enceladus, my ancestors, that I will not eat my bread on the ground, and that I will not lie down upon the point of my sword, till I have made fast your arms to your shoulders, and fixed your thighs to your haunches *.' — ' All these threats,' answered the knight, ' are to no purpose: it shall be decided by combat, which of us twain deserves to be esteemed the prime knight in the world. Go, then, prepare to make good your boasts, and rid the emperor of your odious presence!' Sancho, frightened at the King of Cyprus's vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these threats; and, getting between him and his master, he cried—' Good master Barrabas, do not do my master so much harm! I conjure you, by Malchus's holy ear, to leave him all his limbs as God has given them!' It was well for Sancho that Don Quixote had then turned to the Emperor Trebatius to beg that he would be pleased to honour the appointed combat with his presence; for, had he heard his squire talk in this manner, he would not have failed to chastise his cowardice. Bramarbas, drawing near to Don Quixote, and throwing one of his gloves in his face, said—' Knight, take up that little glove of mine, which I give you as a gage that I will expect you to morrow, after dinner, in the Great Square; for I

never fight till I have eaten and drank heartily.' When he had spoken these words, he went out of the hall in the same manner he had entered it. Don Quixote was so overjoyed to receive a challenge in the usual forms of knight-errantry, that he took no notice of the affront Bramarbas had done him in throwing the glove in his face, but delivered it to Sancho, who, seeing it was above two feet in length, cried out, ' Mother of God, what dreadful hands! Son of a whore, what a cuff he will give!' This adventure being over, Don Carlos ordered flambeaux to be brought to light home the guests, who, after taking leave of one another, returned to their homes; and the history says, they all rested well, except Don Quixote, who had the worst night in the world; as will appear in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

WHO THE GIANT BRAMARBAS WAS.
DON QUIXOTE'S DREAM, AND
THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

OUR Arabian author, presuming the reader's curiosity would be excited to know who the giant Bramarbas really was, has not omitted to inform us with respect to that matter. He recites, that Don Carlos and Don Alvaro having borrowed one of those pasteboard giants, clad in long robes, which are carried about the streets of Spain upon great festivals to please the multitude; Don Carlos's secretary, a youth

* This farcical vow is an admirable ridicule of those very absurd ones so frequent in knight-errantry. Some of these heroes restricted themselves from the use of a bed or a table-cloth; others went without some certain piece of their armour; and some carried it so far as to wear their armour night and day, or sentence themselves to shirts of hair and sackcloth, till they had effected their particular purpose. In conformity with this practice, Trompart, Braggadochio's squire, upon being questioned by Archimage concerning his master, returns the following answer.

- ' He is a great adventurer,' said he,
- ' That hath his sword through hard assay foregone,
- ' And now hath vow'd, till he avenged be
- ' Of that despight, never to wearen none;
- ' That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.'

Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book II. Cant. 3. Stanza 12.

Ferrace, also, a Pagan knight in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, having been reproached with breach of promise by the ghost of Argalia, Angelica's brother, makes a vow never to wear any helmet upon his head, till he shall have gained, in combat, the helmet of Orlando. See Ariosto, Book I.

of a pleasant disposition, played the part of Bramarbas. He held up the pasteboard head on a pole, and spoke through a long tube of tin, the other end of which was brought up to the mouth of the giant; and the better to deceive the Knight of La Mancha and his squire, the lights were placed at such a distance, that the giant's own shadow prevented the detection of his pasteboard face.

Don Quixote's fancy was so full of this adventure, that he could not rest all night; for as soon as he fell asleep, he was waked again by the earnest desire he had to try his strength with the King of Cyprus. However, towards day, sleep overcame him, which yet only served to disorder him the more: for he dreamed that Bramarbas had treacherously stolen into the castle to kill him basely; and, in this consternation, he started up, crying—'Stay traitor! you shall soon find that all your artifices will not save you from my sword.' Thus saying, he clapped on his back and breast-plate upon his shirt; and laying hold of his lance and shield, with his helmet on his head, he searched all the corners of the room, and even under the bed, to find the King of Cyprus; never considering that such a giant as Bramarbas could not very easily be concealed. That done, he rushed down into the hall, and thence into a small room where Sancho, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little bed without curtains. The honest squire had covered himself over head and ears, that the light of the day might not disturb him; and on the pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great glove, which his master had committed to his custody. As soon as Don Quixote espied the glove, he concluded it to be that which remained in the giant's possession; and that, therefore, the man asleep was doubtless his arrogant enemy, who, wearied with scaling the castle, rested there till he could find opportunity to put his design in execution. With this conceit he raised up the butt end of his lance, and discharging a furious blow upon the ribs of his unsuspecting squire, exclaimed—'It is thus, cowardly Ironsides! it is thus those men deserve to be treated, who, having such enemies as I am, do endeavour treacherously to surprize them!' Such an uncourteous shock

was enough to waken the most profound sleeper in the universe. Sancho started, almost stunned with the blow, and roared most pitifully under the blankets; nay, Alifolan assures us, that he began his outcry even before the lance reached him. At length, he looked out to see who it was that handled him so roughly. The knight soon made himself known; for laying aside his lance, which he could not wield conveniently in that narrow compass, he began a vigorous assault with his fists upon Sancho's nose, still crying with a terrible voice—'Perfidious giant! here thou shalt end thy days in my hands, for having dared to scale this castle.' At this fresh attack the squire redoubled his cries; and though he was half crippled already, he threw himself out of the bed, and ran into the hall, crying lustily to his master, who followed him close at the heels—'For God's sake, good master Don Quixote, consider, I have not scaled this castle! I am Sancho Panza, your trusty squire!'—'That artifice is too gross!' answered Don Quixote; 'it will not avail you to conceal your name! I know very well, traitor! thou art no other than Bramarbas! The glove, that lies on the bed, is proof sufficient!' The hall was dark in itself, and the window-shutters being closed, Don Quixote could not well distinguish his squire; and therefore, still taking him for Ironsides, notwithstanding all Sancho's protestations to the contrary, he continued the pursuit and verberation, the poor wretch calling more saints to his assistance than are to be found in the legend. The unfortunate squire would fain have slunk away to the hall-door; but the knight still cut him off whenever he made that way. At last Sancho's cries waked Don Alvaro's servants. They ran out in their shirts to see what was the matter; but their presence, instead of pacifying Don Quixote, served only to heighten his fury: he no sooner saw them, than he fancied they were all giants, brought thither by enchantment to succour Bramarbas, and therefore prepared to engage them all together; but having left his lance in the little room, he was forced to convert his buckler into a weapon of offence; wherewith, throwing some down, bruising others, and tearing shirts on all hands;

hands; he performed such exploits as will be talked of in Saragossa for all ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries and curses against our knight, who hitherto had the better of it; because he being in armour, and his enemies naked and unarmed, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than their adversary. But at length, his back and breast plates, which were ill buckled on, happening to break loose, they fell off in the scuffle. Then his antagonists assumed fresh courage; and a lusty groom, clasping him in his arms, lifted him up from the ground. Whilst he thus held him in the air, some of the pages turned his shirt over his head, and day beginning to brighten, the knight's posteriors visibly appeared, and received at least a thousand lashes. Nay, it is reported, that Sancho himself, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of being revenged on his master, had the presumption to exercise his hands on him: but since the discreet squire never boasted of it, the historian does not deliver this as a certainty; for he will not, without good authority, avouch any thing that might be so injurious to the memory of Sancho. However, a terrible peal was most assuredly rung upon the haunches of the knight-errant; and, being in the hands of people who were tickled with the sport, there is no doubt but it would have lasted much longer, had not Don Alvaro come into the hall. He was in his night-gown and slippers, and had his sword under his arm. The first thing he saw, was Don Quixote in the posture he has been represented. The fight was pleasant enough; but he was too good-natured to suffer his servants to carry the jest any farther, and therefore made a sign to the groom to liberate his patient, and to the rest to make their escape. Then drawing his sword, and placing himself by the side of Sancho, he said—'Redoubtable Don Quixote, you see Sancho and I are here ready to second you! Down, then, with all the villains that have wronged you! But first tell us who they are, and what they done?'—'Don't you see,' quoth Don Quixote, (who, as good luck would have it, knew the Granadine) 'that they are all giants! Bramarbas scaled this castle last night, with a design to murder me; but his treason was prevented, for I was pri-

vately informed of it by the wise Licentius. Let us run, then, my dear Don Tarfeyan, let us run after those traitors, and pursue them into the closest woods in Cyprus!' He was for making good his words, and hastening after the pretended giants, who fled with all the speed they could into their chambers; but Don Alvaro stopping him, said—'No, not believe me, over-valourous Don Quixote! such a vile generation does not deserve that you should take so long a journey in your shirt. Retire to your apartment, and do not appear in publick till we hear what Bramarbas designs. In the mean while, Sancho and I will ob-serve all his motions, and faithfully report them to you. Go, then, and take your rest; for you may at present rest satisfied; since, having put your enemy to flight, he has left his glove behind him, which will remain as a monument of your own valour, and his cowardice, to posterity.' Don Quixote approving of the advice, retired to his chamber; and Don Alvaro, to make sure of him, double-locked the door on the outside, and took away the key. He then went back to look for Sancho; who, having returned again into his little room, was dressing himself, not without swearing and cursing at his master. 'Well, Sancho,' said Tarfe, 'how do you find yourself after the battle?'—'Very well,' quoth Sancho; 'I have but one rib broken, and all my bones bruised to a jelly! Faith and troth, I am quite weary of all these frolicks; and, in short, were it not for fear of losing the good island my master has promised me, knight-errantry might go to the devil for me!'—'Then the King of Cyprus has hurt you,' answered Don Alvaro. 'The King of Cyprus, quotha!' replied the squire; 'it was the madman my master, who fancied I was Barrabas, and has beaten me like stock-fish; but he had as good, if he pleases, leave off seeing things like a knight-errant, for I don't at all like his way of seeing. All my comfort is, that his good deeds have been rewarded: his buttocks have been curiously handled by your pages, whom God reward for the good they did in coming to my assistance.'—'Friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'you must not say they were my pages that whip-

ped Don Quixote; but enchanters in the shape of my pages.'—'Very fine!' quoth Sancho; 'that is always the burden of the song. We can read but in one book, and dance the same dance over again. There is nothing but enchanters here and there, and every where. God forgive me! I believe, in a little time, they will enchant the very bread in our mouths.' The Granadine was so well pleased with Sancho's simplicity, that he took him up to his chamber with him, to hear him talk whilst he dressed himself.

CHAP. VII.

WHY AND IN WHAT MANNER THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA LEFT SARAGOSSA TO GO TO COURT.

AS soon as Don Alvaro was gone into his chamber, Don Carlos's secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his master had received letters from court, which obliged him to repair thither with all speed, to conclude a marriage between his sister and one of the king's prime-ministers. 'I am glad of that, by my faith!' quoth Sancho; 'for then that great flat-foot Barrabas will not have her.' Don Alvaro, taking the secretary aside, told him in his ear, that he should be glad, with all his heart, to bear him company as far as Madrid. 'But,' said he, 'how shall we get rid of our knight-errant? If we take him along with us, he will be sure to stop us by the way with new adventures, which his madness will suggest every day to him.' Then he told the secretary what had happened that morning; and when they had both laughed till they were weary—'I must own,' said he, 'both the master and the man are so diverting, that I would gladly give the court the pleasure of seeing them: but how shall we draw them to Madrid, so that they may not go along with us?'—'Let me alone for that,' quoth the secretary; 'I will go about it this moment.' He presently took leave of Don Alvaro, as it were to give his master an answer; but, instead of going out of the house, he searched all about to find such things as would make up a very extravagant habiliment: he wrapped himself up in a great black cloak, girt

about him in several places with leathern-straps; he made himself an uncouth cap, beset with cocks feathers of various colours, and garnished with abundance of clasps, plates, shells, bits of glass and jet; about his neck he had nine or ten gold, silver, brass, and iron chains, and as many strings of great and small beads, with an infinite number of medals; and over all a prodigious ruff, full of red and green spots and withered leaves; at his side he wore a musket by way of sword, and his fingers were decorated with a profusion of rings; he daubed his face with soot, and made himself a pair of mighty whiskers with ink. In this superb equipage, not unlike the figure of King Melchior, as he is represented on Twelfth-day in country villages, the young secretary sent to desire leave to speak with Don Alvaro; who, in the presence of Sancho, said to him—'Tell me, beautiful stranger, who you are, and what you seek?'—'I seek,' replied he, 'the invincible Prince of La Mancha, the great Don Quixote, to deliver an embassy of the greatest consequence to him; and I have been informed he dwells in this stately palace.'—'You have been truly informed,' answered the Granadine; 'and I will conduct you to his apartment.' This said, he conducted the ambassador to Don Quixote's chamber-door; and opening it, very gravely said to Don Quixote, as he went in—'Re-doubted Knight of La Mancha! here is an ambassador from I know not what prince, who will not deliver his embassy to any but to you.'—'Let him come forward,' replied Don Quixote very gravely, and as yet in his shirt; 'whatsoever he has to say, let him speak freely: the law of nations and the dignity of his character are his protection.'—'Are you, I must take leave to enquire, the Loveless Knight?' said the ambassador, counterfeiting a hoarse and broken voice. 'Yes, I am!' quoth Don Quixote. 'Know, then, great prince,' replied the ambassador, 'that the invulnerable Bramarbas my master, sole Emperor of all the Giants in the world, and most puissant King of Cyprus, and of the adjacent provinces, isles, and meadows, sends you word by me, his most eloquent squire and secretary, Morocco the Smosky, that a certain

K adventure

'adventure which happened this night,
 'has obliged him to repair to Madrid
 'immediately; and whereas, to answer
 'the gage he flung in your face last
 'night, you were to have fought him
 'in this city, where he is jealous he
 'should not meet with fair play, he
 'now defies and challenges you anew
 'to fight him in the King of Spain's
 'court, where you have not so many
 'friends, seconds, bastards, and mis-
 'tresses: he therefore requires you, by
 'me the aforesaid Morocco the Secre-
 'tary, that you appear at Madrid within
 'forty days at farthest, upon pain of
 'forfeiting the dignity of knighthood,
 'and of losing your reputation among
 'all the princesses of Galicia, and the
 'infantas in all the inns upon the face
 'of the earth. In this famous combat
 'my master will try whether all those
 'mighty things be true which Fame so
 'lavishly reports of you. If, after
 'this solemn challenge, you fail to ap-
 'pear at Madrid, Bramarbas will go
 'even to the empire of the moon, to
 'make known your cowardice: but
 'if, on the contrary, you happen to
 'conquer him, you shall be master and
 'lawful king of our delicious king-
 'dom of Cyprus, where you will have
 'a thousand rich governments to be-
 'stow; among the rest, that of the
 'Island of the Forcemeat-Balls, which
 'is one of the best of them.'—'I de-
 'sign that for myself,' quoth Sancho,
 interrupting him, though till then he
 had given great attention to the am-
 bassador's words; 'but pray tell me,
 'Mr. Morocco of the Smoaky Face,
 'is that island of the Balls very far off
 'or no? Whether it is towards Se-
 'ville or Barcelona, or beyond Rome
 'and Constantinople?'—'If I mistake
 'not,' said the black ambassador, di-
 recting his discourse to Sancho, 'you
 'are the most cudgelable squire to the
 'matchless Loveless Knight: that San-
 'cho Panza, whose moderation and
 'politeness are every where applaud-
 'ed?'—'Yes, I am he,' quoth San-
 cho, 'in spite of all envious knaves!'—
 'I am very glad of it,' answered the
 ambassador. 'But, worthy Sir Love-
 'less Knight,' added he, turning to
 Don Quixote, 'give me my answer
 'quickly; for I have a great way to
 'go before I can overtake my master,
 'who by this time is very far off?'—
 'Discreet squire,' replied Don Quix-

ote, looking sternly, 'tell the haughty
 'Bramarbas, from me, that I accept of
 'the new challenge he sends me, and
 'that he shall see me on the day ap-
 'pointed, in the Great Square of Ma-
 'drid, as he saw me this morning on
 'the famous bridge of this strong
 'castle. Withdraw; and be thankful
 'to Heaven that the character you bear,
 'as ambassador, protects you from the
 'just indignation I have conceived
 'against your master and all that be-
 'long to him! But, before you go,
 'pray inform me what unexpected ad-
 'venture it is that obliges him to dis-
 'engage his word?'—'To tell you
 'the truth, Sir Knight,' answered the
 ambassador, 'it is no adventure, but
 'only a piece of news: he has been in-
 'formed that Don Carlos, otherwise
 'called the Emperor Trebatius, is to-
 'morrow to conduct his sister the Prin-
 'cess Trebasina to Madrid, to marry
 'her to one of the king's prime-mini-
 'sters.'—'Nay, by my conscience,' cried
 Sancho, 'Master Morocco does not lie
 'this bout! for Don Carlos's secretary
 'came, in my presence, to bring Don
 'Alvaro Tarfe that good news: and
 'God be praised for having delivered
 'the princess out of that scoundrel
 'Barrabbas's clutches! A pretty dog
 'to have such a dainty bit; but he may
 'now go whistle after her!'—'This
 'news,' replied the giant's squire,
 'threw my master into an unparalleled
 'fury; for he is of a very amorous
 'disposition: when he has once set his
 'mind upon a young maid, it is a hard
 'matter to get her from him; and he has
 'vowed, by the Thirteen Swiss Can-
 'tons, that if the Princess Trebasina
 'is married to the minister she is de-
 'signed for, he will incapacitate her
 'husband and all the barons in the
 'court of Spain!'—'I will take care
 'to hinder him!' answered Don Quix-
 ote in a heat; 'bid him have a care of
 'harping upon that string, or I shall
 'deal with him! I here take under my
 'protection not only the Princess Tre-
 'basina and her lawful husband, but
 'also all the court barons.' The King
 of Cyprus's squire durst make no re-
 turn to those words; but departed,
 making our knight so profound an
 obeisance, that the top of his cap touch-
 ed the ground. He was scarce gone
 out of the chamber before Sancho ran
 after him, saying—'Master Morocco!
 'a word

‘a word with you, if you please: pray
‘tell me whether the governor of that
‘island is subterraneous lord of all the
‘Forcemeat-Balls?’—‘Yes, friend,’
replied the ambassador; ‘he is sove-
‘reign lord of them; but he is to eat
‘an hundred of them every morning
‘for his breakfast: that is the greatest
‘sanction of his government!’—‘God
‘for ever bless you!’ quoth Sancho;
‘I submit to that duty with all my
‘heart; and I will certainly perform
‘it, though I burst!’ This said, he
returned into his master’s chamber; and
the secretary went away to wash and
dress himself.

After receiving this embassy, Don
Quixote thought of nothing but setting
out for Madrid. He apprized Don Al-
varo that he could not in honour stay
one moment longer in Saragossa; that
he was going in pursuit of this haughty
enemy, who had conceived such out-
rageous designs against all the barons
and baronesses of Spain. ‘Dispense
‘with me,’ continued he, ‘from re-
‘turning you tedious thanks for all
‘the obligations I have received from
‘your friendship; but be assured of
‘the assistance of my invincible arm
‘against all who shall attempt to offend
‘you.’ Then directing his discourse
to his squire—‘Away, Sancho!’ said
he; ‘get ready my arms and Rozinante
‘immediately; let us hasten to slay the
‘King of Cyprus, and by his death
‘take possession of that delicious island;
‘the government whereof you claim!’
—‘That’s well said, Sir!’ quoth San-
cho; ‘but I am of opinion it were
‘better to go away directly for Cyprus,
‘whilst Ironsides is abroad. It will be
‘easier for us to conquer this kingdom
‘in his absence, than when he is at
‘our heels.’—‘You do not know what
‘you say,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘How
‘can I fail of meeting him at the place
‘appointed? I should then lose my
‘honour, which is to be preferred be-
‘fore all the kingdoms in the world!’
—‘There is no doubt of that,’ said
Don Alvaro; ‘and the noble Don
‘Quixote must take heed how he fails
‘in that particular.’—‘Why so much

‘ceremony?’ quoth Sancho, very earnest-
ly. ‘He is not so very punctilious, me-
‘thinks. He promised us that he would
‘cut off your head this day in the great
‘square of this city; and what is come
‘of it? You may go and wait for him
‘till your heels grow to the ground!’
‘He is now trudging away for Ma-
‘drid, as if he had a squib tied to his
‘tail.’—‘Giants,’ quoth Don Quixote,
‘are faithless and lawless persons;
‘their example is no authority for me
‘to offend against my honour! The
‘word of a knight-errant is sacred;
‘the very foundations of the earth
‘should be shaken, and nature turned
‘topsey-turvey, before a knight should
‘be perjured!’—‘Besides, Sancho,’ said
Don Alvaro, ‘how justly might your
‘illustrious master be blamed, should
‘he by his absence give the lewd Bra-
‘marbas the opportunity of ravishing
‘the Princess Trebasina, and disabling
‘all the officers of the crown? Would
‘not that be an eternal shame to knight-
‘errantry?’ The squire could have
wished that the government of the Island
of the Forcemeat-Balls had not de-
pended on a combat; but finding him-
self compelled to submit to the solid
reasons of Tarfe and his master, away
he went to saddle Rozinante, and put
the pannel upon Dapple. Whilst he
was preparing for the journey, the
knight made an end of dressing him-
self. Don Alvaro gave them their
breakfast; and Don Quixote then bid-
ding farewell to the Granadine, vaulted
into his saddle, and set forth, laden
with his buckler, and a lance which he
had caused to be made the day before
the running at the ring. Sancho staid
some time behind, to store the remains
of the breakfast in his wallet; then
taking leave of Don Alvaro and his
pages, he got up heavily on his ass,
who, having been well pampered in so
good a stable, trotted away merrily.
When our adventurers were gone, Don
Alvaro went to Don Carlos’s house;
where they both agreed that they would
set out for Madrid the next day, tak-
ing a different road from that chosen
by Don Quixote.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

BOOK III.

C H A P. I.

OF THE SCUFFLE SANCHE EN-
GAGED IN WITH A SOLDIER, AS
HE WAS GOING OUT OF SARA-
GOSSA.



HOUGH Sancho made all the haste he could, yet he did not overtake his master till he was just going out of the town: he found him jogging gently along with a ragged soldier, and a good hermit, who were both travelling towards Castile, as well as himself. When Sancho came up to them, he heard Don Quixote ask the soldier from whence he came. The soldier made answer—
‘I come, Sir, from Flanders, where I have served the king a considerable time; but a certain misfortune has befallen me, which made me quit the service so hastily, that I had not time to get my discharge; and, to add to my misery, I met with four robbers on the way, who stripped me of all I was worth. Though I was but one to four, I would have defended myself, and perhaps have saved my purse, had they not asked it with fiery mouths!’—‘With fiery mouths!’

quoth Sancho, in amazement; ‘then they were souls from the other world!’ The soldier, casting an eye upon Sancho, and imagining from his looks that he was some sly peasant from the environs of the city, who had a mind to play upon him, took huff at his reflection, and answered, in a passion—‘How now, slouch! do you pretend to railly me? By the dreadful piece of cannon which Mahomet brought to the siege of Constantinople, if I take you in hand, I will give you more knocks with my staff than there are hairs in the goat’s beard of you! I will warrant him, the scoundrel does not know I have beaten more clowns like himself than I have drank gulphs of water, since I have been in the king’s service!’—These words, though delivered in a threatening tone, did not a whit scare Sancho; who answered—‘Fair and softly, master shaver! Your hand shakes a little, methinks! Why, you good-for-nothing fellow you, have you been and beaten your younger brothers? Sure, Don Tatter-rag, we have seen otherguess men than you are! Don’t you know that I could mumble a crust before you were born? The owls and sparrows shall feed on your dog’s-head, I warrant you!’ Thus saying, he attempted to drive on his

his ass against the soldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the soldier, who did not understand jesting, immediately drew out his tilter, and bestowed half a dozen good strokes on Sancho's shoulders so nimbly with the flat part of it, that Don Quixote and the hermit could not save one of them; and, at the same time catching hold of his foot, whirled him about like a gig, and threw him neck and heels on the farther side of his ass. Not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a peal upon his ribs, when Don Quixote interposed; and, thrusting him aside with the breast of Rozinante, said to him very magisterially—'Hold, rash man! and pay a respect to what belongs to me!'—'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'I beg your pardon for my rashness; I did not know that gentleman had the honour to belong to you!' This satisfaction appeased the knight's wrath; but Sancho, still more enraged, caught up a great stone, and began belabouring to his master very briskly—'Stand aside, Sir! stand aside! and I will send that rake with one blow to the old bawd that bore him!' Don Quixote being slower in getting out of the way than he thought expedient, he cried out again—'Stand aside, I say! In the devil's name, let me finish my own adventures! I don't disturb you in yours! How shall I learn to cut giants in two, and to disenchant rocks and palaces, if you will not let me so much as chastise that scoundrel?' 'Don't you know it is practice on beggars beards that teaches the barber his trade!' As soon as the words were out, he raised his arm to throw the stone at his enemy; but the hermit laying hold of him, exclaimed—'For the love of God, brother, hold your hand! Do not bring yourself into more trouble!'—'I will yield to nothing,' quoth Sancho, 'unless the knave owns himself conquered!' The hermit perceiving some hope of an accommodation, quitted Sancho, and ran to the soldier, saying—'Good gentleman soldier, that poor peasant is more than half a fool; pray let him alone!'—'I will not meddle with him any more,' answered the soldier, 'since your reverence desires it, and he belongs to that gentleman.' Upon this promise, the hermit took the soldier by the hand; and said to Sancho—'Honest man, the

gentleman soldier yields himself conquered, as you desire: now you may be friends, and shake hands.'—'No, no, father!' quoth Sancho, 'that is not all; I perceive you do not understand chivalry; master Bumpkin shall not come off so easily!' Then directing his discourse to the soldier—'Thou haughty and monstrous soldier!' said he, in a very grave manner, 'since I have conquered thee, I do command thee, according to the custom of knight-errantry, to go with a chain about thy neck, and appear before the lady-admiral, Mary Gutierrez, my wife! Thou shalt fall down at her feet, before my daughter little Sancha and the curate, and shalt tell her how I have overcome thee in single combat, or ten to ten!' Having spoken these words, the squire turned to his master, and said—'Well, Sir, what do you think of this? Is it thus adventures are to be finished?' 'By my faith, you see a man may learn to bray, if he keeps company with asses!'—'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'you might have made choice of a nobler comparison; and have said, "A man might learn to roar among lions!"'—'As you please,' replied the squire; 'it all comes to the same. In brief, I can read no book but my own: every man talks as he can, and not as he will; and when a word is once gone, there is no calling it back. But, to conclude, a man must not always be a warrior: besides, the curate often tells us, in his lectures, that we must be charitable, that God may be merciful to us. So there's an end of all quarrels, master Soldier; let us think no more of what is past, nor of our debts: here, take my hand, and be thankful and proud of it; and let us be as loving as the four fingers and the thumb. As for the journey to Argamasilla, I allow you to defer it till Master Valentin has cured you of the incurable wounds I have given you.' The soldier took Sancho's hand very graciously, and expressed a kindness for him, which the honest squire affectionately embraced; and, drawing forth a good piece of cold meat from his wallet, gave it to him immediately. The soldier returned him most hearty thanks; and, to shew that he valued the present, fell to it without delay, by the help of a crust of

of bread which he pulled out of his pocket.

Thus terminated, in peace and good fellowship, an affray which at first bore a very sanguinary complexion. Sancho mounted again on his ass, without remembering how he had quitted it; and all four went on their way together. Don Quixote, after musing a while, said to his squire—'My son Sancho, I am reflecting that you begin to exhibit great tokens of courage: if you continue them, you may be capable of taking your degrees in knight-errantry.'—'Pray, why should I not?' replied Sancho. 'Am I not already inured to the fatigues of the profession? And can any body tell me better than I know myself, what basting and tossing in a blanket is? No, surely! Like master, like man: the apprentice often comes to be master.' The hermit hearing this talk, which sufficiently made known the character of our heroes, whispered in the ear of the soldier—'I am much mistaken if these be not the two madmen we were told of in Saragossa.' The soldier agreed that there could be no doubt of it; and resolved, with the hermit, to divert themselves at the expence of their fellow-travellers, as long as they journeyed together. Don Quixote asking them who they were, the hermit answered that his name was Brother Stephen; that he was born at Toledo, and came now from Rome, whither he had been about affairs of moment. The soldier informed them that his name was Don Antonio de Bracamonte, and that he was born in the city of Avila. They travelled all that day without resting; and towards night, Sancho, being unable to descry any house near them, said—'Gentlemen, I have looked all about, and the devil of any thing can I see that looks like an inn, and now night draws on!' Bracamonte, who knew the country, assured them that they must travel two leagues at least before they came to one. Don Quixote, hereupon addressing the company, said—'I observe yonder a fair meadow, where, if you will be ruled by me, we will pass this night: methinks we, being all four of us what we are, need not much trouble ourselves about an inn. Brother Stephen is used to live in solitude, and lie on the ground; and the soldier having

served long, must needs be inured to fatigue; and can sleep any where. As for myself and my squire, knight-errantry, which we profess, has made us enemies to all daintiness; we are better pleased to lie upon the grass than in emperors palaces: and I declare to you, that the most delightful nights I pass, are those in which I lie exposed to the injury of the elements.' Sancho, though not precisely of the same opinion with his master, was observed, however, on this occasion, to hold his tongue; not that he was afraid of offending the dignity of knight-errantry, for he never spared it when he was in a merry mood, but because he considered this as a case of necessity. The soldier and the hermit, who were very low in cash, and relied chiefly on Sancho's wallet, answered the knight, that they were ready to do whatsoever he pleased: they all, therefore, struck out of the highway, and followed a path which led them into a meadow; where a rivulet, more pure and transparent than crystal, purled in fanciful meanders along. Here Don Quixote alighting, said to his squire—'Dismount, my son, and take off Rozinante's bridle, that your ass and he may graze more freely; the herbage to me seems good.'—'I will answer for it,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no cause to complain; they will live here like two patriarchs.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'make haste, and do what I bid you.' The squire instantly obeyed his master; and, having laid hold of his wallet, which was made fast to Dapple's pannel, went and sat him down by the rest on the grass, saying—'So, gentlemen, what think you of it? Is it not time to see what is in this wallet? What a blessed condition should we be in, had I not taken care to fill it this morning? By my faith, we had made but a sorry supper!'—'Brother Sancho,' quoth Bracamonte, 'your forecast can never be sufficiently commended: you do not look like a man that would go to sea without biscuit!'—'No, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'for I have often heard say, that he who does not look before him, falls into the ditch.' This said, he emptied the wallet on Brother Stephen's cloak, which served for a table-cloth; and all four fell to with very good stomachs;

machs: I say all four; for Don Quixote, contrary to his usual custom, kept pace with them; and all had been compleat, had they not wanted wine; but as for water they had their fill.

Whilst they fed, Don Quixote put several questions to Bracamonte; and, among the rest, whether he had been at any siege—'I have,' replied the soldier; 'and could give you a very good account of the siege of Ostend, for I was at it; and, by the same token, I there received two musquet-shots in my thigh; and, if you please, I will shew you one of my shoulders half burnt by a granade the enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a half-moon. If time and place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal fortifications about Ostend; I would describe to you the mouth of the harbour, and the quarters of the general officers; where the batteries are placed, and where the attacks were carried on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that Ostend cost the lives of very many brave men.' Sancho, who had listened attentively to Bracamonte's discourse without losing one word, here interrupted him, saying—'Is it possible, Sir, that there should have been never a knight errant among you at that time, to cut off that giant Ostend's ears? I don't question, if my master Don Quixote had been there, but he would have eaten him with a grain of salt.'—'Numscull,' quoth Don Quixote; 'Ostend is a town, and not a giant.' The hermit, smiling, said to the squire—'I perceive, friend Sancho, you don't trouble your head with geography; it is quite out of your way.'—'On my conscience,' answered Sancho, 'I have lived very well till this time without knowing what geography is; and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other world: and, by my troth! it does not belong to me, who am a plain countryman, to understand all that sort of lingo. Every man must cut his coat according to his cloth. Like to like, as the devil said to the collier. Give me drink, and do not ask me how old I am.'—'Away with it, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'heap proverbs upon proverbs, according to your cursed cus-

tom!'—'Nay, indeed, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'I believe you have had little cause to complain this year; for I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last year, I have not much to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spared putting into our history.'—'You ought rather to have spared uttering them,' replied Don Quixote, 'and then they would not have been printed.'—'O ho!' cried Sancho; 'that's worth all the rest! Why must every foolish word that is spoken be printed? But no matter; if they print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the printers will not have so much employment. Let them alone, I will take care of myself; all the proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel: I will chew them a good while before I spit them out.' As Sancho spoke thus, he stretched himself out at full length; and, the provision being all eaten, resigned his carcase, with a loud yawn, into the arms of slumber. The hermit and the soldier being both very weary, laid them down upon the grass, and soon fell asleep. Even Don Quixote himself, casting aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet repose.

CHAP. II.

OF THE DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES,
AND WHAT HAPPENED AT HIS
FUNERAL.

AS soon as day appeared, our travellers continued their journey, to take the cool of the morning. They had scarce gone two leagues, before they spied abundance of people gathered together at the foot of a mountain. Curiosity leading them to the place to know what was the matter, they saw, as they came near, an ecclesiastick talking to about fifty or sixty peasants, who stood round him. Don Quixote and his companions hereupon advancing close enough to listen to his discourse, heard him speak as follows:—'You know, my friends, what a strange life brother James has led for these ten years

years in solitude. So carefully he avoided the conversation of men, that I believe there is not a man among us can boast that he ever saw his face. He fed on nothing but roots, refusing all the provisions your charity offered him. He was for the most part shut up in his cave; and we should not now have known that he was dead, had not some shepherds, who sometimes used to see him, mistrusted the matter. In short, the austerity of his life has been such, that he is nothing inferior to the ancient anchorites. Let us, then, pay him the last duty with the greatest devotion in our power.' Having thus said, the clergyman ordered them to dig a grave near a cavern which appeared in the side of the hill, whence he caused the body of brother James to be brought out, that every body might behold it. The deceased hermit had a white beard, which reached down to his middle; but what seemed much more extraordinary was, that his hair appeared blacker than jet. The clergyman, looking on him attentively, cried out—'Gracious powers! This is, surely, not natural!' At the same time, laying his hand rather roughly on the beard, it fell off, to the great amazement of the spectators. Brother Stephen then examining nicely the face and features of the deceased, seemed greatly agitated. 'We must look into the cave,' said the clergyman, 'whether there be nothing in it that may explain this mystery to us.' Having so said, he went into the cave; and soon returned with a little casket in his hands, but half shut, which he opened—'God be praised, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I see a paper which will doubtless discover what we are so anxious to know!' Hereupon, taking out the paper, he read these words with an audible voice—'You behold, under the habit of an hermit, a religious woman, whom lewd love drew out of her monastery! Behold the miseries of a soul given up to that fatal passion! Happy shall I be, if ten years penance can satisfy Divine justice!'

Brother Stephen had scarcely heard these words, when he was seized with such an agony, that it shook his whole frame: his eye-sight failed him, and he swooned away in the soldier's arms. All the spectators, surprized at this ac-

cident, the cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help brother Stephen; whom Don Quixote, Bracamonte, and Sancho, removed a few paces from thence, under some trees, where they used all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while, the false brother James was put into the grave; and the countrymen desiring some relick of him, divided his cloak, of which every one carried away a piece. When the burial was over, the clergyman went to see brother Stephen, whom, after many endeavours, they had at length brought to himself, though he was not yet able to speak. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sighed so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was something extraordinary passed within him. The clergyman, imagining this hermit might be some way concerned in the religious woman's story, was resolved to sift it out; and therefore said to him—'Cheer up, brother; and come along with these gentlemen to repose yourself at my house, which is in a village on the other side of this hill, where I am curate.'—'That is well said,' cried Sancho: 'let us go, father Stephen; do you endeavour to sit my ass, and let us follow master Curate; the smell of his kitchen will soon cure your distemper.' The hermit having by this time recovered his speech, in a few words thanked the clergyman, and accepted of his offer. Bracamonte and Sancho helped him to rise, and set him upon Dapple; but being yet too weak to sit alone, they placed themselves, one on each side, and, supporting him with their hands, proceeded towards the village. Don Quixote remounted Rozinante, and followed the rest, without speaking a word; but with all the gravity becoming his character. The clergyman, whose attention had been engaged by the situation of brother Stephen, was not, hitherto, very observant of the strange figure of the knight-errant; but, at length, looking at him from head to foot with greater earnestness, the more he eyed him the more he was amazed. Desirous, therefore, to discover something concerning him, he drew near Bracamonte; and, in his ear, asked Don Quixote's name and quality. Bracamonte made no scruple of telling him the whole truth; and

and the curate every now and then casting his eyes at Don Quixote whilst the soldier satisfied his curiosity, the knight, who perceived it, endeavoured to carry himself with more than ordinary stateliness and gravity, that he might confirm the magnificent account of himself, which he supposed Bracamonte to be communicating.

They soon reached the curate's house, who immediately ordered breakfast to be provided for them, and advised brother Stephen to go to bed; but the hermit finding his strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them—"I must own, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you; and yet I know not whether I ought to thank or to blame you, for having prolonged my days, since the idea of the spectacle I saw but now, will remain imprinted in my soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you who the religious woman is that died in this solitude; and, at the same time, will let you know my own misfortunes: for I cannot tell you her story without giving you my own." The hermit having paused awhile, as it were to consider what he was going to say, went on with his discourse, as it is delivered in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. III.

THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS.

DONNA Louisa (for that is the religious woman's name) was born at Toledo. I am the only son of a gentleman of that city, and my name Don Gregory. Donna Louisa was, in birth and fortune, equal to me, and almost of the same age, and our parents were neighbours and friends. Being brought up together, and seeing one another every day, we formed a mutual attachment for each other; which, however, being but children, was forgotten as soon as we were parted. When I grew old enough to handle a sword, my father sent me into Flanders, and Donna Louisa's friends placed her in a monastery, where she became a nun, and fulfilled all the duties of her profession very commendably for several years. For my part, I thought of no-

p>thing but honour, and only studied how to advance myself in the service. At length, Spain concluded a peace; and I returned to Toledo. It happened that, going to a monastery to visit a kinswoman of mine, whilst I was discoursing with her, Donna Louisa came into the parlour where we were: I knew, and saluted her; and we had some talk, but she soon withdrew, after whispering something in my kinswoman's ear. All the remainder of the time I staid in the parlour, I felt myself greatly disordered, though without suspecting the cause. I asked my kinswoman a thousand questions concerning Donna Louisa, yet I thought I did it out of mere curiosity; and I attributed my discomposure merely to the surprise of seeing Donna Louisa so unexpectedly. As soon as I was alone, I discovered my mistakes; my religious woman came too often into my thoughts to need any other help to undeceive myself: in short, I felt that passion rekindle which had been first conceived in my infancy, and which I thought time had quite extinguished. This incident sufficiently evinces how difficult it is to efface the first impressions of love: I used no efforts to curb my passion; though, at the very time I gave way to it, I foresaw a part of those misfortunes which have since befallen me. Solely occupied with the desire of pleasing Donna Louisa, I figured to myself the rapture of possessing her heart, and became insensible to every thing else; accordingly, the very next day I went to visit her; and I disclosed my passion. She turned all my words into railery; and I departed, without discovering any thing of her thoughts. Two days after, I visited her again; she was willing to renew her pleasantries: I represented my sufferings to her in such a lively and moving manner, that at length she grew serious; and, perceiving the tears trickle down my cheeks—"How now, Don Gregory!" quoth she. "Do you think you are still talking to that Donna Louisa who could then hear you without offence? Those days are past. I am a religious woman: I have renounced the world. I must not cherish your love: fly from me! Since absence once banished me your thoughts,

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"you will easily forget me a second time." In uttering these words, she quitted me so abruptly, that I had not time to answer her. I plainly perceived her design was to put me out of all hope; and, having no cause to complain of a severity which was the duty of her profession, I withdrew, resolving to be gone from Toledo: in short, my father having given me leave to travel, I set out, soon after, for Italy. I went to Barcelona; and thence, by sea, into Lombardy. I visited the courts of Mantua, Parma, Modena, and Florence; but all to no purpose; Donna Louisa pursued me every where, and triumphed over the most beautiful women I could behold: in a word, all the benefit I reaped by my travels, was only the conviction that they heightened my passion. Despairing to overcome it, I returned to Spain. When I reached Toledo, I hastened to the monastery, to enquire for Donna Louisa; but she sent word, that she could not speak to me; and returned the same answer for several days following. All this did not daunt me; I assumed various disguises; and once, among the rest, I habited myself in the dress of a Franciscan friar, and with a false name endeavoured to draw her into the parlour: but she was as ingenious in discovering my frauds, as I was in contriving them; and disappointed all the various shapes which love made me put myself into for the sake of seeing her.

"So many difficulties, one might think, would have brought me to myself; but when passion is raised to a certain pitch, there is nothing in nature can curb it. At length, I fell sick through grief; and the fever was so violent, that for two days it was not known whether I should live or die. Youth, at length, prevailed; but my love, instead of declining, seemed to gather more strength: in this desperate condition, I refused all helps from physick, and was resolved on death. This was my condition, when an old woman came one day into my chamber; and, desiring to talk to me in private, told me that Donna Louisa had sent her to let me know she was very much troubled at my sickness: "And here is a little note," added the old woman, "which

"she charged me to deliver into your own hand." I was so surprized at this unexpected accident, that I gazed on the old woman a good while, without speaking a word, not daring to believe what she said. However, I took the note, and in it found these words—"Live, Don Gregory! Donna Louisa commands you: she would be ever comfortless, should she have cause to accuse herself of your death." Imagine to yourselves my transports at that moment! The emotion I sustained was so great, that it heightened my fever: however, I did not fail to call up all my strength; and, with a trembling hand, wrote this answer—"I will live, Madam, since you command me; but it shall only be to die at your feet, for joy that I have excited you to compassion." The old woman having quitted me, I resolved to commence my obedience to Donna Louisa; and demanded of my physicians, who entered the room at that moment, a medicine which I had hitherto refused, in hatred of my life: they found me too much disturbed to give it me; and, by unanimous consent, contrary to their former practice, judged it expedient to defer it till the next day. However, my mind being more at ease, I began to mend; and in a few days found myself in a condition to go and make my acknowledgments to Donna Louisa. She did not refuse to see me this time; she received me with a smiling countenance. "Well, Don Gregory," quoth she, "are you perfectly recovered of your indisposition?"—"Yes, Madam!" replied I; "and I come to return you thanks as my deliverer."—"I could not find in my heart," said she, "to suffer the death of a man whom I so much esteemed: but I hope you will not make an ill use of what I have done for you; and that you will endeavour to cast from you all that may be destructive to your inward peace. I am willing, for your comfort, in the circumstances you are in, to overcome myself; and to own, that had I staid in the world, I would have preferred you before all mankind. After this, be not so unjust as to complain of Donna Louisa; endeavour to forget her, as

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"the will endeavour to shun you: this is what I require of you."—"Alas!" said I, interrupting her, "that is the only thing you must not exact of my obedience; the will and reason are but feeble weapons against so fierce a love as mine. I have already tried the cure of absence: grant me, Madam, the liberty to love you, and sometimes to tell you of it. You know with how much respect I served you, even when you might have been mine! I will not deviate from myself hereafter; and I will so govern my passion, that your severity shall be satisfied."—"Alas! what would the world say of me," said she, in a languishing tone, "if I should continue seeing you, when I can no longer permit you to love me? What trouble would you expose me to!"—"I will conceal my love," replied I, "so carefully, that all the world shall be a stranger to it."—"And shall not I know it, Don Gregory?" said she. "Do you think I make no account of my own esteem? What opinion could I entertain of myself, were I sensible I was guilty of failing in my duty? But could I overcome that nicety, yet I should be afraid of forfeiting your esteem, by condescending to what you propose."—"How, Madam," quoth I, "should I value you less, if you loved me? Let me beg of you not to plunge me into despair! my passion is so pure and disinterested, that you may allow of it without any scruple."—"No, no!" cried Donna Louisa, in disorder; "I am not now what I was: withdraw! and never talk to me of a love I neither will nor ought to hear of!"—"Well, then, Madam," answered I, in a heat, "I must rid you of the complaints of an unhappy man! I must die, to avoid evils a thousand times worse than death! I see plainly that my life or death is equally indifferent to you, since you will no longer endure my presence!" As I spoke these words, I made some steps to be gone; but Donna Louisa stopped me, saying—"Don Gregory, what are you going to do? Alas!" added she, dropping some tears against her will, "what would become of me, if I were to answer for your death? Live, to spare me a trouble which would be the utmost trial of

my constancy!"—"Madam," said I, "either be more cruel, or make me at once happy by giving me leave to love you! Come to some resolution."—"I know not what I wish, nor what I am to do," answered she; "all I know at present is, that I cannot consent you should die, nor forbid you to live for me." This said, she blushed, and withdrew, not daring to stay any longer with a man who had gained so much upon her. For my part, I went away well pleased with this visit, and did not despair of overcoming all those niceties of virtue and honour, which stood between Donna Louisa and my love. I was not deceived in my expectation: after some few visits, she owned her affection was not inferior to mine; and she gave me leave to love her, provided I always kept my passion within the bounds of respect and innocence.

No day passed without seeing her; but such frequent visits necessarily exciting the suspicion of the nuns, who are generally curious and jealous, we agreed that we would see one another but twice a week. By this precaution, we thought we had secured the secrecy of our affairs: we wrote to one another every day, and reciprocally sent a thousand little presents. All this while I had violent impulses, which I durst not discover to Donna Louisa, for fear of incurring her displeasure: but an accident happened, which gave me the opportunity of disclosing my mind. Some of the nuns had taken notice of our visits, and acquainted the prioress; who, to break off our correspondence, ordered Donna Louisa to forbid my coming to the monastery. She told it me with tears in her eyes; and seemed so concerned and exasperated against the prioress and the nuns, that I thought I could never have a better opportunity to propose carrying her off. She was not so much offended at the proposal, as she would have been if this affair had not happened; yet she rejected it with so much harshness, that I had almost resolved never to mention it to her again. However, a separation threatening us, and the time being short, I conjured her to come to a speedy resolution: I begged, I wept;

‘ I made so many vows, that I perceived her resistance was only a small remainder of honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some difficulties, she consented to be stolen away: we contrived the plan of it; and we put it in execution eight days after, in the manner following. I opened my father’s closet with a false key, and took out as much gold as I could conveniently carry away: I also found means to seize my mother’s jewels; and one night, when I thought all the house was fast asleep, I took the two best horses out of the stable, and went away to the monastery, between the hours of eleven and twelve. The nuns were all retired to their cells; Donna Louisa was also in hers, in order to throw off her religious habit, and to put on a suit of cloaths I had sent her the day before. I should inform you, that at this time she had the charge of the church and vestry, the keys whereof she was wont to carry to the prioress; but that night, instead of shutting the doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the church-door, and came to the place where I expected her. I was so overjoyed to have Donna Louisa in my power, that I could not forbear holding her a long time clasped in my arms, without considering that we had not a moment to lose. She put me in mind of it; and, having helped her on the horse I thought the most gentle, I mounted the other, and we took the road for Lisbon, both of us equally-pleased that we were now in a way to follow our inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our pleasure; for we did not question but that the next day men would be sent out every way in pursuit of us. We travelled all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our horses, and gained the frontiers of Portugal as expeditiously as possible: then we began to be out of fear, and made easy journies to Lisbon. There we took many servants, hired a fine house, furnished it richly, and set up an equipage. We began, like strangers, to admit of company; and, in a short time,

‘ our house became the rendezvous of all the young people of the city. We counterfeited a marriage certificate; and, under that protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal pleasures of a guilty passion, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no crime.’

Here the hermit was interrupted by the outcries of Sancho; who, returning from the kitchen, where he had been at breakfast with the curate’s servant, came blubbering into the room, tearing his beard and hair. ‘ What is the matter, Sancho?’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘ O, Sir!’ answered the disconsolate squire, ‘ we may now have done with chivalry, and go home again! A clodpate of a peasant that was below, has taken away our enchanted club, and is run off with it as swift as an elephant.’—‘ You mean as swift as a fawn,’ said Don Quixote: ‘ but you are in the wrong, Sancho, to be as much concerned at an accident of this sort, as if you had lost your wife and children.’—‘ O my dear club!’ cried Sancho, without minding his master, ‘ club of my own howels! I shall never see you again then! Unhappy mother that begot you! A curse on the clown that stole you! May you only serve to break his bones!—Now we may even give ourselves up to the enchanters! they will steal the very teeth out of our mouths!’—‘ Take comfort, child,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ I own we have a considerable loss of Archbishop Turpin’s club; but the enchanters cannot take my valour and my strength from me; and I need no other weapons to overcome them.’ The soldier and the curate, uniting their consolations to those of the knight, at length made shift to pacify Sancho: and the hermit then prosecuted his story as follows.

CHAP. IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS. DON QUIXOTE IN A DREADFUL RAGE.

‘ DONNA Louisa and myself were at Lisbon,’ continued the hermit, ‘ in the condition I have already told you. Having jewels to

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the value of twenty thousand ducats, we might, with good management, have secured ourselves a long time against want; but we lived so extravagantly, that at two years end our money was gone. We were forced to part with our equipage, to dismiss our servants, and to sell our goods by piece-meal, for present subsistence. Being now reduced to the last extremity, I disposed of all my cloaths for ready-money, and went away to a gaming-house to try my fortune; resolving either to win a sum sufficient to set us up again, or to hasten our ruin: the latter of these happened. I lost all, to my very sword and cloak; and, having no more to lose, returned home to Donna Louisa, who expected me, making sad reflections on our deplorable condition. Her affliction was doubled at being informed that I had lost all the remainder of our money: she wept bitterly; and I myself could not forbear shedding tears. "Madam," said I, "you have sufficient cause to hate me; I have forced you from your sanctuary, to make you miserable: had it not been for me, your days had still glided on in innocence and peace. Alas! why did not you rather suffer me to die? Why have you preserved a life so fatal to yourself?"—"My dear Don Gregory," answered Donna Louisa, "cease to impute to yourself my misfortunes! I have drawn them on myself by my crimes, and Heaven punishes me as I have deserved: it is rather you who ought to hold me in abhorrence. I have been the cause of your parents' inconsolable grief; perhaps of their death; by taking from them their only son; and that, too, in such a manner as admits of no comfort: in a word, I have ruined you!" In this manner, Donna Louisa and myself, instead of reproaching each other, did but mutually condole and affect ourselves; and, what is yet stranger, our calamity was so far from extinguishing our passion, that it rather seemed to give it new life.

However, it being absolutely necessary to come to some resolution, I told Donna Louisa, that, having made such a figure in the city of Lisbon, it was requisite we should immediately remove to some other place; where,

having never been known to any body, we might easily conceal our quality, and live in obscurity; I serving some man of quality, and she working at her needle: she approved of my project; and that very night we set out from Lisbon on foot, and very ill clad. We stopped at every village we came to, and begged from door to door: my greatest affliction was to see the sufferings of Donna Louisa, whose feet were blistered with walking. I made her rest often; and sometimes carried her upon my back. In this manner we went to Badajoz, a frontier city of Castile. We were forced to take up our abode in the hospital, having no money to pay for a lodging: but we lay there only one night; for the next day an accident befel us which might be looked upon as fortunate, considering our condition. It is to be observed, that the magistrates of Badajoz, to keep the city free from vagabonds, appoint inspectors to visit the hospital every day, and to take a particular account of the wants and of the circumstances of all strangers that repair to it: as soon as the inspector, whose turn it was that day, saw Donna Louisa, he asked her what countrywoman she was. I answered, that we were both of Valladolid, and that we were man and wife; and then drew out the certificate which I had forged at Lisbon: the inspector, having seen it, seemed satisfied, and asked what brought us to Badajoz, and what was our profession. Donna Louisa answered, that she was by trade a sempstress, and that she had always served persons of quality; and that we were now come to Badajoz, wishing to settle there. The inspector told us that, if what we said was true, he would take care of us; and, if we did not want the will, we should not want for employment: then he ordered one of his servants to carry us to his house. We thanked him, as the thing seemed to deserve; and when he was gone, we desired the servant to tell us his master's name and quality. "His name is Don Francisco de Fuma," said the servant: "he is of one of the best families in this city; he is an old bachelor, very rich, who spends all he has

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“in relieving the poor.” We were very glad we had met with that inspector, from whom we hoped to receive some relief. He came home soon after us: he asked us several questions concerning our marriage; and the reasons that obliged us to leave Valladolid. He examined us apart, to try whether he could catch us tripping: but we had framed such a plausible story, and concerted it so perfectly, that he thought us worthy of his compassion. He, therefore, hired a chamber for us, and purchased all the necessaries for house-keeping: besides this, he gave us a month’s subsistence in money, and clothed us from head to foot. In short, he plentifully supplied all our wants: we were so sensible of his goodness, that we gave him a thousand blessings; but we were too wicked to deserve that Heaven should suffer us long to live happy.

“Though Donna Louisa wore only a plain stuff suit, yet she looked very lovely; and I soon suspected that Don Francisco de Furna was not insensible of her charms. It is true, he had never yet, in his discourse with her, suffered any thing to escape him that could justify my jealousy; but he seemed to me to look upon her with a tender and passionate eye; and, perhaps, because I was so fond of her, I fancied every body that saw her was equally enamoured. Donna Louisa, who had not taken notice of what I imagined myself to have observed, ridiculed my penetration; but one day, having left her at home alone, she was convinced that I was not mistaken. Don Francisco went to see her; and, after talking of indifferent things, looking on her very amorously, he said—“I cannot but blame you, Madam, for concealing from me who you really are; since your behaviour sufficiently betrays you: you are too witty and polite for one of mean condition; and your husband has too much the air of quality to be of low birth. I am wholly yours, Madam; I offer you my estate and my service: is not this enough to deserve that you should put some confidence in me?” Donna Louisa looked down blushing, and said—“Sir, since I have received so many favours at your hand, I can

no longer conceal myself from you; and must own, that my husband and I are of the best families of Toledo: and, to give you our story in a word, we loved one another; but there being a mortal hatred between our families, we thought they would never give their consent to our marriage; and therefore my husband, after having married me privately, stole me away. We have lived some time at Lisbon, where we spent all our money extravagantly, still hoping that our parents might be reconciled, and that our marriage might give them occasion of becoming friendly to us: but we are informed that they are more our enemies than ever, and would use us with the utmost severity if we were in their power. This induced us to come to Badajoz, for the purpose of concealment, resolving to endure any hardships whatsoever, rather than return to Toledo.” Don Francisco believed all that Donna Louisa said to him, and made her fresh tenders of his service; but in terms so lively, that she had no reason to doubt any longer of his being in love with her. The next day he sent a piece of fine silk to cloath her, and a purse of ducats; and few days passed without his making her some present.

“As soon as we began to appear in better garb, ill tongues did not spare Donna Louisa; and it was believed that Don Francisco had an unlawful familiarity with her. Upon this supposition several persons were desirous of becoming acquainted with Donna Louisa; and some attached themselves very closely, in hopes of participating her favours. So many lovers began to be offensive to me, and I was many times in the mind to fight them; but considering the ill consequences of such a step, I left it to Donna Louisa’s contrivance to rid me of my rivals. She treated them so harshly, that some of them desisted; but others were the more inflamed, and redoubled their courtship. By day they followed us wheresoever we went, and they spent the nights under our windows, singing and playing on all sorts of musical instruments. All this seemed to confirm the ill reports which were spread abroad against Donna Louisa’s reputation, and we thought



Sutherland del.

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thought of nothing but the means of ridding ourselves of these gallants. At length, they one night fought in the street; and one of them was left dead upon the spot, who proved to be the son of one of the chief magistrates of the city. As soon as the nature of the thing was known, Donna Louisa was seized and thrown into prison. I should also have been apprehended had I been at home; but I was then at Francisco's house: and as soon as ever I heard the news, fearing to fall into the hands of justice, which I had so much cause to be apprehensive of, I left Don Francisco abruptly; and it being then night, I got safe out of Badajoz, and departed for Merida. I had scarce gone half way, when reflecting that Donna Louisa was left behind, exposed to the utmost calamities, I felt myself unable to withstand the apprehension; and therefore, despising the danger that had at first terrified me, I returned to Badajoz, and went directly to Don Francisco's house. He told me, that by his interest he had procured the releasement of Donna Louisa; but that the very night after her discharge she had disappeared; and though he had made the most diligent search and enquiry, he could never hear of her. I at first imagined that Don Francisco had concealed her, in the hope that, during my absence, he might prevail on her to gratify his passion; but his affliction for her loss appeared so sincere, that I no longer suspected him of that artifice. I spent several years in seeking Donna Louisa in most parts of Spain and Portugal; and not finding her, I believed Heaven had taken compassion on her, and inspired her with the thoughts of shutting herself up in some monastery to lament her sins. At the same time, I felt I know not what divine impulse, which carried me away. In short, I went to Rome; and having received the Pope's absolution, as I desired, I returned to Spain in the habit you see, resolving to dedicate the remainder of my life to penance, as some atonement for my former irregularities. I was desirous of becoming a Carthusian; but Providence, having brought me hither, seems to require me to follow the example of Donna Louisa; and

that, like her, I should breathe my last in this solitude.

Don Gregory having ended his discourse, the curate commended his resolution; and said it would be opposing the will of God to contradict him. Don Quixote took upon him to talk in his turn; and inveighing against such as blindly devote themselves to the pleasures of love, proved, by a thousand instances gathered out of history, that man could never be too much upon his guard against that dangerous passion. In short, he discoursed on this subject so sensibly, that the curate began to think all false that he had been told concerning the knight's insanity; and the hermit himself was so much surprized, that he could not forbear saying—'In truth, Sir, there is no hearing without admiring you. How is it possible that, being a man of so much good sense and judgment as you have now made appear, you can persuade yourself there ever really existed any knights-errant?—Mr. Curate,' continued he, 'you see here a person of extraordinary worth; he has but one fault, which is, that he will not be undeceived as to the falsehood of books of knight-errantry, but believes them to be true and authentic. Assist me, I beseech you, in convincing him of his error.' The curate, who was a very pious and understanding man, offered to second the hermit. Accordingly, they both began to discourse with Don Quixote, and laboured to undeceive him. They used every argument to dissuade him from continuing the practice of knight-errantry, alledging all that sound reason could urge on the subject. They employed entreaties, examples, and persuasions. The curate proceeded so far as to quote the canons of the church; and brother Stephen cited the constitutions of ancient anchorites. But their eloquence was all lost; for the knight waxed into as great a passion as if they had persuaded him to permit the giant Bramarbas to cut off his head; and, looking on the clergyman with a scornful disdain, said—'Pray, Mr. Curate, do you mind your lectures; and take notice that there have not only formerly been knights-errant, but that there are such still, and will be to the end of the world, in spite of all the country curates upon the face of

‘ of the earth!—And as for you, brother Stephen—or Don Gregory,’ continued he, turning to the hermit, ‘ or what other name soever may be given to a ravisher of nuns; remember, that I know better than you, whether the books of knight-errantry contain truths or falsehoods. You talk to no purpose: all your words will not move me; I am not so easy to be deluded as a poor silly nun. Take my advice; and, instead of losing time about what does not belong to you, begin, without farther delay, that rigorous penance you propose to yourself; for you stand in great need of it.’ Having spoken these words, he ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante; and, in spite of all they could say to him, departed that instant. The soldier, who hitherto had observed an exact neutrality, was now obliged to declare himself; that is, either to quit Don Quixote, or brother Stephen: taking, therefore, that side which seemed most for his interest, he accompanied the knight, who he reckoned would bear his charges as far as Sigüenza.

CHAP. V.

THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH BRACAMONTE AND SANCHE. AND THE FINE STORY OF THE GEESE.

THE hero of La Mancha was so enraged against the curate and the hermit, that Bracamonte and Sancho had enough to do to appease him. ‘ Is it possible,’ said he, ‘ that I must every where meet with people who call in question the existence of knight-errantry?’—‘ For my part,’ answered the soldier, ‘ I never made any doubt of it; but I believe it as firmly, as if I had really seen them in flesh and bones. We must not speak ill of our neighbours; but, to say the truth, I would not trust too much to brother Stephen: perhaps he has been debauched by enchanters to cry down chivalry. What do we know! A man who could be so wicked as to steal a nun, may likely enough contrive to debauch a knight from knight-errantry.’—‘ That’s likely enough,’ quoth Sancho; ‘ and the spark would come off again with going back to

Rome for his pardon.’—‘ It may very well be,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ for you can never imagine, Don Bracamonte, the various contrivances of enchanters to suppress knight-errantry: and it is not long since Archbishop Turpin, whom they bribed for that purpose, employed all his eloquence to persuade me to forsake this noble profession.’—‘ Archbishop Turpin!’ cried Bracamonte, laughing; ‘ good God! sure you don’t say so! Is that prelate in this world still? I thought he had been dead I know not how many ages ago.’—‘ It was generally so believed till now,’ replied the knight, ‘ because he vanished about seven hundred years since. But I, who am acquainted with all that relates to him, do know, that an enchanter going over to Asia to seek him among many other Christian princes, who had engaged in a crusade for the delivery of the holy city out of the hands of Infidels, enchanted him for some ages.’—‘ If so, Sir,’ said Bracamonte, ‘ enchanters have power to prolong the lives of those they enchant.’—‘ Who doubts it?’ answered Don Quixote. ‘ Orlando has been so preserved by the Moorish enchanter, as may appear by the combat I had but the other day with that Paladin.’—‘ According to that,’ quoth the soldier, ‘ the enchanters themselves never die.’—‘ They are not immortal,’ replied the knight; ‘ for all mankind is subject to death: but enchanters outlive hundreds of ages; years to them are like moments to us, and therefore it is that they generally have venerable aspects, and long grey beards.’—‘ Why, then,’ quoth Sancho, in his turn, ‘ has the Moorish enchanter a red beard? I durst lay a wager it is because he is too young as yet, not being perhaps above seven or eight hundred years old.’—‘ That may very well be,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ for all enchanters have not grey beards; and some of them grow grey towards their latter days.’—‘ But, pray, Sir Knight,’ said the soldier, ‘ tell us, to what purpose did the necromancer enchant Archbishop Turpin?’—‘ To dissuade me from knight-errantry,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ and the whole matter was thus: the enchanter even then foreseeing that I should follow knight-errantry at this time, and might

' might be the means of restoring that order, made choice of Archbishop Turpin, a crafty and eloquent person, to seduce me from it. To this purpose he inspired into him a perfect aversion to knight-errantry, which he had till then professed with honour; and having at length prevailed upon him to quit his archbishoprick of Rheims, he made him a prebendary at Ateca; placing him there by the name of Master Valentin, as well knowing I should pass through that place in the course of my adventures.' — 'Od's my life!' quoth the soldier, laughing at such a mad conceit, 'the enchanter served him a base trick, then, to make him quit an archbishoprick for a prebend at Ateca! By my troth, had I been the archbishop, I would never have consented to so ill a bargain; that is, as the proverb says, for the bishop to turn clerk!' — 'Don't think much of that,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have heard our curate, who understands the ways of sorcerers very well, say, that they will often make us take oaken leaves for pure gold, and bits of glass for diamonds; and therefore the enchanter might very well make Master Valentin take a prebend for an archbishoprick; for, let me tell ye, the devil is very crafty.' — 'I am of your opinion, brother Sancho,' answered the soldier; 'I believe the magician has made that juggle pass upon him.' — 'The cowardly archbishop,' said Don Quixote, 'made a very formal harangue to me in his house, to induce me to forsake knight-errantry: but I listened to him as Ulysses did to the singing of the Syrens, and quitted him abruptly.'

Our adventurers having travelled four good leagues conversing after this manner, began to be much fatigued with the heat, which that day proved excessive. The foot-traveller being in particular unable to advance a step farther for weariness, applied himself to the knight of La Mancha, saying— 'Sir, since the sun is so exceeding hot that it scorches us to the very bones, and there being but two leagues from hence to the village where we must lie to-night, I would advise to get out of the road, that we may rest a little under the willows you see there. We may spend a few hours in the shade,

on the bank of a pleasant rivulet that washes the feet of those trees; and when the sun is somewhat lower, we may proceed on our journey with more ease.' The advice was approved of; and more especially by Sancho, who, from that time forward, looked upon Bracamonte as a very judicious man. Accordingly, they went to the willows; where they found two canons of Calatayud, and an alderman of Siguenza, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of resting themselves. They saluted one another; and Bracamonte said to the canons— 'Gentlemen, will you be pleased that the great knight Don Quixote de la Mancha take the cool air a while with you in the shade?' As soon as the canons heard the knight of La Mancha named, they accosted him with a thousand compliments. The adventure of the melon-field had made such a noise throughout the country, that there was scarce any body ignorant of Don Quixote: besides, the canons had heard all that passed at Mr. Valentin's; so that they were apprized of the true characters both of master and man. When they were seated on the grass, the knight said to them— 'Gentlemen, I am of opinion that, to avoid idleness, the bane of the best dispositions, it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly charioteer abates the heat of his rays, to divert ourselves with the relation of some important story, such as is worthy the consideration of wise men.' — 'That was well thought of,' quoth Sancho, very abruptly; 'and if that be all, I will tell a pretty tale, for I have choice of them. And to begin, gentlemen, you must understand that, once upon a time, there was what there was. But be that as it can, if it be but all for the best. Let ill be gone for aye, and good be tide, I pray.' — 'Hold your peace, dunce!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him in a passion. 'Why don't you listen to these gentlemen, and not trouble them with your own importinences?' The canons, who were eager to hear Sancho, entreated the knight to let him go on. 'Come, good master Squire,' quoth one of them, 'proceed; I am convinced these gentlemen will be as well pleased as myself, to hear you tell a story your own way.' — 'Hark you, master Licen-

‘tiate,’ replied Sancho, ‘you have touched a string that will make you musick enough: but if you will have me tell you wonders, my master Don Quixote must not cut me off short.’—‘Well,’ said the knight, ‘consider, then, what you are going to say; do not trouble us with such a dull relation as that you made to me in the wood, where we found the six giants converted into fulling-mills; nor such an impertinent tale as that of the wandering Toralva, who followed the shepherd Lopez Ruiz with a piece of a comb and a broken looking-glass, when he fled her for her coquetries; nor such a tiresome story as that of the goats that lay down in the dirt, and which have infected my scent and fancy.’—‘Nay, by my faith!’ quoth Sancho, ‘it is a sign those tales were not so bad, since you remember them so well: and I am glad of it, for by that you will like this I am going to tell you the better.—There was a certain king and a queen,’ said he, ‘who lived in their own kingdom: all that was of the male kind in that kingdom, belonged to the king; and all that was of the female, as of right it ought, to the queen. Now, this king and this queen had a chamber as big as the stable my master Don Quixote keeps Rozinante in, in our village. This chamber was so full of white and yellow rials, that they reached up to the roof. So, time coming and going, the king said to the queen—“Queen, my dear, you see how much money we have; we ought to improve it, that we might buy more kingdoms.” The queen presently answered—“King, my darling, I think it would not be amiss for us to buy sheep.”—“No, queen,” said the king, “we had better buy kine.”—“No, king,” quoth the queen, “it will turn to better account to deal in swine at Toboso fair.” The king did not agree to it, and took a fancy always to say No, when his wife said Yes. At last they agreed to buy geese, reckoning by their fingers that they would go into Old Castile, where there is great plenty of geese, and where they might buy them for two rials a-piece; and then sell them again at Toledo for four. What was said was done: the king and queen went with all their

‘money into Old Castile, and bought such a world of geese, that they covered the ground for twenty leagues round.’—‘Heaven confound thee and thy geese!’ quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him a second time; ‘did not I tell you this blockhead would plague us with some impertinent nonsense?’ The canons, fearing to lose such a curious tale, appeased the knight, and earnestly entreated him to let Sancho go on to the end. The squire, finding himself so well backed, without staying for leave, proceeded after this manner. ‘There was such abundance of geese, then, gentlemen, that Spain was all covered with geese, as the world was with water, in Noah’s Flood. The king and the queen went along the road, driving their geese with a wand, till they came to a river which had no bridge. Then the king said to the queen, and the queen to the king—“How shall we get our geese over? For if we turn them into the water, the stream will carry them away to Rome or Constantinople.” The queen said—“That’s right; we must advise with the lawyers about it.” But the king, who was a piece of a scholar, said—“Here’s a difficulty indeed! Why, we need only make a bridge so narrow, that only one goose can pass it at once, and by that means they will not straggle.” The queen approved of the king’s project, and the workmen were set to work. When the bridge was finished, the geese began to pass one by one.’ Sancho stopping short here, his master said to him—‘Get you over, then, with your geese, you dunce; and put an end quickly to your scurvy tale!’—‘That cannot be, Sir,’ replied the squire; ‘how would you have a flock of geese twenty leagues square, to get over in a moment; it will take up at least two years—and so, gentlemen, two years hence I will tell you the rest; for I deal plainly with you, I will not end my tale till the geese are all over.’ This unaccountable conclusion of a story set all that heard it a laughing, except only the serious Don Quixote, who wished the tale and the teller at the devil.

The canons were not at all weary of the company of our adventurers; but perceiving the sun was now low enough, and that they had no more time than

was absolutely requisite to carry them to Calatayud, they mounted their mules, and departed after the usual compliments upon such occasions. Don Quixote and his company, for the same reason, left the willows, and went their way. The alderman of Sigüenza being upon his return home, and intending to pass the night at the same village with our adventurers, bore them company; concluding the Knight of La Mancha to be really a madman, though not knowing as yet the particular quality of his phrenzy: of this, however, he was soon fully informed by the occurrence of a very strange adventure; which those who take the pains of reading the ensuing chapter will presently discover.

CHAP. V.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE'S VALIANT SQUIRE HAD THE HARDINESS TO UNDERTAKE.

DON Quixote and his companions were now about half way on their journey to the inn where they were to lie that night; when, passing by the side of a little wood of fir-trees, they observed a doleful voice issue from among them, as it were of a woman in distress. They halted, the better to listen to it; and, being near enough, heard these words distinctly—'Alas! unhappy woman that I am! shall I find nobody to relieve me in this extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to pieces by the cruel beasts that inhabit this place?' As soon as the knight heard these words, he said to his companions—'Behold here, gentlemen, the most glorious and most dangerous adventure I ever met with since I received the order of knighthood! The wood which we now see is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated; the wise Fris-ton, my ancient enemy, has in it a spacious cavern, wherein he holds a great number of knights and princesses enchanted. To these he has lately added the sage Urganda the Unknown: she is cruelly bound with mighty iron-chains to a vast mill-stone, which two deformed demons continually whirl about; and every

time her body violently strikes the rock on which the mill-stone stands, the terrible pain she endures makes her cry out in the manner we have heard.' Information like the foregoing was perfectly new and strange to the alderman; who, being by nature not over wise, answered with the utmost simplicity—'Sir Knight, enchanters are not at all used in this country; and I do not believe there is any thing of what you say in this wood: all we can judge of it is, that some highwaymen have dragged some woman into the wood, where they have robbed and abused her. It behoves us to go in and see whether she is still in a condition to be helped.'—'Mr. Alderman,' answered Don Quixote very sternly, 'do not you know I do not love to contend, and especially with little aldermen, who ought to hold their peace before knights-errant!' Bracamonte, to prevent any contest, drew near the alderman, and in few words let him into Don Quixote's character; who, as one deeply concerned in Urganda's deliverance, had already drawn his sword, and was entering the wood; affirming, that to him alone it belonged to finish that adventure. But Sancho, laying hold of Rozinante's bridle, stopped his master, and kneeled down before him with his cap in his hand. Don Quixote, judging by this posture that the squire desired leave to speak, demanded what he had to say. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'you saw how, the other day, as we came out of Saragossa, I made my party good with Mr. Bracamonte; I humbly beseech you to leave this adventure to me, that I may one day, by my own feats, deserve to become a knight-errant, and to be inserted, as well as you, in the legend. I will go up fairly upon my ass to see who this princess is that makes such a grievous complaint; and if I can catch that scoundrel of a Friskin our enemy asleep, I will drag him before you by the collar, and give him a score of good bangs before he awakes. However, since none can tell who is to live, or who is to die; and that very often a man is himself shorn when he goes for wool; therefore I desire that, if my Dapple and I should fall in the combat, we may be both buried together.'—'Friend Sancho,'

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said Don Quixote, 'that you may see
' I desire nothing more ardently than
' your advancement in adventures, I
' am willing to grant you this one;
' but I cannot agree to give you up all
' the honour of it, unless it be upon
' condition that, if you finish it, you
' shall lay aside your peasant's habit,
' and cause yourself to be knighted by
' the king himself, as soon as we come
' to court; that you may then mount a
' stately Andalusian courser, and, arm-
' ed at all points, enter the lists to kill
' giants, and disenchant knights and
' ladies.' — 'Sir,' replied the squire,
' you need only slip the hounds after
' the hare; I am not a man to be sent
' on a fool's errand; whensoever I
' shall be put to stir my rumps, assure
' yourself I will do more in a day than
' two others shall in an hour: and
' whatever enemy I shall engage, if I
' can but contrive to have a good dis-
' tance between us, and stones enough
' in my way, you shall see I can make
' use of both my hands! Victory shall
' be on my side, or I will know why!
' And, in short, all those plaguy gi-
' ants shall be slain upon the spot,
' though there were a whole bushel of
' them! Farewel, dear Sir! give me
' your blessing; for that is all the signal
' I wait for to fall on!' — 'Go, my
' dear child!' answered the knight;
' the God of Hosts give you the success
' I wish you!' The squire, fortified by
these words, set off directly upon his
expedition; but, before he had gone a
dozen paces, he returned towards his
master, saying — 'Sir, I had like to
' have forgot the best of it. Pray take
' notice of what I am going to say to
' you. If I have the ill fate to fall into
' any great danger; and cry out for
' help, do not fail to make haste to my
' assistance, that yonder scoundrel of
' a Friskin may not have any cause to
' laugh at us.' — 'Fear nothing, my
' son,' said Don Quixote, 'I will be
' with you before you can be slain; or,
' at least, I will come in so soon after,
' that I shall amply revenge your death
' the same hour!' — 'That is not
' enough, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'you
' must be at my heels before the giants
' come within a stone's throw of me,
' In short, when you hear me cry
' "Hither! Hither!" that shall be a
' sign there is no time to lose, and that
' I am then actually dead!' — 'Sancho,

' Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, shak-
ing his head, 'you will do no wonders
' this bout, since you are already so
' much afraid.' — 'Pox on it, Sir!' re-
plied the squire, 'you make very light,
' I warrant, of this adventure! Here I
' am not yet knighted, and you would
' have me attack a million of giants,
' as if they were a dozen of chickens!
' But, since I have engaged myself, I
' must on: there is no running after
' the pudding when another has got it
' betwixt his teeth!' Having spoken
these words, the courageous squire ad-
vanced into the wood. Hardly had he
entered it, when he began to roar, with
all his might — 'Hither! Hither! they
' kill me! they murder me!' Don
Quixote hearing these cries, clapped
both spurs to Rozinante, and rushed in-
to the wood, followed by the soldier
and the alderman: but when, upon
coming up to Sancho, and finding him
peaceably seated on his ass, the knight
asked him what disaster he had met
with — 'Well done!' answered the
squire; 'you are a man of your word:
' I have seen nothing as yet, God be
' thanked! and I only cried out, to
' try whether you would come at the
' first call — and so, gentlemen, you may
' go back, for I will now finish the ad-
' venture.'

Thus speaking, he advanced farther
into the thicket; and presently heard
these words uttered just by him — 'O
' Holy Mother of God! will you send
' nobody this way to release me? Good
' honest countryman, deliver me from
' the danger I am in!' The novice-
knight looking round towards the place
whence the voice came, espied a woman
naked to her shift, and bound to a tree.
This sight threw him into such a con-
sternation, that, dropping down plumb
from his ass, he took to his heels, with-
out minding which way he went, yell-
ing with horrible vociferation — 'Help!
' Murder! — Now, master Don Quixote,
' your trusty squire is slain!' Don Quix-
ote and the other two, who had quitted
the wood, returned immediately upon
this outcry, and found poor Sancho in
the uttermost confusion, trembling at
every step he took, and scarifying his
face most fearfully among the briars
and brambles. Bracamonte laid hold of
his arm, and had enough to do to stop
him; for he struggled with might and
main to get out of the wood. 'What

'is the matter, Sir Future Knight?' quoth the soldier. 'O good Mr. Bracamonte!' replied Sancho, 'do not forsake me, I beseech you; for all the souls in purgatory are at my heels! My sinful eyes have seen one bound to a pine-tree, and clad in white, as our curate describes them: and had I not made use of my heels, and recommended myself to the good thief, she had swallowed me down like a stewed prune; for she has not eaten any thing else these six thousand years, but only my ass, who is certainly devoured, since I see him not!' Don Quixote and the alderman, upon this, began to search all about; and Sancho crying out to them to look to themselves, the woman who was bound hearing a noise, conceived some hope of relief, and began her complaints again. Don Quixote and his companions espying her at last, drew near to her; the squire, however, kept close behind the soldier, and durst not look at her but by stealth. Nevertheless, he could not refrain saying to her, quaking as he was—'Madam Soul, be pleased to restore me my Dapple, or I swear to you by the Flisantorium, that my master Don Quixote will fetch him out of your maw with his lance!'—'Peace, Sancho!' said Bracamante, laughing; 'this Lady Soul is an honest and conscientious soul, and has stolen nothing from you. See there, your ass is grazing very quietly!' All this while, the Knight of La Mancha earnestly viewed that wretched woman, whose body seemed covered with bruises. When he had eyed her for some time, he said to Bracamonte and the alderman—'Gentlemen, I own I was deceived: this lady, whom you see, is not the sage Urganda, but the famous Zenobia, that great Queen of the Amazons. She went forth from her palace this morning, attended by the principal ladies of her court, to divert herself with hunting: her retinue was great. She was clad in a rich green velvet, embroidered with gold and precious stones, holding a bow of ebony in her hand, and at her back hung a quiver full of gilded arrows; she was mounted on a Tartarian white horse, dappled with black and red, whose bit was silvered with his foam, and whose proud neighings made the air resound: her

beautiful flaxen hair, covered with a slightly cap adorned with white and green feathers, played in the wind in large tresses on her shoulders. Being intent in the pursuit of a fierce bear, that had already devoured some of her dogs, the swiftness of her horse soon parted her from her company; she lost herself in this wood; and, having alighted to refresh herself on the bank of a crystal stream, which is but a little way off, she was surprised by a troop of insolent giants, who have taken away her mighty courser, robbed her of her cloaths and jewels, and then bound her, in her shift, to this tree, as you behold; therefore, Mr. Bracamonte, unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her royal mouth the particulars of this adventure.' The soldier obeyed his commands out of hand, to the great comfort of the poor wretch, who was not so well pleased as the soldier and the alderman with the knight's relation of the chase.

CHAP. VI.

WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF QUEEN ZENOBIA, OTHERWISE CALLED BARBARA HACKED-FACE.

THE Queen Zenobia was apparently near fifty years of age; and, besides that the general expression of her features exhibited what is usually denominated a hanging-look, her right cheek was, moreover, adorned with the seam of a long wound, which extended even to her ear, and which had probably been inflicted in her younger days, for her holy life and modest conversation! The soldier having viewed her well, said to Don Quixote—'I can assure you, Sir, this lady has nothing of the air, nor is she in her face any thing like Queen Zenobia; and I am much mistaken if I have not seen her at Alcala among the little tippling-houses; and I think her name is Barbara Hacked-Face, or something like it.'—'You have said all in a word, Mr. Soldier,' quoth the princess: 'that is my name; and God reward you for your seasonable relief!' The alderman considering the naked condition of the Queen of the Amazons, whose

whose proper name, as has been said, was Barbara Hacked-Face, alias Machicona the Tripe Woman, charitably took off his cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the town where they were to lie that night. Barbara wrapped it about her without any ceremony; and, judging by Don Quixote's garb, and the air of authority he assumed over the others, that it was to him she ought to make her compliment, she said to him—'Sir Knight, I return you thanks for your generous relief: had it not been for you and this noble company, whom Heaven was pleased to bring this way, I must infallibly have died this night!' Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, answered her thus—'Beautiful Zenobia, mighty queen! whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of Greece, and so advantageous to the Sultan of Babylon, whom you assisted against the warlike Emperor of Constantinople; I account myself most fortunate that it has this day been in my power to do you this small service! Hereafter, I trust, I shall be able to render you others more important.' The queen, who as yet did not know Don Quixote, thought his compliment passing strange; and, being at a loss how to answer it, said—'Sir Knight, I must beg your pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing akin to Queen Zenobia, nor the Sultan of Babylon; but, if you call me so in derision, because I am old, you must understand there was a time when I was not despised. When I was a young wench at Alcala, the finest scholars in the university were as fond of me as of their own eyes. True it is, that ever since a great rogue of a tutor (God reward him in this world, or in the next!) made this mark you see in my cheek, I was not so much in vogue as before; and yet, for all that, I have lived merrily enough; "for every blemished apple is not rotten."—'O Heavens! O just Heavens!' cried the Knight of La Mancha, 'what do I hear? Never was I so sensible of the need there is of knight-errantry as I am at present!—Do but observe, Don Bracamonte, how far the malignity of enchanters extends! Those vile wretches thought

it not enough to cause this beautiful queen to be inhumanly stripped and tied to a tree by a parcel of giants, the proper instruments of their malice; but they have also distracted her understanding by their sorceries, blotting out of her memory all the ideas of her grandeur, and making her think herself old, ugly, scarified in the face, of the vilest condition, and of a very lewd conversation!' The enchanted tripe-woman, a little nettled at these last words of Don Quixote, said to him—'Sir Knight, with your leave, I am not quite such a lewd liver as you have been informed; for though I have a little wronged my honour, yet I never did any body harm.'—'Cease, great princess! cease to debase your high birth, and the majesty of your race!' quoth Don Quixote. 'I know you think yourself a poor wretch; a servant to a tipping-house, if you please, because the vile enchanters have cast a mist before the light of your understanding: but I am not to be imposed upon; I will, in you, behold that mighty Queen Zenobia, whose valour is equal to her beauty! God forbid I should be so unjust as to believe you could ever stoop to prostitute your matchless perfections to scholars, or even to tutors, when I know the greatest princes of the east have pined for love of you; and the brave Hyperborean, of the floating islands, has performed so many glorious exploits for your sake! On him alone ought you to lavish your favours, to require the victory he obtained over the four giants of bronze, and the phantom of fire, the guardians of the crystal tower; in which the sage Pamphus, the king your father's enemy, detained you prisoner by his magical incantations.'

Bracamonte and the alderman were amazed to hear Don Quixote talk so extravagantly: as for Sancho, having by this time got the better of his panick, and finding nothing in Barbara answerable to the harangue of his master, he could not forbear saying—'By Dapple's soul, Sir, you do not consider what you say! Why, where the devil are all those beauties you see in this Madam Segovia? I have viewed

* Segovia is a city of Old Castile, the name of which Sancho naturally enough mistakes for Zenobia.

her all over; and God knows what I see! I will be hanged, if my ass had a hood on, if he would not look more like a princess than she; and I will lay a wager Mr. Bracamonte and the alderman are of my mind!—'I do not question it,' said Don Quixote; 'but be not deceived, my friend: the queen appears to me, as well as you, ugly, old, dirty, and impudent, because the eyes of the body are charmed by Pamphus the enchanter; but I make use of the eyes of the understanding to frame a true judgment of the rare qualities of this princess. I lift myself above the senses; and, by means of a peculiar privilege inherent in knight-errantry, which ever tends directly to the truth, I discover in this object, so disagreeable to outward appearance, a complexion of lilies and roses intermixed; a head of delicate flaxen hair, more beautiful than that of Apollo; heavenly conquering eyes; coral lips; teeth like oriental pearls; a neck and arms as white as alabaster; a pleasing and delightful air; a charming smile; an elegant shape; a majestick mien; and easy modest action: in short, Sancho, when I shall have overcome Pamphus's enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right.'—'Nay, I have done with you, Sir,' replied the squire; 'you are an absolute master at those things: but is it possible that Dame Barbara, with her great scar, and her tanned leather hide, should have coral eyes and teeth, and all the rest you talk of! Well, I long to be a knight, that I may see things otherwise than they really are.'

This dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the alderman put Don Quixote in mind that the sun was set, and that it was time to proceed on their journey. Upon this, the knight said to his squire—'Sancho, bring Dapple hither; and let him have the honour this day to serve the queen, instead of a white palfrey.' This said, he gravely saluted Zenobia, and went forward on his way alone, to meditate the revenge he would take upon Pamphus. Sancho willingly obeyed his master: he brought his ass; and, throwing himself down on all fours, that the queen might mount with more ease—'Lady Princess,' said he, 'you may set your

'feet on my back, and mount Dapple: he is so gentle, that he would not wrong a child; but, the deuce take me,' added he, looking up under her nose, 'I did not know you was so handsome! Lord, how I long to see you with the eyes of the understanding! for, to deal plainly with you, that villainous tutor Pompous has made you as ugly as Lucifer.' Barbara did not well like this compliment; and therefore, in revenge, being of a gigantick stature, she trod so hard upon the poor devil of a squire, as she was mounting, that she overthrew and half crippled him. 'Help!' cried Sancho, falling; 'I am a dead man!'—'What is the matter?' quoth the soldier, going to help him up. 'O, master Bracamonte!' answered Sancho, 'that carrion carcase of a queen has broke two of my ribs at least. Would the dogs had eaten her to her finger's ends!'—'Fair and softly, Sancho!' replied Bracamonte, laughing; 'pr'ythee, pay the Queen Zenobia more respect; and do not fancy it was her that hurt you: she is too tender a princess; and has such a delicate light foot, that she scarce treads down the grass or flowers.'—'O ho, Mr. Soldier!' cried Sancho; 'why you talk like a knight-errant! and a body would think you saw the queen with the eyes of your understanding.'—'No doubt of it,' quoth Bracamonte; 'for there being no other difference betwixt a soldier and a knight but only the dubbing, all martial men enjoy most of the privileges belonging to knight-errantry, and particularly that you speak of: however, if you will be advised by me, we will talk no more of this matter; but, as we travel on to our lodging, will listen to the queen, who is going to tell us how she fell into this misfortune.'—'Mrs. Barbara,' added he, directing his discourse to the Amazon, 'pray, if you please, tell us what robber has used you so ill; and why you left Alcalá, where you lived like a queen?'—'Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier,' said Barbara, 'in the time of my prosperity? Was you ever in my shop? Did you ever eat any of that pure fried tripe I used to dress so curiously?'—'No,' replied Bracamonte; 'but I was then a commoner in the college of the Three Languages; and

‘and I remember you were reckoned the best in the world at souling of hogs-feet, and making black-puddings.’—‘Black-puddings!’ quoth Sancho, in a rapture: ‘nay, faith, if her majesty’s grace has such a knack at making of black-puddings, I will hire her this moment to be my cook in my government.’—‘With all my heart!’ quoth Barbara; ‘and I assure you I will make you such rare black-puddings, and such dainty hotch-potches, that you will lick your fingers after them.’—‘God be praised!’ said the squire, ‘I could wish I were at that sport already! But may it please your majesty to tell us the cause of your misadventure?’ Barbara, who never denied any man, soon granted the request, and said—

‘Since you desire it, gentlemen, you must understand that my mother, being convinced there is no better inheritance than a good education, taught me to make black-puddings, to louse hogs-feet, and to fry tripe: so that, before she died, she had the satisfaction of seeing me in a way to get my living. I had a little cook’s shop in the Tavern Street, whither the scent of my cookery drew abundance of scholars: among the rest, there was one, who made a curious figure, and was about twenty-three years of age. I found him so courteous and civil, and grew so fond of him, that I was never well any longer than I was in his company: I treated him like a prince at meals; and I bought him books, shoes, stockings, bands, and, in a word, whatever he wanted; nor was he sparing, but had every thing he could ask. When he had lived with me in this manner almost a year, he told me, one day, making much of me, that he must go to Saragossa, where he had some estate; and, if I would go with him, he was so in love with me, that he would marry me. Lord, what fools women in love are! I had so little wit that, without thinking any harm, I told him I would follow him to the Antipodes: accordingly, the very next day, I began to sell all my goods, being the furniture of two rooms,

and a good quantity of linen, which brought me fourscore ducats. In short, we left Alcala yesterday; but the devil being in him, as we were passing by this wood this morning, he proposed to go into it to take the cool air—God grant he may take it after the same manner! But I will not curse him; for perhaps we may chance to meet again, and I am apt to believe that, should he repent, (God forgive me!) I could love him again. Well, into the wood I went with that villain; who, looking stern on a sudden, and drawing his dagger, bid me deliver all the money I had; and, because I did not comply soon enough to his mind, he began to pinch my nose and ears, to cuff me over the face with his fist, and to hunch my belly with his knees, saying—“You old witch, will you be quick? Will you make haste and deliver me the money you have got so ill, and which I know better how to spend?” I must confess I am still in a passion, when I call to mind the ill language he gave me; and he lyed like a rogue, when he called me witch; for though I was tied to the ring* upon the steps of the church of Santa Justa, I may thank some of my neighbours, who did me that good turn, and swore falsely against me: a pox choak them for a parcel of envious jades! But I was revenged of one of them, for I poisoned a pretty little dog she had.’—‘Lord, Madam Queen!’ quoth Sancho, interrupting her, ‘what harm had the poor beast done you?’ ‘Was it he that swore falsely against you?’—‘No,’ replied Barbara; ‘but they that cannot hurt the master are revenged on the dog.’—‘There is no reason for that,’ answered the squire; ‘the vicar is not bound to pay the curate’s debts.’—‘I grant it,’ quoth Hacked Face: ‘but, to return to my story. When I found there was no way to appease that wretch who abused me, without complying with him, I delivered him my fourscore ducats to a farthing: but yet that did not content him, he stripped me to my smock; and, tying me to a tree, went away with all my cloaths.’—‘Oh, the confounded son of a woman!’ cried

* A part of the punishment inflicted on persons convicted of witchcraft, or superstitious practices.

Sancho. — 'What say you to that, Mr. Bracamonte? Ought not I to go from college to college, to find that outrageous scholar, and challenge him to fight man to man, or ten to ten? I vow, by the order of errant-squireship I profess, that I will cut off his head, and carry it sticking upon the point of a lance to a tilting! All I am afraid of, (for a man must have a care when he gathers a rose that he does not prick his fingers) is, lest I should fall in with some of those scholars of Beelzebub, such as I met with in a college at Saragossa. O the profligate vermin! One of those rakes, whom Heaven burn like Gomorrah! hit me such a furious cuff on my left-jaw, that my cap fell off; and, as I was stooping to take it up, another gave me such a kick on the breech, that I came over upon my nose. This was not all neither; for when I got up, there poured down upon my face such a shower of glanders, that I knew not which way to turn myself.'

CHAP. VII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ALARMED A WHOLE VILLAGE, WHERE THE FRIGHT WAS GREATER THAN THE HURT.

SANCHO's hand being once in for talking, he never gave over till they came to the village. There they found the Knight of La Mancha at the door of the inn, surrounded by a considerable number of people, and very earnestly holding forth after this manner— 'Brave warriors, whose valour and vigilance defend this famous city, I come to warn you to make ready for battle! The enchanter Pamphus will soon be at your gates with a dreadful army of giants: he designs to ravish from us the chaste Queen Zenobia, to expose her again to the cruel death from which my invincible arm has but now delivered her. Let us not suffer such an indignity, my friends, to be put upon the most amiable princes in the world. Stand by me, and we will easily rout Pamphus and all his giants, and will pursue them to the farthest parts of their dominions! But take heed, I entreat you, lest

'emulation in point of valour, and about dividing the kingdoms we shall conquer from them, do not sow discord and animosities among you; for it is absolutely necessary that we be always unanimous to put a happy end to this war!' The inhabitants of the village were so astonished at this extraordinary exhortation of Don Quixote, that they knew not what to think of him: some looked upon him as a madman; but others, by the richness of his armour, and gravity of his discourse, judged him to be some famous general whom the king had appointed to command his armies against France, a rupture being then expected between that court and Spain. That which most puzzled them, was the approach of the enchanter Pamphus, and the protection of Queen Zenobia; and these particulars they were about enquiring into, when they saw a coach, drawn by six mules, attended by five or six men on horseback, advancing towards them on the road that leads from Sigüenza. No sooner had Don Quixote descried this cavalcade, than, with a burst of martial ardour, he exclaimed— 'To arms, my friends, to arms! Behold here the enchanter advancing towards us with all his forces!' Those who had been duped by the first part of the knight's discourse, were fools enough to fancy the enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens that fear multiplies objects, that small retinue looked to them like an army: they were all full of confusion; and began to run into their houses for weapons, when Bracamonte and the alderman set all right, by telling them that Don Quixote was a poor distracted gentleman, who was going to the hospital at Toledo to be cured. In the mean while, the knight had posted himself in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, fixed his lance in the rest, and was now courageously waiting to encounter the enemy: but the soldier, to prevent any disaster, coming up to him, said— 'Noble Don Quixote, no man knows better than yourself, that it is always requisite to view the numbers, and the disposition of an army, before engaging: give me leave, therefore, to advance upon discovery; you may stay here; I will observe the enemy so nearly, that you shall not fail of a particular account

'account of them.' The Knight of La Mancha approving of what he said, the soldier went towards the coach, and desired leave to speak to those who were in it, to give them an account of Don Quixote's madness; but as soon as he cast his eyes upon a gentleman who was in the coach with two ladies, he was struck dumb with surprise, and could not utter a syllable. The gentleman was no less amazed at the behaviour of the soldier; but having viewed him well, he leaped out at the door of the coach, and stretching forward his arms to him, exclaimed—'Oh, my brother! my dear Bracamonte, is it you! The wretched condition I see you in, does not hinder me from knowing you!'

They embraced one another several times, weeping for joy; for they had not seen each other during fifteen years, and had been mutually anxious on that account. After the death of their father, they had divided betwixt them a small inheritance; and the soldier, who was the youngest, took to the army: but though he had behaved himself bravely in Flanders, yet he had gained nothing but the honour of his actions. The elder, whose name was Don Raphael de Bracamonte, was now returning from Peru very rich, with two ladies, one of whom was his wife, and the other his mother-in-law. The two brothers never ceased embracing one another, and that with the warmest transports that kindred and friendship could produce. As soon as the ladies understood the character of the soldier, though his appearance did little honour to the alliance, they received him with such excess of civility and politeness, that he could hardly make suitable acknowledgments.

Whilst this happened, Don Quixote, finding that the soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the enemy, advanced to rescue him, and spurred on towards the coach; but before he could come up to it, the soldier had in a few words acquainted his brother and the ladies with his madness; and having thus prepared them to receive him, he suffered him to draw near; and then, with a loud voice, said—'Sir Knight, whose redoubted arm has thunderstruck more giants than Jupiter! you must understand that the enchanter Pamphus is not here. The

personages you here behold are no enemies to the Princess Zenobia: on the contrary, it is the queen herself who is in the coach, and who, attended by a damsel and a squire, comes to return you thanks for having delivered her daughter from a death she could not have avoided, but by your undaunted courage!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, drew near to the coach; and, after saluting the ladies gravely, without alighting from his horse, or giving them time to speak, he directed his discourse to Don Raphael's mother-in-law, saying—'Great queen, who mayest justly boast that you have brought forth the most famous princess in the world, as being mother to the peerless Zenobia! I am sorry you have left your dominions for my sake, and undergone the fatigue of so long a journey! I have not yet performed any thing worthy your acknowledgment; but I hope, when I have overcome the giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, in single combat; I hope, I say, I shall then cause the infant a your daughter to be crowned queen of that delicious island, formerly the place of abode of the goddess of love.' Though Zenobia's mother was forewarned of the knight's extravagance, she knew not very well what answer to return to so preposterous a salutation: the soldier, therefore, to ease her of that trouble, told Don Quixote, that the queen being extremely wearied with her journey, they must make haste to the inn, where they might discourse more at their ease. When they came thither, Don Quixote would needs himself introduce to the ladies the beautiful Queen of the Amazons; who, being still wrapped up in the cloak of the alderman, excited no moderate surprise. The knight perceiving this, said—'It doth not at all astonish me, most unparalleled empresses! that you continue to look round in search of the amiable Zenobia, notwithstanding that she is now before you; nor do I marvel, that even her own mother knows her not! This horrid metamorphosis is the work of the enchanter Pamphus; but I swear by all that is most sacred in knight-errantry, that I will dispel the fatal spells which surround this renowned queen, and will soon restore her to her former beauty!' Don Raphael's

Raphael's mother-in-law, having had leisure to study a compliment, applauded the knight's generous resolution; and spoke to him in such language as fully convinced our hero that she was the parent of Zenobia.

At this instant Sancho, who till now had divided his time between the stable and the kitchen, came into the room, all in a heat, clapping his hands for joy, and crying—'Good news, my masters! Good news! We shall be all littered up to our bellies!'—'Why, what is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote; 'have you found out where the giants are that stripped the queen?'—'That's well enough, if faith!' quoth the squire; 'that's likely to be the matter that pleases me!'—'Perhaps it is,' replied the knight, 'that Bramarbas is come to this village, to put an end to our combat.'—'God deliver us!' answered Sancho, 'I have better news than all that; what I can tell you is, that I saw a delicate soup below stewing upon the fire; and it is that has rejoiced me.'—'Scoundrel!' cried Don Quixote in a passion; 'can you never open your mouth without discovering your greediness?' Then turning to the ladies, he entreated them to forgive his squire's impertinence; and fell into a discourse with them, which held till supper. In the mean while, the soldier, who had acquainted his brother with Sancho's ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the room; and, in the presence of Don Raphael, said to him—'Dear Sancho, we have a great deal of business upon our hands; perhaps you don't know who that old lady is that your master is talking with: she is a princess, my friend; she is Queen Zenobia's mother!'—'Master Bracamonte,' quoth Sancho, 'carry that candle to another saint. Don't think to make me take rials for du-cats. I remember very well her ladyship the queen told us, a while ago, that her mother was dead.'—'That's true,' answered the soldier; 'but have you forgotten already, that Pamphus the enchanter has disturbed the Princess Zenobia's understanding? Nay, do not you perceive that the whole history she has just told us is to be regarded, from one end to the other, as nothing but a fabulous suggestion of the same enchanter?'—

'By my soul, I am sorry for it!' replied Sancho; 'for, if so, I dare lay a wager she has forgot how to make black-puddings.'—'Nay, as for the black-puddings,' quoth the soldier, laughing, 'it is possible she may know how to make them still; for the princess has had an excellent education. But be it as it will, there certainly is her mother, who has been thanking your master for releasing Queen Zenobia.'—'In troth,' quoth the squire, looking upon the ladies, 'I am glad of it. And who is that young damsel by her?'—'It is her maid of honour,' said the soldier—'and this is her squire,' added he, pointing to Don Raphael. Sancho saluted him; and they soon grew acquainted. When supper was ready, there arose a controversy about sitting down to table. Don Raphael's mother-in-law having seated herself at the upper-end, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, will you permit my damsel and squire to sup with us, that they may hereafter boast they have had the honour of eating with the great Don Quixote.' The knight having signified his consent by a profound bow of approbation, Don Raphael and his wife placed themselves by Zenobia; the alderman and young Bracamonte by Don Quixote. All were seated but Sancho; who, drawing a chair, took his place without any ceremony at the lower end, saying, with a loud voice, to his master—'Sir, since you give leave for the princess's squire to eat with you, perhaps she will give me leave to eat with her: and why not? I am a Christian as well as another; and, God be praised, I han't the itch!—So, gentlemen,' added the squire, 'here goes without farther ceremony! "Faint heart never won fair lady!" In this place the sage Alifolan stops to remark a circumstance worthy of attention. He observes, that Don Quixote did not manifest the smallest token of displeasure at the liberty just taken by Sancho; because, being himself naturally very haughty, he was well pleased that his squire should be treated with equal ceremony as the squire belonging to the princess. The discourse during supper turned entirely upon knight-errantry; and the soldier having ordered his brother's servants, who waited at table, to ply Sancho with wine pretty often, the honest squire

was soon ripened into a pleasant humour, and afforded high diversion to the company, by reciting the unheard-of exploits of his master; who did not fail to interpret, to his own advantage, the favourable attention that was paid to his squire's narrative. When it was time to go to bed, the innkeeper conducted the two ladies into the best room in the house; and the hostess led Barbara into a closet which looked out over the stables. The two Bracamontes staid in the room where they had supped; the alderman went to bed in another, and Sancho was disposed of in a garret. As for Don Quixote, his admirable sagacity at smelling out adventures determined him to continue under arms in the inn-yard, and to watch all night for the protection of the princesses; foreseeing, as he said, that the enchanter Pamphus would make some attempt to carry off Zenobia.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON RAPHAEL DE BRACAMONTE.

WHEN the two Bracamontes were left to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their separation upon their father's death. 'For my part,' said the soldier, 'I have served ever since in Flanders, and have been always unfortunate; which, in truth, is at present the whole I have to tell you. But as for you, brother, I find you in such a flourishing condition, that I am impatient till I hear where, and in what manner, you have advanced yourself so considerably.'—'I shall satisfy your curiosity,' replied Don Raphael; 'and acquaint you with such things as it most highly concerns me to conceal from all the world: but I will hide nothing from a brother I love so entirely as yourself; and, besides, every thing which regards my honour, personally concerns you also.' Don Raphael then began his story as follows.

'You will remember our parting, after we had divided the small fortune Don Bernard our father left us. You went away for Flanders, and I to Corunna, where I shipped myself aboard the first vessel that sailed for

Peru. When I arrived at Nombre de Dios, I there found many Spaniards who purposed, like myself, to proceed to Lima; but hearing that Gonzalo Pizarro had made himself master of that kingdom, we durst not go thither. Though we were very eager to make our fortunes, yet we were too loyal to side with Pizarro; and therefore staid a considerable time at Nombre de Dios, without knowing which way to bestow ourselves. At last we learned, that one Melchior Verdugo, a Spanish commander, was arrived at Panama. He came to rouse up the king's loyal subjects, and to raise forces against Pizarro. This information sufficiently determined our plan. We immediately went away to Verdugo at Panama. He received us with extraordinary tokens of joy and affection; and, asking every one of us from what part of Spain he came, as soon as I told him my country and my name, he embraced me; saying, he was also of the city of Avila, and had been formerly my father's particular friend. Verdugo was a very rich man; the whole province of Caxamalca belonged to him; and he was, at that time, the only man in Peru able to cope with Pizarro. I determined, therefore, to attach myself closely to Verdugo; and I studied his temper so successfully, that, within a year's time, I insinuated myself into his particular confidence. I shall not trouble you with recounting our various successes against several officers whom Pizarro sent to oppose us. A detail of this nature would be too prolix; and it is not my purpose at present to enter upon the wars of Peru. I shall only tell you, that the king, hearing of the troubles of that kingdom, cast his eyes upon the licentiate Pedro Gasca, one of the council of the inquisition, a man of known wisdom, and whose prudence had been tried in several negotiations. This man his majesty sent to Peru, with the title of President of the Royal Audience; and with full power to use such means as he should judge most expedient for restoring peace in that country. As soon as the president came to Nombre de Dios, and the cause of his going to Peru was known at Panama, all persons openly declared for the king; and even some of Pizarro's officers

came

came in to him, and avowed their resolution to submit themselves to his majesty. The president thanked them in the king's name; assuring them of his intention to pardon the rebels, provided they returned to their duty. It would now have been Pizarro's wisest course to have embraced his majesty's mercy; but he obstinately stood out, and refused to submit. The president therefore levied troops, and joined Verdugo: in fine, we fought Pizarro; who was routed at Xaquixaguana, and afterwards executed. After his death, and the entire defeat of his party, the president punished those who had supported him, and divided their effects among us. I had a good share in this dividend; for the president, upon the application of Verdugo, allotted me a considerable number of Indians; with whom I went and established myself in the territory of Potosi, where some very rich mines had lately been discovered. These are only silver mines; but the veins are so large, and the metal so fine, that they yield more than all the others in Peru. In short, an hundred weight of ore yielded fourscore marks weight of silver*, which is very unusual. I contracted with my Indians to pay me two marks a week each, and to keep the rest for their wages; which they did with such ease, that they gained more themselves than they paid me. I did not at all neglect so fair an opportunity of enriching myself; and in eight years time I had amassed near an hundred thousand crowns. I now grew very desirous of returning to Spain, that I might make you partaker of my good fortune, and that we might live reputably together. I therefore parted with my Indians, and set out with all my treasure for Lima. There I found some other Spaniards, who having, like myself, made their fortunes in Peru, were extremely anxious to revisit their own country. We joined companies, hired a ship, and put aboard our effects. Verdugo, who was then at Lima, used all his endeavours to dissuade me from my resolution; but I would not give ear to him, and went aboard.

We set sail with a fair wind, and

had no reason to doubt of a good voyage; nay, we even came in sight of the port of Panama; but the joy of the sailors on this occasion cost us dear: for the captain having made his crew drink to excess, and the pilot being also drunk, there was so little care of the helm, that about midnight, nobody looking out, the ship was driven by the wind and tide so furiously upon a rock, that we gave ourselves up for lost. It was then so dark that we could see nothing, and therefore did not presently discern that we had sprung a leak; but when day appeared, and discovered to us the whole of our misfortune, nothing was to be heard among the sailors but cries and lamentations: we, however, betook ourselves to planks, and other things that might bear us up, and endeavoured to swim to the shore. I was the first man who reached it, my good fortune having thrown me into a sort of little bay that stretched out into the sea between two rocks: from thence, I encouraged my companions to follow my example, and many of them fared the better for my advice. Some of the people of the country, having observed from land that our ship was near foundering, came off to our assistance in fishing-boats: but it proved too late; for above half the crew were already drowned, some because they could not swim, and others from being dashed by the violence of the waves against the rocks, or against the ship itself, which soon sunk; so that nothing of her appeared above water but the vane at the main-top-mast-head, which only seemed to rise above the water to shew where the wreck lay. When we were got to shore, I proposed attempting to weigh up the ship; but there was scarce any body else of the same opinion: they all said that the ship, being old and rotten, the iron grapples which must be fixed to it, would tear out the parts they laid hold of; and the vessel being thus moved by piece-meal, our silver would still be left at the bottom.

We travelled along the coast towards Panama; and when we came into the town, some people hearing of our shipwreck, and taking pity on

* A mark weight is eight ounces.

us, came to our assistance, and carried us to their houses; where they endeavoured, by all manner of courtesy, to mitigate our sorrow. I happened to be in the house of one Don Michael de la Vega, a man of great generosity. He omitted nothing that might raise up my spirits under my misfortune: he made me a thousand tenders of his service, and offered to employ his friends to procure me some establishment under the viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making interest for me, I took care to write to Verdugo an account of all that had happened, conjuring him to advise me what in his wisdom and friendship he should think best. In the mean while, Don Michael and I contracted a strict friendship for each other: he introduced me to the principal men in Panama; and one day he carried me to visit a lady that was his relation, whose name was Donna Maria de Almagro. This lady had a young daughter called Donna Theodora: they both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. Don Michael asked me what I thought of them; and he might well judge by my answer, that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so; and, in short, I visited them almost every day for three months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young Theodora felt some attachment to me; and I was soon confirmed in this opinion: for, one morning, a shrewd little Creole girl, of Moorish extraction, entered my apartment, who brought me a note from her, accompanied with several pair of Spanish garters, embroidered with gold and silver, and a very rich scarf of Spanish lace. The note was not written in very courtly language; but the stile had such an air of tenderness and simplicity, that it discovered a heart unused to these intrigues. That I might not be behind-hand in generosity, I sent back by the same messenger some of the few valuable things which I had saved from my shipwreck; a pair of ear-rings, and a ring worth fifty pistoles; together with an answer full of passionate expressions. That same

day I went, after dinner, to visit her; and finding her at work with only two little negro girls in the room, her mother being then taking her afternoon nap, I had all the opportunity I could wish for of acknowledging the favour she had conferred on me. Donna Theodora could not look upon me, after what she had done, without emotion. "I know not what you will think of me!" said she. "I shall think," replied I, "that you are the most lovely creature in the world; and I shall retain, as long as I live, the most grateful remembrance of your goodness!" Our conversation, after this, grew insensibly very lively; till, at length, Donna Maria's appearance interrupted it, and obliged us to change the discourse.

The next day, a fly-boat from Lima came to an anchor in the port; and the pilot brought me an answer from Verdugo, which informed me that he had received my letter, and advised me to return to Peru, where he would put me in a way to retrieve my fortune. This letter extremely embarrassed me; for I then felt myself so much in love with Theodora, that I could not think of leaving her: at the same time I could not guess in what manner my passion would terminate, my affairs not suffering me to flatter myself that Donna Maria, who was very rich, would bestow on me her only daughter. In fine, I shewed Verdugo's letter to Don Michael; who, being no stranger to the passion I had for his niece, told me that it was not worth while returning to Peru, to lay the foundation of a new fortune; since mine was already made, it being at my option to marry Donna Theodora. "I have had this marriage in my mind," added he, "for some time past; and I have managed so successfully, that Donna Maria is already disposed to consent to it." At these words, I clasped my arms about Don Michael's neck, and assured him, in the warmest terms I could think of, that I was most sensible of the favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to merit it, and owed it entirely to his goodness. He embraced me again, and returned me a most

most obliging answer. We went together to Donna Maria's house, with whom he discoursed a while in private: he then went out, and left me alone with her. Donna Maria presently led me into her closet; where, when we were seated, she told me, without any hesitation, that the pity she felt for my heavy misfortunes, the high commendations of Don Michael, and the good qualities she daily discovered in me, had at length determined her to bestow her daughter upon me, with a portion of four hundred thousand crowns, if I chose to marry her. I thought she had bantered, when she asked a man that was not worth a groat, whether he would marry a rich heiress; and I knew not what to answer, when she went on, and said—"I perceive, Don Raphael, you are astonished at my seeming to doubt whether you would marry my daughter; but though she is young, rich, and handsome, you must understand, perhaps, there is not a gentleman in this country but would refuse to be my son-in-law. This discourse surprizes you," pursued she; "but I will soon clear up your astonishment. About twenty years ago I had a brother, whom I loved most tenderly: he was unfortunate; he one night killed a gentleman, who was nephew to the governor of the town. Whatever measures he took for his escape, he was unable to elude the strict search of the governor, who caused him to be seized, and issued orders that he should suffer as a murderer, though he had killed his antagonist fairly. Our kindred and friends all united in soliciting his pardon; but the governor, who was both judge and party, proved inexorable. The day appointed for my brother's execution drew near; the danger that threatened a life I held so dear obliging me to lay aside all the reservedness of my sex, I hastened to the governor's house, I cast myself at his feet, and gave way, in his presence, to all the transports of piercing grief. He seemed touched at my affliction; and I at first fancied that my tears had moved his pity; but I soon found that I had excited a very different sensation. In short, the brute declared to me his wicked desires; and

assured me, that I must either resolve to gratify them, or to see my brother perish. I shuddered at this detestable proposition, and looked upon the judge as a monster; but, at length, the time he had given me to consider being almost expired, the idea of my brother's death, and of the infamy his execution would bring upon our family, so distracted me, that I yielded myself up to his embrace, having first bound him by an oath to restore my brother to me the day following. The villain did send him; but he first caused him to be strangled. This perfidy rendered me utterly frantick; so that, breathing nothing but vengeance, I repaired instantly to Mexico, and laid the whole affair before the viceroy. My despair touched his heart; and he was so incensed at the governor's perfidiousness, that he sent immediately several officers of his guards to Panama, with orders to seize and bring him to Mexico; which was accordingly done. I was there to confound him; and the viceroy, having drawn from him a confession of the fact, condemned him to suffer the same death which he had inflicted on my brother. After the governor's death, I returned to Panama, with the satisfaction of an entire revenge; but, at the same time, with the shame of having published my dishonour: for, in short, I was with child; and I was delivered of Donna Theodora. This, Don Raphael, is my story; and I was willing to tell it myself, that I might satisfy you as to my motives for offering you my daughter. I design to leave this country, where I have the misfortune of feeling my reputation lost, and the dissatisfaction of living among people who have something to upbraid me with. Besides, since my daughter is grown up, I imagine that every body who looks at her, does it but to my shame. I will go with you into Spain; where, my daughter and I being known to nobody, we shall live comfortably; and I am the more pleased with this resolution, because, at the same time that I provide for my own quiet, I flatter myself I am doing essential service to an honest man. Nothing now remains, but to inform me of your

"your sentiments on the occasion."—
 "I made answer to Donna Maria, that
 she could not propose any thing more
 pleasing to me; that her daughter
 was too well educated, and too de-
 serving for a man to regard a chi-
 merical point of honour; and that,
 for my part, a ridiculous delicacy
 should never induce me to despise
 worth and virtue. Donna Maria
 was well satisfied with my answer;
 and a few days after I married Donna
 Theodora*.

"We thought of nothing, after this,
 but our departure; and the appointed
 day being come, we left Panama, re-
 gretting nothing but our separation
 from Don Michael. We went to
 Nombre de Dios, where we embark-
 ed, with all our treasure, on board a
 man of war bound for Spain, in
 which we arrived safe at Cadiz:
 there we set up an equipage, and
 hired servants; for we had brought
 none with us, Don Maria not chusing
 to have any domestick, whose indis-
 cretion she might have reason to be
 apprehensive of. From Cadiz we
 travelled towards Avila, hoping there
 to hear some news of you; but, when
 we came thither, we were informed
 that you had not been seen there for
 several years, and nobody knew what
 was become of you. We lived there
 half a year; and should have con-
 tinued longer, had I not heard of a
 very desirable estate upon sale in the
 neighbourhood of Saragossa; we are
 now going thither to purchase it, if
 we like it, and to settle there. I bless
 God for having found you, and that
 I am in a condition to make some
 amends for the little regard the court
 has shewn to your long service. You
 shall go with us to-morrow; and I
 dare assure you my mother-in-law
 and my wife will be happy in what-
 ever I shall do to relieve you from
 your present miserable situation."—

When Don Raphael had done speak-
 ing, the soldier returned him thanks
 for his kindness; and the two brothers
 gave one another a thousand testimonies
 of mutual affection.

CHAP. IX.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PREVENTED
 PAMPHUS THE ENCHANTER FROM
 STEALING AWAY QUEEN ZENO-
 BIA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTH
 READING.

DON Quixote having resolved to
 remain under arms all night, as
 was said before, for fear of any surprise
 from Pamphus the enchanter, which
 there was reason enough to be apprehen-
 sive of, took upon himself the office of
 sentinel; and, grasping firmly his lance
 and buckler, paraded fiercely about the
 yard of the inn. All people were now
 retired to their rest, and beginning to
 enjoy the sweets of slumber, when the
 knight, wearied with the continual ex-
 ercise of traversing the yard, leaned
 against the wall of a well to rest himself
 for a moment. As he cast his eyes a-
 round on every side, he descried, by the
 faint light of the setting moon, an object
 which called up all his attention. He
 saw sally forth from the stable, a man,
 naked to the shirt, who bore a ladder
 upon his shoulders. This was no other
 than the coachman of Don Raphael, who
 having been an old acquaintance of
 Queen Zenobia's, and knowing where
 she lay, was going to offer his service to
 her, designing to get in at the window,
 which he thought might easily be effect-
 ed with his ladder. Barbara, who was
 not at all afraid of such attempts, had
 left the window open to let in the
 cool air of the night, which the coach-
 man observing, he planted his ladder
 against it, not in the least doubting of
 the success of his enterprize, and with-

* The French paraphrast has used very little ceremony with respect to the incidental nar-
 ratives introduced in Avellaneda's Don Quixote. He rejects those of his original, or inserts
 new ones of his own, just as inclination leads him. The present story (which in it's chief
 circumstance resembles Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, but which circumstance one
 might suppose to be actually copied from the act of savage iniquity perpetrated by Colonel
 Kirke, after the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgewinor, in 1685) is not, for instance, to be
 found in the Spanish original. There are, however, some things in the Spanish, which the
 paraphrast may deserve thanks for the omission of. There is a strange relation concerning
 the mistaking of a nun for the Virgin Mary. There is a tale of a man making his way
 into the bed of a lady, immediately after child-birth; and there is a very offensive medley of
 adultery and murder.

out considering that projects apparently the most easy are not always successful. He had not quite reached the top, when the Knight of La Mancha, who had observed him the whole time, and doubted not of his being the enchanter Pamphus, who was about to make his way into the castle, that he might carry off Queen Zenobia; approached quietly to the ladder, and laying down his shield upon the ground, grasped his lance with both hands, and with the butt-end of it discharged so terrible a blow upon the scull of the amorous coachman, that he fetched him down much faster than he had ascended. 'This! perfidious necromancer!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'this is the reward of your desperate machinations! You imagined, then, to elude my vigilance, and to carry off the princess? But know, enchanter, that she is better guarded than the daughter of Inachus; and that the Loveless Knight is incapable of being surprised.' The poor necromancer, who was little less hurt by the fall than by the blow, made no answer but by his piteous cries, which roused and alarmed the whole inn. The ladies, fancying themselves in some harbour of robbers, expected their throats would be cut every instant, and began recommending themselves to God. The landlord and landlady bellowed—'Fire! fire!' without knowing what the matter was. Sancho and the alderman jumped up in dismay, and hurried down almost naked into the yard. The two Bracamontes, who were not yet gone to bed, were the first who reached the field of battle in consequence of the noise. There they found the knight-errant, who having by this time quitted his lance, was about to thrust his sword down the throat of the enchanter, roaring to him at the same time, with a voice of thunder—'At length, monster! thy final hour is come, and thou wilt receive thy death's wound at my hands. But before I cut short the execrable course of thy abhorred existence, inform me, traitor! inform me in what country of Asia or Africa thou imprison'st infants and princes in thy horrible dungeons, that I may repair thither this instant with the happy tidings of thy death and their deliverance.'—'Hal! Don Bracamonte,' continued he, recognizing the soldier by his voice, 'behold here Pamphus the enchanter,

whom I have felled by the force of my strokes. The traitor was about entering the chamber of Zenobia, to carry her off; and you may still see at yonder window the ladder he had brought for the purpose.' By this time Barbara appearing at the window, the two Bracamontes easily guessed at above half the truth; and Don Raphael observing that the enchanter was very like his coachman, in order to bring him off, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, beware of killing that enchanter; his life is behoofeful to your honour: forgive him, upon condition he go and publish throughout the whole world, that notwithstanding all the power of his art, you have vanquished him in single combat. You will gain more honour by this than by his death.'—'It is most certain,' said the soldier; 'yet that is not all: the enchanter must bind himself never more to disturb Queen Zenobia; and he must swear by every thing enchanters hold most sacred, that he will never more attempt to steal into the chambers of princesses by night, since he has no better fortune in such enterprizes.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'you are not so well acquainted with enchanters as I am; they will take as many oaths as you please, but they do not value their word, for they are a faithless and lawless race.'—'You are in the right, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'spare him not: nay, faith, since 'tis the first time we have overcome an enchanter, we must drub this dog till we are weary, that he may go tell the rest of them, and then they will trouble us no more.'—'Though he does not deserve to live,' said Don Quixote, 'yet I will pardon him, provided the queen, with her royal mouth, commands it from that golden balcony, to which the fame of my victory has brought her.' Upon this, Barbara, who began to grow acquainted with Don Quixote's mode of behaviour, cried to him, from her window—'Sir Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech you; I heartily forgive what he has done to me, though it had been ten times as much; for we ought not to bear malice in our hearts.' The coachman being let loose upon these words, got up with much difficulty, and slunk away to his truckle as he could. Don Raphael then acquainted Zenobia

that her majesty might return to bed again in safety; since, after what had happened, Pamphus the enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her repose. The princess took his advice, and went to bed again without shutting the window, or so much as causing the ladder to be taken away, leaving all enchanters at their liberty to try whether they could prove more successful than Pamphus. The two Bracamontes conducted Don Quixote into the house, and ordered a room for him, where he was disarmed by the soldier and Sancho; whilst Don Raphael conjecturing the ladies must necessarily be frightened, went to satisfy them, by telling the adventure. He then returned to his brother, with whom he rested the remainder of the night. The alderman went back to his room with the same design; and Sancho remounted into his garret.

Next morning, when every body was risen, the ladies complimented the knight upon his encounter; and Donna Maria, as mother to the Hacked-face Queen, addressing him, said—'Sir Knight, I intended to have taken the princess my daughter along with me; but I fear lest her enemy Pamphus, seeing her so ill guarded, should attempt to force her away: I therefore am desirous that she may bear you company where you go; that, being under your protection, the enchanter may not molest her.' The knight returned the old lady thanks for the confidence she reposed in his valour, and swore to her by the order of knighthood, that he would place the princess her daughter so high, that Pamphus should not be able to offend her.

The two brothers and the ladies having a long journey to perform that day, and the coachman, notwithstanding his hurt, being in a condition to drive the coach, they soon took leave of Don Quixote and the alderman, with a thousand offers of service never to be performed. As soon as Don Raphael's retinue was gone, Sancho said to Don Quixote—'Do you really believe, Sir, that Queen Barbara's mother is in the coach?'—'No doubt of it,' answered the knight. 'O rare!' quoth Sancho; 'I durst lay a wager they are not a-kiln in the hundredth degree, or I understand nothing. Who the devil ever saw a mother go away as this does?

'She has scarce looked upon her daughter; and pray, do but mind how she leaves her here naked, without giving her a rag to put on.'—'You take things wrong,' quoth Don Quixote; 'you attribute that to want of tenderness, which in reality is the effect of her politeness. Do not you perceive that Queen Zenobia, being under my protection, the queen her mother would have thought it an affront to me to give her any money? She durst not so much as leave one of her palfries to carry her to Madrid, for fear of offending my nice honour, she is so very observant and circumspect; a thing which, indeed, she might have done without offence to the laws of chivalry: so that the care of cloathing the queen, and getting her a white palfrey, lies wholly upon me; and I shall be well pleased to be at that charge.' The host, who stood by, laying hold of this opportunity, said to our hero—'Sir Knight, I have a good mule in my stable, which I will sell you, if you please.' Don Quixote desired to see her; and, liking the beast, he ordered his portmanteau, where his whole revenue lay, to be brought forth, and told out twenty-six ducats to the host upon the spot. The mule was then saddled; and Barbara mounting her, our adventurers set out with her for Sigüenza.

They got to the town between four and five in the afternoon, and alighted at the first inn they found. The alderman desiring to have his cloak again, a broker was sent for, who brought women's cloaths of several colours. The knight besought Zenobia to please herself, but she insisted upon consulting his opinion; and Don Quixote was not a little gratified to find his taste correspond with that of the queen. They both pitched upon a cloak and petticoat of taffeta, with yellow, green and black stripes; and their inclination being thus turned to striped commodities, they made choice of a sattin gown, enriched with flame colour, violet and olive; in which Barbara arrayed herself immediately. Sancho seeing Zenobia thus clad, burst out a laughing. 'By our holy mother Eve's soul,' said he, 'methinks my lady the queen, in these fine cloaths, looks like an old house new white-washed! Pox take me, if this gay garb does not make her look like

'like——by my faith, she is comically
'clad!'

Don Quixote having paid the broker, and the queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her beauty in publick, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, shutting himself up in his chamber, wrote the following challenge—

'THE CHALLENGE.

'THE Loveless Knight, the mirror
'and flower of La Mancha, does
'challenge to single combat him, or
'them, who shall refuse to own that
'the grand Queen Zenobia is the most
'noble and most beautiful princess in
'the world: and the said Loveless
'Knight, with the said edge of his
'redoubted sword, will maintain and
'defend the rare and singular beauty
'of the said princess to-morrow, from
'morning till noon, and from noon
'till night. Those who shall think
'fit to combat the said knight, though
'they be an hundred thousand in num-
'ber, need but to subscribe their names
'at the foot of this defiance!'

He wrote several copies of this challenge; and then, calling his squire, said—'Here, Sancho, take these papers, and fix them up at all the cross-streets of this city; but place them so that every body may read them, and give ear to what the knights say to them: be sure you remember all the blasphemies which zeal for their own ladies honours will make them utter against the queen, that I may hasten immediately to teach them the respect they owe such a beautiful and chaste princess.' This commission did not much hit the fancy of Sancho. 'Pox take such princesses,' quoth he, 'who are the cause that we are every day engaged in battles, when we might live in peace with the Holy Catholick church! Suppose any knight-errant takes huff at this challenge, and for my pains gives me a thousand——' 'Coward!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'and is it you, then, who set forth pretensions to receiving the glorious order of knighthood? Away, wretch! that

'honour is not to be granted to any
'but men of courage; never to such
'heartless things as thou art.' These bitter reproaches touched the sluggishness of Sancho; who, passing at once, like the heroes of Homer, from terror to intrepidity—'Well, then, Sir,' quoth he, 'give me your papers; I will go paste them up, one by one, at the corners of streets; and if any man asks me my name, faith I know what to say to him.' These words pacified the knight, who answered—'Go, then, my dear Sancho, and observe all particulars nicely, as you value your life. Run! Fly! and bring me back a just account.' The squire took the papers, and sallied forth to paste them up; but, as ill-luck would have it, they did not produce the effects Don Quixote expected; for all the knights of Siguenza, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a rage at the perusal, that they only laughed at them. The corregidor*, and some other gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our knight, had the curiosity to go and see him; and the corregidor undertaking for the rest, acknowledged, in the name of the city and suburbs, that Barbara Hacked-Face was the most singular princess in the world. Having received this publick confession, Don Quixote left Siguenza the next day, very well satisfied.

CHAP. X.

HOW DON QUIXOTE MET WITH
TWO SCHOLARS, AND THE CON-
VERSATION WHICH PASSED BE-
TWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote being gone before, Barbara and Sancho followed without speaking one word; but the squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughtful, at last Hacked-Face asked him what he ailed. 'What ails me!' quoth Sancho; 'I wish I could see the dog hanged who was the occasion of our meeting. Faith, I know not what my master thinks of it; but I am of the mind that giving of mules and silk cloaths is not the way to be rich.'—'Be not troubled, friend

* The Supreme civil magistrate in a city, appointed by the king.

'Sancho,' quoth Barbara; 'for if it please God to bring us safe to Alcala, I will treat you there like a prince.'—'Then the case is altered,' replied Sancho, smiling. 'Pr'ythee, what good meat will you treat me with?'—'Nay, do not you trouble yourself for that,' replied Barbara; 'you shall taste of a pretty young wench about fifteen years of age, which you will like better than a partridge.'—'Blessed Virgin!' cried Sancho in amaze, 'what do you talk of, mistress Queen? Do you take me for one of those Lutherans of Constantinople, that eat human flesh? Body o'me! that is enough to have me condemned to the gallies for three hundred years.'

This discourse had not ended so soon, but that they overtook Don Quixote. They found him in conversation with two scholars, who were travelling on foot to Alcala: as soon as Sancho perceived by their habit that they were scholars, he said to his master very earnestly—'Pray, Sir, have a care of yourself; these men are of the same race with those that belonged to the college where I was so curiously handled at Saragossa; and if they once begin to spit in our faces, we are utterly gone!' The scholars, knowing who our adventurers were, as having heard of them at Sigüenza, one of them said to Sancho—'Mr. Squire, we are not so unlucky as the scholars of Saragossa, though we are of the same profession; and we are so far from designing you the least harm, that we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our power.' This declaration having re-assured Sancho, Don Quixote fell again into the discourse that had been interrupted, and said to the scholars—'Gentlemen, to return to what I was now observing; the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, is no enemy to learning: though I employ myself wholly in redressing wrongs, and combating giants, yet I admire works of genius; and if you have composed any thing of that sort, you will oblige me in letting me see it; I will give you my opinion with all the sincerity which an author ought to desire from those he consults. The great Queen Zenobia will also give ear to you: that princess has so curious and nice a taste, that if your works deserve her ap-

probation, you may then boldly expose them to publick censure, for they cannot fail of being admired.' The scholars, who were no strangers to Queen Zenobia, felt a violent propensity to laughter; but the dread of enraging Don Quixote, whose lance and sword they stood in awe of, restrained their mirth: one of them, therefore, said to him—'Sir, since you love the productions of genius, my comrade the batchelor can divert you whilst we travel together: he composes for the stage, and has already written several things that have been well received by the connoisseurs. For my part, I write only trifles, such as rondeaus, sonnets, enigmas, and epigrams.'—'Do not mistake yourself,' said Don Quixote; 'those trifles are not so easy to be done well: good sonnets are very rare; epigrams, such as Martial's are, require a quick and acute wit. As for enigmas, I own they are the easiest; but nothing, in my opinion, is more diverting: they sharpen the understanding by puzzling it in a pleasing manner; and you will oblige me by reciting some of yours.'—'With all my heart!' replied the scholar; 'I will shew you two I made this morning, which I have not yet had time to put into verse; but it must be upon condition that Sancho shall expound them.'—'Agreed!' quoth the squire; 'I will plunge into them up to my chin: it is true, I do not well understand all those affairs, but no matter; by God's help a man may do any thing.'—'You are in the right,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.

" ENIGMA.

" I am bright, and of great use to men, who unmercifully load me with chains, though I am no offender. I am day and night in the churches, and I cannot subsist without water, though it is that which destroys me."

Don Quixote made him repeat it; and, while he was studying the meaning, Sancho cried out very joyfully—'Victory, gentlemen! victory! I have found out the pigmy, or whatever you call it.'—'I did not question,'

said

said the scholar, 'but your sharp wit would find it out.'—'By my troth,' quoth the squire, 'the very first time you spoke it, I understood it as well as my criss-cross row.'—'Well, then, my son,' said Don Quixote, 'tell us what it is?'—'It is a holy-water-pot,' quoth Sancho; 'for that is day and night in the church, and there is always water in it.' The scholars burst out a laughing; and Don Quixote himself could not forbear a smile. 'Mr. Scholar,' said Sancho, 'if it is not a holy-water-pot, it must be something else. Tell us what it is, and my master and I will submit.'—'No,' replied the knight; 'give me leave, and I will expound the enigma; for, if I mistake not, it is a lamp.'—'Right,' said the scholar; 'you have hit the nail on the head.'—'Nay, faith, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'I must put a pigmy to you, since you call those pigmies. What is it that is like a horse, that has the hair, head, and feet, like a horse, and yet is no horse?'—'It is a mare,' cried Barbara. 'By my troth, you have hit it!' quoth Sancho; 'and is not a mare very like a horse?'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'attend, I beseech you, to the queen's readiness of conception; there is no need of repeating things to her over and over; she takes them at first sight, and is never in the wrong.' The scholars pretended to be charmed at it, which gave the knight great satisfaction; addressing, therefore, the composer of the enigmas—'Will you favour us, Sir,' said he, 'with the other enigma you composed this morning; which I do not at all question is as ingenious as the last?'—'Listen to it, then,' replied the scholar.

“ ENIGMA.

“ I am great and little, and am often seen sitting on the heads of kings and emperors; but I am so ill seated on that height, that the least puff of wind can throw me down. I serve the poor as well as the rich; but I am of no use in several nations; as, for instance, among the Turks, where I am out of fashion.”

“ It is a gammon of bacon!” said Sancho, very briskly; ‘it can be no-

thing else; for, as I have been told, the Turks do not eat bacon.’—‘You are out again,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘it is rather a hat; for the hat serves rich and poor; it is worn on the heads of kings and emperors, and a puff of wind blows it down. It is useless to several nations, for there are other people, as well as the Turks, who wear turbans instead of hats.’—‘Faith, and so it is a hat!’ quoth the squire. ‘It is the easiest thing in the world to guess now; and Mr. Scholar need but tell me his two pigmies over again, and I will lay any man a wager I expound them.’—‘You are very ingenious,’ replied the knight; ‘why, who cannot do the same? For if the word were named at first, it could be no longer an enigma.’—‘Nay, what matter is it?’ answered the squire. ‘Is it not better a man should have the word beforehand, than to crack his brains to find it out? In short, a man cannot tell a thing, if he does not know it; and I would defy the Pope himself to say his *Pater-noster*, which is the easiest thing in the world, if he had not learned it beforehand.’ The scholar having owned to Don Quixote, that a hat was the true exposition of the last enigma, the knight said, he would desire him to write them both out for him at the next baiting-place, for he had a mind to keep them. ‘I have a copy here,’ said the scholar; ‘and I will give it you.’ He began to feel in his pockets for it; and, having dropped another paper, as he pulled it out, Don Quixote had the curiosity to ask what it was. ‘It is a *rondeau*,’ replied the scholar, ‘which I wrote upon a lady in *Sigüenza*, whom I am in love with, but who does not yet know that I love her.’—‘Pray read it to us,’ quoth Don Quixote. The scholar did not wait to be entreated, but presently read these verses—

‘AS to the powers above whom we adore,
‘To you, in silence, I prefer my prayers;
‘Alas! I dare no more!
‘Nor can my lips my am’rous wish declare,
‘Yet what my aw’d lips dare not shew,
‘My eyes, my fever’d eyes, too plainly prove;
‘And these would freely tutor you:
‘Ah! would my Iris, would my love,
‘Saw my heart open’d to her view,
‘As to the powers above!’

Don

Don Quixote highly commended the rondeau; and Sancho would not omit speaking his mind. 'By my troth,' said he, 'these verses are not so bad, neither! and you will oblige me, Mr. Scholar, if you will make some upon Mary Gutierrez, who is my wife, and will be so as long as it shall please God and the four Evangelists: but I must put you in mind not to call her queen upon any account, but only lady-admiral; for my master Don Quixote is not likely ever to make me a king, and so I must even be satisfied with being a governor. We cannot expect to do as we would in this world; and had better take what offers. Had we, since we have gone about seeking adventures, looked directly for archbishopricks, instead of seeking to gain kingdoms and islands, we might by this time have had whole shoals of them: and, though they say I might not enjoy them because I have a wife and children, yet I might have sold them; and, though I sold them only at market-price, I should still get enough by them.'

When Sancho once got into the humour for talking, his tongue ran so fast that it was no easy matter to stop it: but Don Quixote having at last silenced him by his usual method of menaces, the author of the rondeau said to his companion—'Come, master Batchelor, it is your turn next: pray let the knight see that I have not commended you without reason.'—'I have not so great a value for my works,' answered the batchelor, 'as to think any body can take pleasure in hearing them: yet, such as they are, I would freely communicate them to Don Quixote, if I had them about me; but I am not like those authors who always carry their pockets full of their works; and my memory is so bad, that I cannot repeat two verses together of all that ever I made in my life—but, since I have not any thing to read to you, Sir Knight, shall I advise with you about the plot of a play I have in my head?'—'You will oblige me,' replied Don Quixote; 'but, pray, tell me whether in your plays you stick close to Aristotle's rules?'—'No, truly,' said the batchelor, 'I do not.'—'So much the worse,' answered Don Quixote; 'for Aristotle

is an infallible oracle in that point. Not to follow his rules, is to swerve from nature and reason; and that is the cause why strangers do not approve of our performances, which in all other respects are excellent.'—'I own,' quoth the batchelor, 'that most of our dramattick poets seem to make little account of Aristotle's rules. For my own part, I like them very well; I never depart from them out of mere levity or wantonness, but follow them, when they will suit with my plot: but, to deal ingenuously, I do not pay so much deference to them, as to lose any surprizing turn for their sake, which cannot subsist with them.'—'That turn must be cast away,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'all must be sacrificed to the severe rules of that wise master: but let us come to your plot.'—'This is it,' replied the batchelor. 'An Earl of Barcelona takes a voyage into England, where he falls in love with the king's daughter, and is beloved again; but the king, for reasons of policy, marries the princess to the King of Bohemia. The Earl of Barcelona, in despair, embarks, and returns to his own dominions. The King and Queen of Bohemia live very happily together, though that princess always preserves a tender affection for the Earl of Barcelona: but, soon after, a favourite of the King of Bohemia falls passionately in love with the queen, and has the boldness to declare himself to her; she reproves him, and threatens to acquaint the king her husband with his baseness. The favourite, changing his love into rage, prepossesses that weak prince, and accuses the queen of being in love with an officer of his guard. The king, who only sees with his favourite's eyes, causes the officer to be put to death, and would do the same by the queen; but she demands that, according to the custom of those times, she may have leave to find knights to defend her honour against her accuser: the king, not knowing how to refuse the combat demanded by the queen, appoints a day, which is proclaimed in Bohemia and England. When the day comes, the favourite appears in the lists to make good his accusation; but, no antagonist presenting himself,

the queen is on the point of losing her life, when there arrives a knight, armed at all points, who fights her battle, and kills the favourite. This knight proves to be the very Earl of Barcelona, brought thither by the fame of the queen's accusation, of whose innocence he is satisfied. This, Sir, is the whole plot of my play.'— 'It is a very good one,' answered the knight; 'but I know not whether you can make a regular piece of it.'— 'It is true,' said the batchelor, 'our authors, who follow Aristotle the closest, would lay the first act in England, the second in Barcelona, and the third in Bohemia; but I am bringing this play to answer all the rules; and I do not despair of success.'— 'I am satisfied you will compass it,' said the other scholar, 'provided you omit the combat in the lists.'— 'Let him have a care of that,' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'that is the best part of the plot!'— 'But, Sir,' quoth the batchelor, 'if you would have me adhere to Aristotle's rules, I must leave out the combat.'— 'Aristotle,' replied the knight, 'was a man of parts, I admit; but his capacity was not unbounded; and, in short, his authority does not extend over combats in the lists, which are above his rules. Would you suffer the Queen of Bohemia to perish? or, how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable way; and, besides, it will furnish your play with such a splendid and interesting spectacle, that all the rules in the world must not stand in competition with it.'— 'Well, Sir Knight,' replied the batchelor, 'for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and, in order to render it the more magnificent, the whole court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the princes of the blood to the very footmen. But still one difficulty occurs; which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for such an exhibition.'— 'There must be one built on purpose,' answered Don Quixote; 'and, in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the

play had better be acted in a field or plain*.' This discourse held Don Quixote and the scholars to Hyta, where they rested till the next day; a day memorable among enchanters, and which is marked down with red letters in the chronicles of the wise Alifolan, the faithful author of this true history.

CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS; AND HOW THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT WAS STRUCK DUMB BY ENCHANTMENT.

THE Arabian author informs us, that Don Quixote and his company, having travelled all day, entertaining themselves with various subjects, at length came in sight of a tolerably spacious mansion, which, in its appearance, extremely resembled an ancient castle. One of the scholars, pointing to it with his finger, said to Don Quixote— 'Sir Knight, you see that house there; we may lie in it to-night, and find good entertainment. It is an inn, called "The Goblin's Castle;" because they say it was formerly a castle, and haunted.' No sooner had the scholar spoken these words, than Sancho swore bitterly, by the bowels of his grandmother, he would never lodge there. 'Let us take heed, Sir!' cried he; 'let us take heed how we go lie in that castle of goblins; for it still looks to me very like one of those enchanted castles where phantoms and necromancers have so often made us bewail our sins! In short, my heart forebodes no good; and, you know, that when the partridge sings, it is a sign of rain.' Don Quixote, disregarding the apprehensions of his squire, answered thus— 'I have not forgotten, Sancho, whatsoever we have endured in such castles; but what remedy, my friend, would you propose to me? Knights-errant are no sooner out of one danger but they seek another; and they must be always in a readiness to meet whatever comes. I will

* From the above story, Mr. Jephson has apparently borrowed the ground-work of his tragedy, entitled, 'The Law of Lombardy.' The story is not to be found in the Spanish original.—For further particulars concerning it, the reader is requested to refer to the Preface at the beginning of this Volume.

therefore

‘therefore draw near to that castle, to observe what sort of people inhabit it; you may all follow me at your leisure.’ This said, he put on towards the inn. It happened that a company of players were there at that time, rehearsing a piece which was to be performed the next day at Alcala. As soon as they beheld Don Quixote, armed cap-a-pié, and covered with his magnificent buckler, they all sallied forth to gaze at so unusual a spectacle. The knight, observing that they thronged out in a body, and that they eyed him with uncommon attention, halted a moment to remonstrate; and then, turning briskly about, rode back again to his companions. Sancho, seeing him return upon a full trot, cried out—‘What is the matter, master Don Quixote? Have the goblins stung you already?’—‘O my son Sancho!’ answered the knight, ‘it was not without reason you had an ill conceit of that castle! My enemy Friston the enchanter expects me there to load me with irons, and cast me into a loathsome dungeon! He intends, by his magick spells, to stop me here, obstructing thereby my intended combat with the King of Cyprus, that he may then fly about the world, spreading dishonourable reports of me: but I have received intelligence of his designs from friendly hands; and, my valour being nothing inferior to his art, I am now going to attempt ridding the world of that execrable necromancer.’ By this time, our travellers being within musket-shot of the inn, the scholars soon recognized the players, with whom they were particularly acquainted by name; and the batchelor, desirous to undeceive Don Quixote, told him what he thought of the affair. The knight, however, resolutely maintained that they were enchanters. ‘To convince you,’ said he, ‘that I am not mistaken in this matter, do you observe, amongst those soldiers who guard the gate of the castle, that large black figure, who holds a wand in one hand, and a book in the other?’—‘That is the author to the company,’ replied the batchelor; ‘and his name is Pedro de Moya; the book he has in his hand is probably some play that he is reading to the actors.’—‘I know, better than you, who he is,

‘Mr. Batchelor,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘and I tell you once more, that yonder great black man is not Pedro de Moya, as you imagine; but it is Friston the enchanter himself. Do not you see that he is now making circles with his wand, and drawing magical characters, and that he makes use of his book to conjure up the devils? If you would satisfy yourselves concerning this truth, you need only go both of you before, and say you are my pages, and you will see what will be the event.’ The scholars agreed to this experiment; and, soon coming up to the players, they told them all they knew concerning Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia; with the latter of whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and some of them to their cost. The players fell a laughing, and were very glad they had so good an opportunity of diverting themselves. In the mean while, Don Quixote drew near the inn; and, having set the butt-end of his lance on the ground, he thus accosted the author—‘O thou who, from the moment of thy birth till this instant, hast been my enemy, and who hast never failed, though to no purpose, to favour all the knights and giants who have had the boldness to try their strength with me; tell me, wicked and perfidious necromancer! why darest thou, contrary to all the laws of God and nature, sally forth upon the highways, to commit the greatest outrages against ladies and princesses, who go in search of the knights they love so tenderly, attended by their faithful dwarfs and trusty squires? Nay, so far art thou from being ashamed at doing what I now say, that, cruel and pagan as thou art, thou carriest them off, to bury them alive in dark and gloomy dungeons, where the light serves only to discover the horrors of their situation! Set free!’ added he, seeing some actresses look out at the window, ‘set free, I say, all those damsels I behold, together with all the knights and princes, whom you keep close immersed in pitiless prisons; and, at the same time, yield up to me all the treasures you have most injuriously stolen! If not, I swear by the peerless beauty of Queen Zenobia, whose presence renders me invincible, I will this moment take away

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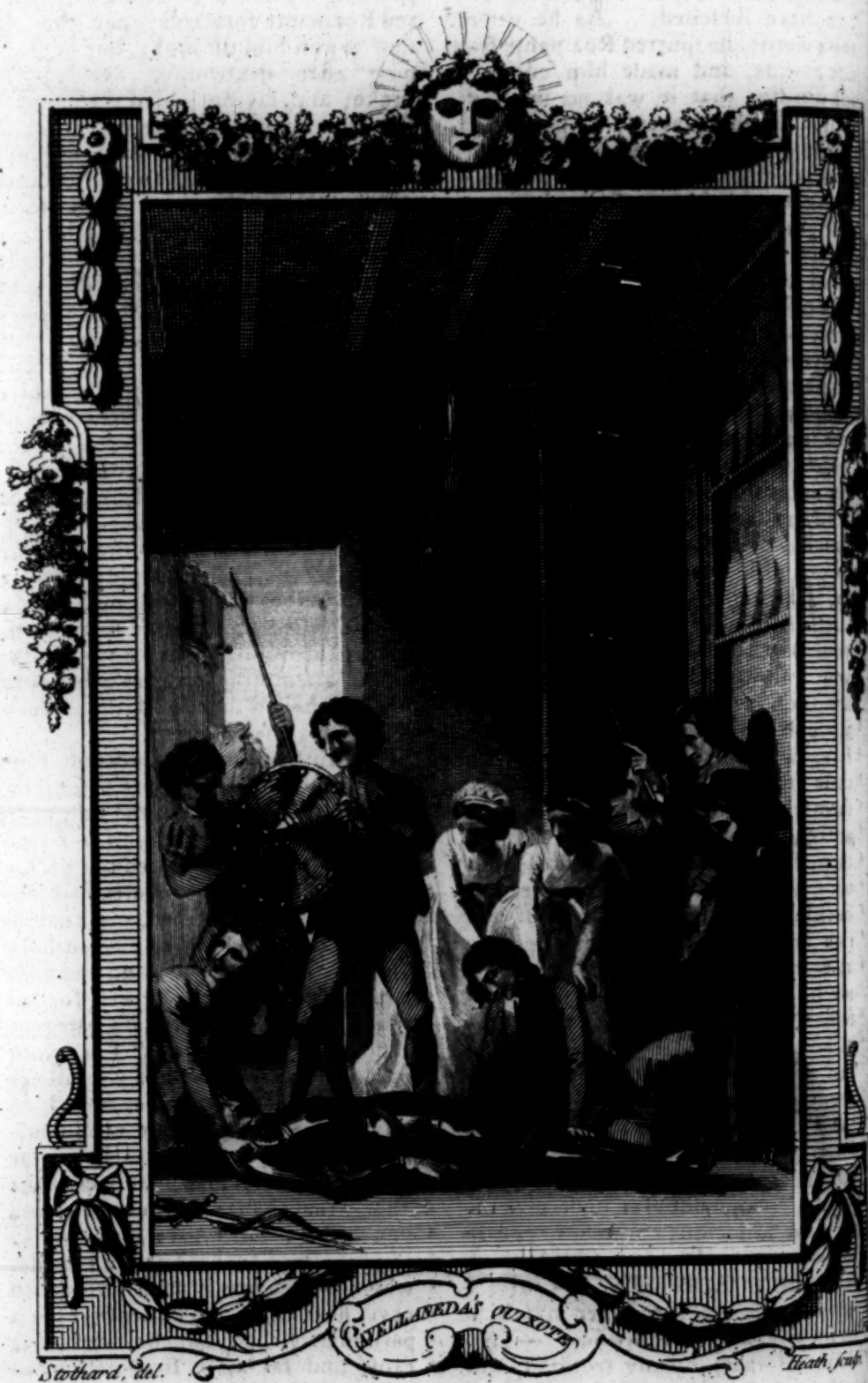


Plate III.

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away that life you ought long since to have forfeited.' As he uttered these words, he spurred Rozinante from side to side, and made him curvet so awkwardly, that it was no small diversion to the players; a people naturally given to raillery, and accustomed to make sport with others. Sancho, who thought his master's harangue most curiously contrived to terrify the players, seeing them laugh as if they would burst themselves, was prodigiously offended; and said to them, very sternly—'Haughty and unmannerly players! deliver up to us instantly those princes, those infantas, those knights, and those horses, you hold enchanted, and which my master requires of you! Dispatch, I pray you, for we want to come in there; or else send my lady the queen and me some lanches of bread, for our guts begin to grumble furiously.' The author now, drawing near Don Quixote, thus addressed him—'Sir Knight-errant, your pages have acquainted me with your valour and your strength, which are such as this castle cannot resist: all these knights and princes, therefore, who have dwelt here with me these six hundred years, do yield themselves overcome by you; and we are ready to do you homage. Alight, then, from your beautiful horse; lay aside your lance, and that peerless buckler; and disarray yourself of your rich armour, that you may be more at ease. Though I am a Pagan, as my bulk and my tawny complexion sufficiently indicate, yet I am a man of honour: enter then, securely, into this stately castle, accompanied by the Queen Zenobia, alias Barbara the Tripewoman, and we will all sup merrily together.'—'O thou traitorous necromancer!' answered Don Quixote, 'hope not ever to deceive me by your fallacious courtesies, and to draw me into that deep pitfall which is at the entrance of your castle; I know you too well to suffer myself to be surprized by your artifices.'—'No doubt of that, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'they that sell onions, must needs know the smell of a leek.' 'We were not born for nothing in the wise village of Argamasilla; and, God be praised! we can tell that four and five makes nine.' As these words were spoken, Don Quixote,

pointing his lance downwards, spurred Rozinante forwards upon the author to run him through; but he stepping aside dextrously, avoided the stroke; and, laying hold of the knight's foot, threw him over the other side of his horse. At the same instant the players rushing upon him, seized his lance and buckler, and carried him by force into the inn, where they laid him on the ground, and pressed upon him so closely, that he was unable to stir. The author then giving him three strokes with his wand on the shoulder, pronounced these words:—'Loveless Knight! I enchant you for three hundred years; and, by the power of my dreadful art, I strike you dumb, yet without impairing your reason; because I will that you be sensible of your misfortune, without enjoying the satisfaction of complaint. Thus it is I treat all those knights who are so rash as to encounter me.' Don Quixote lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and let them fall again sorrowfully, without attempting to utter a word, so fully was he persuaded of the efficacy of Frisdon's enchantment.

The author having ordered four giants, to wit, four servants belonging to the company, to keep the knight in the same posture, went himself in search of Sancho, who was scared out of his wits at the usage his master had met with. 'Are you there, then, you knavish scoundrel squire!' cried the author; 'I have caught you now, and you shall pay me all you owe, as well for last year as for this.'—'Good master enchanter,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon, if I ever wished you all the harm you have done us, and I do allow you to be a man of honour, though you are as much a Pagan as Judas.'—'I am glad,' answered the author, 'that chanced your master and you hither; for I give a supper to night to some enchanters my friends, who feed on man's flesh: ye could never have come at a better time; and particularly thou, Sancho, who art as gross and fat as a Benedictine.'—'Alas! good master Friskin!' blubbered Sancho, falling down upon his knees before the author, 'I beseech you, by the sores of holy St. Lazarus, whose soul God keep in glory, have pity! have pity upon me!'—'Rise, friend,' replied the author, 'and lose no time in

praying to me; tears and prayers do not move enchanters: you shall be eaten to the very bones!—'Mercy on us!' roared Sancho, 'what have we brought ourselves into!—Pray, good Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least, before I die, to go and take leave of Mary Gutierrez, my wife; for I can assure you she is so ill-natured, that should I suffer myself to be eaten without bidding her farewell, she would never look upon me with a good eye again.'—'You are very cunning truly, Sancho,' quoth the author; 'if you were once gone, I suppose you would not be such a fool as to come again.'—'Pray excuse me, Mr. Friskin,' said Sancho, 'St. Anthony shall be bound for me that I will come again upon the day appointed; and if I fail of my word, I pray to St. Barbara, the guardian against thunder and lightning, that this cap may fail me at the hour of my death!—'No, no,' answered the author, 'this matter will admit of no delay.' Then raising his voice, he cried—'Here, somebody bring me hither that great three-pointed spit I use to roast fat men upon, and let this peasant be roasted out of hand!' Sancho fancying himself upon the spit already, and seeing Barbara laughing with some of the players, whined out to her, with a tone inexpressibly dolorous—'Oh! lady of Segovia, you see here your trusty dwarf, poor Sancho, in grievous tribulation! Be pleased, most impotent queen! to entreat master Enchanter to countermand the three-pointed spit!' Barbara then applying herself to the author, said, smiling—'Master Pedro de Moya, sovereign constable of this palace, spare Sancho this time, I beseech you, and he will never come again.'—'Beautiful princess,' replied the author; 'chaste Queen of the Tavern Street in Alcalá; I cannot spare you this peasant, or forbear putting him upon the spit, unless he will turn Mahometan.'—'Gad take me,' quoth Sancho, with much comfort, 'why did you not say so at first, without beating the bush so long? If there is nothing to do but to turn Mahometan, the great spit and I shall keep far enough asunder! I had rather be a Mahometan than be roasted.'—'Then from this time forward,' said the author, 'you shall follow the Alco-

ran.'—'I will,' quoth Sancho; 'if he pleases I will follow him to the Indies, provided Dapple can carry me so far.'—'Friend,' said the author, 'I perceive you do not understand me; what I propose is, to embrace a new religion, and believe in Mahomet.'—'Well,' answered the squire, 'if you please, I will believe in all the Mahomets betwixt this and Jerusalem: in short, I will believe all our Holy Mother the Church will allow me to believe, for which I would lay down a thousand lives.'—'If so,' replied the author, 'you need but to be circumcised, and you will be as perfect a Moor as I am. Now with a sharp knife I must cut off—' 'O no,' good Mr. Enchanter,' cried Sancho, 'pray do not cut any thing off, if you please; for all my goods are in common with Mary Gutierrez; and she has taken so exact an account of them, she will immediately miss it, if there want's but a farthing's worth. But there is my cap; you may cut and round that as shall best please Mr. Alcoran.' Though the author possessed as much steady gravity of countenance as most of his nation, he could not refrain smiling at the simplicity of Sancho; and, taking him by the hand—'Comethen, Signor Moor,' said he, 'prepare yourself to depart for the kingdom of Fez, for I must send you thither very soon.'—'Hold a little,' Mr. Enchanter,' replied Sancho; 'I must first take one turn into the country, that I may give orders about a couple of oxen I have at home: besides, I have six sheep, two goats, eight hens and a cock; and you know a man cannot leave all these at sixes and sevens. Besides, when my wife understands that I am turned Mahometan, perhaps she may have a mind to be a Mahometaness. Who can tell? If so, we must circumcise her tongue; and, by my troth, we need not be sparing of the stuff, for there will be more than enough left, I warrant it!'

All this while Don Quixote lay in the posture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his enchantment. The sage Friskin having now quitted Sancho, went again into the inn to a new scene. He drew near therefore to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—'It is well; you are, at length, Sir Loveless Knightly

‘ Knight, fallen into my hands; and
‘ you shall now increase the number of
‘ those I detain enchanted, and loaded
‘ with irons in damp and dreary dun-
‘ geons. Yet shall there arrive a time
‘ when you will come forth; but ere
‘ you come forth, your beard shall be
‘ twelve ells long, and the nails of your
‘ fingers and toes shall be bigger than
‘ an elephant’s trunk. But before you
‘ are shut up in the dismal dungeon I
‘ have appointed you, I restore to you
‘ your speech for one moment: I will
‘ hear you speak once more, that my
‘ ears may be gratified with your la-
‘ mentations; for the sufferings and
‘ the lamentations of knights-errant
‘ are the greatest delight of enchanters.’

When he had so said, he touched the
unfortunate knight of La Mancha with
his wand, who immediately addressed
him in these words.—‘ O treacherous
‘ necromancer! who hast overcome me
‘ by fraud; in vain dost thou display
‘ this terrifying picture of the pains to
‘ which thy cruelty has destined me!
‘ Knights-errant, true and constant,
‘ know how to endure, unmoved, the
‘ uttermost torments; and nothing can
‘ terrify them. Thou mayest therefore
‘ at thy will strike me dumb, and re-
‘ store me to my speech, and vent all thy
‘ malice upon me; but know thou shalt
‘ never have the power to make me
‘ afraid! At worst, I shall be discharg-
‘ ed after three hundred years enchant-
‘ ment: nay, perhaps, my enchant-
‘ ment may be sooner at an end; for
‘ the wise Alquife, my protector, will
‘ not be long before he relieves me; and
‘ I very well know that a Grecian
‘ prince is to set out, one night, from
‘ Constantinople, under the conduct of a
‘ sage his friend, and to gain immortal
‘ glory, by exposing himself to all dan-
‘ gers. When he has run through all
‘ the kingdoms and provinces in the
‘ universe, he shall come and besiege
‘ this strong castle; he shall destroy the
‘ giants that guard the draw-bridge, he
‘ shall slay the two griffins that are at
‘ the first gate, and shall then enter the
‘ first court without opposition, where
‘ seeing nobody, he shall lie down on the
‘ ground to rest him a while; but shall
‘ soon hear a dreadful voice, which
‘ shall say to him—“ Arise, Grecian
‘ prince, who to thy ill fortune hast
‘ entered this castle!” Then, when
‘ he least thinks of it, he shall see a

‘ dreadful dragon coming towards him,
‘ whose very looks are venomous, and
‘ whose hideous throat shall belch forth
‘ rivers of fire. Yet shall the undaunt-
‘ ed prince attack him, and combating
‘ with courage answerable to the great-
‘ ness of the danger, he shall kill the
‘ monster, and defeat all enchantments
‘ by the assistance of the sage his friend.
‘ Then shall he enter the second court
‘ in victorious manner, and thence pro-
‘ ceed onward into a garden filled with
‘ sweet flowers and odoriferous trees,
‘ watered by a thousand pleasant
‘ streams; where he shall have the sa-
‘ tisfaction of hearing the harmonious
‘ birds celebrate his conquest. In the
‘ midst of the garden he shall observe
‘ a nymph, exquisitely beautiful, and
‘ clad in a long robe embroidered with
‘ diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and ru-
‘ bies. This charming nymph, having
‘ received him with a smiling coun-
‘ tenance, shall with one hand deliver
‘ to him a bunch of golden keys, and
‘ with the other shall place on his head
‘ a garland of amaranths and jasmins.
‘ The prince, then, shall with the golden
‘ keys unlock all the prisons and dun-
‘ geons, and shall knock off all the irons
‘ of the illustrious prisoners; and, direct-
‘ ing his discourse to me, shall request
‘ me to dub him a knight-errant with
‘ my own hands, and to grant him leave
‘ to become my inseparable companion
‘ in all my undertakings. Gratitude,
‘ and the respect I shall entertain for a
‘ prince of such prowess, obliging me
‘ to grant all he can demand, we shall
‘ both range the world for an infinite
‘ number of years, and shall finish all
‘ the adventures we shall meet with!’

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF
WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE AND THE PLAYERS.

THE players were struck with Don
Quixote’s extraordinary madness;
and this last effusion of his extrava-
gance perfectly amazed them. Whilst
they talked of it, Sancho returned from
the stable, where he had been putting in
Rozinante, Dapple, and Barbara’s mule.
As soon as he came in, he drew near
his master, and said to him—‘ Go to,
‘ Loveless Knight! here we are, by the
‘ grace,

' grace of God!'—' My son Sancho,' asked Don Quixote, in a sorrowful accent, ' has our common enemy done thee no harm?'—' No, Sir,' replied the squire; ' but, by my faith! if I had not had the wit to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly turning upon a spit that has only three points; for Mr. Enchanter designed to have roasted me to-night to treat his friends.'—' What do I hear?' cried the knight. ' Is it possible you are turned Mahometan? What mean you, wretch? Can you be guilty of such baseness?'—' Ho, ho, Sir!' quoth Sancho; ' what, I had better have suffered myself to be roasted, I'll warrant you! Yes, faith, I turned Moor; and I would sooner have turned hermit, had he desired it, though it were in the face of the Sacristan of Toboso: when a man is once in the grave, he can neither be Christian nor Moor. But let us talk no more of that, Sir; if we can make our escape from this place, God knows my meaning!' Don Quixote was so deeply concerned at this apostacy of his squire, that it afflicted him no less than his own enchantment: but his sorrow was presently turned into joy; for the author, changing countenance all on a sudden, said to him, smiling—' Thus far all is good: noble Don Quixote, it is now time to undeceive you! Know, then, that I am not the enchanter Friston, as you imagine. On the contrary, I am the sage Alquife, your great friend; and I have done this to prove your constancy, and the confidence you repose in me. I am now satisfied; let us embrace, I beseech you; and assure yourself, that you shall never implore my assistance in vain.' This said, he caused the servants who held down Don Quixote to withdraw; and the knight, finding himself at liberty, and never doubting but that the author was in reality the sage Alquife, arose, and went to embrace him. He then embraced all the players in their turns, looking upon them as so many princes protected by the sage his friend. The actresses, seeing the ridiculous figure the knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his face; however, they restrained themselves, which was no small matter among them: and, when they had made their obeisances, with all the tokens of profound

respect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the name of the rest, said—' Great Knight of La Mancha, North-star of gallantry, you see here several princesses who desire your protection! If it happen that any scoundrel giants steal us away some time or other, and only design to keep us enchanted as if we were made of wood, we beseech you to come to our assistance, and not suffer us to spend our youth to so little purpose!'—' Beautiful fantasies,' replied Don Quixote, very graciously, ' it is needless to make me that request; so long as you are friends to the wise Alquife, you need fear nothing: but, laying aside his mighty power, did the whole universe conspire against your beauty; should all the magicians ever Egypt brought forth, come hither to hurt you; I would defy them to touch a hair of your heads!'—' Valorous Don Quixote!' said the author, ' these princesses are extremely obliged to you; but, until some giant shall give you an opportunity of employing your valour in their behalf, think of nothing but taking your ease, and so-lacing yourself in this castle with the great Queen Zenobia; whose arrival, I am sure, is a private satisfaction to some of the princes here present. Were not you in haste to be at Madrid, we would desire you to stay a few days with us; but I am too much concerned for your honour, to desire to stop you. I know that you have no time to spare; and therefore you may prosecute your journey to-morrow: in the mean while, let us all go and sit down to table; and, after supper, I will divert you with a play; for I have brought a company of players hither on purpose.' Thus saying, he took the knight by the hand, and led him into a great room, where they found a good supper provided for them. Don Quixote was so rejoiced to find himself in the company of his friend the sage Alquife, that it appeared in his countenance; and Sancho's heart was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself; but said to the author—' By my troth, master Skiff, I am glad to see you, once in my life, face to face; for I never saw you before but in a dream; and, to say the truth, when my master Don Quixote, in our rambles, talked so much of

' you,

'you, St. Thomas knows what I thought. But, pray, Mr. Skiff, since all things are possible to magick, I beseech you to make me a Christian again, for I have been considering I am not at all fit to be a Moor. — And, pray, why not, Sancho?' quoth the author. 'Because,' said the squire, 'I love wine and bacon as I love my life; and these two things are forbid among the Moors more strictly than any sin.' — 'The thing is not to be easily done,' replied the author; 'but I shall make a shift to compass it, provided you will be three days without eating or drinking. I am sure, if you perform that small penance, you will become a Christian again, and it will never appear in the least that you were a Moor.' — 'That penance,' quoth Sancho, 'were very proper for my master Don Quixote, who does not mind eating or drinking. But I am of another constitution; for if I am, I will not say three days, but three hours, without eating or drinking, I can hear my guts sing the Black Psalm.' — 'How shall we contrive, then,' said the author, 'to unmahometanize you?' — 'How!' answered Sancho; 'why, is there but one medicine in physick? You may command me, for instance, to lie only upon one side; or not to drink but with the left hand; and I promise, before God, and on my conscience, to obey your commands!' Whilst they were thus talking, Don Quixote, Barbara, and the scholars, stood round about the table; but before they sat down, one of the scholars said grace aloud. The author perceiving that Sancho, who stood behind, had not taken off his cap during the prayer, said to the company — 'Pray, gentlemen, observe what it is to be a Moor: whilst we stood with our hats in our hands, that irreligious Sancho kept his cap on his head.' — 'It is true, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho; 'and I am not ashamed to own it; for I do not take off my cap, or say grace, till I am to eat myself; but when others eat, I think I am no ways concerned; every man for himself, and God for us all.' The players laughed heartily; and insisted upon it that Sancho, as much Moor as he was, should sit down to table with them; and, being well taken care of, he made the best sport at supper.

The players, both men and women, having eaten and drank as it were for a wager, made ready to rehearse the play in the hall, which they were to act the next day at Alcala. They lighted some candles that were stuck in little wooden candlesticks, and drew a line on the floor, to divide the stage from the audience. Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, and some others that were in the inn, took their places to hear the rehearsal, which soon began. A prince of Cordova appeared first, accompanied by his confidante, to whom he said — 'Yes, my dear Henriquez! it is resolved: a disdained lover becomes an implacable enemy. I will be revenged of the Queen of Leon! The king her husband, whom you know I govern, is already prepossessed against her, and contrives her death!' The Prince of Cordova would have proceeded; but seeing the queen appear, he withdrew. That princess stepped forward alone, with an handkerchief in her hand; and, after wiping her eyes, which seemed bathed in tears, and stepping a few paces forward in silence, she said — 'Perfidious Prince of Cordova, who, not able to corrupt my virtue with your love, dost contrive to blacken it by your artifices! can you, without remorse, accuse my innocence? Alas, it is not death I fear! it is the dread of dying dishonoured! Great God, who seest the secrets of my soul, compassionate my sorrows! And will you, then, permit falsehood to triumph over virtue?' The actress, entering into her part with great energy, touched to the quick the susceptible Knight of La Mancha. He started up abruptly from his seat, drew his sword, and foaming with fury, cried out — 'The Prince of Cordova is a traitor, a villain, and a slanderer! and as such I here challenge him to single combat: and I will soon, with the sole edge of my keen sword, cause him to confess, that the Queen of Leon is not less chaste than the Princess Zenobia herself!' The players, who were not provided for this adventure, burst out a laughing; but the knight going on with his challenge to the Prince of Cordova, the player who represented him drew his sword; and, stepping up to Don Quixote, said — 'There is no need, Sir Knight, of so much noise
for

' for so small a matter: and since you
 ' will espouse the queen's quarrel,
 ' whose chastity you are not so well ac-
 ' quainted with as I am, I consent to
 ' fight you; not here, but in the Great
 ' Square of Madrid, before the king
 ' and all the court!' As he was thus
 speaking, he espied a mule's crupper,
 which hung to the cieling of the room;
 this he took down, and, tendering it
 to Don Quixote, went on, saying—
 ' There, Sir Knight, since I have nei-
 ' ther glove nor gauntlet to give you
 ' as a gage, take one of my garters,
 ' which may serve in the stead; and
 ' remember the combat shall betwenty
 ' days hence.' All the company fell
 a laughing at the player's contrivance;
 which so highly offended Don Quixote,
 that he said—' Really, gentlemen, I
 ' wonder that such wise and courteous
 ' princes should laugh to see a traitor
 ' accept my challenge: you ought ra-
 ' ther to weep with the queen, who
 ' has so much cause to be troubled;
 ' but who ought now to take comfort,
 ' since she has had the good fortune to
 ' meet with me.' Then turning to his
 squire, and giving him the crupper, he
 said—' Here, Sancho, keep this gage
 ' safe.'—' By my faith!' cried Sancho,
 ' the crupper is none of the worst;
 ' I'll e'en make it fast to my ass's pan-
 ' nel, where it shall stay till we can
 ' find out the owner.'—' Fool!' quoth
 Don Quixote, ' to call that a crupper!
 —' What the devil is it, then,' re-
 plied Sancho, ' if it is not a mule's
 ' crupper?'—' It is the Prince of Cor-
 ' dova's garter,' answered the knight.
 ' Why, sure, you will make me re-
 ' nounce Antichrist!' said the squire.
 ' One would think I had never seen a
 ' crupper. Look ye, Sir, I have hand-
 ' led more cruppers than there are stars
 ' in Limbo!'—' Here, blockhead!' quoth
 Don Quixote, ' see whether ever
 ' there was a richer garter! Observe
 ' those golden fringes; and mark how
 ' a diamond, or a ruby, or an emerald
 ' of inestimable value, terminates every
 ' thread!'—' Then I am certainly
 ' drunk,' said Sancho; ' for let me be
 ' hanged, if I see any of the gold
 ' fringes you talk of, but only little
 ' packheads knotted at the ends! In
 ' short, it is possible this may be a gar-
 ' ter in the other world, for the devil is
 ' a sad rogue; but, in this, I do affirm
 ' it is a crupper.'—' Friend Sancho,'

quoth the author, ' do you banter us
 ' in calling this a crupper? I can
 ' assure you it is a garter of great va-
 ' lue.'—' Nay, if you have any hand in
 ' it, Mr. Skiff,' cried Sancho, ' I say
 ' no more to it; for you gentlemen en-
 ' chanters will turn white black; and,
 ' if you have it in your head, this must
 ' needs be a garter, though it smells so
 ' strong of a crupper.'

Whilst they were in this pleasant con-
 test, not unlike that about the helmet of
 Mambrino, a mule-driver coming in-
 to the room, and seeing the crupper in
 Sancho's hand, said—' Cousin, pry-
 ' thee leave the crupper where you
 ' found it; I did not buy it for your
 ' diversion.'—' Gentlemen,' cried San-
 cho, ' do not you hear what this honest
 ' man says? I am sure I did not bid him
 ' say so. Then it is a crupper, by
 ' Jove! I am glad of it. You may see
 ' by this, that enchanters and knights-
 ' errant are no such conjurors as they
 ' take themselves to be.' Thus saying,
 he gave the crupper to the mule-driv-
 er; but Don Quixote, having no mind
 to part with it, went up to him, and
 snatching it away rudely, said—' It is
 ' likely, clown, such a rich garter was
 ' made for you, then?' The mule-
 driver, who did not understand jesting,
 and was much stronger than Don Quix-
 ote, laid hold of his arm, and giving
 him a thrust in the stomach, threw him
 over; then jumping upon him, he soon
 forced the crupper out of his hands.
 The squire, seeing his master fall, ran
 to his assistance, and greeted the mule-
 driver with two furious fifty-cuffs, one
 of which took him in the nape of the
 neck, and the other on the right ear.
 The mule-driver was stunned for a
 while, but soon revenged himself; for he
 laid on three or four smart strokes with
 the crupper across the chaps of the squire;
 after which he went out of the room,
 because the players and the scholars
 threatened to second Sancho, if he did
 not give over. Sancho feigned great
 eagerness to follow him, crying aloud
 to the scholars, who held his hands—
 ' Ay, ay! that's right! pray hold me,
 ' gentlemen, I beseech you; for if I go
 ' after that discourteous mule-driver,
 ' I shall kill him and all his race, to
 ' the twentieth generation!'—' No,
 ' Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, ' let
 ' the wretch go, since he flies before us;
 ' he is not worth our anger. Knights

are not to make ill use of their valour; and ought rather to make slight of, than to revenge a wrong, when it comes from a man of no note, one of the meanest of the rabble.'—'You are in the right, Don Quixote,' said the author; 'you take just measures in this affair: great men must shew moderation and calmness, that they may not do all the harm that is in their power to the little ones.'—'Well, then,' said Sancho, 'God speed the mule-driver with the two raps I laid him on about the ears!' Night being now far advanced, the author led Don Quixote into a room, where he double-locked him in; after which he returned to the actors, who performed their rehearsal, and then went to bed.

C H A P. XIII.

OF THE GRIEVOUS AFFLICTION OF SANCHE, AT BEING UNABLE TO SEE THINGS LIKE A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE next morning the players arose at day-break, paid their reckoning, and went away to Alcalá. An hour after they were gone, Don Quixote awaking, called his squire, who, hearing his voice, came up, and opened his chamber-door, which the author had fastened. 'Sancho,' said the knight, 'what news from Queen Zenobia? Did you take care she had an apartment worthy her person?'—'By my troth, Sir,' answered the squire, 'my head was so full of our combat last night, that I thought of the princess no more than if she had not been queen! but, in short, she did not lie abroad; two of the players took her along with them into their chamber, whither she followed them without any ceremony; and, by the same token, they eat a patty, and drank a great pot of wine.'—'That cannot be!' cried Don Quixote; 'I am well acquainted with the queen's chastity, and there is no likelihood of what you say: you certainly dreamed all this last night.'—'No, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am sure the patty was no dream, it was real flesh and bones; and but now I saw what little was left of it on a plate in the kitchen.'—'It is a strange thing,' replied Don Quixote, 'that, having so

long followed knight-errantry, and conversed with princes and emperors, thou shouldest still be as unpolished as thou wast the first day I raised thee from nothing! Will you never learn to see things as they ought to be seen? Will you ever confound the objects with the ideas? Will nothing ever appear to you in its true shape? In truth, there is no enduring you any longer; I am weary of instructing you so often to so little purpose; and will send you back to your village again, as a brute incapable of being taught.' These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had such effect upon Sancho, that he concluded for the present he was in the wrong; yet could he not comprehend the reason he made so little progress in discernment. 'My dear master Don Quixote,' answered he, weeping, 'I am as willing as any man in the world; but, do all that I can to see things like a knight-errant, I cannot compass it.' At this moment the two scholars entered the room; and finding Don Quixote in a passion, and the squire weeping, they desired to know the cause. 'Gentlemen,' said the knight, 'am not I to be pitied, in having for my squire this clown, this blockhead! who sees all things the wrong way; who takes helmets for barbers basons, paladins for peasants, and princesses for maids of inns? I dare say, should the Princess Landabrides arrive at this instant, with the very equipage she had when the Knight of the Sun first met with her, this simpleton would mistake her glorious triumphal chariot for a cart, and the two white unicorns that drew it, for heavy oxen.'—'Sir,' said the bachelor, 'you ought rather to pity than to be angry with your poor squire: consider, he is affectionate and faithful; and you ought to hope that, in time, his eyes may be opened. Let me talk to him a little, while you dress yourself.' Then turning to the squire, he said—'Friend Sancho, you have the best master in the world; but you know not how to deal with him: he requires nothing of you but what is reasonable, and yet he has not been hitherto able to force you to a compliance: if he required impossibilities of you; if he enjoined you to take the moon in your teeth; to find him out a woman, or a witty book, without a fault; I should excuse

cuse you, and be the first to condemn him: but when he only desires that you would see objects as they really are, white unicorns as white unicorns, and not as oxen; in truth, friend, it is a great obstinacy to be so rebellious.

—'Master Batchelor,' answered Sancho, 'I agree to all you say: but I know not what to do; and I could wish myself hanged! I often give myself good cuffs and thumps on the jaws; nay, sometimes I tear off my hair, eye-brows and eye-lashes; and yet all to no purpose: and I believe, God forgive me! that though I should pull out both my eyes, I should see never the better. I always see quite contrary to my master Don Quixote; certainly the wicked enchanters have bewitched my sight.'—'I should be loth to swear for them,' replied the batchelor; 'those vile fellows have served others of my acquaintance so.'—'O the wicked wretches!' cried Sancho, weeping again. 'Alas! how shall I govern my island with these purblind eyes! All my servants will look like animals to me: I shall take my pages for monkeys, my maid-servants for magpies, my steward for a fox, my sewers for swine, and my counsellors for asses; and, what is worst of all, I shall take another's goods for my own; and then the governor will go to the devil, or will be whipped out of his government.'—'Be not so much concerned, my friend,' said the batchelor; 'I will take off the magical blemish you have on your eyes.'—'O dear Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Sancho, 'if you have that secret, do not grudge it me, I beseech you!'—'I will teach it you,' quoth the batchelor; 'do not trouble yourself.'—'O Lord!' quoth the squire, 'why would you not teach it me at first? Is not work done better than work to do?'—'Nay, but this matter,' said the batchelor, smiling at Sancho's eagerness, 'is not to be done so lightly; it is a very mysterious ceremony, and requires many preparations. It is enough for the present that you know the receipt is infallible, and that you shall have trial of it before we part.'—'I would fain be at it already,' cried Sancho; 'for I have a great heart; I am mad to

think I cannot see as well as others; but, in the mean while, Mr. Batchelor, pray resolve me one difficulty: I know I am enchanted; but how comes it my enchantment does not extend to all I see, and particularly to what I do; for I am very sensible I am not always deceived. As for instance, I see you all three as really as you are; and I do not take you for asses. Besides, when I tell money, provided the sum be not above twenty shillings, I defy the best divine to bestir his fingers more nimbly, or tell truer than I do.'—'Brother Sancho,' quoth the batchelor, 'I will give you the reason of that difference, which depends wholly on the caprice of the enchanter: it is in their power to give to objects all sorts of forms; they can metamorphose all mankind; turn solicitors into leeches, counsellors into tyrans, attornies into apes, courtiers into spaniels, and tolerable women into phoenixes; but, for the most part, they pass by those trivial matters, that they may wholly attend to knight-errantry, which they use their utmost endeavours to suppress. And therefore Friston the enchanter, who studies nothing but how he may harm you, pleases himself with so disguising things to you, that you may be deceived every moment; and he flatters himself with the hopes that this blindness will hold you an hundred and fifty years.'—'Nay, but how do you know,' replied the squire, in amazement, 'that I must continue enchanted all that while?'—'I will tell you,' quoth the batchelor. 'When I was in Flanders, (for, different as I may look now, I have served six years in the army) there came thither a famous Jew from the extremity of Chaldea and Arabia*. He was the most expert man upon the face of the earth in affairs of magick; nature to him was quite naked, and he knew all that is to come as plain as what passed before the creation of the world. I had the good fortune to rescue him from a party of the enemy who had taken him prisoner; in return for which, he honoured me with the strictest friendship, and reposed singular confidence in me. We were inseparable companions during the two years

* The above is evidently a satirical allusion to the popular story of 'The Wandering Jew;' for an account of whom, see Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. II.

he staid in Flanders. He bore me company in all our marches; he was always by my side in all the battles and sieges I was concerned in. You may judge how advantageous his company was to me. He brought me off safe from a thousand dangers, and preserved me by his art from four-score and three musquet-shot; fifteen whereof I should have received in my head, five in the lungs, nine in the liver, seventeen in the spleen, thirty in the optick nerve, and the rest in the great gut. He taught me abundance of curiosities; and, among the rest, the secret how to live four times as long as Nestor, without feeling the inconveniences of old age; and this secret is so infallible, that this rare Jew, at the moment when we parted, was thirteen hundred and sixty-six years, seven months, fourteen hours, and sixteen minutes, old; and he had a complexion like a young girl, and was as strong as the giant Mandrake, who was killed by the valiant Sacridorus.—'You mistake, Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'King Sacridorus did not combat with the giant Mandrake; it was Rosclair who took away his life. It is true, that the knights who followed the giant, being desirous to revenge his death, and falling all together upon Rosclair, his friend Sacridorus rushed in among them, and slew six.'—'Signor Don Quixote,' quoth the batchelor, 'you may very well excuse me that slip; for, besides that it is a long time since I read the story of the Knight of the Sun, you may remember I told you, but yesterday, that I had a very bad memory. But, to return to my Jew, and have done in two words; he taught me all the tricks of the mountebanks—and, to conclude, friend Sancho, he taught me the secret of disenchanting you; telling me, at the same time, that the enchanter Friston had bewitched your sight for an hundred and fifty years.'—'Of all the Jew's learning,' quoth Sancho, 'that is what I like the best: I don't much want to live many ages; if I can live to six score, I desire no more. After that, come what will! "When a man has well sucked the cherry," he need not care much for the stone.' The knight admiring what he had heard, said to the scholar, looking on him

with amazement—'Truly, Mr. Batchelor, I am mightily taken with the wonders you have told us, and it is a great misfortune that you are not a knight errant; for, what with the valour you displayed in Flanders, and the sublime knowledge you are master of, I question not but in a short time you would have made great proficiency in that most excellent order.'—'Incomparable Don Quixote!' replied the batchelor, 'I have always looked upon knight-errantry as the first and noblest of all professions; and, I must own, I would devote myself to it zealously, were I not subject to certain evil habits which I cannot master, and which I look upon as very repugnant to that holy exercise.'—'Pray, let me know them,' answered the knight; and no man shall inform you better than myself whether they ought to obstruct your becoming a knight-errant.'—'Well, then, Sir,' replied the batchelor, 'to acquaint you at once with all my frailties, I must tell you, in the first place, that I am nothing near so chaste as Amadis de Gaule. I should be apt to fall in love with all the maidens that came in my way, and should not disenchant one of them without making her pay for her disenchantment.'—'Chastity,' said Don Quixote, 'is doubtless a great virtue, but yet not absolutely necessary in a knight-errant; and though Amadis de Gaule was, like myself, a mirror of chastity; yet Don Galaor, his brother, and the worthy Don Rogel of Greece, did not make any scruple of receiving favours, when they met with ladies inclinable to bestow them; and this did not hinder them from becoming famous in the order of knight-errantry.'—'I grant it,' answered the batchelor; 'nor is the want of chastity my greatest obstacle. That is the least of my faults; and I must tell you freely, that, besides that lewd inclination, I have others more unpardonable: I am slothful, an epicure, a drunkard——' 'Out upon it!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'those are vile failings! O Heavens! why must the greatest men be subject to the greatest vices? Those faults are too opposite to our rules, to allow of your being admitted into our holy body: but exert all your endeavours to correct them; and if you

can

' can but compass it, I promise that I
' will myself dub you a knight, and
' will be your associate in the first com-
' bat you shall undertake.' The bat-
chelor returned thanks for so special a
favour; and the knight being by this
time dressed and armed, they all four
went down into the yard of the inn.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE CEREMONY THE BATCHE-
LOR USED TO DISENCHANT SAN-
CHO, AND OF IT'S SUCCESS.

THE innkeeper and Queen Barbara
were talking in the kitchen, when
our knight appeared. They both went
out to meet him. The host, who was a
pleasant fellow, made him a bow, say-
ing to him, with a smiling countenance
— 'How fares to-day the noble Don
' Quixote, the flower and pearl of La
' Mancha, and the jewel of knights-
' errant?' Don Quixote, having re-
plied to this compliment, saluted the
queen, and then asked where the wife
Alquife was, that he might take his
leave of him. 'Sir Knight,' answered
the host, 'the wife Alquife is no
' longer in this castle: he went away
' this morning to Constantinople, whi-
' ther he was obliged to transport
' himself upon affairs of the greatest
' consequence. But before his de-
' parture, he ordered me to entertain
' you handsomely during your stay;
' which, indeed, he needed not have
' done, for I naturally love knights-
' errant; and not one of them passes
' by this castle but I give him a taste
' of the best I have.' Don Quixote,
knowing that enchanters appear and
vanish as they please, was not at all sur-
prized at this news; and, addressing the
landlord—'Signior Castellano,' said
he, 'I thank you for your good-will;
' but I am in haste to be at Madrid,
' and can stay no longer with you.'—
'If so,' answered the host, 'I shall
' not presume to stay you; and you
' may depart when you please.'—'As
' for us, quoth the batchelor, 'we
' must set out before you.'—'Ah, ma-
' ster Batchelor!' cried Sancho, 'if
' you leave us, farewell secret!'—'No,
' no, my friend,' answered the batche-
lor, 'we shall meet again at Alcala.'—
'By my hand, Mr. Batchelor,' said

the other scholar, 'you ought rather to
' disenchant this poor devil Sancho
' immediately! Don Quixote and I do
' beg it of you.'—'If it can be ac-
' complished speedily,' quoth Don
Quixote, 'Mr. Batchelor will oblige
' me by not postponing this ceremony
' till another time.'—'I grant your re-
' quest, gentlemen,' replied the batche-
lor; 'and, since Don Quixote desires it,
' I am willing to put my secret to the
' trial immediately. The constable
' will be pleased to conduct us into
' the darkest part of the castle, because
' spirits do not love much light; they
' will not appear but in gloomy places.
' Queen Zenobia, if she pleases, must
' not accompany us, for we shall be-
' hold things not fit to be seen by a
' princefs.' The innkeeper, who was
an arch fellow, guessed at the batche-
lor's design; and, being a man that
would lose no pastime, lighted a can-
dle, and led Don Quixote, Sancho,
and the scholars, into a cellar so dark,
that it might have satisfied spirits the
most averse to day-light. When they
were all in, the host set down the candle
upon a little rotten table there happened
to be in the place, and went out again
with the batchelor to speak to two
young mule-drivers who were then in
the stable, and whose assistance they
thought they might stand in need of.
When they had agreed together what
part every one was to play, the host re-
turned into the cellar, and soon after
him came the batchelor with a great
black cloak about his shoulders, and
on his head four pasteboard caps half
an ell high, made in the form of a su-
gar-loaf, and all four of them appear-
ing as if they had been but one. He
made a bow of reverence to Sancho,
more profound than a novice to the ge-
neral of his order: he also saluted Don
Quixote and the rest; and, finally, all
the casks in the cellar. Then, turning
to the knight, he said—'Don Quixote,
' without doubt, is amazed to see me
' salute these casks; but he must un-
' derstand, that on these hog'sheads
' there are several invisible enchanters,
' who are come to be spectators of our
' magical operation.' Having spoken
these words, he took off one of his
pasteboard caps, and placed it upon the
head of the squire: the same he did to
the other two spectators; and then he
ordered Sancho to strip to his shirt.

The

The squire looked upon this prelude as an ill omen; he was all in disorder, and the sweat ran down in great drops. He was glad, it is true, to think he should be soon disenchanting; but judging, by the batchelor's discourse, that he might chance to see some scurvy apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the ceremony as he was before desirous of it: however, come what would, he stripped; and when he had done, the batchelor said to the host—'Signior Castellano, I pray thee fetch three great crystal glasses, if you have any, and fill them with good white wine.'—'I have them,' replied the host; 'and they were made purposely for this ceremony.' In short, he fetched three of the largest he had, and filled them to the brim with the best wine in the cellar, the more to honour the operation. The batchelor took them, one after another, with mysterious gestures, and placed them in a triangular form on the table: he then uttered, with a loud voice, these words—'By Belfegor; by Leviathan; by Beelzebub; by Asmodeus!' He caused the squire to repeat them several times, making him walk round the table: then he ordered him to drink off the three bumpers, and said to him—'Courage, friend! I have a good conceit of your business: I find you have a good heart for the work.'—'Mr. Batchelor,' cried Sancho, 'you see I do not spare my body: I use my poor endeavours; the Lord must do the rest.'—'Nay,' replied the batchelor, 'you have hitherto played your part to admiration, bating one word, which you did not pronounce properly.'—'As for that,' quoth the squire, 'a word is a mere trifle: I would fain know whether all the canons say their matins without tripping. No, no; they do not go to Rome for a pardon every time they turn over two leaves of their breviary at once, and yet they are sure to find their dinner ready. But, however, lest we should lose a hog for a halfpenny-worth of tar, you may order me another bumper in lieu of the word I mistook, and perhaps one will make amends for the other.'—'That will not do,' replied the batchelor; 'but it is likely you did not murder that word designedly; and since your intention was good, all is well.'—'By my troth, I

'believe so!' answered the squire. 'I can assure you the wine has wrought wonders: I begin to feel like a knight-errant already; for methinks I see a thousand candles here.'—'You are out in your reckoning there,' quoth the batchelor: 'the ceremony is not yet ended, and the best part is to come; or rather, all that we have done hitherto is nothing in comparison with the sequel. Now there being two enchanters, who are your enemies; to wit, Friston, and a Moorish enchanter, whom you told me of yesterday; I must make a circle, and, by virtue of a charm which commands them, I will oblige each of them to send a devil hither to dis-
'enchant you. But, my dear friend Sancho,' added he, after making a great circle on the ground with chalk, 'I must give you some advice: the devils will be sure to use all their endeavours to make you step out of the circle, in the middle of which you are safe, because they cannot come within it; but you must be sure to stand fast in it, whatever they may do to you; for should you be so unfortunate as to stir out of it, they would swallow you like an oyster. If, on the contrary, you still keep within the circle, they will drop at your feet a skin of white vellum, which contains the charm, and will take their flight, howling for shame and vexation: take especial care, therefore, that fear does not cause you to step aside.'—'Fear!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'what can he fear whilst I am present?'—'No, Sancho,' continued he, 'remember I am with you: I say no more.'—'It is enough, Sir,' replied the squire; 'I know your word cannot fail in that point: God be praised, in your company I fear nothing! The worst of it is, that as to my body, I perceive myself quake a little. But let them give me another glass of wine, and I promise you I will then stand within the circle as stiff as a stake.'—'With all my heart, brave Sancho!' said the host, giving him at the same time a great bumper. 'Courage, my friend!' The squire, having gulped down this heart-ening dose, boldly entered the circle. 'So, Sancho,' said the batchelor, 'now for the charm! but remember

' that you remain silent till the devils
' have thrown the parchment at your
' feet: for I must tell you, that if you
' utter a single word before that time,
' the spirits will vanish immediately,
' and there will then be no possibility
' of disenchanting you.'—' It shall
' never miscarry for that fault,' quoth
Sancho; ' you may begin the dance as
' soon as you please.' The batchelor
then fell upon his knees, and continued
almost a quarter of an hour with his
eyes fixed on the ground; after which,
he started up; and, like one agitated
with the transport of a phrenzy, sometimes
stretched out his arms, sometimes rolling
his eyes and distorting his frame with
fearful gesticulations, smote himself
violently on the breast and stomach. At
length, raising his voice, and gabbling,
with surprising vivacity of action, he
commenced his conjuration in the following
words—

' Beelzebub! Asmodeus! ye fright-
' ful fiends who obey the enchanter
' Frisbon, and the Moorish enchanter,
' I conjure you listen to my voice!—

' By Juno, and by mighty Jove!
' By Pluto, and the god of love!
' By Neptune's boots and Mercury's shoon!
' And by the horns of Madam Moon!
' By Leo, Libra, and Aquarius!
' By Taurus, Cancer, Sagittarius!
' By the Twins, and the Ram's Horn!
' By Pisces, and by Capricorn!
' By the Scorpion's poisonous sting!
' By the Virgin, that rare thing!
' By Pan's pipe and bed of grass!
' By Silenus' gentle ass!
' By the killing bold physicians!
' By the senseless politicians!
' By the spirits, great and small!
' By the fairies, devils, and all!

' Ye cruel and mischievous spirits,
' who, in compliance with the malice
' of enchanters, enemies to the Knight
' of La Mancha, have, by your sor-
' ceries, infected the eyes of Sancho
' Panza, his trusty squire; I command
' you to appear here presently, and to
' cast into the circle the parchment
' containing the charm! Come away, I
' command you—

' By Proserpine's black sooty coat!
' By Charon's oars, and rotten boat!
' By the flambeaux of the furies!
' By the sense of common juries!
' By their truth who buy and sell!
' By the three-mouth'd dog of hell!

' By the Sybils and the Oracles!
' By Mahomet, and all his miracles!
' By the conscience of a jailor!
' By the honesty of a taylor!
' By the spirits, great and small,
' By the fairies, devils, and all!

The batchelor stopping short here, a
noise was heard at the cellar-door; and
presently the two confederate devils
appeared. They were wrapped up in
tattered old red hangings, tied about
them in several places with ropes, and
each of them had a jack-chain about
his neck; their caps had two horns,
and their faces were so daubed with
soot, that no white appeared but the
white of their eyes; each of them had
a whip in the right-hand, and an iron-
prong in the left: but that which most
of all deceived Don Quixote, and terri-
fied his squire, was a lighted match
which each devil held in his mouth,
so twisted with fine flax, that, whenever
they blowed it, they seemed to vomit
fire. They now drew near the circle,
grinning with a thousand hideous grim-
aces upon Sancho, who shut his eyes
to avoid seeing them; and, shaking in
every limb like an aspen-leaf, betook
himself to his prayers. The batchelor
then continued his conjuration as fol-
lows—

' Infernal spirits! who behold the
' intrepidity of Sancho, throw down at
' his feet your fatal parchment! I
' command you—

' By fair Hebe's god-like head!
' By Jove's love to Ganymed!
' By Orpheus' lute, guitar, or fiddle!
' By cruel Sphynx's fatal riddle!
' By Comus' revels in the dark!
' By warlike Mars, that bloody spark!
' By Venus, and her chaste embraces!
' By Vulcan's Cyclops' lovely faces!
' By Olympus, when it nods!
' By all the whole and demi-gods!
' By the spirits, great and small!
' By the fairies, devils, and all!

The devils, though so powerfully
conjured, were not over hasty to cast the
parchment into the circle; but, per-
ceiving that Sancho still kept his eyes
shut, began to jerk his haunches with
their mules whips; and though they
were only in jest, yet, being naturally
rough play-fellows, and Sancho in his
shirt, they made him extremely sensible
of the lashes. Sancho gnashed his
teeth, shrugged his shoulders, and cut
capers,

capers, kicking his heels up to his very breech: he, however, bore all without stirring out of the circle, or uttering one word. The devils, who were determined to make him speak, yet wished rather to frighten than hurt him, now laid aside their whips, and began to tickle him with their pitchforks; till at length Sancho lost all patience, and blubbered out, with might and main—
 'O my good master Don Quixote! have pity on me, I beseech you, and deliver me from these cursed satans!' The knight was not deaf to his cries; but exclaimed, with a dreadful voice—
 'Hold, devils! and you shall see whether Don Quixote is afraid of your iron-prongs!' Thus saying, he drew his sword; but, in an instant, he found himself environed with such thick darkness, that he could no longer discern any thing; for, as soon as Sancho opened his mouth, the mule-driving devils, the host, and the scholars, who expected such a storm, extinguished the candle, and slipped out of the cellar as fast as they could.

Still Don Quixote threatened the devils, though the darkness checked his passion, and rendered his valour useless. Sancho was so frightened, that he fancied he still felt the forks.—'Master Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'pray keep me near you, if you please; for perhaps the devils have put out the candle that they may use me the worse: draw close, that I may know you are by me.' Our knight, upon this, drew nearer, to encourage him; and, as both of them held out their arms to feel for each other, the squire chancing to touch the lean hairy hand of his master, screeched out immediately—'I am a dead man! I have felt Lucifer's claw!'—'No, my child,' said Don Quixote, 'it is I; be not frightened.'—'Alas!' replied the squire, 'fear has overcome me!'—'The devils are not here,' answered the knight; 'but what I marvel at, is, that methinks we two are left alone in this dismal place! What can have become of the scholars and the Castellain? I do not hear them speak!' Thus saying, they both began to call upon them; but nobody answering—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the devils have certainly carried them all away! As for Mr. Batchelor's part, he is well enough served; and he deserves it for

his damned conjuring; which I shall never forget as long as I have a bit of skin left upon my breech.'—'I do not believe that,' answered Don Quixote; 'the batchelor has too much power over the devils, to suffer them to hurt him.'—'On my conscience,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no trusting to that! Dogs sometimes bite their masters. But, pray, Sir, stay till I gather up my breeches and doublet, which I feel under my feet; and then let us endeavour to get out of this place; for, in troth, I am not like the spirits, I do not like dark places at all; and I fancy I am in the other world!' He put on his breeches; and, whilst they were groping about for the door, the host and the scholars came back into the cellar, with each of them a lighted candle in his hand. 'O ho! gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'are you there? What have you done with the devils?'—'Were you mad, Sancho?' replied the batchelor; 'do not you know you had like to have been the death of us all, by calling upon your master Don Quixote to assist you? All devils, and these more particularly, hate to have any forcible means employed against them; they presently break loose, and no charms can hold them any longer. The conjuror himself is not safe; for they are a false generation; and there is no more trusting of them than the rogues of galley-slaves you rescued last year: and this was the reason we fled with such expedition.'—'Yet they are not so fierce as you make them,' replied Don Quixote; 'though they were armed with prongs, and spit more fire than Endriagus, which Amadis de Gaule overcame; or than Paunus the demoniack, slain by the Knight of the Sun, they durst not stand before me!'—'I believe so too,' answered the batchelor; 'they are cunning devils, and never fight but when they are strongest. All that vexes me,' added he, turning to the squire, 'is, that the operation was not performed with more success: but it is your fault, Sancho; you ought to have had a little more patience; however, if you will be more staunch, and not speak one word, we will begin again.'—'No, no, master Batchelor!' quoth Sancho; 'I had rather be enchanted till doom's-day, than see

‘see those hell-hounds any more!’—
 ‘Why the devil,’ said Don Quixote,
 ‘did not you keep silence till all was
 ended? It would have been over by
 this time.’—‘No doubt of it!’ quoth
 Sancho; ‘for, by this time, it would
 have been over with me! A pox on
 the devil! I should stand still and be
 slayed without wincing, should I?
 Faith, you take me for a pretty fool!
 Had not I called you to my assistance,
 they would have thrust their hell-
 forks into my guts; for I felt them
 grate upon my ribs already! In short,
 if I never see things relating to
 knight-errantry as I ought to do, the
 loss is not great. What matter is it
 to me, whether Madam Zenobia is
 handsome or ugly? I have a wife al-
 ready, God be thanked! and that is
 enough for a peasant. I am not de-
 ceived in eating and drinking; and
 that concerns me most.’—‘Alas,
 my poor Sancho!’ cried the batche-
 lor, ‘do not sing victory before the
 battle is over! Enchanters may
 as well hinder you from eating and
 drinking; and I wonder they have
 not done it already! Assuredly it
 must be, that Friston reserves this as
 his finishing stroke upon you; for
 that is the general way of enchant-
 ing.’—‘O the dog!’ cried Sancho,
 ‘all the devils in hell take him before
 he does! But, perhaps, that may ne-
 ver come to pass, Mr. Batchelor:
 “it does not always rain when we
 fancy it.”

After some further discourse of this
 sort, they all quitted the cellar, and went
 to meet Queen Zenobia in the court,
 who pretended great earnestness to know
 the success of their enterprize, as if she
 had been quite a stranger to it. ‘Beau-
 tiful princess,’ said Don Quixote to
 her, ‘it was not the batchelor’s fault,
 I am well satisfied, that his secret did
 not take effect; but my squire disap-
 pointed it by his impatience: and I
 foresee I am still likely to have trouble
 enough with him.’—‘No, no, Sir!’
 cried Sancho, ‘we will argue no more
 about chivalry; for I have considered
 on it. From this time forwards I
 will believe all you say as certain as
 if it were in the almanack. When-
 soever you tell me, “Sancho, it is this
 thing, or t’other,” I will swear to it,
 and by that means shall be too hard
 for the enchanters. Now let them

‘come as fast as they will, when they
 happen to show me a wind-mill, whip
 say I, “There is a giant!” and so of
 the rest.’—‘O my friend Sancho,’ quoth
 Don Quixote, ‘if you will but perform
 what you say, if you can so far prevail
 upon yourself, I desire no more. Do
 you but humbly submit the weakness
 of your eyes and understanding to
 your master’s clear sight and sound
 reason, and then you have found the
 secret of mortifying enchanters, by
 disappointing their malice.’ Sancho
 hereupon binding himself by oath to see
 in future with no eyes but those of his
 master, matters were re-adjusted, and
 the company somewhat consoled for the
 ill success of the magical operation.
 They now gave themselves up to good
 humour; and, after eating a morsel, and
 drinking a glass of wine, Don Quixote,
 Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, re-
 turned the constable many thanks for his
 kind cheer, and departed all together from
 the castle of Goblins. The host, on his
 part, demanded nothing for the expence
 they had put him to. The players, it is
 true, had paid for the supper; but that
 matters not: others of his profession
 would have made no scruple of reckon-
 ing with Don Quixote and the scholars.
 As for him, he took the ceremony
 in the cellar in full payment, and shew-
 ed as much generosity as any Castilian
 we meet with in the volumes of chi-
 valry.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH THE ARABIAN ALISOLAN
 DOES NOT RECKON THE BEST IN
 THE BOOK.

WHEN our adventurers were
 come near Alcala, the scholars,
 not caring to enter the town with Don
 Quixote, from apprehension of the hub-
 bub his figure would probably occasion,
 stopped as it were to rest themselves, after
 taking leave of him and his company.
 When they were on the point of entering
 the suburbs, Barbara said to Don Quix-
 ote, ‘Sir Knight, you have purchased
 for me a mule and cloaths, and have
 brought me with you thus far, as if I
 were your sister; I therefore return
 you most humble thanks: but if you
 have no other commands to lay on
 me, I will, by your leave, stay in this
 town,

town, where I was born, and where I should be glad to serve you more effectually than with bare words.'—
 'Oh, my princess!' exclaimed Don Quixote, much surprized, 'what is it you talk of? What strange resolution is this you have taken? Will you then leave me, after travelling together with me through so many desarts? Alas! if you once absent yourself from me, who will defend you against your enemy Pamphus the enchanter? Where can you be safe against his practices? Be advised by me, Madam; let us go to Madrid together, where I design publicly to defend your beauty. After this, you are free to do whatsoever pleases you. You shall go, if you desire it, to Cyprus; or you shall stay in the court of Spain; where I do not question but the king will entertain you as the Sultan of Babylon did the Princess Hermiliana and the beautiful Polixena, mistresses to the two young princes of Greece, Don Clarineus of Spain, and Don Lucidaner of Thesaly.' Sancho, finding his master so earnestly oppose Barbara's design, grew angry, and said—'Body o' me! master Don Quixote, I cannot imagine to what purpose you would have us take the princess along with us: is it not better she should stay in her own country, than make us spend the rest of our money to no purpose? On my conscience, a pretty jewel to carry to court! And she must be asked and entreated too, and be hanged to her! Ask her no more, say I! we can go to Madrid well enough without her, and be never the worse for it. See what state the jade takes upon her, because she is called Madam Queen here, and Madam Princess there; though she is no more than she knows well enough, for I heard what she said to the scholars. Let her pay us what the mule and the cloaths cost, and let us have no more of her!'—'Incorrigible dunce!' quoth Don Quixote in a rage, 'will you ever be the most indiscreet and the sauciest of squires? Do you think, sirrah! I shall always have the patience to endure your impertinent babble; and particularly when it is injurious to the great Queen Zenobia? Vile wretch! I could almost find in my heart to strike my lance through your body!' Having spoken these words, he was drawing near Sancho to strike him;

but Barbara, who, considering she was a woman, was not very mischievous, interposed and appeased him. Desirous, however, to revenge herself upon Sancho, notwithstanding, she addressed herself to our hero, and said—'Sir Knight, it is true I did design to stay here; but since your worship desires it, I am ready to follow you to Madrid, and farther too, if need be, in spite of that base peasant.'—'Peasant!' quoth Sancho; 'it is true, I am a peasant in the eyes of the world, but quality signifies nothing before God. If a man is a Christian, that is enough; and I had rather be a peasant than go eat and drink all night with players.' Barbara coloured at these words; and answered the squire—'Sancho, Sancho! have a care of making rash judgments; all those who eat and drink together are not good friends for all that. We must not always believe it is day when the cock crows; if I was in the players chamber, I did nobody harm there; but you are quite a malicious one.'—'You call me malicious,' replied the squire; 'by my troth, you dare not say it to my face; for, body o' me! I'm no such fool, d'y'e see, but I know there are more days than weeks.'—'Beautiful princess!' said Don Quixote, 'regard not, I beseech you, what that brute says; let us leave him for a blockhead, as he is, and consider where we shall alight.'—'Sir Knight,' replied Barbara, 'I would advise to stay in the suburbs till to-morrow.' Don Quixote, who was wholly at the queen's devotion, agreed to this proposal, and they alighted at the first inn they found in the suburbs.

Don Quixote now ordered two rooms; one for himself and his squire, and a better for the princess; and, whilst a maid-servant conducted the queen and the knight into a tolerable apartment, Sancho led the beasts to the stable. Barbara, finding herself alone with the knight, resolved not to lose the opportunity, and therefore accosted him in this manner: 'I beseech you, Signior Don Quixote, to excuse me from going to court, for I know I shall be laughed at there; or, if you are resolved I shall go, you must promise to give me fifty ducats to set up my shop again. In truth, that is not too much; and I defy you to find a woman that will act Queen Zenobia cheaper.'

‘cheaper.’—‘Great princess!’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I do not regard these words, which I know are dictated to you by your enemy Pamphus the enchanter; but if you stand in need of fifty ducats, I will tell them out to you immediately: I will only call Sancho to bring my portmanteau.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ quoth Barbara, ‘it will be enough if you give them me at Madrid; and I desire Sancho should know nothing of the matter, for he is such a curmudgeon, that he would lead us a weary life if he knew it.’—‘Verily,’ said Don Quixote, ‘he is insufferable in that point: he makes me mad with his covetousness; and though he is upon the point of being made governor of one of the best islands belonging to the kingdom of Cyprus, yet he is afraid he shall want. But, after all, he is a good servant; and I should be loth to lose him.’ This dialogue was interrupted by Sancho, who returned from the stable in a great heat: ‘Master Don Quixote,’ cried he, ‘do you hear all that musick?’—‘What musick?’

replied the knight. ‘Why you need but look out at the window,’ quoth Sancho, ‘and you will hear a harmony for the devil!’ Don Quixote, upon this, opening a window that looked into the street, their ears were presently struck with the sound of trumpets, accompanied with hautboys and sundry other instruments; and at the same time they heard shouts, as of a mob surprized at some fight. They observed that the windows and balconies were thronged with men, women, and children; and they discerned at a distance, in a great street that fronted them, a chariot painted with a variety of colours, which was accompanied by a prodigious concourse of people, both on foot and horseback. In the first chapter of the second volume we shall learn what this extraordinary spectacle really was; what the knight of La Mancha thought of it, and into what dreadful peril he was brought by the greatness of his courage; for the wife Alifolan has so much still to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S GREAT-
EST ADVENTURES.



WHILST Don Quixote, Barbara, and Sancho, were gazing with all their eyes out of the window, the host came into the room to know what they would have for supper; but the shouts of the people, the trumpets, and the chariot, having, by this time thrown the knight's brain into a ferment, he doubted not that he was on the eve of some most important adventure; and, having thanked Heaven for offering him such a noble opportunity to signalize himself, he said to his squire—"My son Sancho, we could not have come at a better time: a mighty infant is this day married, and there is a splendid tournament held in this city to celebrate her nuptials. The lists are open to all knights, and the worst of them have been already thrown out. A giant, stronger than Orbion, or Bradamant, has overthrown all

that appeared before him, and fear has sunk the hearts of all the rest. He is now proudly parading in a triumphal chariot; and fancies that henceforth no knight will dare to contend with him for the prize of the tilting. The princes of this country are grieved to the heart, and would give all they are worth, that some knight would appear, and humble the pride of this Pagan: therefore, my child, let us make haste and appear in the Great Square. I fancy I already see all the ladies and great lords in the windows and balconies, fixing their eyes upon me: methinks I hear them, in admiration of my martial air and genteel demeanour, saying to each other, "That, doubtless, is the gallant knight who is to regain the honour ours have lost, and to overthrow the giant!" As soon as ever I appear in the lists, the trumpets will make the air ring; which will infuse such mettle into Rozinante, that he will neigh with eagerness for the combat; and, flashing sparks of fire from his eyes, will bound so furiously, that the earth will be in danger of sinking under him.

R

him. Then will I draw near the giant; and, without ceremony, say to him—"Proud giant, I will fight you; but it must be upon condition that the conqueror shall cut off his conquered enemy's head!" All giants being naturally haughty, he will not hesitate to accept the condition, but will come down from his chariot, and mount a white elephant, led by a little dwarf his squire, who, riding a black elephant, carries his master's lance and buckler. Then shall we take our career; and, both pressing furiously on, shall meet in the middle of the course. He will strike my armour, but not pierce it, because it is enchanted; and his lance will fly in shivers up into the air: however, the great force of the shock will make me bend down to the very saddle-bows, and I shall be stunned; but, immediately recovering myself, I shall give the giant so fierce a thrust on the breast with my lance, that it will lay him prostrate on the ground; where shame, and the pain of his fall, will cause him to utter a thousand blasphemies against Heaven, as is the custom of giants. Now, knights being forbid to take any advantage in fighting, I will alight from my horse, will grasp my buckler, and will advance, with sword in hand, towards the monster; who, being doubly enraged at my sight, will get up, though feeble; and, drawing a broad and weighty scymetar, which hangs by his side, will attempt to let fall a mortal stroke on my helmet, which I will shun by stepping nimbly aside; and then, smiting off one of his thighs with a back-stroke of my excellent sword, I will again lay him prostrate, and, without allowing him time to rise, will give him such a lucky cut between his gorget and his helmet, that his head will drop off. All the princes will rejoice, the conquered knights will be comforted, and the people will applaud me! Go, Sancho, bridle Rozinante instantly, and let us about it this moment!

The host, who had listened to all this harangue, and looked upon it as a jest, fell a laughing; and said to the knight—"By my faith, Sir, you must have an excellent memory to remember all that banter! For my part, though I have

read as much forty times in romances, I could as well be hanged as repeat two lines together. But, laying aside that nonsense, will you please to tell what you would have me get for your supper?"—"You time things very well, my friend," answered Don Quixote; "you know what has happened in your town, and how all your knights have been affronted; and yet, when I am preparing to revenge their quarrel, you talk to me about supper. I tell you, I will neither eat nor drink till I have slain the giant! In the mean while, I humbly beseech the queen to stay here; I shall soon return." This said, he made Barbara a bow, and went out, attended by his squire; who, contrary to custom, did not oppose his master's intentions; doubtless, to keep the oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took Rozinante and Dapple out of the stable; mounted, and rode into the town. The reader must understand, that the university of Alcalá on that day chanced to solemnize the admission of a new divinity-professor. He was borne about the town (as is the usual custom) in a triumphal chariot, and above two thousand scholars attended him, some on foot, others on horseback, and others on mules. Don Quixote and Sancho soon met the scholars, walking two and two, with garlands of flowers on their heads, and laurel-branches in their hands. In the midst of them was a triumphal chariot wonderfully large: the fore-part of it was filled with a number of musicians, singing and playing on instruments. In the centre were several scholars in women's cloaths; some of them representing virtues, and others vices; and every one bore an inscription, declaring what he represented. Those who personated vices were loaded with chains, and sat at the feet of the others, seeming to be sunk in melancholy, as became the condition of slaves. At the farther end of the chariot, above all the rest, sat the new professor on a throne, clad in a long scarlet-robe, with a crown of laurel on his head. What a spectacle was this for a knight-errant! Both master and man viewed every particular; but what they seemed most to marvel at, was, that the mules which drew the chariot, being concealed by the rich housings which entirely covered them,

the whole machine appeared to move of itself. 'By the Lord, Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, 'this is really surprising. I could wish the enchanters might grant you the free use of your sight but for one moment; you would then perceive, that the stately chariot which comes towards us is enchanted, and moves of itself by the power of magick.'—'Faith, Sir!' said the squire, 'I do not understand how it is managed; but the enchanters do not deceive me in that point. I plainly see all you tell of. I have looked all about the chariot, and I can descry neither oxen nor white unicorns, and don't see so much as a fly that draws it; and yet I see it moves. Mother of God! if this be not magick, there is no magick in the world!'—'Do you observe all those princesses in the chariot?' said the knight. 'I do, indeed!' answered Sancho; 'and, by the same token, some of them are standing, and others sitting, and have iron chains on their hands.'—'And don't you also see,' added Don Quixote, 'a mighty giant, a monster in a red robe, with a crown on his head?'—'I do, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'and though I did not see him, I would take your word for it.'—'That giant,' said Don Quixote, 'is a king, as appears by his crown; but I cannot tell you what island, or what strange kingdom, he is sovereign of; for I might be mistaken, and a man must not assert any thing rashly. But those ladies you observe standing before him are princesses, whom he has stolen, and who had not virtue enough to withstand his amorous passion. Those you see chained, are constant women, not to be corrupted. In vain does he misuse and load them with irons; they will undergo a thousand deaths, rather than comply with his infamous desires. Let us move forward, my son; now is the time we must shew what we are. I fly to deliver those princesses from the tyranny of that monster; and you may judge of the fate of Bramarbas, by the bloody and dangerous combat I shall now wage.' This said, he advanced towards the triumphal chariot; and, stopping short before it, grasped his buckler, set his lance in the rest, and, directing his discourse to the divinity-professor, exclaimed—'Haughty and

'prodigious giant! you who so proudly range about in that necromantick chariot, and deem yourself invincible; I charge you immediately to set free those unfortunate infantas! Restore to them all the jewels you have robbed them of! Come down from your chariot! Mount your white elephant, and try your strength with me! Fancy not that I will leave those lovely damsels in your hands; their beauty sufficiently demonstrates them to be the daughters of sultans, of emperors, or of caliphs, and the only heiresses of their parents! Think not that I will suffer a Pagan to bear away the honour of the tilting! Though you were supported by all the powers of hell, I would hinder you from departing this day with the glory of having vanquished all the Christian knights!' Thus speaking, he compelled the chariot to halt. The scholars finding their procession impeded, fancied that it was one of their own party who had armed and disguised himself after that manner to make sport: five or six, therefore, stepped out of their rank; and, drawing near to Don Quixote, one of them said—'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, be pleased to stand aside, and let the chariot pass. You see night draws on, and we have no time to spare.'—'That is as much as to say, scoundrels!' answered Don Quixote, 'that you are this vile giant's base officers; and, since you are, you shall first feel the strength of my arm, before I combat with your master!' So saying, he spurred on his horse against one of the scholars, designing to run him through with his lance; but the scholar, being nimble and active, stepped aside, and avoided the thrust. The knight's lance dropping out of his hand, he drew his sword; and, coming up to another scholar, smote him on the head with such hearty goodwill, that he fell down stunned, and dangerously wounded. All the spectators set up a dreadful cry; the music ceased, and the whole street was in an uproar; some fled on foot, and others on horseback; the musicians leaped from the chariot; and the very infantas themselves, forgetting that Don Quixote was fighting their battle, had like to have sided with the rest. They all beset the knight, who made

his sword whistle in the wind, and laid about him so furiously, that no man durst come near him; and had Rozinante been a little more mettlesome, Don Quixote might, perhaps, have gone off scot-free from this adventure. But the scholars pressed hard upon him; and one of the lustiest laying hold of the lance, gave him such a stroke on the right-arm with the butt-end of it, that the poor knight dropped his sword. Having now no offensive arms left, they soon closed with him; and, casting him from the saddle on the ground, trampled on him most unmercifully. So much were they all incensed, that they would surely have murdered him upon the spot, had not Pedro de Moya the author, and some of the players, whom Don Quixote had supped with the night before, happened fortunately to be present. But they, understanding who he was, broke through the crowd, crying out to the scholars to hold, and telling them that he was a madman. The scholars, upon this, gave over beating him; leaving him, however, senseless, in the hands of the players, who carried him into a house; and, whilst they brought him to himself, the scholars fell into their ranks again, the musick struck up, and the chariot went on.

CHAP. II.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS TRIED SANCHE'S CHASTITY.

SANCHE having seen the event of the battle from afar, was almost distracted: he had, however, wit enough left to feign himself utterly unacquainted with Don Quixote; and, mixing with the throng, was taken for a countryman that came to see the solemnity. As soon as he perceived that the scholars continued their procession, he hastened towards the place whither he had seen his master carried; and, finding him senseless, began to blubber aloud, saying—'Alas! poor Loveless Knight, how much you were mistaken! You thought to have killed the giant, and death sits heavy upon your own lips! Cursed be the scholars, and their ill-starred procession!' The players

comforted Sancho; and Don Quixote, by their means, being come to himself, the author said to him—'Open your eyes, Don Quixote; and behold, in me, the wise Alquise your friend, who am come to your assistance in this imminent danger!' The knight, looking on the author, and knowing him again, cried out—'O my protector, and my faithful historian, what a satisfaction is it to me to see you! I knew you would not forsake me in this dangerous adventure; and I must own, that, were it not for you, I should have lost my life there, through Rozinante's fall, whose mettle failed him this time. Give me another horse quickly, and let me renew the combat! Permit me to fly after those traitors, and take such vengeance on them as may make future generations quake! Yes, I swear by the order of knighthood I have received, that I will put no bounds to my rage! I will scour the streets, and put to the sword all the men and women in the town! I will kill the very dogs and cats! In a word, I will destroy every thing that has life in it!' The wise Alquise was too conscientious to consent to so bloody a resolution; and therefore dissuaded the knight from attempting it; saying—'Don Quixote, let us think of nothing now but your cure: let us see your wounds.' Upon this, the knight was disarmed and examined; and, though not a little bruised, was found to have no need of a surgeon; which the author observing—'Chear up, Don Quixote,' said he; 'all this will be nothing; I will set you right again with one draught of a sovereign balsam I will give you by-and-by.' He next desired two of the players to go and gather up all that the knight had lost in the scuffle, his horse, his head-piece, his lance, and his sword. They obeyed their orders so exactly, that none of these things were lost. When it was dark, the author and his companions, supporting Don Quixote under the arms, in this manner conveyed him to the inn; where Sancho told him that he would find Zenobia. They found her in the same room in which Don Quixote had left her: she was all alone, and very impatient to see the knight again; believing that he must have been detained by some important adventure.

As soon as she saw him enter, supported thus by two men—'Good God, Don Quixote!' exclaimed she, 'what has brought you into this deplorable condition?'—'Dear princess,' answered the knight, 'the fortune of war is doubtful. I alone attacked a numerous army; and the same fate has attended me this day, as formerly befel Orlando in the Plain of Roncesvalles: I slew so many enemies, I continued so to lay about me, that at length, being totally exhausted, I sunk down, through mere weakness and weariness, on the field of battle; where, questionless, I must have perished, had not the wise Alquise, my great friend, returned on purpose from Constantinople to carry me off by his enchantments.'—'It is true,' quoth the author; 'but, if you please, Sir, let us lose no time; it is requisite that I cure you, and put you in a condition to set out to-morrow for Madrid; where, if Heaven so pleases, you are to receive more dangerous wounds than these, and to finish more important adventures.' Having thus spoken, he caused a fire to be lighted, and a bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the Amazons disarmed the knight, undressed him, and rubbed him all over with brandy. The reader, uninstructed perhaps in the laws of knight-errantry, must not imagine that, in so doing, the princess transgressed the rules of modesty. When knights chanced to be in the company of infants, if they came off wounded from any combat, the ladies generally dressed their wounds. Most of them understood surgery, and learned it on purpose to dress knights*: and, what is by far the most admirable and marvellous, such was the skill of these fair-ones,

that never was knight known, though covered with cuts and gashes, any one of which would otherwise have been mortal; never was knight known, I say, so discourteous as to die under their hands. By this time the host had brought in some good strong broth, which the author administered to Don Quixote, saying—'Sir Knight, take this porringer of balsam, which is much better than that of Fierabras; nay, I dare vouch, it is much better than that which Ariobarzanes, Prince of Tartary, carried in a golden bottle, hanging at his saddle-bows.'—'Then it must be the noblest of all balsams,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for that of Prince Ariobarzanes was wonderful. The effects it wrought were prodigious; and I remember to have read, that Don Belianis, being one day at the point of death, nay, some say he was actually dead, no sooner had they let fall one drop into his mouth, than the knight started up perfectly cured of his wounds†.'—'As for this balsam,' replied the author, 'it is not quite so quick in it's operation; it is requisite to sleep peaceably after taking it; and therefore I entreat you to go to bed immediately.' The knight did as he was directed; he was put to bed, and the author and his company withdrawing, shut the chamber-door, and left him to his rest.

Barbara and Sancho being now alone, went into another room, where supper was brought to them. When they were seated, Zenobia said to the squire—'Chear up, Sancho! Be merry, lad! You are still melancholy about your last adventure: your master is not wounded, he has only his ribs a little bruised; but that is nothing; I rubbed him so well, that, by to-morrow,

* With respect to the chirurgical skill of the ladies in romance, take the following extracts from Belianis.

"Let my entreaties so far prevail with you, that my maidens may cure your wounds," says the Princess Aurora to Don Belianis. "Thereupon the prince was unclothed by those ladies; and one of them dressed him most skilfully, having great knowledge in that art."—Part I. Chap. 2.

"With branches and boughs the damsels made some arbours for the knights, and with their gowns, towels, and scarfs, covered them; and, after they had unarmed them, dressed their wounds."—Part I. Chap. 3.

† The Emperor Belianeo, father to Don Belianis, being brought to death's door by reason of his wounds, the sage enchantress Belonia, or Bellona, 'drew forth of a little box certain ointments, wherewith the emperor, lying in a trance, received his vital senses.'—After this, 'drawing forth a little glass, wherein was a certain composition very odoriferous, the emperor drank it off; and at that instant he felt himself so well, as if he had never been wounded or ill at all.'—Belianis, Part I. Chap. 9.

' he will be as brisk as a bird again.
 ' Come, let us make much of ourselves,
 ' boy! Let us be merry!'—' As for
 ' being merry, I like it well enough,'
 quoth Sancho; ' but we shall be forced
 ' to pay for our mirth, and that I do
 ' not like: your mule and your silk
 ' cloaths have cost us a great deal of
 ' money already.'—' My mule and my
 ' cloaths stick in your stomach,' an-
 swered Hacked Face; ' you have never
 ' done upbraiding me with them.'—
 ' Nay, faith,' replied the squire, ' had
 ' we conquered some kingdom, I should
 ' not mind it so much. I am none of
 ' those that love to starve in a cook's-
 ' shop; and I would to-morrow speak
 ' to my master to buy you a pair of
 ' new shoes to appear in at court; for I
 ' see yours are worn out: but, to deal
 ' plainly, I am afraid we shall never
 ' be emperors; we are too unlucky.
 ' When we think to bake, the oven
 ' falls; all our adventures end the
 ' wrong way for governments or em-
 ' pires: and I verily think, if we fell
 ' down backwards, we should not es-
 ' cape breaking our noses.'—' Patience,
 ' my dear friend,' cried Zenobia; ' af-
 ' ter foul weather comes fair.' In the
 ' mean while, let us taste that wine,
 ' and see whether it is good.'—' A-
 ' greed!' replied Sancho; ' by my
 ' troth, I am not at all troubled with
 ' the spirit of contradiction! and I had
 ' rather take off twenty bumpers than
 ' refuse one.' This said, he laid hold
 of the bottle, and filled Barbara's glass,
 who made but one gulp of it; and he,
 having done the like, said to Zenobia—
 ' Well, Madam Queen, how do you
 ' like this wine? Methinks it is not
 ' amiss.'—' In truth, I have not drank
 ' enough to give my opinion of it,'
 answered Barbara. ' I will not tell you
 ' my opinion till the twentieth glass;
 ' for I have heard say, that a good
 ' judge ought to be full of a cause be-
 ' fore he decides it.'—' Faith,' quoth
 Sancho, ' you would agree well with
 ' my governess at home: she loves this
 ' syrup better than her honour, as you
 ' do; and, I dare lay a wager, she would
 ' take off her three pints while she is
 ' spinning one distaff of flax.'—' I am
 ' very well pleased,' answered Zenobia,
 ' that I am like your wife.'—' Nay,
 ' hold; as to likeness,' quoth Sancho,
 ' pray have a care of that: she has no
 ' scare on her cheeks, as you have!'—

' You are not at all complaisant,' re-
 plied Barbara; ' you delight in af-
 ' fronting me; you hate me! But no
 ' more of that; I am, notwithstanding,
 ' resolved to be your friend.' In such
 sort of conversation they passed away the
 supper-time; and when they had eaten
 and drank at discretion, that is, till they
 were ready to burst, Barbara, being of
 that class of fair-ones who are apt to
 wax wanton upon a full stomach, be-
 gan to cast her eyes somewhat amo-
 rously upon the squire; and said—' By
 ' my faith, Sancho, we must make
 ' peace to-night, and from hencefor-
 ' wards love one another like a new-
 ' married couple! but, first, tell me whe-
 ' ther you know what it is to love?'—
 ' Yes, sure!' answered Sancho; ' I
 ' love my master Don Quixote; I love
 ' my wife, my children, and Dapple;
 ' and Mr. Curate.'—' That is not
 ' what I talk of,' replied Zenobia, ' I
 ' ask whether you never played with
 ' the maids?'—' O Lord, yes!' quoth
 Sancho; ' there is not one in our vil-
 ' lage but what I have played with.
 ' Every Sunday, after vespers, we meet
 ' near the mill, and there we divert
 ' ourselves all together.' Barbara, per-
 ceiving that the squire did not guess at
 her meaning, stroked his chin gently
 with her hand; saying—' Good God!
 ' what a rough beard you have, friend!
 ' I pity the women you kiss!'—' I have
 ' no women to kiss but my wife,' an-
 swered Sancho, thrusting away Bar-
 bara's hand rudely; ' and, if any others
 ' have a mind to be kissed, let the mo-
 ' thers that bare them kiss them, if
 ' they will.'—' You need not thrust
 ' away my hand so roughly!' replied
 Zenobia; ' there are few scholars in
 ' this university but would be glad of
 ' the favour.'—' O but I am no scho-
 ' lar!' quoth Sancho. ' What would
 ' you have me do with your hand? I
 ' had rather go to bed just now.'—
 ' Well,' said Barbara, ' since you have
 ' such a mind to sleep, we must both
 ' lie together; for the nights grow
 ' cold, and I am naturally very chilly.'
 —' Nay, if you only want warming,'
 quoth the squire, ' let me alone for
 ' that; I will go ask the host for two
 ' or three blankets, which you may
 ' lay on you double.'—' By the Lord!'
 cried Barbara, ' thou art the silliest fel-
 ' low I ever beheld! Why, is it possi-
 ' ble, Sancho, you should not under-
 stand

'stand what I have been driving at this hour? Do not you conceive that I design you should serve me instead of a husband to-night, and make much of me?'—'That I should make much of you!' replied Sancho. 'Mother of God! what do you mean? I am not so gamesome, I faith! I should have enough to answer for, to do what is forbidden in the mass-book; and your being Queen Zenobia would not save me broiling in the other world!' So saying, he turned away from the amorous Zenobia, and went in pursuit of a bed elsewhere.

CHAP. III.

WHICH PROVES THAT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IS THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION IN THE WORLD; AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE ATCHIEVEMENT DON QUIXOTE EVER PERFORMED.

DON Quixote having rested well all night, found himself much easier in the morning, though he still felt much pain in several parts of his body: this, however, did not hinder him from rising, or anywise stagger his faith in the efficacy of Pedro de Moya's balsam. Sancho now coming into his apartment to enquire after his condition, accompanied by Barbara—'Beautiful princess!' cried the knight, 'God be praised! your fair hands, and the sage Alquife's wonder-working balsam, have cured my wounds; and it must be granted, that you understand surgery, to the full, as well as the Persian Infanta, who learned it of the great master Lugon himself.'—'I have no great skill,' answered Barbara; 'but a maid, who has no fortune, must understand a little of every thing. I once served a surgeon of this town, who had more skill than all the Lugos in the kingdom: it was a satisfaction to see him spread his plaisters; they were always as round as a juggler's box. He trimmed and cut hair delicately; and it was he that cured all the chief of the university: sometimes I made the lint for him, and attended his apprentices, who put me to many kinds of work.'—'Oh, oh, Madam Zeno-

bia!' quoth Sancho, 'then you have been a barber's servant!'—'I do not disown it,' replied Barbara; 'for mean persons must not forget themselves in prosperity.'—'Master Don Quixote,' quoth Sancho, 'you hear what the princess says; and she is neither drunk nor asleep. I fancy queens do not often use to work among apprentices: a dutchess could do no more; and yet she would not boast of it!'—'O thou perfidious enchanter Pamphus!' said the knight, sighing, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven; 'when will you cease distracting Queen Zenobia's understanding?'—'Do you not perceive, Sancho,' added he, 'that the princess has not the right use of her reason? That it is the traitor Pamphus who makes her talk such nonsense?'—'Right, right, Sir!' answered the squire; 'by my faith, I had forgot it! It is the malignant tutor Pompous that makes her talk so madly: nay, he is not satisfied with making her talk foolishly, but makes her act so; for last night, after supper, she would have—Oh, the cursed enchanter! When you had him under you the other day, you should have thrust your sword down his throat, and have sent him into the other world!'—'I should not have spared him,' replied Don Quixote, 'had not Queen Zenobia's compassion stopped my hand; but I will undo that charm at the court of Spain. I own it is no less difficult to dissolve than that which the enchanter Friston made at Babylon to steal away Florisbella. The Knight of the Basilisks finished that adventure; and I flatter myself that this is reserved for me; and therefore let us away to Madrid this moment. I think it an age till the Queen of the Amazons is restored to her own form again.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'we must breakfast first, however. Madam Zenobia will have patience so long; and, for your part, I fancy the sage Skiff's balsam has not overloaded your stomach.'—'I consent,' said the knight; 'let us eat a bit, and be gone immediately.' Upon this, they all breakfasted together; and, having paid the host, set out for Madrid, Barbara keeping her face so closely veiled that nobody knew her.

About

About a small league from Alcala, passing along the side of a wood which bordered on the road, their ears were struck by the cries of a woman greatly terrified, accompanied with the firing of small arms. Though the noise seemed to be sufficiently near them, yet they could not immediately discover the cause of it, as the wood happened just at that part to project in an angle. 'Sancho,' quoth the Knight of La Mancha to his squire, 'here are certainly some unfortunate persons whom ill-fate or injustice pursues: let us hasten to their relief, my son.' This said, he spurred Rozinante so furiously, that the fiery creature, used only to a walk, fell on a sudden, not indeed into an hand-gallop, but into a trot, little inferior to it. As for Dapple and the mule, thus much must be said in their praise, that as soon as they saw their companion move so briskly, the novelty of the thing raised such emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discovered what they were so desirous to know, and Don Quixote was pleasingly surprized by a dismal spectacle: he saw two men on horseback, who fought bravely with seven or eight footpads, two of whom had carbines, and the rest were only armed with swords and bayonets. A young maid, plainly dressed, but charmingly beautiful, stood by the combatants, and seemed to be a forced spectator of the fight. She rent the air with her cries, calling upon Heaven and man to her assistance; and she struggled in vain to get out of the hands of a lusty old woman, who, seeming to side with the robbers, held her, and endeavoured to stop her mouth with a handkerchief. The two horsemen, that were set upon, one of whom was the master and the other the servant, made a vigorous defence: the first had laid one of the robbers flat with his pistol, and the latter had done the same by another with his gun, and both of them had the good-fortune to escape the first discharge of their enemies carbines. They might then have avoided that unequal combat by the swiftness of their horses; but the danger of the young maiden so far prevailed upon them, that, though they knew her not, they rather chose to expose themselves to every hazard, than to leave her in the hands of those vil-

lains. Heaven gave a blessing to their generous resolution: one of the robbers having charged his carbine again, levelled it at the chief of the two horsemen; but he, making use of his time, rode up briskly to him; and, striking down the muzzle of the carbine with the pistol he had not yet fired, did double service, saving his own life, and killing the old woman; for, the carbine going off at that very moment, the wicked wretch received the shot in her head, and dropped instantly. Her blood spurted upon the young maiden's face; who, in that consternation, thought she had been wounded herself, and fell down in a swoon upon the old woman's body. The horseman, having avoided the shot, pressed in upon the robber; and, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to his forehead, blew his brains out. Yet his death would not have put an end to the danger, for there still remained four or five of the robbers, who, though they had no firearms, were nevertheless bold and resolute; and one of them was just going to run the horseman through with his sword, when he was prevented by our brave redresser of wrongs; who, flying, with his lance couched, to the assistance of the weaker side, pierced him quite through the back, leaving his lance in the wound. Though the robber was one of the lustiest and the stoutest rogues in the kingdom, he could not withstand the fury of such a thrust from so redoubted a hand; he fell flat on his face; and, that I may use the words of Homer, 'The noise of his fall was as the sturdy oak falling in the forest, when overthrown by the raging of the wind, or hewn down by the stroke of the axe.' Our knight, delighted with this achievement, unsheathed his sword, and was already preparing to lay about him amongst the robbers who remained; but those villains, scared at his strange and formidable appearance, and thinking him no less than a devil loosed from hell to chastise them for their crimes, fled precipitately into the wood.

The gentleman and Don Quixote did not think fit to pursue them: their first care was to help the unknown beauty. Finding her in a swoon, and bloody, they thought at first she had been dead; but feeling her pulse beat, the

the knight halted to fetch some water from a little brook that ran out of the wood, and brought it in his helmet. The first she cast her eyes on was Don Quixote, whose mien and garb being such as seemed not to promise much security, the poor maiden could not tell whether she might think herself out of danger: but the gentleman soon satisfied her, by giving an account of the success of the combat; and how the rest of the robbers fled upon the approach of the brave knight in the bright armour. In short, he recovered the damsel from her fright; and she, having wiped her face, perceived that she was not wounded, discovering such a ravishing beauty as abundantly paid her deliverers for the pains they had taken. When she had perfectly recovered herself, she returned them thanks suitable to the service they had rendered her; and our Arab assures us that she performed it with as much grace as good sense: each of them answered for himself, but with this difference, that our hero stiled her—'Sovereign Infanta!' and used such language as made it evident that his brains were as extravagant as his outward appearance. The gentleman, on his side, made his acknowledgments to Don Quixote for his seasonable succour; to which the knight of La Mancha returned an answer so uncouth and unusual, that the gentleman and the lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble system of knight-errantry. Sancho, and the Queen of the Amazons, who had kept far enough from the affray, perceiving the robbers had fled before our knight, made haste to the field of battle to congratulate the conqueror. 'By all the gods and goddesses,' cried Sancho, as soon as he came near, 'master Don Quixote, this bout we have had no cudgelling, nor bangs of slings! Now this may be called a good hit, i'faith! Let us have five or six adventures more like this, and I will undertake for twenty empires and forty governments, or the devil is in them!'—'Son Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'trouble not yourself about that: empires and governments will come in due season; yet, should fortune be so unjust as not to grant us them, the glory we shall gain by performing the du-

ties of our profession, will abundantly recompense our toils.' This dialogue between master and man served still more compleatly to puzzle the gentleman and lady, as to Don Quixote's character. Cudgelling and bangs from slings, intermixed with empires and governments, were mysteries they could not comprehend or develope. In short, whilst Don Quixote was making new tenders of his service to the beautiful unknown, the gentleman went up to Sancho, and began to examine him, 'Friend,' said he to him softly, 'what is your master's name?'—'Sir,' answered the squire, 'last year he called himself The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect: but man proposes, and God disposes; now he is called, The Loveless Knight, or Don Quixote de la Mancha.'—'But pray tell me what profession he is of?' quoth the gentleman; 'for, by his rich armour, I am apt to judge he has some considerable post in the army.'—'As yet,' said Sancho, 'he is but a knight-errant; and, though he has had many a good basting, he has not been able to make himself emperor of any place; but he cannot miss of a kingdom: and I, who am his squire Sancho Panza, do make as sure of some good island, as if I had it in my hand.'—'And who is the lady I see upon the mule?' asked the gentleman. 'It is the Princess Zenobia,' replied Sancho; 'who, as my master says, is a queen; though the scar on her face makes her look more like a tripe-woman of Alcalá: and, to say the truth, a man had need be a knight-errant not to be mistaken in her.'

CHAP. IV.

OF THE WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DON QUIXOTE'S VICTORY, WHICH MIGHT PASS FOR ROMANTICK ADVENTURES, BUT THAT OUR ARAB DELIVERS THEM FOR CERTAIN TRUTHS.

DON Cæsar (for that was the gentleman's name) needed no more information from Sancho to comprehend Don Quixote's madness: being satisfied with what he had discovered, he went up to the beautiful unknown, who was still talking to the knight;

S

but

but as soon as he came to them, they heard themselves called upon by the highwayman whom Don Quixote had run through with his lance. 'Gentlemen,' said he, with a weak and intermitting voice, 'if pity has any place in your hearts, do me the favour to draw this lance out of my body, not to save a life I have too well deserved to lose, but that, before I die, I may discover to you a secret which troubles my conscience, and lies heavier upon me than all my other crimes; and I am persuaded it will be of some use to you to know it.' These words he uttered with much pain, and at several intervals, by reason of his great weakness. The gentlemen were moved at the wretch's complaints; and, fancying that the help he desired might give them an opportunity of performing some charitable act, they drew out the lance; but the extreme pain it put him to, and the great loss of blood, made him faint: they at first thought he had given up the ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the lance; when, finding some signs of life in him, they entertained hopes that he might be brought to himself again, if care were taken to stanch the blood, and bind up the wound. Sancho immediately drew out of his portmanteau a number of rolls and scraps of linen, which he carried to supply the dismal occasions of knight-errantry. Barbara, who was so skilful at making of lint, contributed her assistance; and the gentleman's servant, who had some smattering of surgery, performed the operation, applying a sort of tent to the wound. This putting the wounded man to considerable pain, caused him to open his eyes; but he was still senseless, and they were forced to use other means to bring him to himself. They were yet never the forwarder, for he was so feeble that he could not speak: they persisted, however, in exerting all their endeavours to revive him, as believing he had something of moment to communicate; but their utmost diligence would probably have been vain, had not Don Cæsar's man bethought himself that he had a good bottle of brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As soon as the robber had swallowed three gulps of that rare liquor, he recovered his speech, as it were

miraculously, and cried out — 'O Heavens! how just are thy judgments! I receive my death in the same place where I once committed a horrid murder. About two and twenty years ago, near this wood, I and another of my companions stopped a rich farmer, who was coming from Alcala, with a nurse, who had a child in her arms: the farmer making some resistance, and the nurse, in the mean while, screaming so loud as to make us apprehensive that the might be heard by some of the Holy Brotherhood, I soon cut the woman's throat. We then killed the farmer; and, having taken from his pockets about six score ducats in gold, we dragged the two dead bodies into the wood, and buried them in a ditch to conceal the murder: when we had done, we stood a good while to consider what we should do with the infant. Though so very young, he had such a majestic look, that we fancied, if we spared his life, he would be a great man; but my companion, fearing we might be discovered by his crying, was for killing him: I consented; I came up to the child, and had lifted my hand to run him through, but at the same time I felt such an impulse of compassion, as prevented the fatal stroke. The little infant, who was as yet too young to have any sense of the loss of his nurse, looked upon me with such a smiling countenance, as must have moved pity in the cruellest barbarian: in short, I was overcome, and resolved to save his life, whatever my companion could say to me; who, thereupon, left me, saying, he would not stay any longer with a man that would venture his undoing out of an indiscreet compassion, which, among men of our profession, could be counted nothing less than downright folly. I took care to provide a nurse for the child; but I durst not carry him to the next village, because the farmer and the nurse having been both inhabitants there, their absence would in all likelihood give an alarm, and cause an enquiry to be made after them; in fine, I resolved to —' Here the robber was forced to stop short; his tongue failed him on a sudden; his eyes began to roll in his head; and he grew so weak, that they all thought he would immediately have expired.

pired. The beautiful unknown seemed much concerned, and laboured to help him. A double dose was given him of the medicine which had the first time proved so successful, and it now wrought a second miracle: the wounded man recovered his senses, and was in a condition to continue his relation, which (after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it) he did as follows. 'I resolved to carry the infant to Torrefva. It pleased Heaven, which seemed to favour the preservation of the child, that, going into a house to enquire for a nurse, I met with one Mary Ximenez, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight, and who had just lost a child of fourteen months old, to which she gave suck. The better to engage her to take care of the infant, I told her that she would make her fortune by it, for it was a child of great quality; but that the mother, for particular reasons, was obliged to have it brought up privately. The richness of the infant's mantles and linen gave a reputation to what I so confidently affirmed. Mary Ximenez believed what I said, took the child, and promised to be very tender of it: since then I never knew what became of it, nor ever enquired. Therefore, gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at Alcala, whether some woman of quality has not lost the child, which I left with Mary Ximenez, a peasant of Torrefva.'

When the robber had ended his relation, both the lady and the gentleman, who had listened to him very attentively, seemed much concerned; though probably from different motives. The lady, full of anxiety, told her deliverers, that it would be a great satisfaction to her if they could save the highwayman's life; because she desired to be better informed as to some particulars, which extremely concerned her, and which she thought that poor wretch might give an account of. Don Cæsar, who apprehended that he had more weighty reasons than the lady to desire the same thing, ordered his man to place the robber on his horse in the best manner he was able, in order to carry him to the next village; but Don Quixote having remarked that, in the wounded man's present condi-

tion, he could not sit the horse, or be carried any other way upon it than by laying him at length, and fastening him with ropes; and that, as such an uneasy posture, added to the jolting of the horse, would probably kill him before he could reach the village, it would be much better to get some of the country people to carry him upon boughs of trees. Don Cæsar approved of this expedient: he sent, therefore, to collect four or five of the lustiest fellows thereabouts; which was easily done, as the noise of the fire-arms had by this time brought many people together, who stood gazing at a distance upon the melancholy spectacle. When the peasants were come up, they cut down some boughs; and, putting them together, made a sort of a bier, on which they laid the wounded man; who requested them to examine whether the old woman, who was his wife, were past recovery. It was done to satisfy him; but when he was told she was dead—'Heaven be blessed!' cried he; 'then the wretch who made me commit this last crime, has received her due reward!' He said no more; but this was enough to make it very apparent that the old woman had been the cause of his taking part in the late action. The peasants being ready, Don Quixote asked the damsel unknown, whither she would have the wounded man carried. She said, she had some reasons to desire he might be carried to Torrefva. The peasants made many difficulties, alledging that it was two great leagues to that place, the way bad, and the wounded man very heavy. Don Quixote, who would have gone beyond the kingdom of Congo to serve the ugliest servant-wench in an inn, was amazed that the men should make any difficulty of going two leagues for one of the finest women in the world; and he was likely enough to have compelled them; but Don Cæsar, promising them a considerable reward, soon rendered the way short and easy, and the wounded man light. The peasants set forward; but the beautiful unknown being on foot, the next question was how she should be accommodated. Don Cæsar offered to take her up behind him; but Don Quixote required, vehemently, that the damsel might not ride any horse but his; since it was one of the principal duties of knights-errant to

mount forsaken damsels, and because Rozinante alone was worthy to carry princesses. Rozinante, it is true, had length of back sufficient to have carried the four sons of Aimon*, could one have contrived a prop for his belly. The damsel, nevertheless, would more willingly have accepted of Don Cæsar's offer, as thinking his person better, and his appearance less formidable; but she durst not follow her inclination, for fear of disobliging the knight, whose character seemed to require some compliance. 'To put an end to the controversy,' quoth Sancho, 'the princesses may mount my ass, since he is a limb of knight-errantry, as well as Rozinante; he has already served princesses: and Madam Zenobia, who has tried him, knows his worth.' Sancho's advice was followed. Don Cæsar took the damsel up in his arms, and seated her upon Dapple. They then made away from the wood, and from the place where the tragical scene had been acted; but they moved slowly, being resolved not to stir from the bier.

The strong interest which the unknown damsel seemed to take in the robber's recovery, astonished Don Cæsar; and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done hitherto. Her person was in all respects so charming, that, notwithstanding her mean habit, he could fancy in her something almost divine. Her behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the trouble which appeared on her face gave her an air and look so affecting, that had not the gentleman's heart been pre-engaged, he surely must have fallen passionately in love with her; and, though he was devoted to another beauty, yet such charms could not but have some operation on him. The damsel, on the other side, seeing Don Cæsar, felt herself drawn by a certain sympathy which she could not account for. The gentleman, taking care to keep his horse by the side of Dapple, that he might the better view and discourse with her, had no longer power to restrain his desire of informing himself who she was. 'Madam,' said he, 'the amazement

'I am in to find you on the highway alone, on foot, and exposed to the insolence of ruffians, who stick at no villainy, perfectly confounds me; and I bless God for the share so lately afforded me in your deliverance: but may not I know by what ill-fortune you were brought into that deplorable condition? I feel an impulse to flatter myself with the hopes, that when I am acquainted with your troubles and misfortunes, I may still be so happy as to serve you farther.' These words somewhat embarrassed the fair unknown; and she was silent a while, considering what reply she should make. At length, she thus answered him—'My obligation, Sir, to you, is so great, for having hazarded your life for my sake, that I can conceal nothing from you. It would be injuring your generosity to distrust your prudence. Since you desire it, I will unfold to you the secrets of my heart, and make known my wretched situation; which is, in truth, so calamitous, that I cannot promise myself so much as a sanctuary in any part of the world.'—'O sovereign infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her, 'I will not suffer such injustice. No longer may I be entitled the Loveless Knight, if I do not secure you a safe retreat in whatsoever kingdom of the world you shall make choice of; and if any emperor or sultan is so discourteous as not to honour you at his court as you deserve, your own eyes shall witness the overthrow of his dominions; and I will expel him, as a prince unworthy of a crown!'—'Nay, by my troth!' quoth Sancho, who heard the last words of his master, 'Lady Princess, you need not make the least question of it; my master Don Quixote will do it with more ease than he says it: and, pray, why should not he? he who is ready to do as much for nasty lousy princesses, that are not fit to wipe your shoes.'—'Hold your tongue, blockhead!' said Don Quixote in a passion; 'do not impertinently interrupt our discourse. Get you farther, and let me not bid you twice!'

* Their names were Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. In the catalogue of the Reverend Thomas Crofts's valuable library, amongst many other rare romances of chivalry, was one (Lot 4942) with the following title: 'Les quatre Fils Aymon, Duc d'Ordonne; c'est a sçavoir, Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, et Richard; avec leur Cousin Maugis. Fig. 4to Rouen, Sans date.'

The knight spoke these words so sternly, that the squire fell back without making any answer. 'Don Quixote,' said Don Cæsar to the knight, 'there is no need of overturning empires; but if this lady pleases to accept of my service, I do engage to procure a retreat for her in any place she shall think fit, without dethroning any prince whatsoever.—Now, Madam,' added he, looking upon the damsel, 'be pleased to recount to us your misfortunes; and then assure yourself, that Don Quixote and I will serve you to the utmost of our abilities.' The damsel then spoke as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRACIA.

I Lived not long since at Alcala, in a family that was very kind to me; and whose nobility and wealth caused me to be sought after by persons of the first consequence. But why should I talk of the happiness I enjoyed; since cruel fortune has not only robbed me of that, but even of the credit that might be given to what I say? I have here nothing to vouch for me; and my tears are the only testimony of my sincerity. The unfortunate Don Ferdinand my father, of the noble family of the Peraltas, perished in the flower of his age in the fatal expedition of that mighty fleet which King Philip fitted out against England. He commanded a ship that was cast away in the storm. My mother being big with child when she received this dismal news, was immediately delivered. However, being near her time, it was hoped that the birth might repair the loss of the deceased parent; so it proved. My brother and myself were the unhappy shoots of that dying stock, and we had all the symptoms of a strong and hale constitution. But, alas! the hopes that had been grounded on us, proved short-lived. The boy, who, as they say, was the very picture of our father, and yet more like him in his misfortunes than his features, was lost in his infancy; so that we

could never hear any certain tidings of him, farther than what I now conjecture from the story this dying robber has just related to us. We had each of us a nurse. My brother's having one day asked leave to visit a friend of hers who lived at the farthest end of the town, my mother Eugenia, little foreseeing the fatal consequences, made no difficulty to grant it her. The nurse took her child in her arms, and went out; but the day passing without any news of her, the family began to be uneasy. They waited a while longer; but my mother's patience being at last exhausted, she sent to enquire at the house whither the nurse had told her she was going. The woman answered, that the nurse had been there, but was gone a league from Alcala to see her husband; who, she was told, lay sick, and durst not ask leave of Donna Eugenia for fear of a denial; and that she went with a farmer of the same village, whom she happened to meet with as he was going home. This account made my mother very uneasy; and she was much more concerned when, having sent a man on horseback to the nurse's husband, she understood that they had neither seen the child nor the nurse, and that all the village affirmed the same thing. She caused every possible enquiry to be made about Alcala for six months; and all her friends used their utmost endeavours to hear some news of the nurse and my young brother Don Ferdinand, (for he had his father's name given him;) but all in vain: and the farmer's parents could never hear of him more. This misfortune threw all our family into a great consternation. My mother Eugenia could not have been visited with a more severe affliction. My uncle, Don Diego, de Peralta, was so much concerned, that, being before very disconsolate for the death of his brother, he could not endure to stay any longer in Alcala; and, notwithstanding all my mother's entreaties to the contrary, went away to Madrid, where he had an estate. He did not, however, fail to come sometimes to Alcala to visit her, and assist her with his advice; for she reposed such entire confidence in him, and was so thoroughly con-

vined,

“vinced of his wisdom and probity,
 “that she did nothing without consult-
 “ing him.”

Don Cæsar was much discomposed when he heard her talk of the loss of that young Don Ferdinand; and, comparing this account with what the highwayman had related, he grew very uneasy; but, being unwilling to interrupt the damsel, he curbed himself, and she went on as follows.

“Eugenia for several years lament-
 “ed the loss of her husband and child;
 “she could take no comfort; but every
 “thing seemed to renew her grief.
 ““Engracia, my dear Engracia!” said
 “she to me often, clasping me in her
 “arms, “I may well cherish you, since
 “you are the only treasure that is left
 “me. But, alas! fortune seems to de-
 “light in robbing me of all I hold
 “dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am
 “fondling of you, she cruelly prepares
 “to snatch you away from me!” Such
 “were the tender words she spoke, as
 “she bathed my cheeks with her tears;
 “and, though I was but an infant, I
 “grew sensible of her love and sorrow;
 “but I did not, at those tender years,
 “imagine that my hard fate would
 “part me from my unfortunate mo-
 “ther. My first years passed away in
 “this sorrowful manner: at length,
 “time, which mitigates the greatest af-
 “flictions, made Eugenia’s more easy;
 “and my education became her only
 “care. My natural disposition, as they
 “said, being such as deserved cultiva-
 “tion, I learned all those things that
 “were proper for my sex: but, above
 “all, my mother endeavoured to instil
 “into my heart the love of virtue, and
 “to bring me up with that modesty and
 “discretion which become the daugh-
 “ter of a noble family. I never went
 “abroad without covering my face very
 “carefully, or sitting back in the coach
 “so as nobody might behold me: yet
 “all these precautions did not protect
 “me against the snares of love. A
 “gentleman of birth and graceful pre-
 “sence saw me upon a publick festival;
 “and, though my face was covered
 “with a veil, yet my shape and mien
 “drew his attention. I perceived it,
 “and observed that he followed us af-
 “ter the service was ended. I did not
 “think fit to tell my mother, who was
 “with me, or to acquaint her with the
 “discovery I had made; and there-

“fore, there being no way to slip
 “from the gentleman, or disappoint
 “his curiosity, he soon knew who I
 “was. This was enough to deter-
 “mine him to follow me. From that
 “time he never ceased watching me;
 “nor did he let pass any opportunity
 “of making his intentions known. If
 “I appeared at the window, I was sure
 “to see him in the street; and when I
 “went abroad, I never failed of meet-
 “ing him: yet, notwithstanding all his
 “endeavours, I took such care, that
 “for a long time he never saw my
 “face, and I fancied he would grow
 “weary at last; though, in reality, he
 “was far enough otherwise. He pur-
 “sued me so incessantly, that at length
 “he had the opportunity of seeing me
 “at a play: he seated himself very
 “near me, and in such a manner that
 “I could not, without affectation, hin-
 “der him from looking on me, or for-
 “bear seeing him. I perceived how
 “eagerly he viewed me, though my face
 “was still covered; and, methought,
 “I could discern in him a desire to
 “please me. I must confess this thought
 “made me take the more notice of him.
 “I liked his mien; and, whether I was
 “too busy, or that I did not take care
 “enough of myself, my veil flew open,
 “and he saw my face for a moment.
 “Whether he counterfeited, or whe-
 “ther it was real sympathy, he seemed
 “to be surprized, concerned, and trans-
 “ported. I took a private satisfaction
 “in it; but gave him no opportunity
 “to perceive it: he had gone too far to
 “be deterred by any difficulties; and,
 “though he had seen me but a moment,
 “yet my picture remained so deeply
 “imprinted in his soul, that he re-
 “doubled his vigilance and his court-
 “ship. The spies he had employed to
 “observe me, having informed him that
 “I was to be at the wedding of a friend
 “of mine, he found ways to get admit-
 “tance to it. I, being a guest formally
 “invited, had dressed myself to the best
 “advantage to grace the ceremony, and
 “had no veil to hide me from the eyes
 “of my importunate lover. He had
 “leisure enough to view me at his plea-
 “sure; he seemed to be all transported;
 “he was amazed, or, if I may so say,
 “enchanted, with my sight: my dress,
 “doubtless, added much to his asto-
 “nishment; but, be that as it may, my
 “mother at that time was not with me,
 “being

being then indisposed. The gentleman, availing himself of this opportunity, ventured to speak to me whilst the rest were dancing: he declared his love in the most passionate manner. Though I was convinced of the truth of what he said, yet I pretended to look upon it all as mere gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us: the gentleman tried all ways to renew his discourse, but I prevented him. Another day, meeting me masked at the Carnival, he came up close to me: I endeavoured to put him off; but he gave me to understand he knew me. I then began to be plain, and spoke very severely to him; but, whether I did it with an air that betrayed me, or whether he was too far gone to be daunted, all I could say signified nothing; or, rather, my hard usage served only to carry on the discourse, which at length proved my ruin. What woman can promise herself to hold out always against a man she does not dislike? When she hears him, she pities him; when she pities, her heart is engaged; and this return is not far from love. In short, I yielded to his constancy, and to the ardour of his love: I found his expressions were too tender to proceed from a heart that did not really feel them. However, though I felt some kindness for him, yet I treated him with as much cruelty, in outward appearance, as I felt real compassion for him in my heart. I made him despair, and perplexed him more than if I had really hated him: but, alas! he was not the only sufferer by my counterfeit cruelty; I endured as much as he did, and revenged his cause upon myself. At last, I thought fit to come to some resolution, and either to put an end to his sufferings, or render them desperate. I enquired into his quality and reputation, and understood that his name was Don Christopher de Luna; that he was polite, without valuing himself upon it; a man of courage; and beloved by all persons of worth. I began to use him better, and allowed him to write to me, and to appear under my windows at night: in fine, after several private conferences, we promised each other marriage. Our impatience to be so happily united, made us agree that he

should be admitted one night into my chamber; there to take the most suitable measures for our design, and to contrive some method of bringing over my uncle Don Diego to our party, thinking it necessary to secure him before we broke the matter to my mother. But, alas!—fatal and deplorable night!—how can I call it to remembrance, and not die with grief!

Here the beautiful Engracia was forced to make a full pause; sighs choaked her words, and streams of tears ran down her cheeks; which made her audience conclude that something extraordinary happened that night. They repeated their tenders of service; and so far prevailed, that, after having dried her tears, she went on in this manner.

The fatal night we had pitched upon being come, my lover, urged by his impatience, hastened to the rendezvous before the time. I was at my window; I saw him, and went down to tell him that he was too early; that I still heard a noise in the house, and my mother was not gone to bed. Don Christopher went away, to wait the hour in another street. An hour after, supposing by the stillness that every body was in bed, I went down, and opened the street-door. Don Christopher came in that moment: I took him by the hand; and, having led him into the house, left him at the stair-foot, going up myself before to see whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and wait at the top of the stairs. I went into my chamber to light a candle; but, the weather being damp, my tinder would not take fire, and I was almost a quarter of an hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the stairs to light Don Christopher into my apartment; but the candle went out before I had gone half way: however, I went on, calling him softly to lead him in. He answered not! I was amazed, and still called in the dark; till, stumbling at something, I fell down, and laid my hand upon it, and it seemed to me like a man lying on the ground, and his cloaths very wet. I fancied it was some drunken servant that had fallen asleep in that place: however, it startled me, and

I went

I went back into my chamber to light my candle. Figure to yourselves my astonishment and terror, when I perceived that my hand was bathed in blood! I was so distracted, that, forgetting myself, I went out with my candle; but, good God! what was my condition, when, drawing near that body which had caused my alarm, I discovered the unfortunate Don Christopher weltering in his blood, pale and lifeless! O Heavens! what a sight was this for a lover to behold! I let fall the candle, which went out upon the ground; a deadly shivering seized me, my senses failed, and I sunk down upon the insensible and bloody body. I lay some time in a swoon, and, if I may so say, as dead as my lover: at length, coming to myself, I began to reflect on that dismal adventure, to which night seemed to add new horrors. All the dreadful ideas that such a situation could suggest, presented themselves under the most terrifying forms to my imagination. I surveyed my wretchedness in it's full extent; but, amidst this confusion of tormenting thoughts, I could not comprehend how, or by whom, Don Christopher had been murdered: however, I fixed upon one supposition; I fancied that my kindred, and perhaps my mother, having got intelligence of our assignation, and concluding my honour lost, had committed this outrage to punish my lover's presumption. This notion soon filled me with many more: I guessed, that the same penalty which had been inflicted on Don Christopher, would, perhaps, fall upon me, if I did not speedily prevent it. How powerful is the love of life over weak souls, since it could make me forget my duty to myself and to Don Christopher! The fear of death made me resolve to beg a sanctuary; and, thinking that delay still made the danger the greater, I hastened back to light my candle. I packed up all my jewels, and some money I had got together, and went out of the house. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, I made my way into one of the suburbs of the town. I knocked at a door, where I saw a light, which was the house of a poor woman, whose name was Paula, and who told me that her husband was then abroad.

She not knowing me, I told her I was a stranger, whom misfortune obliged to lie concealed, and that I came to her for shelter, supposing nobody would look for me there. She received me kindly enough; but whatever she could say to assure me of her secrecy, I would not trust her. My tears moving her, she used all her endeavours to comfort me. I know not whether she heard of the search my family made after me; but she took no notice of it to me. I durst not ask any questions, for fear of causing a jealousy; and, perceiving she was of a covetous temper, I began to fear she might betray me in hopes of a reward. This apprehension troubled me; but yet that was not my greatest concern. Five weeks were passed, and I was very uneasy that I could not know what had happened at home after I came away; what construction my mother had put upon my flight; and, in short, what had been Don Christopher's fate, whom my love sometimes induced me to think living, though I had so much cause to believe him dead. This curiosity tormenting me, I could no longer withstand my impatience to be satisfied, but resolved to go to Madrid to my uncle Don Diego. I was willing to believe that, if I confessed my fault to him ingenuously, I should prevail upon his good-nature to grant me his protection. I acquainted Paula with my design; and made her such promises as prevailed with her to bear me company. To conclude what remains in a few words; when I had procured these poor cloaths you now see, that I might be the less observed, Paula and I set out this morning from Alcalá on foot; for I would not buy or hire a litter or mules, for fear of discovery: but, as soon as ever we came near this wood where you found me, I was seized by seven or eight men. At first I thought they had been persons employed by the magistrates, or my own family, to secure me. The wicked woman who bore me company, so well counterfeited terror and surprize, that she confirmed me in that belief; but it was not long before I discovered my mistake. The robbers beset me; and, whilst some of them searched me, others

had the impudence to handle me indecently. I pierced the air with my cries, and called upon all that might protect me to defend my honour. Upon this, the execrable Paula, whom I had not before mistrusted, fearing lest my cries might be heard by any of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, threw off her mask, and endeavoured to stop my mouth with her hands and her handkerchief. She urged on the robbers to search me more narrowly, and told them in what places she had observed me hide my gold and jewels; when Heaven, that protects innocence, brought you to my relief. This, gentlemen, is what you desired to hear, and what I would not have told you, were I not so deeply indebted to you both; for which I can make no other return, but by reposing an entire confidence in you.

CHAP. VI.

WHICH UNFOLDS THE HISTORY OF DON CÆSAR'S BIRTH.

AS soon as Engracia had concluded her story, Don Cæsar spoke first, and said—'Madam, though you do not know me, I am more deeply concerned in your misfortunes than you imagine. I am particularly acquainted with Don Christopher, and I do assure you that he is not dead; he is even perfectly recovered of his wounds: but I must tell you, at the same time, that this Don Christopher, who on so many accounts owed you an eternal love, is false and unjust to you. Let not this news discompose you, beautiful Engracia; I take your misfortune upon me, and your wrong is done to myself: you shall know the reason another time. In the mean while, assure yourself, I will lose my life before I will suffer Don Christopher to marry any woman but you.' Engracia was much surprized at this discourse of Don Cæsar, who at once comforted her, and added to her sorrow, by acquainting her with Don Christopher's recovery, and his infidelity. On the other side, she could not imagine how Don Cæsar should be concerned in her misfortune, or why he so passionately espoused her quarrel.

Whilst she laboured under these confused thoughts, and was preparing to answer, an old gentleman passing by, stopped short to view Don Quixote. If, however, he was amazed to see the knight, his astonishment was much greater, when Engracia, knowing him, threw herself from the ass, and, hastily running up to him, clasped one of his knees, exclaiming—'O my dear uncle Don Diego! I implore your goodness! I cannot doubt, after what has happened, that you are incensed grievously against me: but, notwithstanding all outward appearances, which seem to condemn me, I dare assure you I rather deserve your pity than your anger; for my misfortune is greater than my offence.' Thus saying, she wept so bitterly, that her two protectors could not but pity her: but Don Diego, looking on her angrily, answered—'Do not think, base woman! to impose upon my credulity. Who can imagine you innocent, when your own flight, and Don Christopher's wounds, are your accusers?' Don Cæsar, upon this, thinking that Engracia's virtue stood in need of his assistance to be fully cleared, said to the old man—'You will wonder, Don Diego, that a stranger, who has nothing about him to recommend himself to you, should undertake to vouch for your niece's virtue; and you will think this still stranger, when I tell you that I never knew Engracia before this day: nay, I am satisfied that, seeing me with her, you rather look upon me as accessory to her offence, than as a protector and witness of her innocence. But be pleased to suspend your judgment, and assure yourself, that I am so far from designing to wrong your honour, that it is my duty, as much as yours, to maintain it, since I have all the reason in the world to believe myself your nephew.'—'My nephew!' replied Don Diego, in amazement, and looking upon Don Cæsar as an impostor; 'I wonder at your boldness in pretending to be of my family, when I have never seen you! Take notice, I have no relations but what I know; and that I never had any other nephew but my brother Don Ferdinand's son.'—'And what if I should tell you,' replied Don Cæsar, 'that I am the young Don Ferdinand, whose loss you and the virtuous Eugenia have so much lamented.'

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'ed, and should bring you proofs of it?'—'These proofs,' answered the old man, 'will not be equivalent to the testimony of twenty years, which assure us he is dead. Should we have been so long without hearing any news of him, if he had been alive?'—'That very ignorance,' said Don Cæsar, 'makes his death the more dubious. Were it certain, some circumstances of it might have been known. But, Sir, I would not have you rely upon what I say: do but believe that wounded robber we are carrying to Torrefva. When you have heard what he has now told us, and shall be satisfied that I was brought up in my infancy by that Mary Ximenez he talks of, you will then, perhaps, think my conjecture sufficiently probable to deserve further investigation.' Don Cæsar then told him all that the highwayman had related. This account amazed Don Diego; who, looking more earnestly upon the young gentleman, felt his bowels begin to yearn towards him: but, being resolved to have more convincing proofs, he said to Don Cæsar—'I must confess, young gentleman unknown, that a voice within me speaks in your behalf, and that in you I find my brother's air and features: yet give me leave still to doubt of one particular, which I heartily desire to be convinced of when we shall see Mary Ximenez.' This said, he made his niece mount again upon Sancho's ass, and went along with the rest towards Torrefva, to procure more certain information of Don Cæsar's birth.

As soon as they came to the village, they put the robber into the best bed in the inn, and sent for a surgeon to search the wound; who, finding it very dangerous, desired every person to leave the room, that, if possible, the patient might take some rest. In the mean while, Don Cæsar paid and dismissed the peasants; and Don Diego enquired of the host for Mary Ximenez: the innkeeper told him that she had lived in affliction for ten years, because she had not in all that time heard of her only son. 'Are you sure,' said Don Diego, 'that Mary Ximenez is the true mother of that son whose loss she laments?'—'I have not lived long enough in the village,' answered the host, 'to be able to give you an account of that;

but, if it any way concerns you, I will send for Mary Ximenez hither.'—'I shall thank you for so doing,' replied Don Diego: 'go to her, and tell her that there is a wounded person in your house, who would speak to her about a matter of great moment, which may give her some satisfaction.' The host ran to the countrywoman's house; and, because what he had said did not make the truth evident, the old gentleman was pleased that he had not been too forward in crediting the robber's relation; but, whilst he was thus dubious, Mary Ximenez came into the room where all the company was assembled, except Don Cæsar, whom the old gentleman had caused to withdraw, not chusing that the countrywoman should see him before she had been confronted with the robber, as he apprehended, by thus doing, he should be more likely to discover what he sought after. The woman was so pale, and spent with grief, that it was distressing to see her: she cast her eyes round the room; but not seeing what she looked for, it increased her sorrow. 'Good woman,' said Don Diego to her, 'pray come along with me into the next room; you will there see a man whom, perhaps, you may have some knowledge of.' The poor woman was moved at these words, and followed the old gentleman without speaking a syllable. As soon as she came into the robber's chamber, they led her to the bed; and, the instant she beheld the wounded man, though it was so long since she had seen him, she recognized his countenance: her heart failed her; and she wept so bitterly, that Don Diego considered it as a good omen. At last, directing her discourse to the robber, she said, sighing—'You are certainly come, Sir, to demand of me the child you trusted me with twenty-two years ago: but, alas! fortune has cruelly deprived me of him, and I shall lament his death all my days!'—'Good woman,' said Don Diego, 'do not afflict yourself; we do not come to demand him of you, but to bring you news of him, and to requite you for the care you took of his education: you shall see one who is more concerned in it than we are.' This said, he ordered Don Cæsar's man to call in his master, who stood listening at the door, and only waited to be summoned.

summoned. Mary Ximenez was struck at his sight, and exclaiming violently—
‘Oh, my son! my dear son Anthony!’ her joy was so excessive, that her speech failed her. She turned pale, and fainted away in the arms of Don Diego and Don Cæsar, who ran in to hold her. Don Cæsar was much moved at his nurse’s concern for him, Engracia wept, and the old gentleman relented. They all made haste to bring her to herself; and, as soon as it was done, she clasped her arms about Don Cæsar’s neck, and, hugging him closely, cried—‘O, my son! how many tears have I shed for you!’—‘My mother!’ replied the gentleman, kissing her affectionately, ‘compose yourself, I beseech you, for my sake: I fear this disorder may be prejudicial to you.’ In short, Mary Ximenez, growing more calm after the first transports, confirmed all that the robber had said; and Don Diego, no longer doubting that Don Cæsar was his nephew Don Ferdinand, was full of joy: he drew near the young man, and said—‘My dear Don Ferdinand, I neither can nor ought any longer to oppose nature and reason; I own you as my nephew, and my brother’s son.’ This said, he embraced, and expressed all possible kindness for him. Engracia was no less pleasingly surprized to find in her deliverer a brother worthy her affection; and both of them gave each other testimonies of their love.

Don Quixote and his squire were very attentive to this extraordinary discovery, which they admired in silence. The knight, looking upon it as an effect of chivalry, applauded himself for having taken up a profession so beneficial to mankind, and so fruitful in prodigies; whilst Sancho took such part in the affairs of all parties, that the tears stood in his eyes. Don Diego, after he had given way to all the transports of joy which nature could inspire, thought it, however, requisite to make a farther enquiry to clear the honour of his family. He asked his nephew what certainty he had, that nothing scandalous had passed between Engracia and Don Christopher, since he had never known her before that day. ‘To remove all your doubts,’ answered Don Cæsar, ‘I must inform you that, for some time, I was Don Christopher’s best friend; that he

concealed nothing from me, and that he entrusted me with secrets relating to my sister, which I have no cause to be ashamed of. If you mistrust what I say, I will farther tell you what has passed within my own knowledge concerning the sad accident which was the cause of Engracia’s flight; and will acquaint you with such circumstances as no man is privy to but myself. In the mean while, you may rely upon me.’—‘If that be not enough, Don Diego,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and that you stand in need of a knight-errant’s testimony to satisfy you, I am ready to answer for the beautiful Engracia’s honour, and to challenge all knights who shall dare maintain that she had any dishonourable affection for Don Christopher.’ Don Diego, who had at first been sufficiently amazed at the mien and garb of Don Quixote, though the discovering his niece and nephew had called off his attention from that object, was now anew astonished at this extraordinary language. Don Ferdinand, perceiving it, apprized him of the knight’s name, and mentioned how greatly his sister and himself were beholden to him. This account served but to increase Don Diego’s astonishment; for, till then, he had looked upon that renowned person’s history, the first part whereof he had read, rather as an effusion of the Arab Benengeli’s wit, than as adventures which had really happened. As he liked, however, well enough, notwithstanding all his gravity, to make himself sport, he was glad to meet with the real hero treated of in those annals. It is true, he made somewhat less account of his testimony than of Don Ferdinand’s; however, he thought himself obliged to make the knight imagine otherwise, and seemingly to attribute to his prowess the entire honour of the adventure. Turning therefore to him, he said—‘Great Don Quixote, that you may be sensible how much I regard the word of a knight-errant, so renowned as yourself, I am willing, for your sake, to restore Engracia to my favour and friendship.’ This said, he embraced his niece, assuring her of his good offices with her mother: then, making haste to be gone, he said to Don Ferdinand—‘Two things make me impatient to be at Alcala; the

‘one is the desire of comforting your mother, by carrying her such pleasing news; and the other, Engracia’s concerns; for I have been informed, that the false Don Christopher is within these two days to marry Donna Anna de Montoya.’—‘It is true, that marriage is concerting,’ answered Don Ferdinand, ‘but it is not yet concluded on; and, I hope, Don Christopher, when he is convinced of my sister’s innocence, will do her justice; or, if he does not, he shall give me satisfaction.’ Engracia could not hear that marriage mentioned without being greatly concerned; but she saw her uncle and her brother so bent upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the reasons her brother had to cross it. As for Mary Ximenez, Don Diego and Don Ferdinand hired a mule for her, resolving to carry her to Eugenia, to be rewarded as she deserved. When they were ready to set out, they desired the knight and his lady to bear them company; being willing to give their friends at Alcala some diversion. Don Quixote replied, that he was sorry he could not grant their request, being obliged to repair speedily to Madrid, upon business of great consequence; but, to make some amends, he promised to visit them at his return. They were satisfied with his promise, and set out for Alcala. Don Quixote, Sancho, and Zenobia, continued their journey towards Madrid. The highwayman was left in the inn, where he died of his wounds two days after. And thus, says our Arab, he disproved the predictions of the astrologers, who, by his stars, foretold that he was to die of a strangulation.

CHAP. VII.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S ARRIVAL AT MADRID, AND OF HIS DESPERATE COMBAT IN THE PRADO.

OUR knight and his companions were too full of this adventure to pass it over in silence. ‘Is not this very wonderful?’ said Don Quixote. A damsel falls into the hands of robbers, and a gentleman, who knows

her not, comes in accidentally, and saves her life and honour. She tells him her story, as if it did not concern him; and at last, by her discourse, he is informed she is his own sister. O wonderful accident! There is no question but that such things occur in knight-errantry as are not usual in the common course of life; and therefore it is, doubtless, that the noblest adventures of ancient knights-errant are at present looked upon as fables.’—‘How do you mean fables!’ cried Sancho; ‘I dare take my oath that all that has happened to us is true. You did wonder in the fight, and spitted the robber through the back; and at a time when he least thought of it; and whoever says the contrary lyes.’—‘What a comfort will it be to Eugenia,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘to see her two children! What thanks will she return to Heaven!’—‘I do not question it,’ said the squire: ‘methinks I see her hug first one, and then the other; then this again, and then that once more. In short, I fancy I see her pull out great handfuls of gold and silver from her cupboard, and give them to Mary Ximenez, who pockets it up, as well pleased as I was when I put up Cardenio’s crown-pieces in Sierra Morena. I will warrant her, Eugenia will be ready to throw her house out at window: there will be nothing but feasting and merry-making in that quarter. The deuce take me, Sir, if it is not a considerable loss to us that we did not follow Don Diego: we should have been treated like archbishops; and, I dare answer for it, that the Princess Zenobia would desire no better.’ This sort of dialogue held master and man till they came in sight of Madrid; upon which Don Quixote, taking up a new subject, said to his squire—‘At length, Sancho, you see Madrid, the happy residence of our kings, the most famous town in Spain; but I know not whether I ought to enter into it, till I have signalized myself by some notable exploit: for the most renowned knights errant, before they would enter the cities where emperors kept their courts, always performed some glorious action, the same whereof went before them to the palace, and disposed

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disposed the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, to give them a more favourable reception. Rosclair did not enter Constantinople till he had slain the giant Mandrake; and the Knight of the Precious Image* would not go into Persopolis, till he had finished the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge. I wish there were such another bridge here, defended by four valiant knights, and two dreadful giants. — 'God deliver us, Sir!' cried the squire, 'we should never get over such a bridge as that without broken bones: and, in short, this day's combat is enough to carry you not only into Madrid, but into Rome, if you had a mind to it; and I assure you, the Pope himself would be satisfied.' — 'You are in the right,' Sancho, replied the knight; 'and I believe my last combat is sufficient to gain me a favourable reception from the king, the queen, and the infanta. I must own the action had been more glorious if I had fought knights; but we are not to chuse our adventures, my friend; we must take what fortune throws in our way: so let us say no more of it, but make haste into the town.' This said, he clapped spurs to Rozinante; Barbara and Sancho did the like by their beasts; and thus they soon came to St. Jerome's Meadow, commonly called El Prado.

'O mirror of knights-errant!' cries the Arabian author in this place; 'incomparable Don Quixote! return

thanks to Heaven, which hath conducted you to this place! Here you are more talked of and celebrated than ever the Knight of the Basilisks was in Babylon. Your unheard-of exploits are here in print, and every body reads them with so much admiration, that they can scarce believe any mortal capable of having performed them. Appear now yourself! Appear in person to justify them: evince that you are no imaginary hero. Your own presence can alone establish the truth of your magnanimous achievements!' The sun was now set, and there was consequently a good deal of company walking in the Prado; for the pleasantness of the place, and the many assignations made in it, draws abundance of people thither every evening. Don Quixote assumed a stern countenance, grasping his lance in one hand, and his buckler in the other: as soon as he appeared, all that saw him stood amazed at the whimsical uncouthness of his figure, and questioned one another what it could mean; but, not being able to satisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His mien and his device seemed so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. 'Gracious Heavens!' cried one, 'there is a genteel knight! I will lay a wager it is the Knight of the Precious Image, who conducted the Infanta Aurora to the Sultan of Babylon!' — 'No,' replied another; 'I will lay

* This Knight of the Precious Image, or (as it is rendered in an English translation of the Romance of Don Belianis of Greece, edit. 1683) of the Golden Image, is Don Belianis of Greece. Afterwards he appears in green armour, decorated with golden basilisks, (which he had won from the Emperor Bendanazar) under the title of Knight of the Basilisks. I hardly need remark, that it was a very usual thing with the heroes of romance to change their appellation, the ornaments and devices of their armour, &c. as often as they found it expedient. Under the title of Knight of the Basilisks, Don Belianis achieves the adventure of the Enchanted Tent, which was contrived by Friston the enchanter for the purpose of carrying off Florisbella. This adventure of the Enchanted Tent is the same which the Archbanterer of the Indies applies to himself in Book 6. Chapter II. of the present work. An extract or two from the translation of Don Belianis abovementioned, containing the reason of his being styled the Knight of the Precious or Golden Image, may not be displeasing to the curious reader. 'His armour was of colour orange-tawny, with a sea-wave so big, that it seemed to overwhelm a ship there figured. On his shield was portrayed the picture of a most beautiful lady, with a knight kneeling before her, as if he craved mercy at her hands, from whom she turned her face.' Page 51. This armour was provided for him by the sage Belonia, against his first receiving the order of knighthood; and the lady portrayed on the shield was Florisbella. 'You shall know my good lord,' says Belianis to the Soldan of Persia, 'I am called the Knight of the Golden Image, because I bear it on my shield.' Page 65. An account of the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge, with the knights and giants there defeated by Belianis, would be too long for a note.

'it is the Knight of the Chariot, who comes to defend the Scythian prince's beauty!' Our adventurer, overhearing the above conversation, halted; and, accosting the men very gravely, said—'Gentlemen, if you would know my name, you may ask it of my squire, who follows me; that account belongs to him.'—'By the Lord!' cried one of the lookers-on, 'this must certainly be that Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history was lately printed in this town! I know him by his horse.'—'Right,' said another, 'for that is a perfect Rozinante: besides, here is Sancho and his ass; and this damsel who hides her face, is certainly the famous Dulcinea del Toboso!'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'you are in the right, as far as regards Rozinante, my master Don Quixote, my Dapple, and myself. We are the very same, God be praised! and here we are all four before you in soul and body: but as for Madam Dulcinea, she is at this time at Toboso; and, perhaps, filling a pair of panniers with dung in her father's stable; and if so, bestrew the squires that carry her any love-letters. She has played the devil with us so long, that at last we have even left her to herself; and we had rather the devil had taken her away, than that we had made, I will not say an infanta, but so much as a plain countess of her. As for the lady on the mule, it is Queen Zenobia, whom an enchanter has converted into a tripe-woman.' Whilst Sancho uttered this harangue, Barbara took care to keep her face covered; and, though all the company desired her to unveil, her modesty prevented her compliance. 'Peerless princess,' said a gentleman waggishly, 'be pleased to suffer us to gaze upon your lilies and roses: let your fair hands, though but for one moment, remove that envious veil, which obnubilates your beauty.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I pray you rest satisfied, without desiring Queen Zenobia to unveil: she is still enchanted; and you can make but an ill judgment of her beauty at present.' These words only served to heighten the curiosity of

the spectators. They at length so earnestly entreated the knight to prevail with the queen to discover herself, that he turned to her, and said—'Madam, I join with these gentlemen in requesting that you will suffer your face to be seen: you may not, perhaps, appear so charming to them as you do to me, who see you as you are in reality; but I protest your beauty is matchless, and they may rely upon my word.' Barbara, who rightly enough suspected that the spectators would give greater credit to their own eyesight than to the word of the knight-errant, had no inclination to discover herself. She stood out for a long time; but was at last compelled to submit, and expose her scarified countenance to the inspection of the company. All that beheld her burst out laughing, and shrugged up their shoulders; nay, some young fellows had the presumption even to speak disrespectfully of the tripe-woman: among the rest, a gentleman of Galicia, lifting up his hands, cried out—'Bless us all! here's a princess forsooth! I protest she is as like an old mule I have in my stable, as one egg is like another!' It is easy to imagine the emotion these words produced in the breast of Don Quixote: his eyes sparkled with fury; and, brandishing his lance in dreadful wise, he cried, as loudly as he was able, to the Galician—'Stay, rash man! and I will chastise thy insolence! I here challenge thee to single combat; and, at the same time, I challenge all those that have insulted Queen Zenobia, who, I do maintain, surpasses in beauty the Infanta Imperia, the Princess Materosa*, and even King Olivier's daughter.' This curious defiance served but to renew the mirth of the company; and the Galician, being a jocular fellow, answered Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, though you are in armour up to your chin, and mounted on a haughty courser, more lofty than that of Alexander the Great, I will not refuse your challenge: I will combat you with my sword alone, afoot and unarmed as I now am; and I will defend withal the beauty of my mule, which I would not barter for

* The Princess Materosa was cousin to the Princess Floribella, the Soldan of Babylon's daughter. See the Romance of Don Belianis.

'your Zenobia.'—'Since you are on foot and unarmed,' replied Don Quixote, 'it is but reason that I alight and lay by my armour; for knights are not to take any advantage in fight.' This said, he alighted: Sancho did the like; and, running to disarm his master, said—'You were wishing for an adventure before you came to the court, and I think you have now met with one. Go to, defend the Princess Zenobia's beauty bravely; and make that scoundrel knight own that she is handsomer than his mule. If you have the ill fate to be overcome, I may very well fight him after you in defence of my Dapple, which I do maintain to be handsomer than his mule, though she were more beautiful than master Valentin's mare, which is reckoned at Ateca the fattest beast belonging to the Chapter.' Don Quixote (whilst Sancho prated thus) was stripping himself to his very drawers and shirt, to remove all cause of suspicion that he meant to take advantage of his antagonist. Some of the company, more prudent than the rest, observing that the knight was preparing for the combat in good earnest, endeavoured to dissuade the Galician, telling him that such jests for the most part end in earnest; but the Galician, relying on his strength and skill, laughed at what they said; and, drawing one of the longest swords that ever Spaniard wore, stood upon his guard, stretching such a distance from his left-foot to the point of his weapon, that they were at least two fathom asunder. Don Quixote, in like manner, plucked his formidable steel from its scabbard; and in an instant their furious blades flashed with a thousand sparks of fire. The Galician, when he had awhile tried his adversary's skill, with a jerk threw his sword over his head; and, dropping his own, closed with him, took him by the collar, and shook him so violently, and with so much ease, that the ancient poets would have compared the condition of Don Quixote to a shrub that plays in the wind. The knight was sensible he had not the feeble defender of Mambrino's helmet to deal with; and the dread of being vanquished before Queen Zenobia enflamed his valour to a pitch of rage utterly inexpressible: he rallied all his strength,

and gave the Galician such a terrible blow under the ear with his gauntlet, which he had forgotten to take off, that he laid him flat on the ground, senseless, and much hurt. The bystanders were much concerned at this unlucky catastrophe; but the Galician having brought the misfortune upon himself by his own imprudence, his friends did not hold themselves obliged to revenge his quarrel upon a madman, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as Sancho saw the Galician down, he roared out in an extasy of exultation—'Courage, master Don Quixote, follow the laws of chivalry to the utmost! Take up your sword, and thrust it down that knight's throat, if he refuses to own that Madam Zenobia is more beautiful than his mule.' The knight approved of the advice, seized his sword, and made towards the Galician, with full purpose of putting it in execution, had not several of the company interfered; telling him, that he ought to be satisfied with having overthrown the best knight in Galicia. 'Let him, then, confess,' said Don Quixote, 'that all the world cannot match Queen Zenobia's beauty.'—'He shall own it another time,' said one of the company; 'for, by my troth, at this time he is not in a condition to confess his sins.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'then let him say he owns himself conquered: methinks that is not very hard to be said.' Don Quixote would fain have caused the Galician to own his defeat; but at length, overcome by the arguments of the bystanders, he was persuaded to consider his combat as a perfect victory, and stepped aside to put on his cloaths and armour. Whilst he was equipping himself, two of Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages happened to come into the Prado; and, knowing the knight, drew near to salute him. Don Quixote and Sancho received them with gracious affability; and enquired after Don Alvaro. 'Don Carlos and he,' said one of the pages, 'have been here some days, and expect you with impatience.'—'I am very desirous to embrace them both,' answered Don Quixote. 'That you may soon do,' replied the page; 'for, if you please, we will conduct you to Don Alvaro's lodgings.' At these good tidings, Sancho's heart leaped for joy: he was full

full of the thoughts of pleasure and good eating; and, as soon as his master was armed, they and Queen Zenobia followed the pages, leaving the Galician among his friends, who took care to carry him home, and see him dressed.

C H A P. VIII.

HOW DON ALVARO AND DON CARLOS RECEIVED THE KNIGHT AND HIS PRINCESS; AND HOW SANCHE REJOICED AT REVISITING THE LITTLE LIMPING COOK.

IT was dark night (the history informs us) ere our adventurers arrived at Don Alvaro's lodgings, so that the populace had not the satisfaction of seeing them. They did not find the Granadine at home; his servants, however, received them kindly; and whilst one of the pages went to give him an account of their coming, the steward conducted them into a good apartment. Sancho, when he had seen the beasts into the stable, went directly to the kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his old acquaintance. But as soon as he set eyes on his invaluable friend the limping cook, he ran to him with open arms; and, kissing both his cheeks in a rapture, exclaimed—'My dear little Crookshank! how glad am I to see you once more before I die! To tell you the truth, I love you almost as well as I do my Dapple; and I shall never forget the good bits you gave me at Saragossa. It was you fed me up with carcases of turkies, and such leavings of sauce-boats, as had been fit to tickle the chaps of an emperor. Aye, and at night too, such wines, and the Lord knows what all of that sort, as were sweeter than honey: hang me, if I could not feel it warm at my heart till next morning! Let me die, if that be not rare wine for one's health.'—'Friend Sancho,' answered the cook, 'this country wine is still better than that at Saragossa.'—'I can't believe that,' replied the squire: 'nor shall any man persuade me to it, till I have tasted.'—'Well, then,' quoth the cook, 'you must drink immediately. I am sure you will be of my opinion.'—'So much the better,' quoth Sancho; 'and you may rest sa-

tisfied with my judgment in matters of this nature, since I am not enchanted for wine, as I am for things that relate to knight-errantry.'—'How, then, Sancho!' cried one of the pages; 'have the enchanter put some trick upon you since you left Saragossa?'—'That's a good question, truly,' quoth Sancho; 'do we ever escape a day without their putting some knavery or other upon us? I find you don't know them. If they miss doing us mischief an hour together, they think they have done great things by us. In short, all I can tell you is, they have so betwitched my sight, that I see every thing quite contrary to what my master does. They impose upon me every moment; and it is not above two days ago, that they made me take the Prince of Cordova's garter for the crupper of a mule.' The servants desired Sancho to recount that adventure, which he did readily enough; though some wine, which the cook had just brought for him, occasioned several long halts and pauses in his story.

At length, Don Alvaro came home, with Don Carlos, and a young count who was to be the latter's brother-in-law. They went up to Don Quixote's apartment, and found him talking with Barbara and the steward of the household. The knight embraced the Granadine and Don Carlos; and, presenting Barbara to them, said—'Behold here, gentlemen, the great Queen of the Amazons, the Princess Zenobia, whom good-fortune cast into my way; and whose beauty I now come to defend publicly in the court of Spain!' The princess's face and appearance corresponded so very ill with this introduction, that the gentlemen had enough to do to hold their countenances. However, they made shift to contain themselves; and Don Alvaro returned Don Quixote the following answer: 'Sir Knight, you have done me the greatest honour in taking up your lodging in my house with that queen, whose merit must be very extraordinary, since you undertake to protect her; but though the value you put upon her, were not commendation enough, a man needs but look upon her to give a near guess at what she is. She has such a physiognomy, as soon makes her known; and, I can assure you, that the more I look on her, the worthier

'worthier I judge her of the great enterprize you have undertaken for her sake.' The Granadine and Don Carlos then presented the count to the knight, and acquainted him that he was the young lord whom the Princess Trebafina was designed for, and that they were to be married very shortly. There wanted nothing farther to produce a long harangue from Don Quixote to the count; who, on his part, exhausted all the common places of rhetorick, that he might not fall short of the knight in point of courtesy. Don Carlos and Tarfe took that opportunity to talk to Barbara apart. 'Queen Zenobia,' said Don Alvaro to her, 'do us the favour to tell us, truly, of what country and of what family you are?'—'Gentlemen,' replied open-hearted Barbara, 'you may believe me if you please; but, I swear to you, I am none of Queen Zenobia! I am but a poor woman of Alcala, who live by my labour, and my honest trade of a tripe-woman. My name is Barbara Villalobos; a name left me by a grandmother that was very fond of me. My life has been all ups and downs, like the land in Galicia. I am now old; but I know the time when I was young; and I have been as much made of as another. I am now good for nothing but to dress meat, for I can make a soup and fry tripe with any body; and I defy any body to season sauce better than I can. However, a scholar of Alcala persuaded me to sell all my goods, drew me out of Alcala, carried me into a wood, tied me to a tree in my smock, and then ran away with all my money and cloaths. By good luck Don Quixote, on whom Heaven has bestowed more charity than sense, passing by, heard my cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen Zenobia. I told him I was no such; but he would not believe me; and he bought me a mule, and these cloaths you see. In short, when we came to Alcala, I begged of him to leave me there; but I could not prevail, and was forced to come along with him. He has promised to give me fifty ducats, when he has defended my beauty at court. I am come to be as good as my word; and, when he has performed his, I will return to my own country, where I will set up my shop

again, an't please the Lord! and let me die if ever I trust a scholar again, though he promised me the philosopher's stone.'

At this moment Sancho came into the room; and, being in a merry humour, cried—'A good day to you, gentlemen! I wish you a good stomach, and a merry heart; which two things will keep you in health, as Master Nicholas, our barber, says.'—'O my friend Sancho!' said Don Alvaro, giving him his hand, 'I am very glad to see you again in health and good-humour.'—'God reward you,' answered the squire, 'and bless you; and make you merry!'—'And don't you know me, my dear Sancho!' said Don Carlos; 'or am I not of the number of your friends?'—'Excuse me, Sir,' quoth Sancho, making up to him, 'I must kiss your hands too, with your leave; though sometimes men kiss those hands they could wish cut off.'—'O Heavens!' quoth Don Carlos, 'what is that you say? What have I done to you, that you should wish me so much harm?'—'By my troth, I beg your pardon!' answered the squire. 'That proverb slipped from me before I thought of it. Just so I used to let them fly last year. As fast as they came up, I used to spit them out; and the dog of an Arab that writ our history has not forgot one of them. He has done like one that sells small nuts, who throws in good and bad to fill up the measure the sooner. Therefore, let me tell you, Don Carlos, I do not wish to see your hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate white-meat, and of those force-meat balls you know of. Body o' me! I can never think of them but my mouth waters.' The Granadine, perceiving that Don Quixote was ill pleased to hear his squire chatter thus, broke off the discourse; and said to the knight—'Don Quixote, the great concern we have in whatsoever relates to you, and tends to the glory of knight-errantry, makes us very desirous to know what adventures you have met with since you left Saragossa.'—'Don Tarfe,' quoth the squire, 'it is my business to tell you all that, as I am squire to my master Don Quixote.'—'Well, then, Sancho,' replied Don Alvaro, 'give us a true relation.' The

squire complied: he began at his own affray with Bracamonte the soldier, and ended with the combat of the Galician. The three gentlemen were mightily pleased; but above all with the adventure of the players, and the bachelor's ceremony for disenchanting Sancho. Don Carlos and the Granadine were particularly delighted; for Barbara, who sat between them, whispered to them all the circumstances which Sancho either forgot or was ignorant of. Supper-time drew on, and the sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three gentlemen, Don Quixote and Zenobia, went into another large room, where they sat down to table; and Sancho returned into the kitchen, where, whilst he supped, he was obliged to recount anew the exploits of his master.

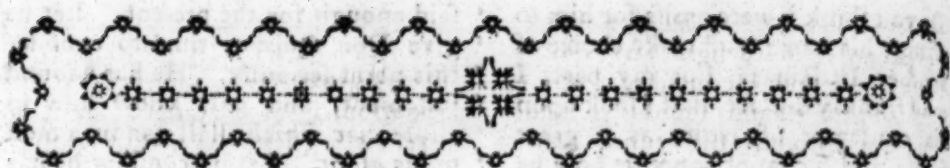
The grave knight of La Mancha, whose brain always laboured with his own great designs, demanded of the cavaliers, whether Bramarbas was then at Madrid. 'He is not yet arrived,' answered Don Carlos: 'he is gone to Cyprus, to convey to his seraglio a number of young damsels whom he has ravished from their parents; but he will soon return, when we least think of him; for the sage Silfenus favours him, and will transport him hither in the twinkling of an eye. On my word, that giant is a great ravisher of maidens; and, I assure you, I should be much afraid for my sister if Don Quixote was not with us; and I could not but fear as much for the count here present—for you know, gentlemen, how he designs to use the counts and barons of this court.'—'Let not that trouble you,' said Don Quixote. 'Marry your sister boldly, and let the count fear nothing: I pledge myself to protect him, and engage that he shall have a numerous issue.' The count could not forbear laughing at this prediction; but, though he fancied himself able to accomplish it without the assistance of the knight, he failed not to return him thanks for his protection. Don Quixote, after this, told them of the combat he was to maintain with the Prince of Cordova; and at last, after supper, the discourse turning upon Queen Zenobia, Don Carlos and the count assured Don Quixote, that they highly approved his design of maintaining that princess's beauty, for she well deserved it. But the Granadine,

being somewhat nicer in points of knight-errantry, said—'Gentlemen, I am not of your opinion; I do not altogether approve of Don Quixote's resolution. I rather marvel that he will assert the beauty of a lady whom he is not in love with. Can the Knight of La Mancha think of doing a thing contrary to the rules of knight-errantry, which he has always so strictly observed?'—'Don Alvaro Tarfe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I own I have not thoroughly considered that affair; and yet I think I shall not in it do any thing blame-worthy, or unprecedented.'—'Nay, I much doubt,' answered the Granadine, 'whether you can find any examples of this nature among the ancient knights. We know that others have accompanied, like yourself, the princesses they have disenchanted or delivered from some extraordinary danger. They have conducted them about the world, restored them to their parents, or reinstated them in their possessions; but they never took upon themselves to maintain their beauty.'—'In good faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'I now perceive this is quite a different affair; I agree with Don Alvaro that it is a very nice point: but what strikes me as the most irregular, is, that the beauty of any lady should be maintained by a knight who bears an appellation and device so injurious to the fair-sex.'—'I grant,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the appellation of the Loveless Knight seems opposite to my design; but my intention reconciles those contradictions: I only maintain the princess is beautiful, because, being enchanted, she seems deformed. I will that justice be done to her beauty, in spite of her enchantment. This is all I aim at; and consequently I perform an act of justice, and not of love.'—'Take heed, Don Quixote,' replied Don Alvaro; 'take heed you do not impose upon yourself. Our severe grandchildren will not make that distinction, but will flatly condemn your proceeding.'—'Then he must not be guilty of it,' said the count: 'Don Quixote ought not to hazard any thing that may bear a double construction; since it behoves no man more than himself to secure the good graces of posterity. Let us consider of some medium.'—Do

Do you think it were amiss for him to change his name, and make choice of another Dulcinea? For my part, I must frankly declare, that I look upon his contempt of ladies as a great fault; and I cannot conceive how he dares to continue without a mistress: he, especially, who, as his history informs us, used to say, last year, that a knight without a lady was like a body without a soul; and that it were better to be in love with an imaginary object, than not to love at all. Don Quixote, not knowing how to answer reasonings so forcible, fell into a profound reverie. Don Alvaro, perceiving his embarrassment, said—'I think, gentlemen, we have

said enough for the present. Let us give Don Quixote time to consider this point seriously. He has a sound judgment, and will know how to chuse that which shall conduce most to his glory. Let us consider he has gained two victories this day, and must needs want rest, as well as Queen Zenobia.' This said, he called to his servants; and, whilst Barbara was conducted into a chamber altogether inaccessible to coachmen, he himself conveyed Don Quixote to another, leaving a page to undress and disarm him, Sancho being still in the kitchen. Don Carlos went away with his intended brother-in-law; at whose house he and his sister were entertained.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

OF THE WEIGHTY CONSIDERATIONS WHICH PERPLEXED DON QUIXOTE; OF THE RESOLUTION HE CAME TO FOR THE SAKE OF HIS HONOUR; AND OF THE DISCOURSE HE HELD WITH HIS SQUIRE UPON THIS SUBJECT.



WHEN the page had disarmed the knight, he went out of the room, and secured the door after him, as his master had ordered. Don Quixote, much perplexed with those objections the cavaliers had just started, was glad to find himself alone, as wanting opportunity to deliberate on the part he ought to act; and he immediately betook himself to his bed, that he might ponder the more commodiously. 'Good God!' said he, tumbling from side to side 'is it possible I may not be allowed to maintain a lady's beauty without being in love! Let us call to mind the actions of the most famous knights errant; and let us see whether what I think to do is really so unprecedented.' Thus saying, he recollected all the adventures of the two

Amadis's, of Esplandian, of Palmerin of England, and of Palmerin de Oliva; and not finding what he sought for in these books, he ran over the mirror of chivalry, Don Belianis of Greece, Tirante the White, Aquilant the Black, Don Florismarte of Hircania, and Don Olivante de Laura. But, alas! the poor knight laboured in vain; he perceived he could in no wise maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty, without introducing a novelty into the established practice of knight-errantry. — 'Well, then,' cried he, 'what is it you are about, unhappy innovator? Will you, who never transgressed the least rule of your profession, now give yourself the lye? You imagine, perhaps, that your renown may justify your fault; or, at least, that posterity, dazzled with the splendor of your achievements, will pardon your irregularity. But do not deceive yourself; the base actions which Alexander the Great committed in heat of wine or passion, are not yet forgotten: heroes must not flatter themselves; they must not think to shroud their failings under the shade of their laurels. If their faults escape the censure of one age, another follows that may expose them to the whole world. I must, then, observe

observe the laws of knight-errantry inviolably, if I design to transmit my fame pure and untainted to posterity. On the other hand, should I abandon the queen to her ill fortune! Shall I leave her in the wretched condition she now suffers? Shall I grant the malice of enchanters that satisfaction? No! it is better I change my device, and that I fall in love with this same peerless princess. It shall be so; and certainly Heaven has inspired this thought into me for a blessing to my life, and for the glory of my memory! O thou beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, first sovereign lady of my soul, who now seest me submit myself again captive, do not complain of me! I had still been thine, hadst not thou obliged me to shake off thy yoke! The hero of La Mancha, having thus resolved to yield himself a most humble slave to the rare perfections of Queen Zenobia, spent the rest of the night in forming projects worthy both of the person beloved, and of the lover.

When it was day, Sancho, being impatient to see his master again, came into the room, crying—'Up, Don Quixote, up! Knights-errant are very lazy to day: you went to roost last night with the poultry; and by this time the pots are skimmed. Come, rouse, master! Are you not weary of sleeping so long?'—'You upbraid me without reason, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'I have not slept one wink all this night.'—'Perhaps you over-eat yourself at supper,' quoth the squire. 'I am like you; for when I have eaten two or three pounds more than ordinary, I do not sleep so well as at other times.'—'Glutton!' cried Don Quixote, 'do you think every body crams as unreasonably as you do? If, alas! slumber closed not my eye-lids last night, it is not to be wondered at. True knights-errant are not born to rest: their nice feelings touching the duties and decencies of chivalry, always find them some matter of disquiet. You once beheld me, indignant of Dulcinea's scornfulness, resolutely burst my fetters; and, revolting against the dominion of the ladies, fiercely assume the title of "The Loveless Knight!" This day you will behold me in a different situation: I will again offer incense on the altars of that irresistible god, who, as the poets say, dips the

points of his arrows in gall. I mean, Sancho, that I will again love; for, besides that I am of a very gentle disposition, I am of opinion, that a mistress is so essential a part of a knight-errant, that I much fear blame for having remained thus long unamoured.'—'I will not swear for it,' said the squire; 'for we ought not to swear at all; and the world often condemns that which it ought to praise. Mr. Curate is much found fault with for making his sermons too long; and yet he is never above two hours in the pulpit. But pray tell me, Sir, who is the lady you are resolved to love? Where is she?'—'She is in this palace,' answered Don Quixote; 'she is Queen Zenobia.'—'Out upon it!' replied Sancho, abruptly; 'what do you think to do with Madam Barbara Zenobia? What! I will warrant you would call upon her in your battles! Pox take me, an excellent confounded invocation! I would as soon call upon Antichrist! Take my advice for once, Sir, let us shake off that gypsy: let the scholar that ran away with her money become her knight, if he will; it is his business, and none of ours: "since he has got the child, let him rock it."—'It is a strange thing,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you cannot beat it into your head that Queen Zenobia is enchanted! I have told you a hundred times, that, though to you she seems frightful, yet she is certainly the most beautiful princess in the world. Remember this, blockhead; and do not give me the trouble of repeating it to you again.'—'I am in the wrong, Sir! I am in the wrong!' quoth the squire. 'A plague on it! I always mind my own way of seeing, without thinking of yours. See what it is to have an ill habit! But, patience—sure, after all, I shall mend at last, or never!'—'I have made choice, as I tell you,' replied the knight, 'of the Queen of the Amazons for my sovereign lady. My sole fear is, lest she be deeply in love with Hyperborean of the Floating-Islands, my rival.'—'That is likely enough,' answered Sancho; 'for the princess is a lady that will exchange commodities with any one that pleases; that will stroke down a chin very dextrously, and drink bumpers. But I will say no more; for you will be sure to tell me

' me I did not see what I have seen ;
 ' that my eyes are enchanted, and the
 ' rest of that usual story : however,
 ' God knows the truth of all things.
 ' But, to return to that Hyperborean of
 ' the island you talk of; if the queen's
 ' ladyship is in love with him, you must
 ' not take her for your mistress; you
 ' had better send her to those islands.'
 ' — ' It is not certain she is in love with
 ' Hyperborean,' replied Don Quixote;
 ' but, though I knew it to be so, this
 ' would not hinder me from loving
 ' her. The laws of knight-errantry
 ' do not forbid loving a lady who is
 ' before engaged to another knight :
 ' and, though I tell you my fear that
 ' Hyperborean is beloved, do not ima-
 ' gine this apprehension is any trouble
 ' to me; I rather look upon it as a sa-
 ' tisfaction, since it furnishes an ex-
 ' cellent subject for my complaints.
 ' The knight who has no rival, never
 ' tastes the sweets of love : if he is con-
 ' vinced of his good fortune, his life
 ' is too uniform. Hope and despair
 ' ought to distract him by turns; jea-
 ' lously, fear, and restlessness, must
 ' continually disturb his repose: nay,
 ' it is good he sometimes persuade
 ' himself that he is hated by his fair-
 ' one, since this may rouse him to per-
 ' form immortal actions. For myself,
 ' who am extremely delicate and sus-
 ' ceptible, I protest I should be sorry to
 ' enjoy Queen Zenobia's heart peacea-
 ' bly. I have before me a perfect idea of
 ' what she will make me endure; and I
 ' warn you, when you hear me sigh and
 ' groan, that you approach not indis-
 ' creetly to interrupt me, under pre-
 ' tence of comfort; for, you must un-
 ' derstand, there is a secret pleasure in
 ' the fiercest pains of love, which ren-
 ' ders them delectable. I question
 ' not but Amadis de Gaule found a
 ' thousand sweets in the rigid penance
 ' he performed on the Poor Rock; and
 ' I can assure you that my soul was
 ' plunged in joy when I gave all those
 ' dangerous skips in Sierra Morena!
 ' Amorous torments possess abundance
 ' of charms for those knights who
 ' know truly how to love. One while
 ' I will take a lute from thy hands;
 ' and, playing on it more harmoniously
 ' than Orpheus, I will accompany it so
 ' sweetly, that it shall ravish the king
 ' and all his court; and, composing an
 ' hundred verses extempore, I will ex-

' press my anguish and secret sufferings
 ' so artfully, that no person, except
 ' my princess, shall understand one
 ' word. Another while, when I am
 ' sad, jealous, and in despair, I will
 ' leave, at night, the palace; and, re-
 ' tiring into the depth of some umbra-
 ' geous forest, will send forth cries of
 ' unutterable plaintiveness. To the
 ' trees and echoes I will proclaim it,
 ' that I am the most unfortunate of
 ' created beings, since my ingrate,
 ' more beautiful than Helen, prefers
 ' another knight before me. Then will
 ' I make the woods ring with my com-
 ' plaints calling upon death to relieve
 ' me: then will I throw myself on the
 ' damp grass; and, giving loose to
 ' mortal affliction, will shed so many
 ' tears, and breathe out so many sighs,
 ' that I will faint away. In short, I
 ' shall be ready to give up the ghost;
 ' when the pitiful Aurora, having
 ' heard my doleful cries at the bottom
 ' of the waves, shall haste to open the
 ' sky-lights of day, and call me back
 ' to life. Then shall I start up nimbly,
 ' and discover one of the valiantest
 ' knights in the world, who comes in
 ' quest of me; and who, hearing of
 ' my name, shall have travelled from
 ' the farthest part of Tartary to fight
 ' me. I shall overcome him with much
 ' difficulty, and shall then return to
 ' the palace, covered with blood and
 ' wounds. Ah, Sancho! what a plea-
 ' sure, what a happiness, is this, to a
 ' knight truly amorous! — ' By my
 ' faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' if it be
 ' so great a happiness for a knight to
 ' despair, and not to be beloved by his
 ' lady, there was no need of forsaking
 ' Madam Dulcinea! She hated you as
 ' she did the devil; and she would have
 ' given you cause enough to hang
 ' yourself at last! — ' I would not have
 ' left her,' answered Don Quixote,
 ' though she repaid all my services with
 ' cruelty, but she plainly made it ap-
 ' pear that she despised me; and you
 ' must understand, my son, that con-
 ' tempt provokes a knight, and con-
 ' sequently extinguishes his passion;
 ' whereas cruelty, being no affront or
 ' provocation, he must be constant even
 ' to insensibility. Perianeus of Persia,
 ' that perfect model of unfortunate
 ' lovers, had never loved Florisbella so
 ' constantly, had she despised him;
 ' but, though she mortally hated that
 ' prince

prince, she was so far from despising him, that she sometimes pitied his unhappy love, which paid him for all his sufferings with usury.'—'But, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks, now you are in love with Madam Zenobia, the name of the Loveless Knight does not at all become you.'—'No, sure!' answered Don Quixote, 'I must change my name and device; and I will consider of it this moment.'—'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire: 'as I gave you the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect last year, so will I endeavour to find another for you now.' This said, he was silent; and, scratching his head, began to deliberate. Don Quixote was not idle; but, though he himself was readier than most others in conceits of this nature, Sancho was too quick for him, and cried—'By St. Crispin, I have hit the nail on the head! God take me, if a man has but a good memory, he may invent what he pleases! I have found one of the bravest names for a knight that ever was hatched. You must call yourself "The Knight of the Robbers," in remembrance of him you ran through the back.'—'I do not like that name,' said Don Quixote; 'I will have one that may express the sentiments of my heart. You have not succeeded this time so well as you did the last, though you have taken more pains about it. I wonder how you could hit it off last year so exactly. This makes me think, that most curious inventions, most extraordinary discoveries, and most surprizing thoughts, in authors, are rather mere flights and accidental productions, than the work of much study and labour.'—'Well, then, Sir,' answered the squire, 'call yourself "The Knight of the Enchanted Lady," since Madam Zenobia is so. On my conscience, that is a rare name to be found off-hand! Is it not?'—'That is not amiss,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have a wonderful fancy come into my head, and which I think I must follow. I will cause Queen Zenobia to be painted on my buckler, extending to me one of her delicate hands, which I shall kiss amorously: around shall be pourtrayed divers little Cupids, some sporting and flustering about my fair one, and others binding me in chains. As for my

name, I will take it from my buckler, according to the usual practice of knights-errant, and will be called "The Knight of the Cupids:" a name I like the better, because it will make some amends for that I bear at present.'—'Blessed Virgin!' quoth Sancho, 'where do you meet with all this? You must needs be a great scholar to contrive such a device. By my troth, I defy all the friars in Rome and Constantinople to find out a better!'

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS AS MUCH FOLLY AS ANY OF THE REST.

WHILST the squire was extolling his master's device, Don Alvaro came into the room. 'Dear Tarfe,' cried Don Quixote, going forward to meet him, 'how infinitely am I obliged to you! Had it not been for you, I had transgressed the laws of knight errantry, and laid an eternal blemish upon my reputation; but, God be praised! it is now out of danger; and, in compliance with our sacred rules, I am resolved to love the Queen of the Amazons. My name and my device will no longer offend your delicacy of sentiment; for, from henceforward, I will be called "The Knight of the Cupids." Thus saying, he proceeded to acquaint Don Alvaro in what manner he designed causing himself to be pourtrayed with Queen Zenobia on his buckler; which the Granadine highly approved of.—'I am overjoyed,' said he to the knight, 'both that you are in love, and that you have made so good a choice. But, Don Quixote,' added he, 'will not you immediately wait on Queen Zenobia, and apprize her of your intentions?'—'I shall take care how I do that,' answered the knight; 'a regular and discreet knight must not discover his passion so hastily. The gallant Don Brianel of Macedon did not declare his love till he had placed his mistress on the throne of Antioch; I therefore will conceal mine till I have disenchanting my princess, and caused her to be crowned Queen of the Island of Cyprus: yet, in the mean while, I may do all that belongs to an amorous knight. I will this moment

‘moment change my name and device.’
 —‘You are in the right,’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘and a painter must be sent for with all expedition.’ Thus speaking, he called one of his pages, and in his ear bade him go out and bring the first painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his orders, Don Carlos, the count, and another gentleman, came in. ‘Don Alvaro,’ said the count to the Granadine, ‘Don Carlos and I have brought Don Pedro de Luna with us, and are come to dine with you; but it is on condition that the great Don Quixote and his peerless princess be pleased to sup at my house this night, where there are several beauteous ladies impatient to see them.’ The knight having accepted of the invitation—‘I was very well satisfied,’ said Don Carlos, ‘that Don Quixote would not deny the ladies such a favour; for, though he be resolved to stile himself the Loveless Knight, yet he is, nevertheless, the most accomplished cavalier in the world.’—‘Don Carlos,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ‘with your leave, my master is no longer “The Loveless Knight;” he is now called “The Knight of the Cupids;” for he is in love with Madam Zenobia.’ Don Quixote confirmed his squire’s report; and, whilst Don Carlos and the count were congratulating him on this happy alteration, the page who had been sent to summon a painter returned. ‘Well,’ have you found a painter?’ said his master. ‘I have, Sir,’ answered the page; ‘and I can assure you he is the best master in Spain at drawing from the life.’—‘Such a one we would have,’ quoth Don Alvaro; ‘bid him come up.’ The painter, who was instructed by the page, and had wit enough for a dauber, was accordingly introduced; and, when he had saluted the company—‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘what is your will with me?’—‘Sir,’ quoth Don Alvaro, ‘you must now exert the utmost of your art: you are to paint forthwith the matchless Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is here present, and his peerless mistress, who will soon appear.’—‘Gentlemen,’ answered the painter, ‘you know it does not beseem a man to praise himself; I will not, therefore, expatiate on my own excellences; but content myself with telling you, that I draw like

Michael Angelo, that I colour like Titian, and that I have all the graces of Raphael. I will exert my utmost endeavours to be called for the future “The Hero of La Mancha’s Apelles.”’
 —‘Gentlemen,’ said the count, ‘Don Quixote is fallen into good hands. I am acquainted with this famous painter, and can assure you his skill is not inferior to his modesty: he has such surprizing freedoms and rapidity of pencil, that I dare undertake he will, in three hours time, paint Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia with all their adventures, which is no small piece of work.’—‘That is most certain,’ quoth the painter; ‘and you need only put me upon the trial whensoever you please.’—‘Don Quixote,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘you know these great men have no time to lose; we must send to desire Queen Zenobia’s presence into this room, which is fitter for the purpose than her own.’—‘Well, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘go see whether it be day with the queen, and tell her an excellent painter expects her here.’—‘Yes, yes, Sir!’ answered the squire; ‘I know where she lies, and I will go fetch her to rights presently.’ He accordingly went and knocked at the chamber-door, crying—‘Soho! Madam Zenobia! awake, if you please!’ The princess, who had not spent the night like her lover, was then getting up. She knew the squire by his voice; and, opening the door, said—‘My dear friend Sancho, is it you? What wind blew you hither this morning? Can I do you any service?’—‘No, I thank God!’ answered the squire; ‘I only come to bid you dress yourself quickly, and go down: there is a painter below that asks for you.’—‘A painter!’ cried Barbara; ‘what would he have with me?’—‘There is a great deal of news,’ answered Sancho; ‘my master has invented a new device, fit for the three kings of the east: he will have you and himself painted on his buckler, with other comical figures; and all this, because he fell in love with you last night.’—‘It is impossible!’ cried Barbara. ‘Yes, faith!’ quoth the squire; ‘in spite of your scar, there is nothing more certain! You would never have thought it, I will warrant you: you are very fortunate to be mistress to such an ancient

ancient knight as my master Don Quixote. Egad, when the scholar left you in the wood, and gave you so many kicks on the guts, you did not think it was for your good!—To tell you the truth, Sancho,' replied the tripewoman, 'I cannot believe all you say. Had your master fallen in love with me last night, he would have come himself and told me so.'—'Oh! you are out there,' quoth Sancho, 'knights-errant do not do like other men; they do not discover their secrets so soon. Before they come to that, they must play on the lute, they must sing, they must weep their belly-full, and must despair in the woods; and, in short, they begin by penance, which is quite contrary from others. But I will tell you no more; for my master Don Quixote will not have you know that he is in love with you as yet; and, since squires are not to blab what relates to their masters, I am glad I only let slip a word by the by. Dress yourself quickly, and follow me down.'

When Barbara was dressed, she went down; and the squire conducted her into the room where the company was assembled. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'here I bring you Queen Zenobia ready saddled and bridled.' Don Quixote, luckily, did not hear these words; for he was just then finishing the explication of his device to the painter. When every body had saluted the princess, the painter, looking round upon her, was so staggered, that our knight could not help seeing it; he therefore said to him—'Signior Painter, I perceive you are astonished at being unable to discover those divine beauties in the queen which I described to you: but you must understand this princess is enchanted, and consequently bears not her natural form. I desire you, therefore, to pourtray her, not as she now appears, but as she will be after her disenchantment. If you would draw a picture that shall admirably resemble her, you need but add to Venus's beauty the majesty and lofty air of Pallas, and you cannot err essentially.'—'Fear me not, Sir,' quoth the dauber; 'I will execute it charmingly. We draw such pictures every day: it is very seldom we draw the ladies as they really are.'—Queen

Zenobia,' said Don Quixote, 'needs not to be flattered; and, if you do not believe me, ask Don Alvaro; who, being dubbed a knight, possesses the same privilege that I do of beholding the queen as she is in reality.'—On the word of a knight-errant,' replied the Granadine, 'she is a beautiful princess: her hair, which looks half black, half grey, is the most exquisite flaxen in the world; that wrinkled forehead is as smooth as glass; that scar appears like a rainbow; and, in short, her whole face is a wonder of nature. Happy, a thousand times happy, that knight who shall enjoy the bliss of expiring for love at the sight of her amiable little foot!'—'Nay, as for her little foot,' quoth Sancho, 'in troth, I will never allow of that! I have seen the princess's foot, and I do not think the great Turk has such another.'—'I grant you,' answered Don Alvaro, 'that the queen may have a very large foot; but it must be observed, that she, being an Amazon, cannot have been so tenderly bred as other princesses. She is an infanta enured to the most laborious exercises; and, in short, a heroine bred in the *corps de garde*, and in the camp.'—'Besides,' said Don Carlos, 'that is rather a perfection than a fault; for there are local beauties; and I have been told that great feet are in as much request in Cappadocia as little ones are in Spain.'—'That may very well be,' quoth the painter; 'for nations differ in fancy: but, to return to Queen Zenobia, I must tell you the truth, that, being no knight-errant, she looks to me most dreadfully. Yet must I allow, that, even under this deformity, I can descry, methinks, something curious; though, indeed, so confusedly as to be scarce worth mentioning.' Barbara, a little nettled at this discourse, could not help putting in her word; and, with her ordinary simplicity, said—'Aye, gentlemen! I know I am now old and ugly; but I was not always so. I once had no grey hair, nor scar on my face; and in my younger days, as simply as I look here, I have received as many billet-doux as a lady-abbess; but every one that would, could not come at me. I was so reserved, that, of fifty scholars that courted me, I turned off

'almost half.' This artless declaration set the company a laughing; but Don Quixote, assuming a double portion of gravity, said to them—'Re-flect, gentlemen, I beseech you, that the queen's intellects are disordered, and that her present conversation is the effect of enchantment.—Come, Signior Painter, can you begin your work immediately?'—'I can, Sir,' replied the painter; 'I have all things in readiness: but if you are desirous that the portrait should be extremely like, I must request that Queen Zenobia will have the goodness to withdraw herself; for the sight of her would spoil all. I must rely on my own imagination to furnish me with features.'—'Well, gentlemen,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'let us then leave the artist here to his work, and go down to dinner, for I believe it is ready.' Upon this, they all quitted the room; and the painter, having ordered Don Quixote's buckler to be brought him, immediately fell to work.

CHAP. III.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DURING dinner, the company fell into a conversation upon the magnanimous adventures of our hero; in the course of which, the count, as in a sort of transport, exclaimed—'Ah, Sirs! what a subject of admiration will this be to after-ages! With what amazement will they read the incredible account of such heroic actions, provided some wise enchanter, a friend to Don Quixote, delivers them more faithfully than the Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli!'—'That author,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is my mortal enemy; and his work a series of falsehoods.'—'Why, have you read it?' quoth Don Carlos.—'I have seen it,' answered the knight; 'but I did not vouchsafe to read it through.'—'To speak truly,' said the count, 'he ridicules most of your actions: sometimes he makes you take mills for giants, and sometimes flocks of sheep for armies. In short, according to his account, you are a mere visionary; and, if a man may credit him, there never were any en-

chanters nor knights-errant in the world, whatever the Palmerins and the Amadis can say to the contrary.'—'By this,' answered Don Quixote, 'you may perceive that he is a rash writer, with whom nothing is sacred or respectable; since he pays no regard to books of such authenticity.'—'That is the thing for which I can never forgive him,' said the count; but, laying this aside, and allowing his work to be no better than a comick romance, I assure you it is very diverting; nay, I look upon it to be a master-piece in it's kind.'—'I cannot allow that,' said Don Pedro de Luna: 'I have found several faults in it; for I have the misfortune of being unable to read without making my reflections; which is the reason I cannot laugh, as others do, at several things that are not coherent or judicious.'—'As for your part,' answered the count, 'I know you do not like these sort of books; you delight only in serious works.'—'So far from it,' replied Don Pedro, 'that I am very fond of good raillery; and nothing displeases me more than the serious discourses I frequently meet with in that book, and, for the most part, nothing to the purpose.'—'I admire the diversity of tastes,' said the count; 'I know some who like no part of the work but those very passages.'—'I am not of their opinion,' quoth Don Pedro: 'I would not have a comick romance stuffed with frigid dissertations, and dull lectures on morality. Benengeli, with his leave, sets up too much for a politician; he does not at all apprehend tiring the reader's patience. For instance; when he makes Don Quixote talk for an hour together of the use of arms and letters, what is all that to the purpose? On the contrary, how intolerably tedious is it: an effusion of bad rhetoric, scarcely worthy a school-boy.'—'However,' said the count, 'that very book is now all the diversion of the town and court.'—'That does not save it,' quoth Don Pedro, 'from being full of faults in point of judgment, of contradictory adventures, and of defects in nature or probability: I will convince you of it whenever you please.'—'You will oblige me,' answered the count; 'for I must confess I have not observed

observed any absurdity in it. — 'For my part,' said Don Carlos, 'I read it since I came to Madrid; but I was so wholly taken up with the base reflections I found in it against Don Quixote, that I did not mind any of the rest.' — 'I have read it too,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and I must own I formed the same judgment with Don Pedro. Methinks Benengeli makes his hero too much a moral philosopher; besides, he has so little regard for probability; that is, nature and reason; that there is scarce an adventure in the whole work which has not some circumstance added to it that renders it impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond of making sport, and that he chuses rather to forget his characters, than to lose the opportunity of breaking a jest. This he does in some of his very first chapters, when he makes the peasant, who carries Don Quixote home, exclaim — "Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who come home sorely wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindar-raez, who drags in captivity the valorous —" I do not recollect the rest: I must confess, my memory is bad; for, though I have read these odd names several times, I cannot remember them so well as the peasant, who yet never heard them but once, and that confusedly, amidst abundance of mad talk.' — 'Your remark here is very just,' said Don Carlos; 'the peasant ought to have murdered those names, which would have in no wise hurt the jest, and the character of a peasant would have been more closely adhered to.' — 'The author commits the same fault again,' quoth Don Pedro de Luna, 'when Don Quixote and his squire discovered the fulling-mills: Sancho, in raillery, is made to repeat, word for word, all his master said to him the night before, when he resolved to try that dreadful adventure. Sure the peasants of Toboso must have excellent memories!' — 'In troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the dog of an Arab lyed when he said so. How would the whelp have me repeat a long speech from one end to the other? How should I do it above all men, who could not remember one word of the letter my master Don Quixote

wrote in Sierra Morena to Madam Dulcinea del Toboso; and yet he read it to me several times, that I might have it in my noddle, in case I happened to lose Cardenio's pocket-book.' — 'There, gentlemen,' said the count, 'you criticise without reason: that passage must be taken in the most favourable sense; and though Benengeli says that Sancho repeated all his master spoke, word for word, it is plain he only meant the sense of it.' — 'That is good,' answered Don Pedro; 'the author tells us an improbable story, and you would lay the blame on the readers, as if they were bound to supply his defects, and to believe he did not mean as he says. But what do I talk of meaning? Does he not make Sancho use the very same words his master had done before? Let us not insist on those trifles: let us proceed to the adventures.' — 'Hold, gentlemen,' said Don Alvaro; 'we must first examine the chapter, which gives an account how Don Quixote was knighted: it would not be proper to pass that over in silence. Don Quixote kneels down before the host, and begs he will knight him, that he may be capable of seeking adventures in all parts of the world, relieving the distressed, and punishing wicked persons, according to the laws of knight-errantry. Attend, I entreat you, to the host's answer. He commends Don Quixote for his noble resolution; observes, that he himself once followed that honourable exercise; and, to convince him, adds, that he has visited several parts of the world in quest of adventures, doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain. Pray, my lord, are not these jests very ill placed there, and wholly nonsensical? And would not such an account startle a man so well versed in the laws of knight-errantry as Don Quixote is? and yet Don Quixote takes no notice of it.' — 'Benengeli is an impostor,' answered Don Quixote: 'the Castilian who knighted me said no such thing; and had he said it, I would never have received the glorious character of a knight-errant at his hands.' — 'Since we are got into that chapter,'

said Don Carlos, 'pray, gentlemen, do not you admire the temper of the mule-drivers that were in the inn? Don Quixote wounds two of their companions dangerously; and they, in revenge, begin throwing of stones at him: the host bids them hold their hands; telling them that he is a madman, and they presently give over. I fancy those people, when once provoked, do not so easily hearken to reason.—Is it not true, friend Sancho?'—'No truly, Don Carlos,' answered the squire, 'you need not break those people's heads to heat their blood; I am as well acquainted with those sparks as any man, and I can assure you they are very free of their cudgels.'

'Let us come to the adventures,' said Don Pedro; 'and, to begin with that of the Biscainer, I find one circumstance in it which perplexes me. The author says, that at the instant Don Quixote made at the Biscainer with his arm lifted up, the said Biscainer snatched a cushion out of the coach, and made use of it instead of a buckler: I must confess I cannot comprehend that. I will grant it might not be so large as those generally used for the seats of coaches are, and that it was not made fast with leathern straps, as is usual; but still the ladies are sitting on it; the coach was full; Don Quixote pressed on: now how could he get out the cushion in so short a time? I would fain clear up this, and endeavour, with the author, to make it appear possible, but I cannot do it.'—'And in the adventure of the Benedictines,' said Don Alvaro, 'can you conceive in what manner they were able to tear off Sancho's beard, so as not to leave a hair behind them? But the count here will say, that Benengeli designed to make us laugh; and I must own that it is a very pleasant story.'—'You are wonderful at observation,' answered the count; 'if you have nothing more material to urge, you may be sure, that the merry companions, who laugh at it, will not side with you.'—'Have a little patience,' replied the Granadine: 'the author says, that Sancho was mounted on an ass, and had no sword; and in another place Don Quixote bids his squire be sure not to

draw his sword to assist him, what ever danger he is in. Is not this a contradiction?'—'I grant it,' quoth the count; 'but these are very poor objections. Shew me one adventure which wants probability in the relation, and which contains any palpable contradictions or absurdities.'—'I will,' answered Don Pedro; 'it is easy to give you that satisfaction; for instance; let us examine the story of the galley-slaves; perhaps, we may there find very great want of judgment. "The chain of galley-slaves," says Benengeli, "was conveyed by four men, two on horseback, and two on foot: the horsemen were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with swords and half-pikes." We, who are acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha's strength and valour, must not wonder that he should put these conductors of the slaves to flight; but I admire that the author, who describes him in old armour with a coat over it; a scurvy lance made of the bough of a tree, in his hand; a barber's basin on his head; mounted on a very poor horse, and followed only by an unarmed peasant; did not take notice that, in such an equipage, Don Quixote was little likely to frighten four men so well armed.'—'You are too nice,' said the count; 'this book was not intended to be so strictly examined, but merely for diversion.'—'It would be a pity,' answered Don Pedro, 'to give you a perfect work to read; and, if all the world were like you, it would be needless to take so much pains to write what is proper and judicious.'—'If you can find nothing else in the adventure,' said the count, 'to displease you, this oversight is not worth speaking of.'—'It will not come off so easily,' replied Don Pedro: 'the author says, "The galley-slaves had chains about their necks, and hand-bolts on their wrists;" and he adds that, "Gines de Passamonte had, over and above all the rest, such a chain at his heels, that it was wound about his body; two collars round his neck, one of which was made fast to the chain; and the other had two irons fixed to it which reached down to his waist, fitted with a pair of hand-bolts, and secured by two heavy padlocks; so

that

“ that he could neither lift his hands
“ to his mouth, nor bow down his
“ head to his hands.” I cannot con-
“ ceive how those galley-slaves could
“ knock off their chains so soon, and
“ especially Gines de Passamonte, who
“ was loaded with so many irons and
“ padlocks. I would fain know how
“ such a difficult matter was so expedi-
“ tiously performed.—But you, San-
“ cho, can clear up this business, since
“ the author says it was by your assist-
“ ance that Gines got loose. Tell us,
“ then, what art you employed, or ra-
“ ther what miracle you wrought, to
“ compass it? What tools did you
“ make use of? Had you any files?”—
“ Files!” quoth Sancho; “ by my troth,
“ if all those chains must have been
“ filed, I should have had work enough
“ till Christmas! I will be hanged, if
“ a lock-smith, with all his tools, could
“ have done it under a week!”—“ In-
“ form us how it was, then,” said Don
“ Pedro. “ I will tell you,” answered
“ the squire, “ here before my master Don
“ Quixote, who may disprove me, if I
“ do not speak the truth. You must
“ understand, that two of the galley-
“ slaves, who were not so fast as the
“ rest, contriving to break loose whilst
“ my master attacked the commissary,
“ began to throw stones at the other
“ guards so thick and smartly, that
“ they put them to flight: then they
“ stripped the commissary; and, taking
“ from him the keys of all those pad-
“ locks, which he carried about him,
“ they left him to follow his compani-
“ ons, and then we went into Sierra
“ Morena, where, with the keys, we
“ set loose all the galley-slaves.”—“ San-
“ cho reports nothing but what is very
“ true,” said Don Quixote; “ all the
“ slaves, except those two he tells you
“ of, were delivered from their irons in
“ Sierra Morena; and especially Gines
“ de Passamonte, whom we had much
“ ado to rid of his chains, though we
“ were masters of the keys.”—“ The
“ thing now carries probability with
“ it,” replied Don Pedro: “ but Be-
“ nengeli tells it after another manner;
“ for first he acquaints us that the slaves
“ were fast bound, and then he says
“ they got loose, without shewing us
“ how. There is still another thing
“ which does not seem likely in my
“ opinion: he says that the galley-
“ slaves gathered about Don Quixote,

“ to listen to a long speech he made
“ them; methinks, when they were
“ once free, they should have thought
“ of nothing but making their escape.
“ Do you imagine that men who stood
“ in dread of the Holy Brotherhood,
“ would wait so patiently to hear an
“ harangue?”—“ No, faith,” cried San-
“ cho; “ but, with the Arab’s leave, he
“ lyed: I can assure you they had not
“ the manners to hear my master out;
“ for, as fast as they were let loose,
“ they fled into the wood like so many
“ bucks, so great was their fear of the
“ Holy Brotherhood.”—“ Since we are
“ upon this adventure,” said Don Al-
“ varo, “ and I am so much concerned
“ for every thing that relates to my
“ friend Sancho, I would fain know
“ of him whether the galley-slaves stole
“ his cloak or not; for Benengeli ar-
“ gues on both sides of the question.—
“ He says, friend Sancho, that you had
“ made a wallet of your cloak, in
“ which you carried the provisions you
“ had taken from the ecclesiasticks who
“ accompanied the dead body: this
“ cloak, as it appears, you were plun-
“ dered of by the galley-slaves; and
“ yet, presently afterwards, he tells
“ us, that the provisions your ass car-
“ ried had escaped untouched. What
“ a contradiction this is!”—“ Pox take
“ him!” quoth Sancho, “ what a down-
“ right knave of an author is this, to
“ blow hot and cold in the same breath!
“ There is no doubt, gentlemen, but
“ that, if the galley-slaves had got the
“ least scent of our provisions, there
“ had been an end of them; and, faith,
“ my cloak is indebted a good candle
“ to the church. However, I have it
“ still, in spite of all the Arabs that
“ pretend to write histories; and when
“ I have worn it ten or twelve years
“ longer, I will send it to my little
“ daughter Sancha, to make her a wed-
“ ding-jerkin.”—“ Gentlemen, I ad-
“ mit your observations are good,” said
“ the count; “ yet, after all, you criti-
“ cise upon trifles.”—“ I grant it,” an-
“ swered Don Alvaro; “ but what is it
“ you would have us criticise? Is there
“ any thing in the book but trifles?”—
“ Trifles!” replied the count; “ I will
“ maintain there are in it very solid
“ matters: though there were nothing
“ but the curate’s and barber’s trial of
“ Don Quixote’s library, that surely
“ must be allowed a piece of very plea-
“ sant,

'fant, acute, and judicious criticism.' — 'I allow it to be pleasant,' answered Don Pedro, 'but not acute: what acuteness is there in saying that one book is good, and another naught?' — 'What do you say?' replied the count. 'The curate criticises upon each book separately, and applauds or condemns it with admirable taste and judgment.' — 'Right,' quoth Don Pedro, smiling; 'and, to make good what you say, I remember, that the barber, taking up a book, and opening it, says—“This is the Mirror of Chivalry.”—“I have the honour to be acquainted with it,” says the curate; “and, if my advice may be followed, it shall only be condemned to perpetual banishment, because it has something of Boyardo’s invention, from whom the chaste Ariosto borrowed his. As for that Ariosto,” adds the curate, “if I meet with him in any language but his own, he must expect no mercy. To say the truth, I have a great esteem for him in his own language.”—“I have him in Italian,” quoth the barber, “but I understand him not.”—“So much the better for you,” answers the curate; “it is no great loss to you.” Is this now the curate’s wonderful judgment? He thinks Ariosto excellent in Italian, and yet he congratulates the barber for not understanding him. You see the curate contradicts himself; and I would not advise your boasting of his decisions any more: for my part, I make no great account of him; especially since he is so favourable to Galatea. He ought to have condemned her to the flames, if he would be thought an impartial and judicious critick.'

'Well, for all that, gentlemen,' quoth the count; 'Benengeli's Don Quixote is an incomparable book. All men of wit have approved of it; and you had best not make yourself singular.' — 'I don't question it,' answered Don Pedro; 'few men are sincere enough to own themselves wrong, and that they made a false judgment on a piece of wit. This is the reason why many ancient authors still continue in vogue; none will disown their first sentiments.' — 'I perceive,' quoth the count, 'you read these books with too much application; and I will warrant there is scarce one ad-

venture in this book, but what you find defective somewhere. But at least own that the novels are excellent, and above your criticism.' — 'I shall not own that,' answered Don Pedro; 'and you cannot but grant yourself, that the story of the shepherdess Marcella is of a tiresome length. Notwithstanding this, it contains no striking incident; and the whole of the affair is nothing but that the said Marcella had many lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her cruelty was the death of the shepherd Chrysothom. Nobody can help feeling the insipidity of that story. But now you talk of the amorous Chrysothom, pray let us say something of the fine verses that were read at his funeral.' — 'What do you think of them, gentlemen? Have not they charmed you?' — 'O, now you put me in mind of them,' cried Don Carlos, 'good God! they are—— but I will not say what, since they are under the count's protection.' — 'Nay, as for the verses,' replied the count, 'I leave them to you. Benengeli is a very indifferent poet; I never much relished his verse. But, to return to the novels in Don Quixote, that of the Impertinent Curiosity pleases me.' — 'It is well written,' quoth Don Pedro; 'but it is a detached piece, foisted in, and not to the purpose.' — 'That is true,' answered the count; 'but you know there are sometimes digressions which are better than the books themselves.' — 'No matter for that,' said Don Pedro; 'it is a fault; and Benengeli ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done without great stretch of imagination. As for the story of the captive, and the beautiful Zorayda, it is too verbose; but that is the author's style. Let us on to that of Dorothea.' — 'That is what I wish for,' quoth the count; 'I defy you to make the least criticism upon it.' — 'There you are mistaken again,' replied Don Pedro. 'Do but hear me without prepossession. Dorothea tells her story to the curate and his company. She gives them a particular account of her misfortunes, in such terms as persuade them she is as full of affliction as her condition deserves. And yet, for all this, no sooner does the curate acquaint her that he designs to disguise the barber like a princess, in order to seduce Don

Quixote back to his village, but she, of her own accord, offers to play that part; assuring him that she can do it better than the barber. I would fain know of you, whether Dorothea, under all her misfortunes, was in a situation to take part in this comedy. When you would have me excuse the author for these errors in judgment, you put me in mind of the admirers of the old masters in painting. If you tell them, "Methinks the colouring of this piece is not good," they answer, That was not the master's talent. "Aye," but say you again, "this attitude is forced; this figure is ill fore shortened; the picture has two different lights;" it is true, say they; but that is a licence they take; the greatest masters have done the same. Such pieces as this are not to be examined after this manner; we must consider the connexion, the whole together, and a sort of I know not what to call it, which is altogether divine. — There is no answering what you say," replied Don Alvaro; "and, to tell you my opinion of Dorothea's story, to me it seems almost all of it remote from probability. I cannot believe, that a young maid, genteelly bred, could have the courage and resolution to put on men's cloaths, and serve a peasant in a frightful mountain: nor can I believe, that Dorothea could live three months with this peasant, without being discovered. Though her beauty had not betrayed her, yet she had very long hair, and a great deal of it; and how could she hide it under her cap? Nor is this all; we never find any body talk all alone in a desert; much less, so loudly as to be heard thirty or forty paces off. And yet Dorothea does all this. She talks by herself in the wood; and the curate and his company, though at a great distance from her, do not lose a single word. That may pass in heroick romances, where such wonders are allowed of; but not in comick ones, where all the actions of life are to be naturally represented. I should never have done, should I tell you all that displeases me in this story. — And what do you think of Cardenio's?" said the count. "It has more of probability," answered the

Granadine. "Cardenio does nothing but what is possible." — "You are in the right," quoth Don Pedro; "his madness is well contrived, and excellently delineated. But, however, when I find all on a sudden that he is no longer mad, without any intimation how he came by his wits again; that, indeed, is a wonder I do not understand. I see him perfectly frantick as soon as Don Quixote talks to him of romances; and presently after, when he sees the comedy of the Princess Micomicona acted, and bears a part in it himself, he is not moved at all. Methinks the author ought to have taken some notice of this sudden change; for nothing had happened to Cardenio to restore him to his right senses: he had not yet found his Lucinda. On the contrary, Dorothea's adventures, the recital whereof he had heard, and which bore great affinity to his own, should have excited violent commotion in him; and then, again, when he sees Don Ferdinand, his mortal enemy, and the cause of all his sufferings, should he not, in all probability, become absolutely furious? What was it that had so perfectly cured him? I cannot imagine why Benengeli forgot to give us an account of that. I am willing to forgive him all the impertinent circumstances he generally thrusts into the relation of every adventure, provided he does not omit those which are necessary." — "Gentlemen," said the count, "I am almost persuaded that you are in the right; and perceive that books without faults are scarcer than I imagined. I protest, from this time forward, I will read witty books with more attention, and not give my approbation so hastily." The discourse being ended, they all arose from table, and adjourned up stairs to the painter. Sancho followed Don Alvaro's pages, and went to dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S PICTURE,
AND OF THE EXCITEMENT OF
SANCHO'S LAUGHTER.

THE dauber had not been at work more than two hours, and yet he had laid about him with his pencil so lustily,

lustily, that he had not only compleated Don Quixote and his Hacked-face princess, but all the little Cupids into the bargain. And, to say truth, the whole was as curiously executed as if it had been intended for an alehouse sign. The figures were all cripples: the knight of La Mancha had unfortunately one leg four times larger than the other; and, with respect to Queen Zenobia, besides that her head hung hideously awry, her nose, mouth, and chin, were in immediate contact. Her hair was magnificently frizzled; but in a style not ill suited to one of the Furies. The Cupids, indeed, were somewhat less detestable; but they bore up, in the form of garlands, long links of hog-puddings and sausages, knotted at proper distances with sprigs of laurel; ornaments, which, in the painter's judgment, accorded, infinitely better than wreaths of flowers, with the tripe-woman of Alcala. The Granadine and his company, not expecting to find the princess's picture so richly decorated, had some difficulty to preserve their seriousness of countenance. The artist himself was as well disposed to laugh as any of them. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I must request you will examine my performance closely. I flatter myself it will not displease you.'—'I am amazed,' answered Don Carlos, 'that you could perform so rarely in so short a time.'—'You must not wonder at that,' replied the painter: 'when a man has so much liberty of thought allowed him, the execution costs nothing. The boldest and most animated strokes are for the most part the work of a moment. But, gentlemen, what say you to Don Quixote? Do you think I have expressed him with that noble mien, and that austere look, for which men respect and ladies love him?'—'You have certainly,' answered Don Carlos: 'and, indeed, seeing him thus armed at all points, and kneeling before the young and beautiful Zenobia, a man might well take him for the god of war, making humble suit to the goddess Cytherea.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let us rather admire the portrait of the queen. How warm and fresh is that colouring! What a noble air in that head! How graceful is that face! I do not think that, among the antiquities

of Rome, there is a piece of painting comparable to this portrait: it effaces Raphael's Galatea, the Medicean Venus, and even that of Titian himself.—Yes, Signior Artist,' continued he, 'the vigour of your pencil has most happily realized every perfection the imagination can conceive.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' replied the painter, 'you having yourself assured me that the beauty of Queen Zenobia was unparalleled, I have combined all the peculiar excellences of the most celebrated princesses of antiquity to express it. I have given her the front of Helen, the mouth and nose of Penelope, the chin of Andromache, Angelica's eyes, Niquea's complexion, and the neck of Dido.'—'By uniting all these,' said Don Quixote, 'you have represented the queen, such as she will appear after that I have disenchanted her.'—'God be praised!' replied the painter; 'but I pray you, however, to take notice of one thing: if the princess should chance not to be so beautiful as I have drawn her, you shall answer for it yourself, since I took your word for it; and I declare I wash my hands of that.'—'Do not trouble yourself,' replied Don Alvaro; 'you will never suffer any discredit upon that account. The Infanta of the Amazons, when disenchanted, will be still more beautiful than her picture; for she will then be as charming as she is now frightful.' As he finished these words, the squire to the Knight of the Cupids entering the room—'Come hither, Sancho,' said he, 'and tell us what you think of these pictures.' The squire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all his eyes; but, when he had surveyed all parts very attentively, the garlands so powerfully tickled his fancy, that he burst into a roar of laughter. 'Friend Sancho,' quoth the count, 'may we know what it is you laugh at so heartily?' The squire made no answer; but laughed on, holding his sides as if they would crack. 'Tell us, thou brute,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what it is thou laughest at so like a madman?'—'Pray, Sir, be not angry,' answered Sancho; 'I can assure you, at this time, I neither laugh at you, nor at the princess: it is at those fancies the Cupids hold in their hands.'—'The garlands, you mean?' said Don Quixote.

ote. 'What the devil is there in them so ridiculous as to cause this immoderate laughter?' — 'By my troth, Sir,' answered the squire, 'there is my plaguy cheating sight come in play again! You will never guess at what I see. Faith, the enchanters are queer wags! Instead of those garlands you see, they look to me like black-puddings and sausages!' These words made the company titter. 'Sancho, Sancho!' cried Don Carlos, 'put on your spectacles. Can you then mistake the garlands of myrtle and laurel for black-puddings and sausages?' — 'Nay, pray, Sir,' replied the squire, 'when a man is enchanted, he does not see as he would, I can assure you. If you should tell me they are garlands ever so often, I cannot help it; for my part, I shall still see nothing but black-puddings; and puddings so well painted, that a body would think they could speak!' — 'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'I am glad you are witnesses yourselves of this surprizing prodigy. Now let Benengeli talk on, and say there are neither enchanters nor enchantments. Is it natural, that what to every one of us appears like garlands, should appear quite otherwise to my squire?' All the gentlemen allowed that Don Quixote was in the right, and began to make sport with Sancho's enchantment. The knight then desired his portmanteau might be brought, to bestow some ducats on the dauber; but the generous artist, whom Don Alvaro had privately satisfied for his trouble, utterly refused pecuniary compensation; assuring Don Quixote that the honour of having painted the greatest knight and most beautiful princess in the world, was to him, recompence sufficient. When night drew on, two coaches were made ready: the count and his brother-in-law went into one coach, together with Don Quixote and his lady; Don Alvaro, Don Pedro, and Sancho, got into the other; and all departed together for the count's house.

CHAP. V.

OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COUNT'S HOUSE; OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK SQUIRE;

AND OF THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF FORCEMEAT-BALLS BY THE VALOUR OF SANCHE.

AS soon as the count came home, he led Don Quixote and Zenobia into his sister's apartment; where several ladies expected them with all the impatience natural to women who design to divert themselves at their neighbour's cost. 'At length, ladies,' said the count to them, 'I have brought you hither the hero of La Mancha, that great and gallant knight, of whom you have been told so many wonders.' The ladies made their profound obeisance to Don Quixote, and received him in the most serious manner they were able; but, when they espied the scarified tripewoman, with her gaudy cloaths, her irregular shape, and weather-beaten physiognomy, they could not possibly withstand an object so ridiculous: they all burst out a laughing; and this threw the gentlemen and pages into such a violent fit, that the Knight of the Cupids was not at all pleased with the harmony. It scandalized him so extremely, that, though he professed himself the most devoted servant of the fair-sex, I cannot tell but he might have forgotten that profound respect which he naturally bore them, if Don Carlos, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him — 'Don Quixote, you perceive these fair ladies have not been informed that Queen Zenobia is enchanted; and therefore form their judgment from external appearances.' The ladies, hearing these words, assumed serious countenances, and made their apologies to the knight; who told them, that the next day he intended to begin to maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty against all the knights of the court. 'But pray, Sir Knight,' said one of the ladies, 'had you not better delay this till the princess is disenchanted? Methinks she would then be in a better condition to make good the assertion?' — 'No, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'for, after her disenchament, she will appear so full of all sorts of perfections, that no knight will presume to maintain his mistress against her. The sight of her, like that of the peerless Niquea, will overcome sense and reason; and I shall

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'not then have the satisfaction of combating for her beauty; which, I can assure you, is a very poignant pleasure.' I therefore lay hold on the present opportunity, whilst Queen Zenobia is in a condition that does not deprive me of the hopes of finding some knight who will combat me.' — 'Nay, by my troth,' cried Sancho, 'let those knights come before us! My master Don Quixote will, by down-right dint of cuffs with his gauntlet, make them all own that Madam Zenobia outstrips all the court-ladies, as well as the mules.' This sudden flight set them all a laughing; and Don Carlos, to bring the squire's hand in, said to him—'Friend Sancho, with your master's leave, pray relate to these ladies all that has befallen you since you left Saragossa.' — 'With all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am in very good humour to give the ladies any satisfaction.' — 'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'speak with circumspection, and be not guilty of any extravagances.' — 'Nay, faith, Sir,' replied the squire, 'I must tell your adventures! Let me alone; I will go talk like an apothecary; all my sentences shall be words.' Thus saying, he began the recital of his own and his master's adventures with such quaintness and volubility of language, as afforded infinite entertainment to the ladies. He had not yet finished, for he never gave over of his own accord, when a page entered the apartment, and announced aloud, that there attended in the anti-chamber a person extraordinarily habited, and blacker than the devil, who desired to speak with that company. 'Let him come in,' said the count; 'let us see what he is, and what he would have.' The door thereupon opened, and in came Don Carlos's secretary, disguised much after the same manner as when he personated the ambassador at Saragossa. His face was smeared with soot; he had on a long robe of black velvet; a tall cap adorned with feathers; great pendants at his ears; and about his neck a vast ruff, painted with all the colours in the rainbow, and embellished with several chains of gold and silver, to which hung a prodigious number of medals and steel-plates: he had no sword, but a great dagger hung by his

side. When he entered, he did not pull off his cap; but, advancing into the middle of the apartment without paying deference to any body, he exclaimed—'Princes and princesses here present, you see here before you Halimet Salducian Micronsfa Morocco the Smoaky, tyrannical governor of the Island of the Forcemeat-Balls, discreet and only squire to the haughty giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, overseer of his pleasures, &c. I come to seek the arrogant Knight of La Mancha.' — 'Here he is!' cried Don Quixote; 'what would you have with him?' — 'I come to tell you,' said the black squire, 'that my master is at present at Valladolid; where, in a tournament, he has slain above two hundred knights with a mace of steel, given him by his friend the Moorish enchanter, and which is the same the dreadful Giant Brumaleon formerly used, when in one battle he slew eight thousand knights-errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your brains; and he will do it whensoever you please.' — 'Go back to your master,' answered Don Quixote; 'bid him repair to this town immediately! That wretch has too long sullied the light of the sun by his execrable life! Be gone without lingering; and tell him that he may appear before me with his fatal club, which I fear as little as Don Lucidanor of Thessaly did Grindalaso's!' — 'Before I go back,' replied Morocco, 'I must be revenged of your squire Sancho Panza. I have been informed that he insolently vaunts himself to be a braver fellow than I: if he is in this company, I challenge him to single combat. I will tear his body into a thousand fragments, and cast them to be devoured by the birds of the air!'

Sancho making no answer to these threats, but rather seeming desirous to hide himself behind Don Quixote, the count said to him—'How now, Sancho! do not you answer these menaces?' — 'I am not here at present!' quoth Sancho; 'let Mr. Morocco come another time, and perhaps I may be. He may knock at another door, for this is not like to be opened.' — 'O are you there!' cried the black squire; 'you are a hen-hearted fellow to say you are not here.' — 'And you are a woodcock,'

“woodcock,” answered Sancho, “to say I am here, whether I will or no. By thunder and lightning, if you put me into a passion, and I once lay my talons on that hell-cook face, you may have cause to remember me the longest day you have to live! Take my word for it, drunkards do not like dry raisins. I do not love fooling; “and when an old dog shews his teeth, the best way is to keep off.”—“Great talkers are commonly little doers,” answered Morocco; “and I am mistaken if you accept of my challenge.”—“If he did not accept of it,” replied Don Quixote, “would he be worthy to be my squire?—Chear up, Sancho; let these ladies see that you are not inferior in valour to any squire in the universe.”—“Very good, Sir!” quoth Sancho; “I knew you would not forbear meddling in this business. Why the plague must I fight to humour every body? Was it for that I listed myself again in knight-errantry? No, marry! I came to be your squire, to receive my wages, and to look after Rozinante and your worship: and, after all, what do we get by our combats? Why, crackled crowns, battered jaws, and tossings in a blanket!”—“Well, then,” quoth the smoaky squire, “since your valour is so mercenary, and you do not like fighting without profit, I will make a proposition, which I think ought to be very acceptable to you. If you overcome me, I will yield up to you the government of the Island of the Forcemeat Balls.” All the company approved of the prize; and Sancho, encouraged by the hopes of gaining it, said to the black squire—“Master Morocco, upon those terms I am even content to fight you, provided it be not with a sword; for the devil is mischievous, and we may chance, when we least think of it, to run the point into our eyes.”—“That is to say,” cried Morocco, “that you are afraid of a sword. Well, then, we will say no more of it; neither ought we to make use of it, because we are not yet dubbed knights.”—“If so,” answered the Squire of La Mancha, “we surely ought not to offend against the laws of chivalry.”—“Heaven forbid!” quoth the smoaky squire; “I have observed them as in-

violably as I do my grandmother’s instructions: and so we will endeavour, if you please, to satisfy ourselves with simple bayonets.”—“No, no!” cried Sancho, “that will not do neither: bayonets are too like swords; and ill accidents may happen!”—“What weapons will you fight with; then?” said Morocco. “What better weapon than our caps?” answered Sancho. “We will stand at a good distance, and throw them at one another; and then it will be bad luck if we have much need of lint or plaisters when the combat is ended.”—“You do not mind what you said,” replied the black squire: “people would think we were in jest; and we are not now talking of making sport, but of fighting in good earnest.”—“Stay till next winter,” quoth the Squire of La Mancha, “and we will then pelt one another with snow-balls; or else let us now fall to fisticuffs.”—“Be it at fisticuffs,” answered Morocco; “I am content our difference be so decided. The government of my island is well enough worth a bout at fisticuffs: but, before we come to blows, we must agree in all points, and settle the conditions of the combat. If I am overcome, as I told you, my island is yours; but, if I conquer you, I will shut you up in a tower, where you shall be allowed but a pound of bread a week.”—“If so, I am off again,” quoth Sancho. “Why so, monster!” cried Don Quixote. “Did you ever hear that the conditions of the combat hindered any from fighting? Do not all men fight as if they were sure to overcome, without regarding the conditions, though ever so hard? It is a custom generally received in knight-errantry.”—“So much the worse, Sir,” answered Sancho; “it is good to look before one leaps.” A man must think he may lose when he sits down to play; but especially we, who have such dogged ill luck, that, for the most part, we come off but lamely. D’ye mark, Sir, though my hands are as good as another’s, I can assure you I do not make too sure of the victory; and, for aught I know, the battle might end in the tower and the pound of bread: and then, hang me! I had rather the devil had taken the island, and all the governors it has had since

‘the two thieves died!’—‘Go to, fear nothing, my son,’ said Don Quixote. ‘If you have the ill fortune to be overcome, I swear to you, before all the princesses here present, that I will force the King of Cyprus to restore you to me safe and sound! That shall be the first condition of my combat.’ Sancho, encouraged by this promise, at length resolved on action. Then the two squires divided the field of battle betwixt them; and, running together, began to give one another some hard bangs: but the victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of La Mancha had soon the advantage; for the secretary, being a tender youth, was more sensible of the blows than his adversary, who was strong and hardy. Preferring, therefore, the surrender of his island to any additional pummelling, after enduring four or five sound cuffs, he demanded a cessation; which being granted—‘I perceive,’ said he, ‘that the immortal gods favour my enemy. I was in hopes he would have fallen by my valour; and I thought to have kept him to a sort of diet that would have brought him to a delicate shape; but, since the gods will have him to continue round and fat, that he may at last die of an apoplexy, it would be to no purpose to oppose the Divine Will. I therefore give over the battle, and confess myself conquered.’—‘Then your island is mine?’ cried Sancho. ‘It belongs of right to you,’ answered the black squire; ‘and you may take possession of it when you please: I only desire time to remove my effects.’—‘What the devil is the meaning of all this?’ said the victorious squire. ‘Is an island then to be won at the first cast of the dice? Does a man become a governor in the twinkling of an eye? Am I drunk or asleep? I am sensible I have not supped yet, and that I have received some cuffs with the fist!’—‘Be not surprized, son Sancho!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘islands and empires are gained no otherwise in knight-errantry. Do not you remember, when the hardships and fatigues of this profession caused you to murmur, that I used to bid you have patience, and that you would one day reap the fruits of your labour. The day is come at last; you are a gover-

nor! Now you cannot but own, that when knights promise their squires islands, they do not promise more than they can perform.’—‘Nay, pray, Sir,’ replied Sancho, ‘do not mistake yourself: it was not you that gave me this government; I have earned it by my own industry, and you have contributed nothing towards it, unless you mumbled over some short prayer for my intention. But who the deuce would have thought that I should make my fortune at fistcuffs! I have given above a thousand in my time that never turned to any more account than if I had thrown them into the water. I find by my hand a man must know on whom he bestows them: there lies all the cunning. What was I the better the other night for giving the mule-driver two bangs? I was never the richer for it; but this bout I have thrashed good corn. Come of it what will, Sancho Panza is a governor! Well, I will even make much of myself, tumble about the ducats with a shovel, and laugh at the shorn and shaven!’ These words he accompanied with the most extravagant tokens of exultation. Every one felicitated him on his conquest, and addressed him by no other title but—‘My Lord Governor!’

When it was supper-time, and the company had adjourned into the room where the cloth was laid, the count said to the ladies—‘I believe, fair princesses, you will not refuse our new governor Sancho to eat with us; you know we are bound to honour him; and it would not be good manners to send him to eat with our servants.’—‘No, indeed!’ answered one of the ladies; ‘and, to honour him the more compleatly, I am of opinion that he sup apart with the most beautiful and the greatest lady in company; I mean, the Queen of the Amazons: for all the ladies here know their inferiority too well to equal themselves with such a princess.’ This contrivance was generally approved of, especially by the ladies, who, though desirous of keeping up the diversion, yet could not endure such a mean creature as Barbara should sit by them. Don Quixote took the thing as it was said, and looked upon the

the preference they gave his tripe-woman, as a piece of justice they could not refuse her. A little table was brought accordingly, with two plates; which Sancho perceiving — 'Come, Madam Queen,' said he to Zenobia, 'let us sit down without any ceremony: we shall be better pleased to sup together than with all those gentlemen and ladies; for we shall not be obliged to eat little bits, and to drink by rule and measure.' Barbara, though naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of countenance to see herself made the laughing-stock of the company: but she was not come so far to recant; and therefore, following Sancho's example, she sat down at the little table. Don Quixote, the gentlemen, and the ladies, placed themselves about the great one; and, when they were all seated, the black squire, who was still present, said to Don Quixote — 'Farewel, Sir Knight! I am going back to Valladolid, to carry my master your answer.' — 'Stay, Mr. Morocco,' cried Sancho; 'give me some account of my island before you go: I must be informed how the people live there.' — 'That is but reasonable,' answered the black squire: 'and, to satisfy your curiosity, I must tell you, in the first place, that learning flourishes in your island; there are great men, who understand Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, Syriack, and High-Dutch. There are rare astrologers; who, in the night-time, put on their spectacles to star-gaze, and know exactly when it is night and when it is day. There are curious persons, who have so far dived into nature, that they have discovered the secret of reducing four ounces of gold to two, and of converting considerable revenues into smoak and coals. Besides, you have abundance of poets in your island, who write elegies, ballads, songs, sonnets, satires, rondeaus, and tragedies in rhyme.' — 'As for the poets,' said the squire of La Mancha, 'I will give them whole handfulls of gold and silver to write verses for me, I love them so dearly.' — 'Take heed what you design to do,' said Don Quixote; 'be moderate in your presents: poets must be fed, but not fattened; for wealth lays the Muses to

sleep instead of rousing them.' — 'Sir,' replied the squire, 'when you are king of Cyprus, or emperor of Trabizond, you may do as you please: for my part, I will pay down upon the nail for what I bespeak, that it may not be said in my island that I do not give labourers their hire. I should be very sorry to get that ill name; governors have bad ones enough besides: in short, had you paid the Arab who wrote your history, he would not have told so many foolish tales of you.' — 'I do not value his impostures,' answered Don Quixote; 'they are too gross to make any impression upon men of sense.' — 'Ay, but, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'you do not consider that if you reward the poets, they will hide your faults, and will say nothing but the best of you.' — 'Nay, faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I do not design to pay them for speaking ill of me! — By your talk, gentlemen, one would think that poets were never to write but to abuse folks. Why, pray, are they not bound, as well as others, to conceal their neighbours faults, rather than to scandalize them?' The ladies were wonderfully pleased with this discourse, and could not but admire Sancho's simplicity, and his master's judgment; for he reasoned with such propriety that it seemed incomprehensible how such a person could be the greatest madman in Spain. The new governor, whilst he satisfied his curiosity, failed not to stuff his carcass; and it was whimsical enough to see him, with his chaps crammed full, questioning the vanquished secretary. 'Mr. Morocco,' quoth he, 'pray tell us what sort of humoured women are they in my island? Are they always spinning or lace-weaving?' — 'O no!' answered the black squire; 'they love their pleasure too well to take so much pains: they are not restrained as the fashion is in this country; they enjoy an unbounded liberty: But, to give them their due, they make very good use of it. Every body commends their behaviour: none but their husbands find fault with it.' — 'Why do they complain?' quoth Sancho. 'Do not they find their dinner ready when they come home? Or do their wives look sour upon them?' —

'Quite

‘Quite contrary,’ replied Morocco; ‘it is because they find the cloth laid, and their wives in too good a humour; it is that vexes them. Madam’s good-humour puts Master out of humour.’—‘Those are mere block-heads of husbands,’ cried the squire of La Mancha, ‘to be angry at what they ought to be pleased with.’—‘You are in the right,’ replied the smoky squire: ‘and the worst of it is, that these blockheaded husbands have no more wit than to make their complaints to the courts of justice; and the judges are so barbarous as to lock up their wives.’—‘Oh, ho!’ quoth Sancho; ‘then there are judges in my government, too?’—‘That there are,’ I can assure you,’ answered Morocco; ‘and very learned ones: why they understand their business so well, that they try causes fast asleep; and, as fast asleep as they are, they know how to ruin whole families.’—‘O the knaves!’ cried our governor; ‘do not they think they shall pay for it when they are dead?’—‘Not at all,’ said the black squire; ‘that does not at all disturb their consciences.’—‘Nay, they are right,’ quoth Sancho: ‘after all, there is no great harm in that; for I have heard the prior of Toboso say, that all the harm we do in our sleep is forgiven us. And yet the families are nevertheless ruined. O those cursed vermin of judges! Cannot I drive them all out of my island?’—‘Why would you banish them?’ quoth Don Carlos. ‘Body o’ me!’ cried Sancho, ‘do not you see the reason, as well as I? When I am grown rich with long governing in my government, those sparks need only fall a snoring, and my family goes to the dogs. By my faith, it is not worth while to lie whole nights in woods, to endure heat and cold, and to dance in a blanket, to gain islands, if the governors must walk out again with only a staff in their hand! Who the devil would desire to be a governor at that rate? I am sure my ass would not.’—‘Mr. Governor,’ said the black squire, ‘you put yourself into a heat without cause: the governor is above all the judges. Whatever wealth he has, and howsoever he got it, he is only accountable in the other world; and

the judges cannot take one farthing from him, though they snored all the days of their life.’—‘Why did not you tell me so, then?’ answered the squire of La Mancha: ‘provided the judges and I have no controversy, we shall agree well enough. Diamond cuts diamond. They need only let me govern as I please, and I will let them snore their belly full.’ The count’s sister, who had not spoken before, said—‘Mr. Governor, I do not hear you ask whether there are any physicians in your island.’—‘Aye, faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I had like to have forgot the best!—Tell me, Mr. Morocco, whether there are any good physicians in my government, for I shall want them to trim my beard and hair.’—‘I expected you would ask this question,’ answered the black squire: ‘I can assure you it is a pleasure to be sick in your island. The physicians there are all Machaons, Esculapius’s, and Galens. There is one of them has most divine medicines, and talks like an oracle of all distempers: I must needs tell you a wonderful cure of his. A president falling one day into a pleurisy as he was giving judgment, six physicians were sent for: this wonderful man was one of them. They saw the patient; prescribed their medicines; he took them all; his distemper encreased; and he was at death’s door. Well, what came of it? Five of the physicians gave him over; and concluded, he would not outlive Sunday. Our great man was left alone; and, by his wonderful skill, the president did not die till Monday.’—‘Pox take it!’ quoth Sancho, ‘you have made a fool of me here: I would have sworn that great physician had quite cured the president.’—‘Nay, that is another matter,’ said Morocco. ‘God take me! if the physicians could work such cures as those, I would never make a jest again of their bad medicines, nor their good Latin.’ Sancho put several other questions to the secretary; which the wise Alifolan does not mention in his memoirs, perhaps because he did not know them; or else it may be because he did not think them fit to be inserted in such a grave history as the present.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE RESOLUTION THAT WAS
TAKEN CONCERNING QUEEN ZENO-
BIA, UNKNOWN TO DON QUIXOTE,
AND OF THE ADVENTURE
OF THE SERENADE.

WHEN the company had supped, the black squire disappeared, and the ladies drew round the Amazon princess, being desirous to hear her talk a little. 'Madam Queen Zenobia,' said the count's sister, 'pray inform us why you are so silent: you have not spoken one word all this supper-time. Is your enchantment the cause of it? Or do the Amazons use to eat like Carthusians?'—'Madam,' quoth Barbara, 'when I am among people of my own rank, I talk as well as another; but little ones must be silent before the great ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best thing a mean person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from quality.'—'By my faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'the princess is in the right! A scurvy pun, or an old quibble from a great lord, is admired; when at the same time keen wit in an ordinary man is not taken notice of.'—'That is true,' said Don Pedro de Luna; 'it fares with great lords and indifferent people, just as it does with ancient and modern authors: every line the ancients have written is cried up, and their very faults pass for beauties; all the moderns write is damned, and their beauties are looked upon as faults.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Carlos's sister, 'pray let us lay aside morality, if you please. Will you allow us the liberty to talk awhile with Queen Zenobia in private? We have something of moment to say to her.' The gentlemen immediately retired, with Don Quixote and Sancho, to the other end of the apartment, where they fell into discourse concerning Eramarbas. The ladies then desired Barbara to give them an account of her misfortunes, which she did in such language as was sufficiently entertaining. After they had amused themselves long enough with the poor creature, they began to pity her; and the count's sister, being charitably inclined, said to her—'Well,

'good woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the players, who wish the play over that they may go and receive their money. I perceive you only wait for the fifty ducats which Don Quixote has promised you, and you will go back to Alcala; and, it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them to you this moment, upon condition you will be gone to-morrow morning, before Don Quixote or Sancho are awake.'—'I desire no better,' quoth Barbara; 'for, though I have been a queen but five or six days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the days of my life. All heads will not fit one cap, I find. I am fitter to fry tripe for the scholars of our university, than to come to court to strut and trick myself out among the gentlemen.' As Barbara spoke thus, the count's sister took out her purse; and, putting it into the other's hand, without being seen by Don Quixote, or his squire, said to her—'Here, good woman, there are sixty ducats in it; I give them you; but be sure you be gone to-morrow morning.'—'I promise you I will, Madam,' answered Hacked Face, 'and that is enough; for, God be praised! I was never worse than my word to any body.' The count's sister then beckoned Don Alvaro, and told him the agreement she had made with Zenobia. The Granadine, who was not at all sorry to get rid of her, undertook to manage her departure. The time now growing late, Don Pedro, the count, and Don Carlos, escorted home those ladies who did not belong to the house; whilst Don Alvaro, in another carriage, accompanied Zenobia, Don Quixote, and Sancho. They were not above half way on their road, when they heard a confused sound of guitars and theorbos. They stopped the coach, to discover what it meant; and, looking out at the windows, that they might listen the better, distinctly heard the following words sung by a tolerably good voice, and pleasingly accompanied—

'THE God of Love forsakes the skies,
'In my poor breast to fix his reign,
'And takes his station in your eyes;
'Thus rendering all resistance vain.

'Like

- Like Venus proud, like Venus fair,
- You've all her conqu'ring arts and charms;
- He'd take you for her by your air,
- But that you're proof against his arms.'

When the gentleman had done singing, the instruments ceased, which made the Granadine and the knight conclude that the serenade was ended. 'It is pity,' said Don Alvaro, 'that we came so late, and missed of the beginning. This was a good concert, and well performed.'—'Truly,' answered Don Quixote, 'the musick was excellently fitted to the words, which are gallant and sprightly, and have the true spirit of the ancients.'—'Let us listen a while,' quoth Tarfe; 'I hear the instruments tuning: they will sing again.' Accordingly, the same voice began again as follows—

- Arm'd as you are with chilling frowns,
- New love those very frowns inspire;
- The fairest form that nature owns,
- We cannot, sure, too much admire.'

'The fairest form that nature owns!' cried Don Quixote, in a fury. 'What then will become of Queen Zenobia?' As he uttered these words, he threw open the coach-door; and, leaping out, in spite of Don Alvaro's efforts to hold him, drew his sword, and ran at the serenaders. 'Where is that rash man,' cried he, 'who dares say his mistress is the fairest form that nature owns? Know, knight, there is not a princess in the world comparable with Queen Zenobia, who is the phoenix of beauty, and the most perfect work of nature, since her sovereign power has made me her captive, and subdued all the faculties of my soul by her royal perfections! Grant then, that your lady is inferior to her, or expect to receive the punishment due to your presumption!' This extraordinary salutation, and the furious gestures of him who uttered it, filled the hearts of the musicians with terror, insomuch that the whole band, who came not thither with any stomachs to fighting, took to their heels, and made off with their guitars and theorboes as expeditiously as possible. The gentleman who gave the serenade was left alone; and, heedless of the mad language he had just heard, drew his sword. He was too

much concerned at the disappointment of his concert, to parley with our knight, and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceived that Don Quixote, instead of standing upon his guard, made up close, with his arm lifted up, to cleave him down; and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but, at the same time that he warded off the cuts, he made such home-thrusts, that, had not the knight been in armour, he had soon put a final period to all his adventures. Don Alvaro, who had followed Don Quixote, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length, the knight of the serenade, perceiving he made so many home-thrusts to no purpose, and that his sword met with resistance, cried out—'Coward, thou art certainly in armour, or I had long since reached thy heart!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, stopped short, and answered—'Why, then, have you, knight, indiscreetly left your armour behind you? Truly, I thought you were in armour as well as myself: the darkness of the night may excuse me. Stay, I will disarm; and we will then put an end to our combat, according to the rules of chivalry. Don Quixote de la Mancha never yet fought with odds! I should be ashamed of victory, were it gained by any other means than by my valour.' The serenading gentleman, hearing the name of Don Quixote, was a little startled; and asked the Granadine, whether that was really the same Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history was then so much in vogue: 'It is himself in person,' answered Don Alvaro; 'the very true original: he is come to the court of Spain, there to defend Queen Zenobia's beauty, for he is fallen in love with it: and, therefore, you must not think it strange if he cannot endure to hear your lady stiled the most beautiful object in nature; for, though you only asserted this in singing, you know very well that knights-errant will not allow of such songs.'—'Nay, since it is Don Quixote de la Mancha,' said the serenader, 'I forgive him for spoiling my concert, which I should not easily do to another.'—'That is not enough,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must own that Queen Zenobia is a more accomplished beauty than your lady.'—

I am

'I am content,' replied the serenading gentleman; 'but then you must grant that, next to your mistress, mine outdoes all the ladies in the world: that will satisfy us both.'—'What you require of me is very extraordinary,' said Don Quixote; 'but no matter, I may grant that without any offence to my princess: besides, since you durst fight me without armour, I take you for one of the most valiant knights in the universe; and consequently your mistress must be surprizingly beautiful. And therefore, in honour to your extraordinary valour, I admit that your lady is the most beautiful person in the world, next to Queen Zenobia, who is beyond all comparison or parallel.'—'And I, in return, confess,' answered the serenader, 'that my mistress is not so beautiful as Queen Zenobia, to whom I wish all happiness, though I have not the honour to know her.' After this reciprocal acknowledgment, the swords were put up, and several compliments passed betwixt them; the serenading knight then went home; and Don Quixote and the Granadine, returning to the coach, did the same.

CHAP. VII.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S DEPARTURE,
AND DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE bright Aurora was now emerging from her watery bed, and her radiance had already dispelled the darkness of the night, when the beautiful Queen of the Amazons arose; impatient to return into her own country to fry tripe. Whilst she was dressing, Don Alvaro came himself in his night-gown to acquaint her that it was time to depart. She went down into the court; where, finding her mule ready, she mounted, and set out for Alcala, before Don Quixote and his squire were awake.—O unfortunate Knight of the Cupids! where are your thoughts at this moment? Whilst you indolently resign yourself to slumber, inconstant and cruel fortune robs you of the dear object of your desires! What affliction awaits your arousing! What desperation will be your destiny! Less did the inconsolable Mene-

laus bewail the heart-breaking departure of his Helen, than you will that of your transmographied princess! Don Alvaro, having dispatched the Amazon, retired to bed again; and, after resting some hours, sent to acquaint Don Carlos, the count, and Don Pedro, that he waited to regale them with a new scene of pleasantry. They did not long delay their appearance. When they arrived—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you must understand that Barbara is departed; I sent her off privately this morning. We shall now see our knight-errant in a rare agitation; I am confident he must be vastly diverting.' He had scarce spoken these words before he espied Sancho coming from his master's chamber. 'Good-morrow, Mr. Governor,' said he, 'what news have you for us? How fares Don Quixote to-day?'—'He is very well,' answered the squire; 'and, by the same token, designs this day, after dinner, to defend Madam Zenobia's beauty before the court. He says that there shall be a high pillar raised in the Great Square, to which the queen's picture shall hang; and then there shall be a challenge posted up, and then this thing, and then the other thing—but hold, gentlemen, here he comes: he will tell you the rest himself; for I am going to the kitchen to find out the little limping cook, my very good friend, who waits to give me my breakfast.' The gentlemen saluted Don Quixote; and, when he had returned their salute, he said—'Gentlemen, I came to ask Don Alvaro's advice; but, since I find you here, I will consult with you all. I know not whither I ought to begin the maintainance of Queen Zenobia's beauty this very day, or whether I had better stay till I have overcome the King of Cyprus. Pray, give me your opinion upon this?' The gentlemen consulted together; and, contrary to the custom of most consultations, were all of one mind; to wit, that Bramarbas ought to be subdued prior to any other consideration. Whilst they were giving the reasons for their opinion, one of the Granadine's pages came and told Don Pedro, that a young gentleman, whose name was Don Caesar, enquired for him. 'Gentlemen,' said Don Pedro, 'I beg leave to bring

' you acquainted with this young man,
 ' who is my pupil in military matters:
 ' the king has given him a post under
 ' me at the head of his army against
 ' the Moors; and at two and twenty
 ' years of age he is a general officer,
 ' and has gained the reputation of an
 ' excellent commander.—Don Alvaro,
 ' will you give me leave to introduce
 ' him?' Tarfe declared he should be
 proud of his acquaintance; and Don
 Cæsar was accordingly shewn into the
 apartment. Having embraced all the
 gentlemen, he at last went up to the
 knight; and, opening his arms to receive
 him—'Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'I
 ' am heartily glad to see you!'—'How
 ' now, Don Cæsar,' cried Don Pe-
 dro; 'are you acquainted with the
 ' knight of La Mancha?'—'Acquaint-
 ' ed with him!' replied Don Cæsar;
 'I owe him the greatest obligations in
 ' the world. It is not above two days
 ' since he saved my life; and to him
 ' also I am indebted for the discovery
 ' of my origin, which, otherwise, per-
 ' haps, I might have remained in igno-
 ' rance of for ever.' Don Quixote,
 observing Don Pedro surprized at these
 words, said to him—'Yes, Don Pe-
 ' dro, it was I who had the good for-
 ' tune to prevent the fatal stroke which a
 ' murderer aimed at this young gen-
 ' tleman, whom you are no longer to
 ' call Don Cæsar, but Don Ferdinand
 ' de Peralta, as being brother to the
 ' beautiful Engracia, and son to the un-
 ' fortunate Don Ferdinand, who pe-
 ' rished in the mighty fleet which King
 ' Philip fitted out against England.'—
 'O Heavens!' cried Don Pedro, 'what
 ' is this you tell us, Don Quixote?'
 'Is it possible, that this young peasant,
 ' to whom I have been a father, is of
 ' the illustrious family of the Peral-
 ' tas? and that we can no longer ac-
 ' cuse Heaven of having denied noble
 ' birth to one whose valour and con-
 ' duct so well merited it?—But, pray,'
 added he, turning to Don Cæsar, 'tell
 ' us how you came to discover your
 ' origin? My friendship requires this
 ' relation of you; and it will be a great
 ' satisfaction to all the gentlemen pre-
 ' sent.' Hereupon Don Ferdinand re-
 lated the adventure of the robbers; the
 discoveries made by him whom Don
 Quixote had wounded; the history of

Engracia; and, finally, all that passed
 at Torrefva. The company listened to
 him with great attention; and, when
 he had ended, began to ask some other
 questions. Some desired to learn who
 it was that wounded Don Christopher;
 and Don Quixote, as the avenger of
 forsaken damsels, demanded tidings of
 Engracia. 'Inform me, I beseech you,'
 'Don Ferdinand,' quoth he, 'has Don
 ' Christopher done justice to your sister?'
 'I would fain know, likewise, whe-
 ' ther you have put a stop to the indis-
 ' soluble engagement which that cava-
 ' lier was about to contract with Donna
 ' Anna de Montoya. I remember,
 ' when your uncle Don Diego de Pe-
 ' ralta mentioned that marriage to you,
 ' you appeared greatly agitated; and,
 ' if I mistake not, love had as great
 ' a share in your disorder as honour.'
 —'You are not mistaken, Sir Knight,'
 replied Don Ferdinand; 'I have been
 ' long in love with that lady.'—'Good
 ' God!' cried Don Pedro, 'what do
 ' I hear? How can I learn so many
 ' surprizing accidents in one day?—
 ' Could you be in love, Don Ferdi-
 ' nand, with the daughter of Don Ber-
 ' trand de Montoya, my intimate
 ' friend, and conceal your passion from
 ' me?'—'Do not take it ill of me,'
 answered Don Ferdinand; 'the thought
 ' that I was son to Mary Ximenez quite
 ' overwhelmed me; I judged that I
 ' could never sufficiently conceal so
 ' presumptuous a passion, and that you
 ' would be the first to condemn me.'—
 'No, no,' replied Don Pedro; 'I should
 ' not have condemned you. Though
 ' you were the son of a peasant, con-
 ' sidering the extraordinary valour you
 ' displayed in Flanders, Don Bertrand
 ' might well have given you his daugh-
 ' ter without any degradation. There
 ' is nothing, I must say, above your
 ' merits.' This extraordinary com-
 mendation from a person of Don Pe-
 dro's character, highly prejudiced the
 count, Don Carlos, and the Granadine,
 in favour of the youthful Ferdinand.
 They besought him to recount the his-
 tory of his life; and Don Quixote,
 touched with the same curiosity, seconded
 their request. Don Ferdinand yielded
 to their entreaty; and, seeing them all
 seated, and ready to listen to him, he
 began his relation in these terms.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON FERDINAND
DE PERALTA.

THE ruffian, who murdered my nurse, having, as I told you, left me at Torresva, under the care of Mary Ximenez; that good woman, as she continued to suckle me, conceived for me, insensibly, a real affection. Far from desiring any reward for nursing me, her chief fear was lest I should be taken out of her hands by my parents. She therefore gave out that I was her own son, and bred me up in the same belief; so that, except some few particular persons who knew her family, and whom she had earnestly entreated to keep the secret, all the village was under the same error. As she was ignorant of my real name, she gave me that of a son she had lost: this, perhaps, she did to deceive herself; that, if possible, she might bring herself to credit the imposition she practised upon others. But whatever she could do to debase my spirit to her own condition, and to breed me up a peasant, nature was above all her endeavours; and my generous inclinations discovered the nobility of my birth. I was better pleased to see a sword than a shepherd's hook. In short, I hated all country employments; and by the time I attained the age of fourteen years, feeling myself utterly impatient of such a despicable way of life, I resolved to run away from Mary Ximenez, and to wipe off the meanness of my birth by my courage in the army. Accordingly, I left the village privately one night, and went away to Alcala; where, the better to elude the search of Mary Ximenez, I changed the name of Antony, which I then bore, for that of Cæsar. I made choice of this name, because I had often heard the villagers, when talking of any brave man, say that he was another Cæsar. At Alcala I was informed that a gentleman (being this same Don Pedro de Luna) was raising a regiment, and was lately come to the town to make levies there. I laid hold of the opportunity; I offered myself to him; and, in the best manner my years and education

would permit, signified the earnest desire I had to enter into the service; which I did in such a manner that he could not help noticing it. He liked my looks and resolution, and took a great fancy to me; but being yet too young to serve, he would not carry me with him into Flanders, whither his regiment was commanded. He left me with his brother at Alcala to accompany his nephew Don Christopher, who was then about my age; and ordered me to be brought up with him. My country garb was now taken away from me; and I was taught every thing that young gentlemen learn, as if I had been his equal. Our masters were astonished to see me advance so fast in my exercises. But I shewed the greatest ability in riding, and fencing; and knowing how necessary it was for a soldier to understand fortification, I applied myself earnestly to that study. I soon became a new man, and forgot all my country behaviour; such is the force of education in youth. Every body loved me; for I laboured to behave with courtesy and politeness to every body, that I might make some amends for the meanness of my birth. Above all, I paid great respect to Don Christopher, as nephew to the person to whom I owed all my present prospects. And, I must say this in praise of him, that, young as he was, instead of taking upon him, or improving the obligations I owed him to his own advantage, he loved me so entirely, that all things were in common between us. He was never satisfied unless we were together; he made me share in all his pleasures, and divided with me all the little money he had to dispose of at that age. I must in justice add also, that notwithstanding the emulation we felt in our youthful exercises, he never shewed the least symptom of envy or displeasure, if the superiority, as sometimes was the case, chanced to be on my side.

Eager as I was to be gone to Flanders to Don Pedro, I was forced to spend three years to perfect myself in my exercises. Then I was detained no longer, but fitted out for the army. Don Christopher would fain have gone with me, and asked leave of his father Don Louis de Lu-

na; but the good old man, who designed to dispose of him otherwise, would not grant it. Don Christopher and I were forced to part: we both wept; but he more especially, as the obstruction his thirst of glory met with from his father, mortified him sorely. I went away to Cadiz, where I embarked with some gentlemen of Andalusia, who were going to serve under the Archduke Albert, called the Cardinal Infante; who was at that time governor of the Catholic Low Countries for the King of Spain. At Dunkirk I was informed that Don Pedro was then with his regiment in garrison at Antwerp, whither I went with all possible expedition. He was glad to see me; and courteously told me that, as favourable an opinion as he conceived of me at first sight, he now hoped still better from the progress I had made in my exercises. I would have answered him, and made an acknowledgment for the favours received; but he interrupted me; and, changing the discourse, said, smiling—"I am sensible, Cæsar, you are not come hither to be idle; but be not too hasty; we shall soon see what you can do for the honour of the regiment, and the king's service." He was as good as his word; for Archduke Albert having laid siege to Hulst, our regiment was sent thither. As soon as we came, the besieged made a sally, supported by some horse. They beat off our workmen, and pressed hard upon our foot, but we repulsed and pursued them at their heels to the very covert-way. This I can say, that I was none of the last who came up with them, nor the first that retired; and, as a first essay, I took a standard, killing the trooper that carried it. All the officers of the regiment commended me. This beginning pleased me; and not being able to endure idleness, when the regiment was not upon duty, I would slip away, and go every night to see what was doing in the trenches; where, if any thing was carrying on, I contributed my assistance. I had uncommon success; and going out upon parties, seldom returned without some advantage, or some good intelligence. The success of my little expeditions soon made a noise in the army; and I was

looked upon as one of the most resolute partizans; but about the latter end of the ensuing year, our regiment being then in garrison at Bruges, I performed an action that gained me great reputation, and procured me a commission. Don Melchior de Sandoval, a Spanish officer, having been wronged by those who governed the Spanish Netherlands before the coming of the archduke, took it so to heart, that he deserted to the Dutch; who, being acquainted with his experience in military affairs, gave him the government of the town of Dam, whence he harassed the Spaniards, making excursions up to the gates of Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent. Being abroad one day upon a party, I learned that Don Melchior was going to marry his daughter to a considerable Dutch officer, and that the wedding was to be kept in a house the governor had under the cannon of the place, a little without the glacis. I undertook to go thither, and bring away Don Melchior and his family. I will now tell you how I contrived it, and what success I had. I disguised myself like a peasant, to view the avenues to the house; and, when I had gained a perfect knowledge of them, I gathered twenty horse of our regiment. We set out as soon as night came on, so that the enemy might have no intelligence of our march, and we might get thither when they were all dead asleep. I knew the way perfectly well, and the darkness did not hinder our reaching the house at the intended hour. There is a great canal between Bruges and Dam, which being ordinarily considered by the enemy as a sufficient security against our incursions, was, on this account, I suppose, less attended to in the present instance, than it would have been otherwise. This canal being frozen over, we passed it without any difficulty. The day before, I had observed a little wood which reached from the canal to Don Melchior's house, and came up to a corner of the garden, being a part little frequented, and overgrown with briars and brambles on both sides of the wall. We reached this place about two in the morning; and leaving our horses in the wood, with five or six men to look after them, we threw down the wall

with tools we had brought for that purpose, and made a large breach. The distance of the place from the house, and the noise and confusion of the wedding, prevented our being heard. We entered the garden with our swords, and each of us a brace of pistols, and went on in the dark, till by the light of his match we espied a centinel posted at the door that parted the garden from the court. I crept along the palisade; and, before the centinel could fire at me, I laid him flat with a brace of bullets. The noise of the shot would have alarmed a *corps de garde* posted in the court for the security of the house, but they were compleatly intoxicated; so that we soon put them to the sword. My principal design being to carry off the governor, his daughter, and his son-in-law, we made all the haste we could into the house. At the stair-foot I met one of Don Melchior's servants, who was just come down upon hearing the noise. I clapped a pistol to his head, and made him conduct me to his master's apartment; and, whilst he led me thither, a party of our men pushed on to the nuptial-chamber. Unfortunately, Don Melchior, having received notice of our approach from a serjeant of the guard, who happened to be less drunk than his fellows, made his escape down the back-stairs. His escape made me conclude that we had no time to lose, and that he would immediately send out parties after us; I therefore made haste to the rest of our men, whom I found in the wedding-chamber, the door being forced open. The newly-married couple were just going to bed, and you may easily imagine how they were surprized, when they saw our men rush in upon them. They had scarce time allowed to put on their morning-gowns; but were forced away almost naked. I could not help pitying them; but in war compassion is useless. We returned to our horses in the wood, repassed the canal with the same ease we came over, and got home without any molestation. When we came to Bruges, I presented my prisoners to Don Pedro de Luna, who entertained them very courteously, and carried them to the governor; from whom he obtained for them the liberty of the town upon

parole. Some days after this expedition, Don Melchior sent a trumpet to Bruges to enquire after his daughter and son-in-law, and wrote to them to treat about their ransom; but that affair remained long unfinished, there being no cartel as yet settled betwixt the Dutch and the Spaniards; and ransoms at that time were as arbitrary as they are now at Tripoli or Algiers: however, it was drawing to a conclusion, and the sum was almost agreed on, when the archduke came to Bruges.

He came from visiting all the sea-coasts, upon advice he had received that England was preparing to succour the rebels: he was highly pleased with my little expedition, gave me more commendation than I deserved, and very courteously assured me that he would take care to advance me accordingly as I should merit it; and, for the present, till he could better reward my last enterprize, he added the title of Don to the name of Cæsar, which I then bore. I was extremely pleased with that honour; it enflamed my courage; and, resolving in some measure to deserve the good opinion he had conceived of me, I continued my excursions. Scarce a day passed without my performing something beneficial or honourable for our nation: sometimes I brought home prisoners, and sometimes sums of money, with hostages for the payment of contributions that I had exacted; in short, I omitted no opportunity of disturbing the enemy. They often sent out great parties to catch me; but still I either defeated or avoided them. It is true, I paid the country people so liberally when they brought me intelligence, that I had always notice of their march. The archduke, extremely pleased with my undertakings, did not fail to gratify me with considerable sums out of the contributions I raised; and he loaded me in publick with praises, which I valued above money. However, having hitherto been but a volunteer-venturer, I thought it long till I had a commission; but the archduke's generosity soon satisfied my wishes: he granted me a commission to raise a troop of light-horse, which he incorporated into Don Pedro de Luna's regiment; and, what was still more peculiar,

peculiar, he gave me leave to undertake whatsoever enterprizes I should think fit for the publick service, excepting only when the regiment was upon duty. This great trust reposed in me, contrary to the known rules, so encouraged me, that I thought of nothing but forming greater designs. Being informed one day, by certain peasants, that the garrison of Sas van Ghent kept not strict guards, and seemed to neglect those precautions that are usual in time of war, and that the gates of the town were open all the day, I began to conceive that, with good conduct and secrecy, it might not be impracticable to surprize that place. I acquainted Don Pedro with my intention, who at first looked upon it as a chimera; but, when I had given him a true account of the place and country about it, and told him we might make our advantage of a hollow way, which, on one side of the place, goes up to the foot of the glacis of the covert-way, and would facilitate our approach, he no longer questioned the feasibility of the attempt. He spoke to the archduke, who approved of it, and left the whole management to him. Don Pedro would not take with him on this expedition more than two thousand horse and a thousand foot; fearing lest too great a number should retard the march, and endanger a discovery. Having made choice of such troops as we best liked, we marched all night, and came to the hollow way some time before day. One of our men drew near the town, disguised like a peasant, with orders to make a signal when the gate was opened; and I was ordered to be in readiness with sixty troopers, and each a foot-soldier behind him, to set out upon the signal. What shall I say, gentlemen! The enemy had not the least suspicion of our design; and accordingly I made myself master of a gate without the least difficulty: the garrison offered to make some resistance; but Don Pedro was so close at my heels, that, after a very considerable fight, they begged quarter. Thus a strong and regular place cost us scarce any thing: we lost but ten soldiers, one officer of a Neapolitan regiment, and the lieutenant-colonel of our own. The archduke looked upon the taking of Sas van Ghent as a very considerable advantage gained,

because it shut up the enemy in their fens: he gave thanks to Don Pedro, who generously made over to me all the honour of the action; saying, that I had a greater share than himself both in the contrivance and the execution. The cardinal, not satisfied with mere commendation, bestowed on me the post of lieutenant-colonel of our regiment.

However princes may aim at privacy and concealment, their actions can never remain long hidden from the innumerable Argus' eyes that swarm in courts. It was soon perceived that the archduke admired the beauty of Don Melchior's daughter. Sensible that young minds are fond of grandeur, he took care to exert all his magnificence in splendid entertainments to the ladies; yet so as to make it sufficiently evident that the beautiful Spaniard was the object of his thoughts: but, though he spared nothing to please her, it was visible she did not receive his addresses as he would have hoped. The Dutch officer was none of the last who discovered the prince's affection; and was so much disturbed at it, that, as soon as ever he had paid his ransom, he made all possible haste out of Bruges, to save his honour from the danger that threatened it. The archduke was much troubled at the beautiful Spaniard's departure; but his grief lasted not long; and these ideas were soon dispelled by the hopes he conceived of marrying the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, daughter to King Philip the Second, then living. The conditions of that match were very advantageous to the archduke; for it was reported that the princess was to receive the Low Countries and Franche Comté in dower for her and her heirs. Albert had an envoy at Madrid, who conducted that negotiation; but, finding it did not go on so expeditiously as he wished it, and well knowing that Philip was slow in all his deliberations, he thought fit to send some person of known ability, whom he could confide in, to be his agent: he made choice of Don Pedro for this business; and, having given him his instructions, ordered him to be gone as soon as possible, and without any retinue, since the matter required secrecy and expedition. All that Don Pedro could ob-

tain of him, was, that I should go with him. We embarked at Dunkirk, and landed at Corunna; thence we travelled to Segovia; where we parted, Don Pedro wishing to pass through Avila, where he had some business to transact before he went to court. I took the way to Alcala, to carry the news of his arrival to his brother and his nephew.

The nearness of my native country brought a thousand thoughts into my head concerning my unhappy extraction. I could not reconcile my great spirit with the meanness of my birth; and, when I examined my affection to Mary Ximenez, who had bred me up as her son, methought it did not feel like that which nature and blood inspire: in short, I only felt a sense of gratitude towards her; and, being satisfied with my resolution to requite her with a sum of money, I was neither hasty to see her, nor concerned that I had left her for so many years, without sending her the smallest account of myself. Sometimes I fancied she was not my mother; and, the more to root myself in this opinion, I looked back to my very infancy, and called to mind all that could strengthen me in it: in fine, I endeavoured to conceal from my own self an original so unworthy of my courage, and which I considered as an unfurmountable obstacle to love; for I could not bring myself to think of any but a woman of quality; and such a one I was too scrupulous to expose to the probability of blushing at having listened to me. I soon found, however, that to love, or to forbear, is not in our own option. I had now travelled about five or six leagues, and the heat of the sun began to be troublesome, when I came to the edge of a wood, where the full-leaved trees afforded a pleasant shade: I alighted to walk in it, leaving my horse and my valet de chambre. A long path, which I happened to stray into, exciting my curiosity to discover its termination, I arrived at a large iron-grate, through which I beheld a magnificent castle, situate in a most beautiful garden. By the iron-grate I espied a door, which was not fastened. I went into the garden; and, following a walk of orange-trees, came to a little wilderness shut up by an

iron-gate. The noise of the fountains I heard within, as I drew near, made me conclude that this was some pleasant enclosure, which used to be locked up when any body was within, to avoid disturbance; yet this door was only shut to, like the other. I thrust it open; and, though it was an indiscreet action, curiosity prevailed; and I went along a walk fenced breast-high with a palisade, with grass banks on the sides set with yew and orange-trees; and along both sides of the palisade, at certain distances, there were statues of white marble on pedestals of the same colour: at the end of this walk was a large summer-house, raised three steps from the ground, and opening on two sides with arched glass doors. I had gone too far to turn back without seeing the rest. I entered into a saloon, which I found superlatively magnificent. The thing which chiefly caught my attention in it was a statue of Venus: that goddess was represented lying on a bed of black marble; an unpolished rock of the same marble served for a pillow to rest her head, and spouted out abundance of little streams, which, washing her body, fell into an oval basin, the brim whereof was of a curious marble of divers colours. I thought I could never be weary of admiring that figure; but, whilst I gazed on it, I heard a voice, which drew away my attention. I made to the place whence it seemed to come. How was I astonished, when I discovered, in the middle of a green-house, in a fountain of running-water banked with turf, a young creature perfectly celestial, far surpassing in beauty the Venus I had so admired in the saloon! She was quite alone; and her bathing-robe was so fine, that it was easy to judge through it of the whiteness of her skin: she was so near to me, and so conveniently seated, that I could easily distinguish all the features of her face. The nymph Arethusia did not expose more charms to the eyes of the amorous Alpheus! I can give no adequate idea of my sensations at that moment; my dazzled eyes, and my vanquished reason, put my heart past all resistance. Love took possession, without giving me time to dispute his admission. What to

to do I knew not; for, though it was
 madness to think she would hearken
 to me, yet I could not prevail with
 myself to be gone from her, without
 acquainting her with the passion I
 had conceived. I resolved to speak
 to her; but, considering that she was
 in a situation which in modesty must
 oblige her to make me a severe an-
 swer, I meditated returning to the
 saloon, where I might wait her com-
 ing out of the bath. It was my mis-
 fortune to be too long considering;
 as I drew back, she cast her eyes up-
 on me, and shrieked out: however,
 I returned into the saloon, whilst she
 got hastily out of the water, that her
 modesty might not be exposed to any
 second shock; and, looking through
 the glasses, I observed her slip on a
 morning-gown which I had seen ly-
 ing on the grass, and make away to-
 wards the castle. I followed, and
 soon overtook her: but what confu-
 sion was I in when I drew near! I
 accosted her with such trembling,
 that it lessened her fear. "What in-
 solence is this," said she, "thus to
 surprize one of my sex in this place?"
 She uttered these words in such a
 tone as quite put me beside myself.
 "Madam!" answered I, in great dis-
 order, "chance was the cause of my
 crime; and you are more than suffi-
 ciently revenged on my presumption,
 since you have inspired me with a
 passion which cannot but prove un-
 fortunate."—"What!" said she,
 looking on me with anger and scorn,
 "is it not enough that you intrude
 into a place where modesty thinks
 itself safe; but, to add to that of-
 fence, you pretend to make love?"
 Be gone immediately, and do not
 oblige me to call those who will pu-
 nish your presumption!"—"Ma-
 dam," replied I, now somewhat re-
 covered, "perhaps those people you
 threaten me with may give little sa-
 tisfaction to your resentment; for I
 can fear nothing but your anger."—"Once more I say be gone!" answered
 she austerely; "ease me of the chagrin
 of blushing any longer at the posture
 you have seen me in, and at what
 you now have the boldness to say to
 me!" As she uttered these words,
 she turned away, leaving me motion-
 less as a statue, and torn with a thou-
 sand distracting apprehensions.

I went out of that fatal place, whi-
 ther fortune seemed to have led me
 for my ruin. I returned to my ser-
 vant, and we both mounted. Then
 did I give a full loose to my thoughts.
 "And must one moment," said I,
 decide the fate of all my future life?
 Shall I, who have not been moved
 with the most beautiful ladies in
 Flanders, in a moment become the
 most amorous, or rather the maddest,
 of all men? And for whom? For
 one, whom I know not so much as
 by name, and who will never allow
 me to see her again! What a weak-
 ness is it to be overcome by a look!
 I will call up all my reason. Is it
 so hard to crush a passion in it's first
 rise, and to oppose love, when it
 only promises pain?" These thoughts
 made me resolve to forget my un-
 known fair-one; but an accident I
 never could foresee broke all my re-
 solutions. I espied three horsemen
 in the plain riding full speed; and he
 that was best mounted among them
 carried away a woman by force, who
 struggled in his arms, and cried out
 as loud as she was able for succour.
 Judge my feelings, when, by the co-
 lour of her gown, I perceived the
 lady was my beautiful unknown.
 Hearing these cries, which rent my
 heart rather than my ears, I ordered
 my servant, who was a man of cou-
 rage, to follow me, and we both flew
 to her relief. Our horses being swifter
 than those of the other party, we
 should have soon come up with them,
 but that the ravisher, guessing at my
 design, detached his two followers to
 stop us, whilst he endeavoured to carry
 off his prey into a wood which ap-
 peared at a distance on the other side
 of the plain. I would willingly have
 shunned them, that I might the sooner
 come up with their master; but they
 crossed me, and I was forced to at-
 tack them. I rode up with my arm
 stretched out to him that made to-
 wards me; we crossed our pistols, and
 my wrist being stronger than his, his
 shot passed under my arm; but mine,
 being better levelled, entered his
 scull, and he dropped instantly. My
 servant, at the same time, dispatched
 the other man with his firelock; so
 that there being nothing now to stop
 us, we made after the ravisher, and
 overtook him a quarter of a league

short

short of the wood where he was going
 to hide himself. I pressed so hard
 upon him, that he had scarce time to
 set down the lady, and stand upon his
 guard. I still rushed on; and, mak-
 ing such a strong pass that he could
 not put it by, I ran my sword up to
 the hilt into his body; so that he fell
 dead under his horse's belly. I pre-
 sently alighted; and, drawing near the
 lady unknown, cast myself at her feet,
 saying—"I am a happy man, Ma-
 dam, if the service I have now done
 you can atone for the offence I lately
 committed." She made me no an-
 swer; for she was still disordered with
 the fright of being carried off, and
 the death of her ravisher: but at
 length coming to herself, and look-
 ing upon me now with eyes no longer
 filled with the indignation I had lately
 beheld in them, she said she was will-
 ing to pardon my indiscretion in con-
 sideration of what I had done for her;
 but that nothing less than so consi-
 derable a service could have expiated
 my crime. "Then I may flatter
 myself," said I, in a transport of
 passion, "that I am no longer the
 object of your hatred and aversion."
 Then, Madam, that I may quite
 blot out the guilt of having dis-
 pleased you, give me leave to express
 the respect and a veneration I pay you!"
 —"Let me beg of you," answered she,
 "to talk of something else; you lose
 the merit of saving my honour, by
 giving me fresh cause of complaint."
 —"Madam," replied I, "what is it
 that is so offensive in my words? My
 love is so pure, that it cannot wrong
 your virtue." —"Let me entreat you
 to give over," said she; "consider
 that decency will not allow me to be
 here alone with you: besides, I can-
 not look upon this bloody body
 without horror. Let us remove from
 that unhappy man, whose misfortune
 I cannot but pity, as little cause as
 I have to be sorry for his death."
 I offered to conduct her back to the
 castle; but she would not consent to
 it, and said it was enough if I would
 bear her company to a village, which
 was about two or three hundred
 paces from us, and whence she would
 be safely conveyed to the castle. I
 pressed her to mount upon my horse;
 but, the excusing herself on account
 of the shortness of the distance, I

gave her my hand, and we took a
 long path that led to the village.
 "Madam," said I, as I attended her,
 "since you deny me the satisfaction of
 waiting on you to the castle, do not
 refuse me the comfort of knowing
 who the wonderful person is that, at
 first sight, has such mighty influence
 over hearts?" —"What you desire,"
 answered the lady, "is so little wor-
 thy your curiosity, that you must
 grant me the request I make you;
 which is, to excuse me from giving
 you that account." —"How, Ma-
 dam," said I, in a surprize, "can
 you desire any thing so unreasonable
 of me!" —"Nay, more than that,"
 replied she again, "you must promise
 me that you will not use any means
 to enquire into it." —"Good God!"
 cried I, in a sort of anger which I
 could not master; "do you consider,
 Madam, what it is you require of
 me? No, Madam, that law is too
 severe, and you make me desperate,
 if you impose it on me!" —"That
 will never make you desperate," an-
 swered she; "such poor features as
 mine do not leave such powerful im-
 pressions; and, when you have been
 a few days without seeing me, you
 will not remember any thing of this
 adventure, but on occasion of the
 valour you have shewn in it." —
 Ah, Madam!" said I, "why do
 you distract me with your words?
 Will you destroy me? Will you de-
 prive me of my reason? Do not tell
 me who you are! Conceal yourself
 from my wretched eyes, since you
 make their good fortune an offence!
 But, to forbid me looking after you,
 and doing all that love can inspire
 me to know you; that, Madam, is
 an unparalleled piece of inhumanity!
 I am not so blind, but I can perceive
 plainly, that, unless I avail myself
 of the present opportunity to learn
 your name, I must never hope to see
 you more. Alas! do you think I
 can tamely give up all my hopes?
 And have you the barbarity to be
 offended with me for the difficulty I
 feel in renouncing them?" —"No,
 generous stranger!" replied she;
 "Heaven is my witness, that I am not
 offended with you! But trust in me,
 and do not refuse what I require of
 you. My motive is more favourable
 to you than you imagine: but, be it

caprice, or be it delicacy, in me, I cannot depart from it; and, if you advance one step towards finding out who I am, you set yourself at a distance from me for ever."—"Madam," said I, "the laws you prescribe are hard; you remove me from you under penalty of losing you for ever: and is it not losing you for ever to grant what you require of me?"—"No," replied the lady unknown; "if you perform what I desire, you shall see me again; but I will first make trial of your discretion. If I like your proceeding, I will make myself known to you. Only tell me your name, and rely upon the assurance I give you, that you have not served an ungrateful person."—"My name is Don Cæsar," said I; "and you may hear of me at Alcala, at Don Louis de Luna's."—"I desire to know no more," replied the unknown; "I will in time make use of the information you have given me, provided you deserve it. Be gone, Don Cæsar; leave it to my gratitude to plead for you with me; and assure yourself you will gain more upon my heart, by your obedience, than you could do by many years service." I was so full of grief, that I could not return one word of answer; but my disorder spoke for me: it moved her; and, holding out her hand to me, she said—"Farewel, Cæsar! be gone! do not forget one that will always remember you, if you do not make yourself unworthy of her remembrance!" I put my lips to her hand, and bathed it with tears, holding it so long, that she drew it away blushing. I also perceived her charming eyes were ready to weep; but she left me abruptly, to conceal her tears from me, and give free way to them when I was gone. In short, she went into the village, and I lost sight of her, returning to the highway that leads to Alcala, in the most violent commotion that ever lover felt. I durst not satisfy my curiosity, but resolved punctually to obey my unknown mistress, that, if I was so unhappy as never to see her again, I might not have cause to blame myself for having contributed to my own misfortune.

The next day I came to Alcala, and went to pay my respects to Don Chris-

topher and his father, who received me with every demonstration of joy. Don Christopher, in particular, gave me every possible token of true friendship. His friends and he endeavoured to make all the time I was to stay with them as delightful as might be; yet all the diversions of youth, and the most attracting pleasures, could not prevent my falling into a deep melancholy. Don Christopher used all means to divert it; sometimes he would upbraid the finest ladies of the town, telling them, they had not charms enough to ease me of my heaviness; and when he found that all his care was ineffectual, he pressed me to reveal to him what it was that weighed so upon my heart. Though I entirely confided in him, I was so exact in the performance of what my unknown mistress had required of me, that I durst not acquaint him with my adventure, for fear lest, either out of friendship or curiosity, he should attempt making some enquiry, which would not fail to be charged upon me, and could not bring any advantage to my affairs. Nevertheless, thinking I was bound to justify myself to my friend for the reserve I exercised towards him, I assured him that reasons essential to my welfare compelled me to conceal from all the world, for some time at least, the cause of my inward uneasiness: that I felt a mortal regret at being unable to entrust them to his bosom; and that I requested he would not press me further upon the subject. He being fully convinced that I loved him, and that I would not have concealed the cause of my grief from him, if it had been proper for me to disclose it, sincerely pitied my condition, and left me at liberty to devote myself entirely to my love. I was so full of it, that nothing could draw away my thoughts. My unknown mistress was continually before my eyes: sometimes she appeared to me, as, when taking our last farewell, she was moved at my piercing sorrow; sometimes I fancied I saw her in the bath, and I called to mind that dazzling whiteness, and all those matchless charms, which had ravished my senses. But the more I imaged her perfections to myself, the more I increased my torment. A considerable

time having elapsed, without the least news of her, my heart was wholly seized with sorrow. The most dreadful torments cannot be compared to the distractions which then consumed me. I repented a thousand times that I had let slip the opportunity of knowing her, and that I was so weak as to trust to a woman's word. To add to my sorrow, Don Pedro wrote to me from Madrid, that he had concluded his negociation with success, and would in a few days come to me to Alcala, in order to return to Flanders. I thought I should have run mad; for, though I had all the reason in the world to believe I should never hear of my mistress, yet I could not blot her from my memory: and I was inconsolable, when I considered that my departure destroyed the small hopes I had left of seeing her. This was my condition; and I had entertained thoughts of going to the castle where I first beheld her, when one morning, coming out of church, a woman in a veil slipped a little note into my hand, and vanished, without allowing me time to stop, or to ask her any question. I presently opened the paper, and in it found these words.

"IT is but justice that I be as good as my word, since you have kept yours. Be you, to-morrow, at the same time, in the same place where this note is delivered to you. You shall be conducted where you will hear such news as will please you, if your mind is not changed."

"I could not make any doubt but that this note came from my lady unknown. I read it twenty times with all the transports of a young man beside himself with love and joy. The satisfaction of finding that she was not insensible to my passion, cast me into a disorder, a rapture, a delirium of extasy. I was not master of myself all the remainder of the day; and could scarcely controul the impatience I felt from expectation of my approaching happiness. The sun seemed to move too slow, and every moment of the night appeared like an age. I arose before day, and was at the place appointed long enough before the time. At last the person I

waited for arrived. I followed her to a little house, at the end of one of the suburbs. I was carried into a chamber very ill furnished; but it appeared to me the richest in the world, when I beheld my mistress in it. She came forwards to meet me, "Don Cæsar," said she, "I was resolved I would not seem any longer ungrateful to you; and, by what I do for your sake, you may perceive that, perhaps, gratitude has carried me too far."—"Madam," said I, "I am fully sensible of the value of such a favour: I shall ever cherish the memory of it; but, if my actions could not deserve you, at least, shall never have cause to repent your granting it."—"You have deserved it," answered she, "by relying on my word, and by your secrecy. I know how your best friends have endeavoured to wrest your secret from you, and how you have withstood their importunities. This has induced me to overcome all the difficulties my modesty suggested to oppose your ardent desire of knowing me: I will now give you that satisfaction; I will not have you any longer be ignorant of the name of one who is so much indebted to you. My name is Donna Anna de Montoya; I am sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families in Castile. My father and I lived at Siguenza, when you came to the castle where you first saw me, which is a duke's country-house; you might guess, by it's grandeur, that it did not belong to any private person. A niece of the dutchess's falling sick, could not go with the duke and dutchess to court at a time when they were obliged to repair thither upon urgent business. She was left in that castle, as sole mistress in their absence: I went to visit her, with some other ladies of our city, who, as well as myself, were her particular friends. That house being a most delicious place in the heat of summer, and having most stately baths, I had bathed there several days, as well for health sake, as for coolness. I had not the least apprehension of being surprized in that delightful retreat, and thought myself particularly secure on the day I saw you, having ordered the maid

2 A 2

"who

" who waited on me to lock up all the
 " doors that led to it; but the false
 " wretch, being corrupted by a gen-
 " tleman of Siguenza who admired
 " me, had left them open. His name
 " was Don Livio; and he had asked
 " me of my father, who refused him
 " for reasons of no consequence to
 " you: neither had I given him any
 " greater encouragement; so that, see-
 " ing no other prospect of gratifying
 " his passion, he determined, in de-
 " spair, to carry me off. My maid,
 " who was corrupted by him, took
 " care to let him know that I was at
 " the duke's house, and that I fre-
 " quently bathed all alone; and, in
 " short, that he could never have a
 " better opportunity to execute his
 " purpose, there being none but wo-
 " men in the castle: in effect, it hap-
 " pened on that day, that all the ser-
 " vants were gone to celebrate a wed-
 " ding at a village a good distance off.
 " They agreed upon the time when
 " Don Livio should be ready at the
 " garden-gate next to the wood, with
 " his attendants. He went up to the
 " summer-house; but not finding me
 " in the baths, the sight of you hav-
 " ing occasioned my quitting them
 " sooner than at other times, he pro-
 " ceeded to the castle with his men.
 " He seized me in a great room, among
 " my companions, who were playing
 " at ombre, as I was relating how I
 " had been surprized in the bath. He
 " did not stay to talk, or to attempt
 " any apology for his base action; but
 " caused his men to carry me off, in
 " spite of all the cries and resistance of
 " myself and my companions. They
 " dragged me to the wood, where they
 " had left their horses; and Don Li-
 " vio, having caused me to be set up
 " before him, clasped his arms so
 " strongly about me that I could not
 " help myself: the rest of this adven-
 " ture you know as well as I. I will
 " now tell you what happened after-
 " wards, and the reason why you see
 " me here. When you were gone, I
 " could not but feel a great esteem for
 " you; and, being moved at your sub-
 " mission, was grieved to see you de-
 " part; nay, I almost repented using
 " you so cruelly, but I judged it ne-
 " cessary for my own peace. I was
 " resolved, before I suffered your ad-
 " dresses, to make proof of your dis-

" cretion, which I thought it not un-
 " reasonable to distrust: I remained,
 " therefore, fixed in my plan. I caused
 " myself to be re-conducted to the cas-
 " tle by a great number of peasants,
 " armed with bills and prongs: there
 " I found my companions in distrac-
 " tion, and all the castle in an uproar.
 " My return, and the account I gave
 " them of my deliverance, turned
 " their disorder into joy. From that
 " hour I grew pensive, and delighted
 " in being alone: the idea of you was
 " the pleasing object of my thoughts.
 " I indulged myself in calling to
 " mind the ardour I had discovered in
 " your eyes; the disconsolate condition
 " in which I had left you; and I revolv-
 " ed perpetually in my memory every
 " syllable you had spoken: in short,
 " I canvassed every circumstance of
 " our meeting, twenty times a day.
 " Next I had a curiosity to know how
 " you lived at Alcala, and whether
 " your actions did not disprove your
 " professions. It was no difficult
 " matter to learn what I desired, for
 " my father had an estate near the
 " town, and I wanted not friends
 " whom I could confide in. I learned
 " with joy that you appeared to labour
 " under some secret affliction, the
 " cause whereof you concealed from
 " all the world. This confirmed me
 " in the resolution of being as good as
 " my word to you; whereas, had I
 " been told that you were more easy,
 " you should never have heard from
 " me. My father Don Bertrand,
 " considering the action of Don Li-
 " vio as a stigma upon the honour of
 " our family, attempted, by legal pro-
 " cesses, to cause that gentleman's person
 " and memory to be declared infam-
 " ous: but that was not to be done
 " so soon; all the town engaged in the
 " quarrel on one side or other, as kin-
 " dred, friendship, or interest, drew
 " them. At last, Don Bertrand, per-
 " ceiving the affair was likely to be of
 " long continuance, grew weary; and
 " finding that, at his age, he had more
 " need of rest, than of so much busi-
 " ness, he resolved to leave Siguenza,
 " where his enemies faction was strong-
 " er than his own, and to spend the
 " remainder of his days more peace-
 " ably in some other town. I was
 " not backward in strengthening his
 " resolution; and, seeing him doubt-
 " ful

ful what town to pitch upon, I persuaded him to fix upon this, where he has an estate, and many friends. Having settled our affairs in Sigüenza, we left that place, and have now been here a few days. My first care was to find an opportunity of discharging myself towards you; and I think I have so done it, that you can have no just cause of complaint against me."

Here Donna Anna concluded her discourse. I returned thanks for her goodness; and, after a long conversation, we parted for that time; but afterwards held frequent meetings at the same place. I was full of my good fortune; and though she had never declared how far I might hope, yet no apprehension disquieted me. But in the empire of love revolutions are too frequent for a lover to continue long in happiness. Don Pedro, cruel Don Pedro! came to rob me of my bliss: he had at length concluded the match between the archduke and the infanta, after numberless difficulties and delays of the council at Madrid. The news was of too great moment to delay giving the archduke an account of it; and Don Pedro determined that we should travel post. He could scarce be persuaded to grant a few moments to the affection of his brother and nephew, who in vain used all their endeavours to detain him, though it were only two or three days: in short, he was so hasty, that all I could do was to gain one interview more with Donna Anna. Good God! how moving was that interview! She uttered a thousand tender expressions, and plainly owned that she loved me as passionately as it was possible to love. I made such returns as could be expected from a man so entirely full of love and gratitude; but, being desirous to know whether I might hope to marry her, notwithstanding the meanness of my birth, I said to her— "Madam, since I am going to leave you, may I presume to ask, whether you will indulge me with the hope that we may one day be perfectly united? May I raise my ambitious desires so high? Shall I set out with that expectation?" — "Hear me, Cæsar," answered she, shewing some disorder by her blushes; "I must

confess your birth troubles me: not that I value your person less than if you were descended from our first kings; but I know my father's humour, and I fear he will not be prevailed upon to admit, as his son-in-law, a man whose origin is inferior to his own." — "I am too sensible," said I, "that your father, justly disliking my birth, will not approve of my demand. I know that Cæsar, whilst he is only bare Cæsar, must not expect to enjoy you: but I must tell you, Madam, I have such a heart, that I dare hope for that by my sword, which might be refused to the obscurity of my family. Love has made many heroes. Encouraged by my passion, and by the desire of rendering myself worthy of you, I shall, perhaps, perform such actions as my courage would not attempt, were the object I aim at less valuable. But, Madam, should your father, whilst I am endeavouring to merit you, cruelly give you up to some man who does not love you, will you suffer yourself to be torn from me?" — "I have never considered," said Donna Anna, "what I should do upon that exigency: I believe my father is too good to force me; but should he, alas! be hard-hearted enough to exercise the power Heaven and nature have given him, I feel I shall not have courage to withstand him. I should pity you, and should pity myself, if I saw my heart so oppressed; but, whatever be my affection, do not flatter yourself, Cæsar, for I would sacrifice it to my duty." Such a virtuous resolution was, doubtless, very honourable in Donna Anna; but I should not have liked her the worse had she been somewhat less submissive to the will of her father. She soon perceived the effect her last words had on me: to comfort me, therefore, she assured me that we had no occasion to fear, for her father loved her so tenderly, that there was no reason to imagine he would put her upon so hard a trial. "Go, my dear Cæsar," added she, lovingly pressing my head between her hands; "go; and, by your illustrious actions, put fortune to the blush for having dealt so unjustly with you at your birth: go; and return so full of

“ of glory, that my father may think
 “ himself honoured by accepting you
 “ as a son-in-law. Go, I say again,
 “ where your own duty calls you; and
 “ assure yourself I will do all that mine
 “ will permit me, that I may never
 “ have any husband but Cæsar.” As
 “ she uttered these words, I saw the
 “ tears trickle from her bright eyes,
 “ which touched me so to the quick,
 “ that, falling down before her, I em-
 “ braced her knees, without being able
 “ to utter one word. At length, af-
 “ ter a thousand mutual protestations of
 “ love and fidelity, I returned to Don
 “ Pedro, and with him went into Flan-
 “ ders.”

CHAP. IX.

HOW SANCHE INTERRUPTED DON
 FERDINAND, AND OF THE AF-
 FLICTION OF DON QUIXOTE UP-
 ON BEING INFORMED THAT THE
 QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS WAS
 DEPARTED.

DON Alvaro, the count, and the
 rest of the company, were atten-
 tively listening to Don Ferdinand, when
 Sancho, returning from the kitchen in
 a heat, interrupted the relation, crying
 out, as loud as he was able—“ Great
 “ news, master Don Quixote! mighty
 “ news! You designed to combat this
 “ day at the court for Madam Zenobia;
 “ but, by my troth, you may save your-
 “ self the trouble: “ the setting-dog
 “ may stay at home when the partridges
 “ are flown.”—“ What do you mean
 “ by that?” said Don Quixote. “ I
 “ mean, Sir,” answered the squire,
 “ that the nest is empty; and “ when
 “ the cage is made, the bird flies a-
 “ way.”—“ Have done with your pro-
 “ verbs,” replied the knight, “ and be
 “ plain in few words.”—“ Well, Sir,”
 quoth Sancho, “ to be plain in few
 “ words, I must tell you, that as for
 “ Madam Zenobia—whip’s the word!”
 —“ Speak that you may be understood,
 “ you brute!” said Don Quixote. “ What
 “ is the meaning of all that?”—“ Why,
 “ then,” answered the squire, “ the mean-
 “ ing is, that our lady queen has packed
 “ up her alls, and is no longer in Ma-
 “ drid.”—“ What do I hear!” cried the
 knight: “ but you mistake, friend. It
 “ is impossible she should have left us

“ sol!”—“ Pray, Sir, excuse me,” quoth
 Sancho; “ there is nothing more cer-
 “ tain: she went away last night, and
 “ nobody in this house knows what is
 “ become of her.”—“ O Heavens!” cried
 Don Quixote, rising from his seat in
 such a manner as shewed he was full of
 grief and despair; “ some enchanter has
 “ certainly conveyed her away! O un-
 “ fortunate knight! Die! die with the
 “ shame of having so ill protected your
 “ princess! Who will trust you for the
 “ future with infantas?—Son Sancho,
 “ go saddle Rozinante and Dapple im-
 “ mediately; let us fly to seek the peer-
 “ less Zenobia in all parts. I swear by
 “ the sacred order of chivalry which I
 “ profess, that I will not stop in any
 “ place that is inhabited, and that I
 “ will eat without a table-cloth or nap-
 “ kin, till I have found that only lady
 “ of my affections!”—“ Belly o’ me!”
 cried Sancho, abruptly; “ where the de-
 “ vil shall we go look for her, when we
 “ do not know which way she is gone?
 “ You will make me renounce all my
 “ generation! What, I warrant, we do
 “ not know when we are well? Why
 “ should we leave these gentlemen, who
 “ entertain us so nobly, to run after a
 “ sham queen, who gives us the slip,
 “ with the mule and her silk cloaths,
 “ without so much as thanking us?”—
 “ Do what I bid you,” answered Don
 Quixote; “ and let me hear no more.”
 Thus saying, he would have gone to
 his chamber for his lance and buckler;
 but the count and Don Carlos, seeing
 him so resolved, endeavoured to dis-
 suade him, by representing to him the
 dangerous consequences of his depar-
 ture. “ In short, Don Quixote,” said
 the Granadine, “ do you consider what
 “ you are going to do? Do not your-
 “ member, that, if you quit Madrid,
 “ the King of Cyprus, who is near at
 “ hand, will not fail to accuse you of
 “ cowardice? He will say you durst not
 “ wait his coming, and will proudly
 “ boast that he made you fly. I am
 “ sensible how much you are concerned
 “ at the loss of your princess; but you
 “ know, better than I, that a knight is
 “ to prefer his honour to his affec-
 “ tions.”—“ You are in the right, Don
 “ Alvaro,” answered Don Quixote; “ he
 “ is to mind three things, the first is
 “ religion, the second is honour, and
 “ the third his mistress: and, therefore,
 “ since honour obstructs my departure,
 “ I will

‘I will stay here till I have slain Bramarbas; but, whilst I stay, I am in the mind to send Sancho to seek the queen every where, as ancient knights used to do upon the like occasions.’—‘Good!’ quoth the squire; ‘by my troth, a hopeful commission! Why, d’ye think I have studied philosophy, then, to prognosticate where to find the princess? And, in case I should happen to light on her in the paws of some enchanter, do you take me for such a fool, forsooth, as to go and get my beard stripped off my face without a razor?’—‘No, friend,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I do not design you should expose yourself to unheard-of dangers to rescue her from the hands of a necromancer: that is not lawful for you, who are not dubbed a knight; and, provided you can but discover the castle where she is confined, I desire no more of you.’—‘You see, Sancho,’ said Don Carlos, ‘that your master requires nothing of you that is hard or unreasonable.’—‘It is not hard to be said,’ answered the squire; ‘but it is quite a different matter to perform it. “It is one thing to seek, and another to find;” and a man may travel ten leagues without stumbling over such a port-manteau as Cardenio’s.’—‘Well,’ Sancho, replied Don Quixote, ‘you must, nevertheless, set out immediately; and, that you may proceed regularly in your search after Zenobia, I will now instruct you in the course it will be proper for you to follow. Proceed first to France, then into Flanders, and so to Holland; where you shall embark at the mouth of the Maese for England; then search Ireland, and Scotland, formerly called Albania; thence make a step into the Island of Thule, so much talked of among the ancients, who thought it the farthest part of the earth, because they were ignorant of the new world: next, continuing your voyage northward, you shall go into the Hyperborean regions, where you will find the floating-islands of the Hyperborean prince, my rival; there you must enquire narrowly after the queen; for it is likely the enchanter who has taken her away, may have conveyed her thither, to satisfy the Hyperborean prince’s passion. If, upon strict search, you miss her there, you shall

embark on the frozen sea of Greenland, where some sage enchanter, my friend, will not fail to furnish you with a vessel to carry you to Lapland. You shall cross Norway, Gothland, and the country of the Vandals, now called Sweden; whence you shall pass into Denmark, once called the Kingdom of the Cimbrians; and, after visiting all parts of Germany, you shall traverse Illyria, Italy, and Sicily; and, when a vessel has carried you from Syracuse into Macedon, you will there see the famous fields of Philippi; then you shall travel through Bulgaria, Sclavonia, Servia, and the other parts of the famous Grecian empire. After that, you shall go into Sarmatia; thence into Circassia, that flourishing kingdom of the valiant Sacripant; and thence into the vast empire of Lucia, whose mighty power had like to have overthrown the flourishing empire of Greece, in the time of the warlike Amadis: then, directing your course to Constantinople by the Euxine Sea, and passing the Streights of Hellepont, famous for the loves of Hero and Leander, you shall land in Asia. In that part of the world, Sancho, the great empire of the Sultan of Niquea will astonish you with its rich and stately cities, and those sumptuous palaces, so admirably described in books of knight-errantry. Next, drawing towards Cappadocia, and the banks of the clear River Thermodon, which waters the delicious plains of the noble kingdom of the Amazons, you shall repair to Themiscyra; where you shall comfort those warlike women for the absence of their queen the Princess Zenobia; telling them that I am her knight, and will restore her to them in spite of all enchanters who shall pretend to oppose it. From Cappadocia fail not to proceed onwards into Armenia, Iberia, Georgia, and the famous empire of Tartary, now in the possession of the successors of the famous Agrican and Mandricardo, lovers of the beautiful Angelica, and rivals to that Count of Algiers, whom you saw not long since near Ateca. Thence proceed to the empire of Cathay, to that of China, to the Indies, and the Mogul’s country; but, when you come to Isphahan, contrive, my dear friend, by presents

‘and

and artful management, to procure admission into the sophy's seraglio, and examine whether the Princess Zenobia be there. In short, Sancho, when you have satisfied your curiosity at the court of the Sultan of Babylon, you shall come back towards the kingdoms of Cyprus and Damascus, where formerly reigned the good old man Norandin, the great friend of knights-errant; but, before you leave Asia, visit all the Arabias, and particularly that where the phoenix is found: then, when you have attentively viewed the tomb of the Saracen prophet, you shall pass over the isthmus that joins Asia and Africa. You may stay one day to rest you in the great city of Alexandria; then, going up the Nile along those fruitful plains that river waters, you shall pass into the empire of Ethiopia and the Abissines: then, turning away to the southward, you shall advance into the kingdom of the Cafres, so fatal to strangers, because those barbarous people feed on human blood. After this, returning again to the northward, you will come into the kingdoms of Tombut and Senega, and the vast empire of the blacks; whence, crossing the dominions of the King of Morocco, and those which once belonged to King Agramant, that fatal enemy to the mighty Charlemagne, Emperor of the Romans, you shall embark at Algiers to return into Spain.—'Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'what a journey is that! I had rather go to the Shrine of St. James in Galicia. Faith, my ass and I shall try what our feet are made of!'—'In truth, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, laughing, 'Dapple and you are like to see abundance of countries: you need but follow the road your master has traced out for you, there is no danger of missing it. Go quickly, and make haste back!'—'Make haste back!' quoth Sancho. 'Fair and softly, Don Carlos! I must first go to Constantinople, and thence into France; from France into the Sophy of Seraglio; and from thence to the Devil in Hell! Do not you consider, that, though my ass trotted all the way, he could not perform that journey in a week?'—'Be gone quickly, my son!' said Don Quixote; 'make all the haste you can, and return as

soon as may be: you shall find me here. I, during that time, will immerse myself in my chamber; for the laws of ancient chivalry require that I wholly give myself up to sorrow, that I pine away with grief, and that I perform all the actions of a despairing knight.'—'That is but reasonable,' said Don Alvaro; 'but I am of opinion that you should dine with us first, the better to feed your affliction.'—'Heavens defend me from it!' answered Don Quixote; 'I will be eight days without eating or drinking, or speaking one word.' This said, he gravely saluted the company, and retired to his own room, double-locking the door, for fear some indiscreet person should come to disturb the pleasure he was going to take in afflicting himself.

In the mean while, the gentlemen, having detained Sancho with them, began to railly him about his journey. 'Then you are going to leave us, Mr. Governor?' said Don Alvaro. 'Will you not dine before you go?'—'Dine with you!' answered the squire: 'you need not question it, Don Alvaro; and, if you please, I design to fill my wallet, as I did at Saragossa; for I have a great way to go, and you know, it is the belly that carries the legs.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Carlos; 'it is a long way, and you will do well to lay in provisions. I could wish you were come back already, to give us the marvellous account of your expedition; to recount to us the rarities of strange countries; and, like other travellers, to talk of a thousand fine things you never saw.'—'I have one favour to ask of you, Mr. Governor,' said the count. 'Pray bring me the largest pearls you can find in the Indies to make a necklace for my wife the Princess Trebasina.'—'Pearls do you say!' answered Sancho. 'Why, is the country I am going to a pearl-country?'—'No question of it,' replied the count. 'Pox on it! why did not you tell me so sooner?' quoth the squire. 'I had been gone an hour ago, and by this time I had been in England!'—'May I presume,' said Don Pedro, 'to desire another small kindness of Mr. Governor?'—'You may,' answered Sancho; 'you need only name what you would have, and it is done.'

'Would

‘Would you have some pearls too?’—
 ‘I desire neither pearls nor diamonds,’
 replied Don Pedro. ‘I would only
 have you, as you pass through the
 country of the Caffres, make enquiry
 how many squires they have eaten
 this year: I have a curiosity to know
 it.’—‘Nay, as for that misbegotten
 kingdom,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I crave
 leave to kiss your lordship’s hands:
 I will not come within an hundred
 yards of it. I know enough already
 of a spit with three points; and a
 man that has once felt the colick,
 had need be afraid of the gripes.’
 Don Carlos and the Granadine con-
 tinued to give the squire farther com-
 missions; but, whilst they were com-
 municating their instructions, a véné-
 rable old man entered the apartment:
 he was clad in a long robe of black
 fatten, girt about him with a broad
 yellow-ribbon; he had a cap of goat’s
 hair, and a white beard which reached
 down to his knees: in his right-hand
 was a staff, with which he supported
 his steps; and in his left he carried a
 great book. The gentlemen soon per-
 ceived that the old man was Don Car-
 los’s young secretary; and this new
 disguise was the more pleasing to them,
 as they did not expect it. Sancho, the
 instant he cast his eyes on the enormous
 furniture of the stranger’s chin, ex-
 claimed—‘By the lady, what a beard!
 our horse’s tail is nothing to it!’—
 ‘Friend,’ replied the aged stranger,
 ‘speak with greater reverence of a beard
 which has been twelve hundred years
 in growing.’—‘Saints and Fathers!’
 replied the squire, ‘is it possible you
 should be twelve hundred years of
 age! Then you are an enchanter?’—
 ‘Right,’ quoth the old man. ‘By
 my troth, I fancied as much!’ an-
 swered Sancho; ‘for, I have heard say,
 enchanters live so long that they bury
 their grandfathers.’—‘You have
 been rightly informed,’ replied the
 secretary; ‘and I must tell you I am
 called “The Sage Lirgandus.” I
 believe you are no stranger to my
 name?’—‘No, faith!’ quoth the
 squire; ‘I know you well enough:
 you are a friend to my master Don
 Quixote. We have often called upon
 you in our combats: but so it is;
 “My brother may cry on, for my fa-
 ther does not rock him.” To deal
 plainly, you have left us so often in

the mire, that it is a wonder we ever
 pulled our legs out.’—‘My poor
 Sancho!’ answered the enchanter,
 ‘you have no cause to complain: we
 enchanters cannot be here, and there,
 and every where. We have so many
 damsels to enchant, so many knights
 to cast into prisons, so many squires
 to toss in blankets, and, in short, so
 much business on all sides, that we
 cannot always come just in time to
 help out a knight we take under our
 protection. Is it not sufficient that
 we arrive, after he is well beaten, to
 rub him down, or bring him some
 balsam? I can assure you it is not
 for want of good-will; and your
 master would be in the wrong, should
 he complain that I am unconcerned
 at his misfortunes. I come to Ma-
 drid on purpose to comfort him upon
 the departure of Queen Zenobia.’—
 ‘Then you are welcome!’ cried San-
 cho; ‘but, in the name of God, Mr.
 Lirgandus, take care to hinder him,
 by your magick, from being eight
 days without eating or drinking;
 and satisfy him that there is no need
 I should pass over the Hellish Ponds,
 and all the other ponds in the world,
 to run after the princess! Pray order
 it so that I may not leave this place:
 save my ass this jaunt, and he will
 give you a thousand benedictions.’—
 ‘Well, friend,’ said the enchanter,
 ‘lead me to your master’s chamber,
 and I engage for it you shall not go.’
 The squire, overjoyed at this promise,
 conducted him as he desired. The
 gentlemen, willing to know what the
 Sage Lirgandus would say, followed
 him; and, when they came to the cham-
 ber-door, they heard the knight ex-
 claim aloud—‘O quintessence of beau-
 ty! eighth wonder in the world!
 where art thou at this time? Alas!
 perhaps, environed with monsters,
 thou art now filling with thy doleful
 complaints the castle of some barbarous
 necromancer! Impatient I await my
 squire’s return, that I may fly to your
 relief: in the mean while, listen to
 my dismal moan and sorrowful la-
 mentations, thou adorable sovereign
 of my soul!’

‘Open the door, Sir! open the door!’
 cried Sancho, knocking furiously. ‘You
 need not despair, Madam Zenobia is
 not lost.’ Don Quixote recognizing
 the voice of his squire, opened the door,

saying—'What now, my son, have you found out already where the queen is?'—'No, Sir,' answered Sancho; 'but here is the wife Lirgandus, your friend; who is come to bring you tidings of her.'—'It is even so, Cavallero de los Amores; great Knight of the Cupids;' quoth the secretary, embracing Don Quixote; 'I come to tell you what hath befallen her: cease your affliction; and think no more of Queen Zenobia. The wife Artemidorus has taken her from you, to restore her to her lawful husband.'—'What do I hear!' cried Don Quixote; 'is the princess married? Has she espoused Hyperborean, the Prince of the Floating Islands?'—'You have said it,' answered Lirgandus; 'you have read in that prince's history with how much valour he delivered that princess from the crystal tower in which the Enchanter Pamphus had confined her. But, since the history goes no farther, I must tell you the rest. The beautiful Zenobia, being set free by the Prince of the Floating Islands, grew so fond of him, that she resolved to let him know it: and the princesses of her country making no scruple, as you well know, of going to meet princes in their camps, this chaste queen went away to see Hyperborean in his. He received her with all the kindness of a passionate lover; made a great feast; and they were married before dinner was over. Then he carried her to his Floating Islands; where, for a proof of his manhood, she was delivered of three children. But about a month after she had given this rare demonstration of her fruitfulness, the sage, or rather the extravagant Pamphus, (who was always in love with that princess, though she hated him) being determined upon revenge, transported her, one day as she was hunting, into a wood in Spain: there, having unmercifully stripped her to the smock, he bound her to a tree; and, to add to her misfortune, gave her the perfect resemblance of a basetripe woman at Alcáala, called Barbara Hacked-Face.'—'Aye, by my beard, that is true!' cried Sancho, interrupting him; 'for Bracamonte the soldier was mistaken in her; and I dare lay a wager that the players we met the other day do not know they spent the night in

drinking with a princess.'—'Pamphus the enchanter,' continued the secretary, 'having thus left Zenobia in the wood where you found her, made no question that the wolves would devour her; but when he understood that you had rescued her, and that she was under your protection, he was ready to run mad. He attempted to steal her from you; but missing of his aim, he was so vexed, that he retired to one of his castles, and has never stirred abroad since. On the other side, Prince Hyperborean led a sad life for the loss of his consort; but the wife Artemidorus found out by his art that she was here, and that you was in love with her. For this reason he stole her away from you last night. Dry up your tears, then, knight; banish from your heart and memory the resemblance of that princess, and think of nothing now but your combat with Brambas. That giant, I must apprise you, will be in town to-morrow, and you will stand in need of all your strength to vanquish him.'—'Enough, wife Lirgandus!' answered Don Quixote; 'I should be unworthy of your friendship did I not entirely follow your advice. Since Queen Zenobia is married, I will be her knight no longer; I take back my heart again.'—'By that worshipful beard,' cried Sancho, 'my master is the better for our curate's lectures! This it is to be an honest and a conscientious knight, thus to let his neighbour's wife alone. Would to God the worst in the world were like him! O how glad am I there's an end of my journey!'—'But, friend Sancho,' said the count, 'if you do not go, farewell my pearls.'—'As for that,' answered the squire, 'send for them by the post. Is there nobody in the world can fetch them but I? In short, I had rather you should go without pearls, than I should founder my Dapple.'—'Come, gentlemen,' said the Granadine, 'since Don Quixote is no longer obliged to lock himself up, and do penance for Queen Zenobia, let us go and sit down to table?—Will the wife Lirgandus do us the honour to dine with us?'—'I return you thanks, gentlemen,' answered the enchanter; 'I cannot stay here any longer; I am in haste to be gone into Cochinchina: all

all the enchanters in the world are to be there this afternoon, to decide a controversy that is risen between two of our brethren, about an infant whom they have stolen from her parents, and whom each of them would keep to himself.—Farewel, gentlemen, till we meet again.—Remember, brave Knight of La Mancha, that you shall see the dreadful Bramarbas to morrow; and take notice, that if he falls by your hand, you will finish one of the noblest adventures ever performed by knight-errant!’ This said, he embraced Don Quixote, saluted the company, and retired into another room to Unlirgandise himself; namely, to get rid of his magician’s robe and beard, and reassume his habit of secretary. The gentlemen, meanwhile, finding Don Quixote comforted for the loss of Zenobia, carried him into the dining-room, where the table was covered. They all sat down; and, when dinner was over, they desired young Don Ferdinand to prosecute his story—which he did in this manner.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF DON FERDINAND’S STORY.

DON Pedro and myself, as I told you, returned to Flanders with all expedition, to carry the arch-duke our pleasing news. We came to Antwerp, where that prince received us with extraordinary kindness and satisfaction. Don Pedro delivered to him the original of the contract which was so advantageous to him, and with it a picture of the infant. She was extremely like her mother, who was daughter to Henry the Second, king of France, and the most beautiful princess in Europe. The arch-duke was much charmed with the picture, and made mighty preparations for the reception of the infant, who was to set out as soon as possible from Madrid. He preferred Don Pedro to the first posts in the army, and gave me fresh hopes. Though the campaign was then drawing to an end, yet understanding that the towns of Sluys and Grave were not well garrisoned, or provided, he resolved to besiege those two places, to

put a more glorious period to the campaign, and give that happy omen to his marriage. To this end he gathered two armies of twenty thousand men each, composed of such troops as were then in the field, and of such as he could draw out of garrison without exposing the frontier places to danger. He gave Don Pedro the command of the army designed for Grave; the other was commanded by a general officer, who took Sluys in a month. Grave held out but eight days from the opening of the trenches, which was occasioned by an accident seldom seen at such important sieges. Our trenches were well advanced, when the governor of the place, believing we should soon be in a condition to attack the covert-way, thought fit to make a grand salley with a chosen body of infantry, supported by all his horse. We were upon our guard, expecting some such attempt: Don Pedro posted several bodies of men in convenient places to protect our pioneers; and I was ordered to support them with our regiment. The besieged made a vigorous attack upon our trenches; our infantry opposed them gallantly, and then the horse fell in on both sides. The fight was bloody, and lasted long; but at last we repulsed them, and entered the town with them pell-mell. My first care was to secure the gate, and to send away in haste for our next troops to come and support me. They did so; and the best part of our army was in the town before the enemy thought of repulsing us, their confusion was so great. We made all the garrison prisoners, except some who fled out at the opposite gate; and even most of those fell into the hands of a detachment posted on that side. Thus we became masters of Grave. When the arch-duke received this news, he could scarce believe it: he gave me great commendations; declared he was beholden to me for that important conquest; and gave me the command of a regiment, with a pension to support my rank. That great prince’s generosity was a mighty satisfaction to me; for every thing filled my heart with joy, which seemed to set me any thing nearer to Donna Anna. As for Don Pedro, the arch-

' duke shewed him the greatest tokens
 ' of esteem and honour, and commend-
 ' ed him for his conduct of the works
 ' against the place, and the measures
 ' he had taken to prevent it's being
 ' relieved. At this happy time the
 ' infantina arrived at Dunkirk: the
 ' archduke went thither to meet her,
 ' and found that she was more beau-
 ' tiful than her picture. I shall not
 ' pretend to recount the publick re-
 ' joicings which were celebrated
 ' throughout all the Low Countries: I
 ' will only tell you, that he carried her
 ' to Bruges, to Ghent, and to Ant-
 ' werp; where the people vied with each
 ' other in demonstrating their zeal and
 ' attachment. The Archduke Albert
 ' renounced willingly the cardinal's
 ' robe, to espouse a princess who, be-
 ' sides her charms, brought him in
 ' dower such considerable dominions.
 ' The wedding was kept at Brussels,
 ' with magnificence suitable to such
 ' illustrious lovers. Among other pub-
 ' lick shews, there was a gallant tilt-
 ' ing in the chief market-place or square
 ' of the town: all the nobility ap-
 ' peared at it in great splendor. I had
 ' the honour to be of Don Pedro's
 ' troop, and gained my full share of
 ' applause.

' But however delighted the arch-
 ' duke seemed with his good fortune,
 ' the sweets of love did not make him
 ' forget the care of the war. From the
 ' time that he became governor of the
 ' Low Countries, he had applied him-
 ' self, without remission, to the re-
 ' duction of the rebels; but the assist-
 ' ance they had received from France
 ' had hitherto been an obstacle to his
 ' success. To remove this impediment,
 ' conferences were held at Vervins be-
 ' tween the ministers of Spain and
 ' France, for the purpose of settling
 ' a peace between the two crowns,
 ' which would enable Spain to bend
 ' all it's power against the United Pro-
 ' vinces. The peace being conclud-
 ' ed, the archduke took the field, and
 ' defeated a considerable body of
 ' Dutch near Nieupoort; but, being de-
 ' sirous of pushing his success still far-
 ' ther, he ventured, contrary to the ad-
 ' vice of his generals, to attack the
 ' enemy in their entrenchments, and
 ' was defeated by Prince Maurice.
 ' This misfortune nothing abated his
 ' courage: the next year he formed the

' famous siege of Ostend; which will
 ' ever remain a memorable instance of
 ' the constancy of the besiegers, and
 ' the obstinacy of the rebels; for it last-
 ' ed three years, three months, and
 ' three days. I shall not trouble you
 ' with the particulars of an affair so well
 ' known; but will only tell you, that
 ' Prince Maurice used all possible means
 ' to raise the siege; and we, rather than
 ' forsake it, suffered him to take Grave
 ' Sluys.

' Though I was employed in the
 ' war, my thoughts still dwelt upon
 ' Donna Anna; and my love was so
 ' great, that I could never have lived
 ' thus long without seeing her, had I
 ' not thought it absolutely necessary to
 ' gain a name by my sword, that I
 ' might render myself worthy of be-
 ' coming her husband. However, my
 ' heart was far from being at rest; I
 ' was apprehensive that her father, see-
 ' ing himself advanced in years, might
 ' be desirous of settling his daughter
 ' before his death. This apprehension
 ' greatly troubled me; but fortune, fa-
 ' vourable to my passion, brought me
 ' back to Donna Anna, when I least
 ' expected it. Philip the Third, by
 ' his father's death, had now succeeded
 ' to all this mighty monarchy; and the
 ' Moors, looking upon Tangier, Ceu-
 ' ta, Oran, Mazagan, and our other
 ' places on the coast of Africa, with
 ' an eye of dissatisfaction, were deter-
 ' mined to make themselves masters of
 ' them. This they durst not attempt
 ' during the reign of Philip the Second,
 ' whom they dreaded; but, believing
 ' they might make an easy conquest at
 ' the beginning of a new reign, they
 ' set on foot extraordinary preparations
 ' for this purpose. The Duke of Ler-
 ' ma, who was at the head of affairs at
 ' that time, being informed of their
 ' design, began to raise forces. All
 ' the nobility of Spain, capable of being
 ' entrusted with the conduct of the
 ' African war, being then in Flanders
 ' or Italy, the king wrote to the arch-
 ' duke to send over some officers; but
 ' particularly two general officers, on
 ' whose conduct he might rely. The
 ' archduke, amidst all the great men in
 ' his court, pitched upon Don Pedro;
 ' and made choice of me to command
 ' under him. I was, you must think,
 ' sufficiently overjoyed to feel myself
 ' now become a general officer; nothing

could

could add to it, but the pleasure of returning to Spain, where I hoped to see Donna Anna. We had scarce time to return our thanks to the archduke, before we were obliged to take our leave. This I may truly say, that all persons of any note were sorry to part with us; and the archduke himself, when we took our leave, very kindly declared, that he looked upon it as a great loss to himself to be deprived of our service; but that the obligations he had to the crown of Spain obliged him to make that sacrifice.

We left Brussels; and, as the peace lately concluded with France gave us the liberty of passing through that kingdom, we thought fit to go by land. We entered Spain by the way of Navarre; and, as soon as we came to Madrid, we waited on the Duke of Lerma, and the other great ministers, who received us very honourably, owing to the favourable account the archduke had given of us. They conducted us to receive the king's orders, who expressed himself in terms of satisfaction, and promised that our commissions should be made out immediately. All the business depending on Don Pedro, who was to command our little army, I had no more to do at Madrid till our departure for Africa; which, for the present, seemed at some distance, as our inferior officers were very backward in their levies, and a fleet was to be fitted out at Cadiz to carry us over. This proved very advantageous to me; for it gave me the opportunity of spending some months at Alcala. Thither I went, too impatient about Donna Anna to think of any thing else; therefore, leaving my man and horses at an inn, I hastened to the place where I had so often seen her. There I heard she had been some days gone to Siguenza with her father about their private concerns, and that her return was uncertain. Afflicted at this intelligence, I was returning to the inn to rest myself, for it was then late: when, as I was passing by a house, a woman came out of it; and, taking me by the hand, without speaking one word, led me into it. I followed, without considering at first what I did; but recollected myself upon be-

ing ordered by the woman to shut the door, and follow her. I then judged that it was some amorous intrigue I was fallen into; and that the woman, being disordered by the thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her parents, or deluded by her imagination, mistook me in the dark for another person. I was on the point of returning back, though the occasion was such as might make a man bold; yet I would not be obliged to chance for my good fortune, and was too nice to accept favours which love did not design for me. Curiosity, however, prevented my departure. I had a mind to see whether the lady was beautiful, and what would be the issue of this adventure: perhaps my destiny thus ordered it, that by these means I should arrive at the knowledge of my own origin. I followed the lady to the top of the stairs, having only just shut the street-door without locking it, that I might the more easily retreat, if occasion required. She, having ordered me to wait for her in that place, retired. Presently I heard some person mounting softly up the stairs; I shrunk into the corner that he might not discover me: but the method I took to avoid him, threw me into his arms; for the man, who probably knew the ways of the house no better than I did, crept along the wall, and met me in the corner. Though I had not much time to consider, I soon concluded that he was the party designed for the intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a word; but, having every reason to fear he would not fail stabbing me when he discovered that I was a man, I took care to prevent him; and, drawing my poignard, struck it twice into his breast. I heard him drop down at my feet, fetching a deep groan. I slipped down the stairs, and out of the house, shutting the door after me that I might not be followed; and made haste to my inn, where I took care to conceal this adventure. I spent the rest of the night in making serious reflections on the extravagant madness of youth, which hurries us into all manner of misfortunes, when prudence does not direct us; and I could not forgive myself the action I had been drawn into the commission of

from

from the impulse of a foolish curiosity. What was my surprise, when, going the next day to Don Christopher's, I found all the family in confusion! I enquired into the cause of it; and was told that Don Christopher had the night before received two stabs with a poignard at the house of Donna Eugenia de Peralta; and that nobody knew how, or to what purpose, he went into that place. I desired to see him; but he knew nobody, and lay struggling for life. His friends pressed eagerly to offer their assistance; Don Louis was distracted, the servants all in tears. What a spectacle was this for me! I had no reason to doubt that I had been the murderer of my friend. I cursed my own folly; and I should have laid violent hands on myself, had not the surgeons declared that his wounds were not mortal; and, though his weakness gave cause of apprehension, yet they said they would answer for his life, if he fell not into a fever in two days. This assurance suspended my despair, and prevented my offering myself a sacrifice to my friend. During the two days we were all in the utmost anxiety. I never left the wounded man; but continued by his bed-side day and night, felt his pulse every moment, and dreaded the thoughts of a fever: and, to prove to you the excess of my concern, I assure you that, for those two days, I never once thought of my love. Happily Don Christopher had no fever; and such care was taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather strength.

When he was out of danger, every body occupied themselves in guessing at the cause and circumstances of his adventure, though far enough from suspecting the share I had in it. In the mean time, Eugenia made all possible search after her daughter: the magistrates, on their part, enquired into Engracia's flight, and the wounds of Don Christopher. The judge in criminal causes thought it not enough to examine Don Christopher, but he summoned Eugenia, and confronted them. Don Christopher concealed no part of what he knew: he frankly owned his love for Engracia, and their assignation. "By this, Madam," said the judge, "it

appears that you, looking upon Don Christopher as the seducer of your daughter, employed some of your kindred or servants to revenge your quarrel: and thus the suspicion of the intended murder falls upon you." Eugenia, in justification of herself, answered, that she was never acquainted with Don Christopher's love to her daughter. "Madam," said Don Christopher, "I do not accuse you of this attempt to assassinate me; your innocence I make no question of: and would to Heaven your daughter might be found equally blameless! But I have too much reason to conclude that some rival carried her off, after leaving me in a condition so unable to oppose him."—"Is there any likelihood," said Eugenia, "that my daughter should make an assignation to murder you?"—"It is that which confounds me," answered Don Christopher, "and prevents my being positive in my censure." The judge, having gained very little insight in the affair from this examination, delayed judgment, and resolved to scrutinize the matter still farther.

During this time, Donna Anna returned from Sigüenza. She was overjoyed to find me; and the more so because she did not expect it. On my part, besides the satisfaction of finding her more beautiful than ever, I had the comfort to see her continue faithful and constant. We had several interviews in the house I before mentioned to you. My rank as general officer made us hope her father would approve of my pretensions; so that we both thought ourselves happy: but fortune soon thwarted our felicity. Don Christopher, recovering his strength within a month, went abroad. As I was one day congratulating him, he appeared discontented; and said—"My father has proposed to marry me to the daughter of a friend of his; and he is so bent upon the match that he will not allow any objections. This is very disagreeable to me, because I have still a kindness for Engracia, whatever cause I have to suspect her fidelity."—"Do you know," said I, "the lady who is designed for you?"—"No," replied he; "my father has not yet told me her name: he designs

“ to let me see her first. He has only
 “ informed me that she is very rich, of
 “ noble parentage, and that her person
 “ cannot be displeasing to me.” I
 “ listened to what he said, as no farther
 “ relating to me than as it concerned
 “ him; but the next day, going to visit
 “ Donna Anna at the usual place, I
 “ found her in tears. This touched me
 “ to the heart; so that, casting myself
 “ at her knees, to enquire the cause of
 “ her affliction, I learned, with astonish-
 “ ment, that her father purposed mar-
 “ rying her to Don Christopher, and
 “ had positively resolved on it. These
 “ tidings were like the stroke of death
 “ to me; and I sunk down at the feet
 “ of my mistress. Donna Anna, fear-
 “ ing my seizure might be attended
 “ with fatal effects, held forth her hand
 “ to raise me up again; and, though
 “ not less agitated than myself with the
 “ misfortune that menaced us, she es-
 “ sayed, in the most tender manner, to
 “ comfort me. For a long time I
 “ could not speak one word: I recover-
 “ ed my senses; but only so far as to be
 “ more sensible of my grief. “ Just
 “ Heavens!” exclaimed I, “ am I
 “ then abandoned to the rigour of my
 “ destiny? Must all those hopes, that
 “ were the joy of my life, vanish in a
 “ moment!” Then, looking upon
 “ Donna Anna with the greatest disor-
 “ der imaginable—“ And you, Ma-
 “ dam,” cried I, “ can you, then,
 “ consent to such a marriage? Will
 “ you not take the least step in favour
 “ of an unhappy man? Must the first
 “ efforts of a father’s will thus easily
 “ tear you from my heart?”—“ I have
 “ done all,” answered she, “ that de-
 “ ceit will allow of; I have protested
 “ to my father my aversion to this
 “ match; I have conjured him not to
 “ force me to obedience: and I would
 “ still oppose him, could I think it
 “ were to any purpose; but I know I
 “ shall not prevail; since his word is
 “ engaged, my prayers and tears will
 “ but exasperate. Yet I will speak to
 “ him once more, and will spare no-
 “ thing that may move him: in short,
 “ if I cannot be yours, I promise that
 “ you shall have no cause to complain
 “ of me.” This said, she left me, and
 “ retired to make a last effort upon her
 “ father.

“ As for me, I returned again to my
 “ inn, where I spent the rest of the day

“ in lamenting my hard fortune; but
 “ hope never failing, even in extremi-
 “ ty, I called to mind the dispositions I
 “ had observed in Don Christopher; and
 “ thought that, by exhorting him to
 “ continue faithful to Engracia, not-
 “ withstanding his father’s importu-
 “ nity, I might possibly break off his
 “ match with Donna Anna. Full of
 “ this project, I hastened to his house,
 “ flattering myself with the hopes of
 “ being successful; when he, perceiv-
 “ ing me, came forth to meet me with
 “ all the transports of a man who can-
 “ not contain himself. “ O, my dear
 “ Cæsar,” cried he, “ my condition is
 “ much altered since yesterday; I have
 “ seen the charming creature my father
 “ designs for me. You see I am in a
 “ rapture! She is an angel! I was
 “ impatient till I saw you; come now
 “ and partake of my joy.” You may
 “ well guess these words were death to
 “ me. “ How, Don Christopher!”
 “ replied I; “ can you abandon the
 “ unhappy Engracia to her misfor-
 “ tunes? Can you, then, subject
 “ her to the mortal regret of having
 “ drawn down on her head the resent-
 “ ment of her family for a faithless
 “ lover?”—“ Engracia,” answered
 “ he, “ is herself faithless; it plainly
 “ appears by her flight: but whether
 “ she was carried away by force, or
 “ by her own consent; whether she is
 “ innocent or guilty; I will not think
 “ of her any more. Do not oppose
 “ my new love, my friend: I find a
 “ thousand advantages in the match
 “ with Donna Anna. Her birth, her
 “ fortune, her beauty, do all plead for
 “ my love: I adore her more passion-
 “ ately than ever I did Engracia.”
 “ These words quite overcame me: I
 “ turned colour; my eyes failed me; a
 “ cold sweat spread over my body; and
 “ I was ready to faint. My friend,
 “ thinking I was not well, did all he
 “ could to assist me; but, as soon as I
 “ came to myself, I left him, pretend-
 “ ing that I would go and repose me at
 “ my inn; but, being very anxious to
 “ see Donna Anna, I repaired to our
 “ usual rendezvous. Word was sent
 “ that I expected her. She soon came;
 “ and, as I read in her face the sad
 “ news she brought with her—“ Ma-
 “ dam,” said I, “ I perceive I am a
 “ lost man, and that Don Bertrand
 “ has not more compassion than Don
 “ Christopher.

" Christopher. Do not fear to pronounce the sentence of my death; I am prepared for it."—"Did you know," answered she, "how earnestly I have endeavoured to dissuade my father! But, alas! he is inexorable; and we must not any longer hope to live for one another." At these words, which distracted my understanding, I accused Heaven and destiny; and could almost have expired with sorrow at her feet. She could not forbear weeping to see me in such a deplorable condition; and, though she wanted comfort herself, yet she incited me to bear this misfortune with resolution. I continued inconsolable. "Madam," replied I, "the subject of our sorrow is not the same: you only lose a man who had nothing worthy your charms to offer you; but I, together with my life, am deprived of the most ravishing hopes, the most glorious fortune, that ever mortal could wish for."—"My dear Don Cæsar," replied she, "your loss is great, since in me you lose a faithful and a loving heart. I should be sorry to see you bear the loss of me with indifference; but your sorrow may contain itself within bounds, and your valour must triumph over it."—"Ah, Madam!" cried I, "your resolution is great; but though your courage were ever so extraordinary, you could scarcely bear up, were you as sensible of the loss of Cæsar as Cæsar is of losing you." Donna Anna did every thing in her power to appease me; but, at that time, all she could say rather heightened my affliction than gave me comfort. In short, the conclusion of this dismal interview was, that I should once more try Don Christopher, acquaint him with my passion, and represent how fatal it must be to our friendship, if he still persisted to rob me of my love. Donna Anna, with difficulty, was prevailed on to permit this attempt; but, seeing it was our only resource, she at last gave her consent. I went, therefore, in pursuit of Don Christopher, whom I found much concerned for me. "Don Cæsar," said he, "I am glad to see you; I was afraid your distemper might have been attended with some ill consequences."—"It is not yet

over," answered I; "but is greater than you imagine."—"What can be the cause?" replied he. "It is such," said I, "that I have reason to be apprehensive lest it break off that friendship which you have always honoured me with."—"That cannot be," cried Don Christopher; "our friendship is too strongly linked, and nothing can shake it."—"What if I should avow that it was I who stabbed you at Engracia's?" answered I. "Who, you!" cried he abruptly. "Could you be my assassin? But, if you did, it was without knowing me; and I have no reason to be angry with you."—"It is true," said I, "the night was guilty of that crime, and I was not consenting; but what you cannot forgive me is, that I aspire to the love of the person whom you have thought worthy of your affection." These words made Don Christopher change countenance; but, being liable to a double meaning, because Donna Anna was not named, he recovered himself, and answered—"If it is Engracia you are in love with, the declaration you have made will cause no breach in our friendship: nay, more, I should be glad to see my second self fill up that place which I cannot forsake without some regret."—"It is not Engracia I love," answered I, in a melancholy tone; "you appeared, the last time I saw you, too averse from her, for me to imagine you could be concerned at her infidelity to you: Donna Anna is the object—" "Donna Anna!" cried he, in a passion. "What do you tell me, Don Cæsar? I forgive your stabbing me, but I cannot forgive you for aspiring to the only person who can make me happy."—"Had I staid till now," answered I, "before I offered up my vows to Don Bertrand's daughter, I should think myself deserving of the severest punishment; but I have adored her for several years. Remember that sadness you saw me labour under the first time I returned from Flanders; it was Donna Anna who then filled my heart."—"Ah, cruel man!" cried Don Christopher, "why did you not then tell me so? Must you needs stay till I was myself bewitched by her before you would own it? You did
 " not

“not confide in me when you ought.
 “Had I known your passion, I would
 “have fortified my heart against lov-
 “ing your mistress; and friendship
 “would have assisted me: but you
 “concealed your love, and that mis-
 “trust has ruined us. We must needs
 “be both unhappy; for it is now too
 “late for me to withstand my new
 “passion. Do not expect that I should
 “quit claim to Donna Anna: I have
 “formed to myself too sweet an idea
 “of enjoying her, to be able to make
 “a sacrifice of it to you. You may
 “sooner ask this life you have already
 “attempted, and I will sooner grant it
 “you.”—“I know,” replied I, “that
 “I owe all I have to you, and that I
 “ought not to contend with you for
 “the possession of a heart; but reflect,
 “that I loved Donna Anna before ever
 “you heard her name; before I could
 “conjecture that you would ever know
 “her. Take my advice, my dear
 “Don Christopher; do not persist in
 “robbing me of my mistress: you will
 “never be happy in her. In spite of
 “all your merit, your love has already
 “cost her abundance of tears.”—
 “Then you are beloved,” answered
 “he, “since you are so well acquainted
 “with her aversion to me.”—“I had
 “the good fortune,” said I, “to do
 “her a considerable piece of service;
 “and she has been as grateful to me
 “as I could wish.”—“O Heavens!”
 “cried he, in a fury. “May I be-
 “lieve my ears? It is not enough that
 “I am informed my best friend is my
 “rival, but I must be told that he is
 “well received, and myself hated!”—
 “I tell it you,” answered I, “for
 “your own good, to prevent the mi-
 “series that might follow, should you
 “deprive me of Donna Anna.”—
 “Such a discovery,” replied he, “is
 “fitter to distract, than to compose
 “me!”—“Can you, then,” said I,
 “think of marrying a lady whose
 “heart you can never be master of?
 “No, certainly, you deserve better;
 “and you have too great a soul to
 “make a woman wretched.” Much
 “more I added, to dissuade him from
 “the match, but all to no purpose. I
 “perceived, however, that his soul was
 “full of distraction; and that friend-
 “ship pleaded strongly in my favour;
 “but the violence of his passion pre-
 “vailed over his generosity.

“The same day I gave an account of
 “this discourse to Donna Anna. “Ma-
 “dam,” said I to her, “we must now
 “take our leave for ever. I come di-
 “rectly from Don Christopher; neither
 “my despair, nor Engracia’s cause,
 “will move him; and he is resolved,
 “rather than forsake you, to transgress
 “the most sacred laws of love and
 “friendship.” Donna Anna, hearing
 “these words, wept plentifully, and
 “sunk into a deadly dejection: my con-
 “dition was not much better. At
 “length, making an effort above her-
 “self, she said to me with firmness—
 “My dear Cæsar, this is the time to
 “shew resolution: we must part, since
 “cruel fate will have it so. Instead
 “of suffering these sorrows to melt
 “our hearts, we must resolve to harden
 “them.”—“Ah, Madam!” answered
 “I, “when I think of losing you, my
 “heart has not courage to withstand
 “the shock! O Heavens, what a dis-
 “mal separation is this!” Our words
 “were continually interrupted with
 “sighs. I kissed Donna Anna’s hands,
 “and moistened them with my tears;
 “but, perceiving that, greatly as she
 “was concerned at my sorrow, she still
 “persisted in the necessity of our sepa-
 “ration—“Well, Madam,” said I,
 “it is in vain to struggle; I yield to
 “fate, which has decreed my ruin.
 “Farewell! I go to seek death at a dis-
 “tance from you. My presence shall
 “no more disturb your quiet; and I
 “pray Heaven, that the happiness I
 “wish you may not be interrupted by
 “the least thought of me!” At these
 “words, I forced myself away, went
 “to my inn, and the next morning set
 “out for Madrid. As I went out of
 “the town, I met Don Christopher,
 “coming from a friend’s house; he
 “was surprized, and would have shun-
 “ned me; but the sight of him having
 “put a thought into my head, I went
 “up to him, and said—“Don Chris-
 “topher, may the unhappy Don Cæsar
 “beg one favour of you?”—“You
 “have a better claim to it,” answered
 “he, “than any other man.”—“May
 “a soldier of fortune,” replied I,
 “hope you will do him the honour to
 “try your sword with him? I know
 “you cannot but be surprized at what
 “I propose; I have not forgot how
 “much I am obliged to you; and I
 “own I have nothing but what I owe

"to your uncle Don Pedro's goodness:
 "but no consideration can prevail with
 "a despairing lover; I only desire to
 "die; and certainly fortune will have
 "me fall by your hand, since you have
 "already given me my mortal wound,
 "in robbing me of Donna Anna."
 "Don Christopher could not but be
 "moved at my words; but, having re-
 "covered himself, he replied—"Don
 "Cæsar, I shall not refuse the satis-
 "faction you desire: I take it as an
 "honour that you should look upon
 "me as a rival worthy of your valour.
 "Yet I confess it grieves me to be
 "forced to draw my sword against my
 "dearest friend: but I must submit to
 "fate."—"I am not deceived," an-
 "swered I, "in my opinion of your
 "magnanimity; I was satisfied Don
 "Christopher would scorn, on such
 "an occasion, to have regard to the
 "inequality of my birth: but since we
 "are to fight without malice, and only
 "love is the cause of it, I could wish
 "it might be done without exposing a
 "life so dear to me as yours is; and,
 "therefore, if I am so fortunate as to
 "get the better of you, I desire you
 "will desist from your design on Don-
 "na Anna."—"I would lose ten
 "thousand lives," said he, "rather
 "than make you any such promise.
 "If I am worsted, spare not my life:
 "whilst I live, Donna Anna shall ne-
 "ver be yours." These words per-
 "plexed me to a high degree; for I
 "had only proposed fighting in hopes
 "of disarming him, that then he might
 "be restrained from crossing my love.
 "But finding him now resolved ne-
 "ver to resign Donna Anna, I cried
 "out, in a sort of fury—"Why can
 "you entertain such a thought of me,
 "as that I would take away your life?
 "I would sooner stab myself to the
 "heart a thousand times. Though
 "you are the cause of my misfortune,
 "you are still more dear to me than
 "my own happiness. Farewel, un-
 "feeling Don Christopher! the wounds
 "you give me are more cruel than the
 "stabs you received at my hands. Go;
 "and, if you can without remorse, en-
 "joy the blessing you rob me of. Fol-
 "low the inconstancy of your inclina-
 "tions, in contempt of your first mis-
 "treffs, and with the loss of your best
 "friend." Thus speaking, I left
 "him, without waiting for his reply.

"I had not yet recovered myself, when
 "I met my sister Engracia in the midst
 "of seven or eight robbers: I ran to
 "her assistance without knowing her;
 "but I had perished in the conflict, had
 "I not been succoured by the brave
 "Knight of La Mancha. I have al-
 "ready told you that adventure: I must
 "now give you an account of what
 "happened after Don Quixote and I
 "parted at Torrefva.

"When we came to Alcala, my un-
 "cle Don Diego de Peralta left my
 "sister and me in an inn; judging it
 "not safe to present us immediately to
 "Eugenia, lest the excess of sudden joy
 "might operate too powerfully upon a
 "frame which long affliction had debili-
 "tated extremely: he went to her alone,
 "and acquainted her in what manner
 "he had found Engracia; and, when
 "he had prepared her for the happy
 "news that was to compleat her joy,
 "he sent for my sister and me. We fell
 "down at my mother's feet; and, whilst
 "I kissed one of her hands, Engracia
 "washed the other with her tears, beg-
 "ging pardon for her offences. Eu-
 "genia, shedding tears of joy, made us
 "both rise, and embraced us. Having
 "satisfied the first transports of maternal
 "tenderness, the next affectionately em-
 "braced Mary Ximenez: then she de-
 "sired to know all the wonderful pas-
 "sages of my life; which I related to
 "her after the same manner I have
 "told you. This done, the next thing
 "was to contrive such measures as
 "might oblige Don Christopher to
 "marry Engracia. I was of opinion
 "that force must be used, in case he re-
 "fused to comply. My prudent uncle
 "could not at first approve of my pro-
 "posal; but at length he consented, in
 "regard the honour of the family of
 "the Peraltas was too deeply concerned
 "to suffer Don Christopher to marry
 "any woman but my sister, after the
 "publick scandal occasioned by his
 "wounds. I went, therefore, to Don
 "Christopher with a resolution to chal-
 "lenge him, if he refused to marry my
 "sister. I was told he was indisposed,
 "and would admit nobody: but, as
 "soon as he heard that I was there, and
 "desired to see him, he ordered me to
 "be brought in. I found him lying
 "on his bed, overwhelmed with a de-
 "jection that surprized me. "Come,
 "Cæsar," said he, "you have van-
 "quished

"grieved me! The struggle is over; friendship has got the better of love; I restore your mistress. I cannot deny that this resolution has cost me dear; but your despair touched me, and my own thoughts have done the rest!"—"My dear Don Christopher!" answered I, embracing him in a rapture of joy, "Heaven has given you this resolution, that you might not fully the splendor of your virtues, by tearing my mistress from me, and being unjust to Engracia!"—"As for Engracia," said he, "she has no share in the offering I make you: her flight, so unknown to me in all its circumstances, absolves me from any fidelity to her."—"Engracia's truth has never failed," answered I; "and her flight ought not to set you against her. It is in your own power to be assured of her innocence."—"Alas!" cried he, "who can assure me?"—"Myself!" said I. Then I related the adventure of the robbers, and repeated to him all that I had heard from my sister; and, lastly, I acquainted him with the discovery I had made of my birth. He listened to me very attentively; and, when I had done—"O my friend!" cried he, "how surprising are the things you tell me; Wonderful are the ways of Providence; which, by such unusual means, has brought you to the knowledge of your parents! You may believe my joy is as great as

"yours! As for Engracia, telling me she is innocent, you revive my love; I restore her my heart, and entail the happiness of my life on her." Not to lose this favourable disposition in Don Christopher, I presently led him to Eugenia's house, who received him as her son-in-law. He thought my sister so beautiful, that he was ashamed of having been false to her; and he protested that he should have always continued faithful, had he not unfortunately mistrusted her innocence. To conclude in few words, my uncle Don Diego went in search of Don Bertrand de Montoya and Don Louis de Luna; and, having given them a full account of all that had passed, obtained consent of the latter that his son should marry Engracia; and of the former, that I should marry his daughter. I am now come to Madrid to communicate these happy tidings to Don Pedro, and to acquaint him that my relations and his own wait only for his presence to conclude these two marriages.

Don Ferdinand having ended his story, all the company expressed their satisfaction in his good fortune. Then they parted: Don Carlos and the count went out together to pay some visits; Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand to prepare for their journey to Alcalá; and Don Alvaro staid at home with the Knight of La Mancha and his squire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

OF THE GREAT ARCHBANTERER OF
THE INDIES; HIS ARRIVAL AT
MADRID; AND OF THE LOFTY
SPEECHES MADE TO HIM BY DON
QUIXOTE AND SANCHE.

HE sage Alifolan, continuing the faithful relation of the matchless Don Quixote's heroick adventures, tells us that, the next morning, Don Carlos's secretary came to Don Alvaro, to communicate a project of diversion, which his master and the count had laid the night before, with a friend of theirs called the Marquis de Orisalvo; who, from the account he had heard of Don Quixote, felt a strong inclination to amuse himself at the expence of our knight-errant. Tarfe being informed of their design, which he thought very pleasant, dismissed the secretary; having taken upon himself the task of preparing Don Quixote for the business. He accordingly went to his chamber; and said to him—'Sir Knight, I am come to announce a most agreeable piece of news; the great Archban-

terer of the Indies arrived last night
' in this city!'—'The Archbanterer of
' the Indies!' replied Don Quixote, in
amaze; 'I never heard of that prince
' before!'—'I wonder at it!' answered
Don Alvaro. 'How can you, who
' know all things, be unacquainted
' with that monarch, who is doubtless
' one of the greatest princes upon the
' face of the earth?'—'And, pray, in
' what part of the world lies his em-
' pire?' quoth the knight. 'It lies,'
answered the Granadine, 'betwixt the
' dominions of the Great Mogul and
' those of the Emperor of China.'—
'If so,' said the knight, 'he must have
' conquered the kingdoms of Baran-
' tola, of Pegu, of Aracan, of Coch-
' China, and all the other places which
' lie from the mouth of the Ganges to the
' Philippine Islands; and have assumed,
' by way of eminence, the haughty title
' of Archbanterer of the Indies.'—
'That may very well be,' replied
Tarfe; 'or rather, it cannot be other-
' wise: for he also styles himself Em-
' peror and Lord of the Kingdoms of A-
' racan, Cochinchina, and all the rest
' of the dominions you have named. I
' long to see him; and, if you will be
' ruled by me, we will wait on him this
' very day.'—'With all my heart,'
answered Don Quixote. 'And with
' mine too, Don Alvaro!' cried San-
cho;

cho; 'I would fain see the great arch-
'bantling you talk of.'—'It is a com-
'mendable curiosity,' answered Don
Alvaro; 'and you may soon satisfy it
'at your leisure. Don Carlos and the
'count, who design the same thing,
'sent me word that they would take
'us thither this afternoon.' Don Quix-
ote was never weary of talking with
Tarfe about the archbanterer; of whom
he formed to himself a marvellous con-
ception from the novelty of his title,
which he had never heard of before.
Don Carlos and the count arriving about
four o'clock in the afternoon, Don Al-
varo ordered the mules to be put into
his coach; and Don Quixote having
armed himself at all points, they set
forth as follows: Don Carlos and the
knight in one coach; and Tarfe, the
count, and Sancho, in the other.

In the mean while, the Marquis de
Orisálvo, under the burlesque title of
Archbanterer, was preparing for the re-
ception of Don Quixote, in a magnificent
hall, illuminated, though it was not
yet dark, with a profusion of wax-
tapers and torches. Being perfectly ac-
quainted with the custom of ancient
chivalry, he had caused a small throne
to be erected at the end of the room,
under a stately canopy; and, to make
up a numerous court, he had invited
all his friends, and abundance of la-
dies: besides this, he had equipped
himself with a diadem of cloth of gold,
and a small wooden sceptre wound
about with red ribbands. As soon as
he heard Don Quixote was at hand, he
seated himself on the throne, assuming
the utmost gravity possible. When the
knight entered the hall, and saw the
archbanterer with his crown and scép-
tre, enthroned under a rich canopy, he
presently called to mind what he had so
frequently found described in his vo-
lumes of chivalry, and felt all the sa-
tisfaction of the ancient knights-errant
when they presented themselves before
the foot-stool of some magnificent em-
peror. Don Alvaro, the count, and
Don Carlos, first advancing, saluted
the archbanterer with every token of
the most profound respect. Then the
Granadine, taking Don Quixote by the
hand, led him up to the canopy; and,
presenting him to the marquis, said—
'Renowned archbanterer, behold here
'the famous Don Quixote, the flower
'of La Mancha, the lanthorn of chi-

'valry, the terror of giants, your
'mightiness's sworn friend, and the
'protector of your kingdoms!' This
said, he fell back, leaving Don Quixote
in the middle of the room. Then the
knight, resting the butt-end of his lance
on the ground, looked around him
without uttering a word; till, judging
by the general silence that it was ex-
pected he should speak, he raised his
voice, and directed his discourse as fol-
lows to the marquis, who found suffi-
cient difficulty in preserving his gravity
from being shaken by the whimsical
gestures of his visitor—'August and
'magnanimous monarch, Supreme
'Head of the ebb and flood of the In-
'dian Ocean, Emperor and Sovereign
'of the kingdoms of Aracan, of Pegu,
'of Tenquin, of Cochin-China, and of
'Barantola! highly do I, doubtless,
'esteem myself indebted to my fortune
'for the happiness I this day enjoy in
'your imperial presence! I have tra-
'velled the greatest part of this vast
'hemisphere; I have slain an infinite
'number of giants, righted wrongs,
'disenchanted palaces, set princesses at
'liberty, revenged offended princes,
'subdued provinces, and restored usurp-
'ed kingdoms to their lawful owners!
'If all this can incline you to desire
'that I should devote my redoubted
'sword to your mightiness's service, I
'here make offer of it; assuring you
'that, as long as it shall support your
'interest, you will be respected by the
'Mogul and the Emperor of China,
'your neighbours, and dreaded by all
'your enemies. The fame of my un-
'heard of exploits will pierce through
'their ears into their very hearts: but,
'to the end that you may be yourself
'a witness of my wonderful valour, I
'humbly beseech your great mightiness
'to grant me a boon.—'Courteous
'and puissant knight,' replied the arch-
banterer, 'whatever be your request to
'me, I most voluntarily do accord the
'same, were it even my very arch-
'bantership.—'Great monarch,' re-
plied Don Quixote, 'I neither ask your
'dominions, nor your wealth: the em-
'pires of Greece, Babylon, and Tre-
'bisond, have enough to satisfy my
'ambition. The boon I ask is, that
'you will permit me, in your presence,
'to combat the Giant Bramarbas, who
'will speedily make his appearance in
'this city of Madrid?'—'I grant it,'
answered

answered the archbanterer; 'and will be myself judge of the combat, which will doubtless be as delightful to behold as was that which the valiant Clarineus of Spain maintained against the dreadful Brolandio. I do not question but the event will prove to you sufficiently glorious; your martial air warrants it, and puts us out of all concern for the success.'

Whilst the archbanterer thus spoke, Don Carlos drew near to Sancho, and whispered him in the ear, saying—'Come, my friend, your turn is next. It is time for you to shew yourself. Go, salute the archbanterer; and harangue him in your turn. I am satisfied he will dub you knight, when he perceives you are a man of such abilities.'—'As for that, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if there goes nothing but making a fine speech towards dubbing me a knight, let me alone for that; the business is half done.' Having spoken these words, he went forwards into the middle of the room; and, kneeling before his master with his cap in hand, said to him—'Master Don Quixote, if ever I did you any service in my life, I beseech you, by Rozinante's merits, give me leave to let fly half a score words at my Lord Archbanterer, to the end that he may know I am a man of parts, and may bestow on me the order of knight-hood, back-stroke and fore-stroke.'—'Hark ye, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I consent you should have the honour of addressing yourself to the archbanterer, provided you neither say nor do any thing that is impertinent.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'if you are so much afraid, stand behind me; and if I happen to say any thing amiss, you need only tell me so, and I will unsay it the next word.'—'In plain terms,' answered the knight; 'if I give you leave to speak, I fear I shall have cause to repent me.'—'No, no, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'fear nothing; every word I speak will be worth its weight in gold; for I remember some words of your speech, and will clap them in so pat, that the devil himself shall be mistaken in me.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'and I will entreat that great prince to give you a hearing.' Then directing his discourse

to the emperor, he proceeded thus—'Great and potent monarch! be pleased to grant my squire the liberty of addressing your noble mightiness. I can assure you, he has all the qualifications of Bignano, who was squire to the Knight of the Sun. He is prudent, discreet, and faithful; and when I send him on an embassy to any princess, he performs his commission exactly. He is, besides, very brave; and it is not more than two days since he gained an island by his valour.'—'Most hardy knight,' replied the archbanterer, 'I give full credit to all you say in praise of your squire. His mien and physiognomy discover his worth, and convince me that he is most worthy of such a knight as yourself. He may talk as long as he pleases; I am ready to hear him to the end, though he were as copious as a rhetorician.'

Sancho, having thus obtained leave to harangue the archbanterer, turned to his master, and said—'Your worship, if you please, will be so kind as to furnish me with your lance and buckler, that I may put myself into the same posture you were in when you made your oration.'—'Brutel' answered Don Quixote, 'to what purpose should you have my lance and buckler? Don't you consider you are not dubbed a knight? You begin to play the fool already.'—'Fair and softly, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'do not work yourself into a passion. Though I am not a knight now, I shall be by-and-by; for I shall make a curious speech, or I am much mistaken. And as for your lance and buckler, you shall see I will do well enough without them.' Thus saying, he clapped his cap upon his head, and set himself stiff upon his legs, with his arms akembo; then, having paused a while, as his master did, he began his speech after this manner—'Great monarch, Archbanterer of the ebb and flood of the Indies, Lord of the Hemispheres, Emperor of Cuckoldina, and Barren-toola——' 'No more, silly wretch!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him, in a low voice; 'you had better be quiet than prate any more. What will the emperor think of you?'—'By my troth, Sir!' answered the squire, 'he will think what he pleases; but, in short,

‘short, he ought not to think any ill: for I design no harm; and God knows my meaning. Do you think that I have a memory like a scholar, to keep cramp words in my head? By the Lord! not I; I can never remember all that high stuff: but if an ass cannot sing, he can bray; and that is enough for a governor. Let me go on my own way, fair and softly, and you shall see I will not trip. You may listen to me; for I will go on with my speech, and will make an end of it, or I shall have very ill luck.—I say, then, Mr. Archbanterer,’ continued he, raising his voice, ‘that my wife’s name is Mary Guiterrez, and I am called Sancho Panza the Black, born in the village of Argamafilla near Toboso.’—‘Good!’ said Don Quixote, interrupting him again; ‘will not you tell us your children’s names too?’—‘Why not, Sir?’ replied Sancho; ‘they are not scabby, that I should be afraid to name them.’—‘Yes, Mr. Archbanterer, I have a daughter called little Sancha, another called Teresa, and a third Joan. Peter Tamaydo, the scrivener, is godfather to little Sancha; Thomas Cecial to Teresa; and John Peres, the vintner, to Joan.’—‘A plague confound thee and all thy generation!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘what needs the emperor be told all that bead-roll, thou coxcomb?’—‘This is to let him understand,’ quoth Sancho, ‘that I am no liar: for every word I speak is true; and I had better speak the truth, than say I have killed giants, and all those lying stories knights-errant let fly in their speeches.’ Don Quixote, who little expected such an answer, began to wax mighty cholerick thereat; but the emperor’s presence curbing him, he said in a low voice to his squire—‘Well, talk on as much as you will, scoundrel! but I assure you, you shall pay for this when we are alone.’ Sancho, without paying attention to these menaces, went on with his discourse after this manner—‘To come to my story again, Mr. Archbanterer, you must understand, that last night I won the Island of the Force meat Balls, fighting the black squire at fistcuffs. Therefore I desire you to dub me a knight. Do not go to put me off by saying I am a

peasant; for, by St. James, do you see, I am of the race of ancient Christians! and, when I am mounted upon my ass, I look as like a doctor as ever you saw any thing. And, in fine, and sum of all, I am squire to Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is such a good man that he never hurts any body; for, ever since we have been gadding about chivalry, I never saw him kill so much as a fly, till the other day he run a highwayman through the back: but that was a very good piece of work, and he will be rewarded for it in the other world.’ Sancho having no more to say, the archbanterer answered—‘Brave squire, I am very well satisfied with you. I am of opinion that you are very fit for the duties of a righter of wrongs; and therefore I will not refuse you the honour of knighthood, which you require at my hands. Had you no other merit, that of being squire to the redoubtable Don Quixote would alone give you sufficient right to demand my compliance. But this ceremony, with your leave, must be put off till another time; because, at present, I am under an affliction which will not allow me to attend to any thing of pleasure.’ This said, he drew out of his pocket a laced handkerchief, and covered his face with it; like a man who, overwhelmed on a sudden with the recollection of some grievous disaster, abandons himself to a thousand confused and melancholy reflections.

CHAP. II.

OF THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE,
THE THOUGHTS WHEREOF AFFLICTED THE ARCHBANTERER.

WHILST the archbanterer’s face was covered with his handkerchief, Don Carlos, the count, and Tarfe, feigned themselves greatly concerned at his sorrow, and anxious to know the cause of it. As to Don Quixote, he was really troubled; and his profound respect, which restrained him from questioning the emperor upon the subject, added to his distress. At length, the archbanterer reassumed courage; and applying to himself an ad-

venture

venture which he had read in Don Belianis of Greece *, he related it to the company, particularly directing his discourse to the Knight of La Mancha, in these words.

‘ You have sufficient reason, gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelmed with grief, to conjecture that my affliction proceeds from no small cause; but, believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The gods had given me an only daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her exquisite beauty; whereas, I ought rather to find fault with them for conferring a gift so fatal. Her name was Banterina: I loved her tenderly; and the Empress Merry-dame, her mother, could not bear her absence for a moment. Thus happy were we in our dear daughter; when, on a certain day, some barons of my court came to acquaint me that there was a wonderfully rich tent pitched in a great square about three hundred paces from my palace; but by what means it was brought thither, nobody could form any conjecture. I went with the empress and the infanta to see so surprizing a sight. We arrived at the square; and were astonished at the richness and rarity of its workmanship. We stood a long time in admiration of it; and drawing nearer, that we might view it more accurately, our ears were saluted by a symphony from within, so delightful and harmonious, as not to be excelled. A most ravishing voice was heard, at the same time, above all the musick; which, at certain intervals, was interrupted by a dreadful noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, as it were sounding a charge. When we had a while enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this variety of instruments, we saw four wonderfully well-built knights issue forth from the tent: they wore their helmets upon their heads; they were cased in green armour, sprinkled with golden stars; and they led four very swarthy damsels, clad in long robes of cloth of silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to

rise; but one of the damsels, directing her discourse to me, with a loud voice, that was heard by all my barons, said—“ Most renowned Archbanterer, Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, Tonquin, and Cochinchina; great prince, to whom all the kingdoms of the earth ought to submit, since you excel all the kings upon the face of the earth in gallantry and gentleness; you must understand we are under the greatest of afflictions. Nothing can equal our misfortune; and we are persuaded that, unless we find some relief in this place, it will be bootless for us to seek it elsewhere. We therefore most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right Honourable Merry-dame, and the amiable Banterina, to grant us a boon.”—“ Charming damsel,” answered I, “ ask what boon you please, I grant it you; and assure yourself, the empress and the infanta will not oppose it.” My wife Merry-dame and Banterina accordingly confirmed my grant. The knights and damsels then rose; and she that spoke before went on, saying—“ Most famous emperor, you must understand; that the caliph of Syconia is in the tent you see before you; and I must acquaint you with the cause and means of his confinement there. I know not whether you ever heard of the Infanta Cerizetta, his daughter, whose beauty has been so much celebrated throughout the world. The wise Herodian, King of the Island of Pearls, and one of the bravest giants that ever existed, sent to demand her in marriage of her father, who gave him a refusal. This so incensed Herodian, that on a day when there was a magnificent tournament held in Syconia, in which the caliph himself gave wonderful proofs of his strength and dexterity, this giant appeared in the lists, with these four knights in the green armour; and, among them, in less than a quarter of an hour, they slew or disabled above a thousand knights; which struck such a terror into all there

* The adventure from which this is copied may be found in Part I. Chapter xlii. of the English translation of the famous and delectable history of Don Belianis of Greece. Edition 1683.

“ present that the spectators, and those
 “ who came to take part in the combat,
 “ fled together in confusion. The un-
 “ daunted caliph was almost the only
 “ man that remained; for he could rally
 “ no more than ten knights, with
 “ whom he fell upon Herodian and his
 “ men; but he had the ill fortune to be
 “ overthrown, and his ten brave com-
 “ panions were all slain. Immediately
 “ this tent appeared in the square, in
 “ the same manner as you now behold
 “ it. The giant hurried the caliph and
 “ the infanta into it, after enchanting
 “ them both, and placed these four
 “ knights to guard the entrance of it;
 “ and they are such men as cannot be
 “ overcome by any human force; for
 “ though above two thousand knights
 “ of all nations have attempted to de-
 “ liver the caliph and Cerizetta, yet
 “ none of them could ever prevail.
 “ All the caliph’s court was in con-
 “ sternation; and we knew not what
 “ course to take, until one Friday
 “ morning, at sun-rising, we were in-
 “ formed by a magician, whom we had
 “ consulted, that the whole was a sort
 “ of enchantment, which we should
 “ never be able to dissolve unless we
 “ found out a princess more beautiful
 “ than Cerizetta. Could we once find
 “ such a princess, we needed only to
 “ persuade her to try the adventure;
 “ that she would enter the tent without
 “ any difficulty, and Cerizetta would
 “ deliver to her a sword she holds in
 “ her hand, with which the knights in
 “ the green armour would be easily
 “ overcome. The magician farther
 “ added, that all he could do for us,
 “ was to carry about the tent whither-
 “ soever we pleased: that four of Ceri-
 “ zetta’s damsels might go into it, and
 “ that they should be guarded by the
 “ same knights. I presently went into
 “ the tent with these three damsels; and
 “ thus have we visited the courts of
 “ most Pagan princes. But, to say the
 “ truth, we have never yet seen any
 “ princesses whom we could think wor-
 “ thy to try the adventure. We now
 “ despaired of finding any, when fame
 “ informed us, that your daughter
 “ Banterina was as beautiful as we
 “ could desire. The tent was in a
 “ moment removed hither by magick;
 “ and we are come to entreat you to
 “ permit the peerless Banterina to un-

“ dertake the adventure. This is the
 “ boon you have granted us.”
 “ Such was the account given me by
 “ Cerizetta’s damsel, at which I was
 “ not a little surprized: I returned,
 “ however, this answer—“ Comely
 “ damsel, I am much troubled at the
 “ caliph of Syconia’s misfortune; for
 “ we potentates have a great kindness
 “ for each other; and I should desire,
 “ above all things, that this rare ad-
 “ venture might be finished at my court.
 “ But, pray, inform me whether some
 “ unhappy accident may not befall the
 “ princess, should she be unsuccessful
 “ in her attempt to achieve this adven-
 “ ture?” —“ No, Sir,” replied the
 “ damsel; “ for the magician acquaint-
 “ ed us, that in case the princess who
 “ attempts it is not more beautiful than
 “ Cerizetta, she shall be held back by
 “ an invisible hand, and will not be
 “ able to go into the tent.” —“ Well,
 “ then,” answered I, “ my daughter
 “ Banterina has my consent to make
 “ trial of her beauty: but I must first
 “ prove the prowess of these four
 “ knights. There are those in my
 “ court who may overcome them; and,
 “ dispelling the charm by their valour,
 “ will, perhaps, save my daughter the
 “ shame of attempting in vain to dis-
 “ solve it.” —“ Sovereign Prince of
 “ Cochinchina,” replied the damsel,
 “ you may do as you please; but I
 “ would not advise you to expose your
 “ knights to combat with these, who
 “ are so enchanted, that they alone can
 “ rout a whole army.” —“ No mat-
 “ ter,” said I; “ I must satisfy my
 “ curiosity.” I therefore ordered my
 “ knights to prepare for the fight; and
 “ in a moment above three thousand ap-
 “ peared in the square, all of them am-
 “ bitious of finishing the adventure.
 “ The four damsels then returned with
 “ the four enchanted knights into the
 “ tent; which immediately opened, and
 “ presented to our astonished eyes a
 “ spectacle worthy of the deepest com-
 “ miseration. We discovered the ca-
 “ liph of Syconia, armed at all points,
 “ sitting at the foot of a golden throne,
 “ on crystal steps, leaning his head on
 “ his hand, like one plunged in extre-
 “ mity of melancholy. The infanta,
 “ his daughter, was on his right, hold-
 “ ing a naked sword, the hilt whereof
 “ seemed to be all of diamonds; and on
 “ the

the left stood the god of love, with his
 bow and quiver, so exquisitely repre-
 sented, that he seemed to breathe.
 Below this lay a knight stretched out,
 with one of the god's arrows stick-
 ing in his breast; and holding in his
 hand a Greek inscription, which no-
 body understood; but which expressed
 the caliph's and Cerizetta's misfor-
 tunes, in such terms, as drew tears
 from all eyes that beheld it. When
 we had fully contemplated these won-
 ders, preparation was made for the
 trial of the adventure. The first who
 would attempt it was Prince Rozinel,
 my bastard, the very flower and cream
 of Pagan knights. His armour was
 of a rose colour bestrewed with sil-
 ver flowers; and he was mounted on
 a beautiful courser lineally descend-
 ed from the god Boreas and the fa-
 mous mares of Eriethonius, which
 trod so lightly, that they would gallop
 over the ears of corn, and not break
 them. He appeared before the tent,
 attended by three of the most valiant
 knights in all my archbanterer-ship.
 The enchanted knights came out to
 meet them; but the combat was as
 soon ended as begun; for, at the very
 first rencounter, Rozinel and his com-
 panions were thrown out of the saddle,
 and borne to the ground with such
 violence, that they were unable to
 rise again. The rest of my knights,
 being well acquainted with the va-
 lour of those who had been over-
 thrown, and concluding they could
 expect no better success, retired in
 disorder; and fled the place, as the
 fearful doves do before the cruel eagle,
 that has just devoured a kite. This
 only served to heighten the desire I
 felt of seeing the adventure ended.
 I caused the wounded men to be laid
 in rich beds, and sent the most beau-
 tiful princesses of my court to rub their
 sides. I then ordered my daughter
 to go up to the entrance of the tent.
 Banterina, who had always kept her
 eyes fixed on Cerizetta, whom she
 thought beautiful to a miracle, obeyed
 me trembling. She drew near the
 tent, and entered it without any dif-
 ficulty. But, O unheard-of prodigy!
 O dismal misfortune! whose sad re-
 membrance causes such grief in my
 soul as is continually recent! No
 sooner had she placed her feet within

the tent, than it immediately closed
 upon her; and, rising rapidly into
 the air, vanished with the caliph, Ce-
 rizetta, the knights, the damsel,
 and my dear Banterina. We con-
 cluded, but too late, that this was
 the fraud of an enchanter—"Hold,
 treacherous necromancer!" cried the
 empress; "restore me my infant, or
 come and take my life!—Banterina,
 O my dear daughter! can the righte-
 ous gods suffer you to be taken from
 your mother?" But, alas! her cries
 were in vain; her voice was lost in the
 air with her unhappy daughter: grief
 overwhelming her, she sunk speech-
 less into the arms of her women;
 who, sharing her sorrow, beat their
 breasts, and made the square echo with
 their sighs. I tore my hair and beard,
 I cast myself on the ground; and my
 barons were forced to hold my hands,
 fearing I should kill myself. To
 conclude, in a few words, the re-
 mainder of this pitiable history, the
 empress was carried into her apart-
 ment, and I into mine. We both of
 us spent a whole month in immod-
 erate sorrow; but at length, consid-
 ering that, thus indulging our grief,
 we neglected that which should have
 been sooner thought of, which was
 to send our knights in quest of Ban-
 terina to all parts of the world; I
 employed all those who were willing
 to undertake it, with strict orders to
 search narrowly all the castles upon
 the face of the earth, from the castles
 of princes to the palaces of financiers.
 This was not all: I caused my daugh-
 ter to be posted up from the mouth of
 the River Ganges, to the Danube;
 and from Mount Caucasus, to the
 mountains of Terra Australis; in-
 somuch, that the very posting has cost
 me in paper and paste five hundred
 thousand ducats: and yet three whole
 years are passed without hearing the
 least news of Banterina. This makes
 us apt to believe, that the knights we
 have sent in quest of her spend their
 time idly, instead of attending to the
 execution of their commission. There-
 fore the empress and I, considering
 that every body can do their business
 better themselves than by proxy, have
 left the government of our archban-
 terer-ship to an able and honest mi-
 nister, if ever any such was. We

have crossed Asia; and, after traversing Africa, are come into Spain, where we shall stay no longer than is requisite to seek the Infanta Bante-rina.'

CHAP. III.

OF THE DREADFUL COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANT BRAMARBAS IRONSIDES, KING OF CYPRUS; AND THE STRANGE EVENT OF IT.

WHAT pen can declare the thoughts which agitated the Knight of La Mancha, whilst the Emperor of Cochin-China was making his dismal relation? Who is able to express how much his tender bowels were moved? All the tongues in the world put together have not words enough to make known the different struggles of rage and pity that distorted a heart so highly concerned at whatever related to the rape of maidens. As soon as the emperor had done speaking, he took upon him to answer; and, in a voice that sufficiently discovered his disorder, said—'Magnanimous emperor, you may judge, by my concern for the misfortunes of the meanest private persons, how much I am disturbed at yours. Your disasters are as grievous to me as to yourself; and I must inform you, that it is the enchanter Friston who has stolen away the peerless Banterina; I perceive it by the fatal circumstances of the adventure: he made use of the same enchantment to steal away the peerless Florisbella at Babylon. He brought such another tent, with four knights in green armour, adorned with golden stars, and the four damsels clad in cloth of silver, who begged the same boon of the sultan. In short, the whole story you have told us, is, word for word, in the authentick History of the Adventures of Don Belianis; which is an undeniable proof that the same enchanter has committed this rape upon the princess your daughter: but I swear by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that, the moment I have slain Bramarbas, I will depart from Madrid to seek that beautiful infanta throughout the world; and will never rest in any place till I have found her!' The archbanterer thanked Don Quixote for his kindness; but, as he

was thanking him, the company were alarmed by five or six blows of one knocking at the door so violently, that they expected it would be shattered to pieces. 'See who is there!' exclaimed the archbanterer to his pages. 'It must certainly be some giant; for such is the manner in which they accustom themselves to tap at the doors of emperors.' As he said, so it proved: the pages had no sooner opened the door, than in came the dreadful giant Bramarbas. His dress consisted of a long robe of blue napped-cloth, an immense ruff of black crape, and a turban of muslin striped with gold, and adorned with a variety of feathers; an enormous belt of pinked leather crossed his shoulder, and supported a sword of painted wood at least two yards in length, and a foot broad. As soon as ever Sancho espied him, he ran and squatted himself down by the archbanterer; crying out, with might and main—'Mercy on us! here is the dog Barrabbas come in the nick! He is grown three pikes length since we saw him. Saints and Fathers! what will my poor master Don Quixote be in the hands of that confounded Goliah, who is like to sell all our guts for fiddle-strings, if good Saint Nick does not assist us!' Don Quixote hearing these words, looked askaunce upon his squire, and commanded him to hold his peace. In the mean while, the King of Cyprus, who had been forced to stoop very low to get into the room, came forward, turning his prodigious head every way, and rolling his eyes after a frightful manner, but without speaking a word, or so much as saluting the emperor; who said to him—'Genteel and courteous giant, tell me who you are, and what brings you to my court?'—'I am the dreadful giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus!' answered the giant with a broken voice; 'and I am come to look for the Knight of La Mancha, who, I am told, is in this imperial chamber.'—'You have been rightly informed,' cried Don Quixote: 'and I am glad to see you; for I suppose you come to be as good as your word to me?'—'I do, knight!' answered Bramarbas; 'I come to combat with thee in pursuance of my challenge at Saragossa. This day my dreadful sword shall put an end to thy glorious days! This day will I

' cut off thy bald head, and carry it
 ' into my dominions, to nail it up at
 ' my royal chamber-door, with an in-
 ' scription in High-Dutch, which shall
 ' most elegantly express how the flower
 ' of La Mancha was mown down by
 ' my invincible hands! This day will
 ' I cause myself to be crowned king of
 ' all the earth; for, when thou art gone,
 ' there will be none left that will dare
 ' to dispute it with me! This day, in
 ' fine, will I make myself master of all
 ' thy victories; and will carry away
 ' with me to Cyprus all the ladies here,
 ' to put them into my seraglio, which
 ' wants recruits! If thou art so brave
 ' as thou art reported, thou mayest
 ' come out immediately, and we will
 ' conclude the business in this imperial
 ' chamber, if the emperor will give us
 ' leave.'—' I consent,' said the arch-
 ' banterer, ' though it be not usual: these
 ' combats are generally within lists;
 ' but I have such a mind to see you in
 ' action, that I cannot stay any longer.'
 —' I would not bring my deadly club,'
 said the giant, ' because I can, without
 ' much trouble, overcome the Knight
 ' of La Mancha with only this sword,
 ' which was made by Vulcan, a god
 ' whom I adore; as I do also Jove,
 ' Neptune, Mars, Mercury, and Pro-
 ' serpine.'—' Master Barrabbas,' cried
 Sancho, interrupting him, ' pray take
 ' heed what you say: you had better
 ' bite your thumbs than to call all
 ' those scoundrels you speak of gods;
 ' for, should the Inquisition hear of it,
 ' black were the day that you came into
 ' Spain!'—' I speak not to thee, num-
 ' scull!' answered Bramarbas; ' I
 ' would advise thee to hold thy tongue.'
 —' You advise me!' quoth Sancho;
 ' do not you know that, at Rome, they
 ' laugh at one that gives advice before
 ' he is asked? What a pox! do you
 ' think I must not dare say my soul is
 ' my own because you are as tall as
 ' Antichrist? Pray take notice, that a
 ' little worm eats through a great log;
 ' and that a gnat troubles a man more
 ' than an eagle can do him good.'—
 ' Hold thy peace, I say again, thou
 ' knave!' replied the giant; ' or, I
 ' swear by the Alcoran, I will make
 ' thee an example to all saucy squires!'
 —' The Alcoran and you,' quoth San-
 cho, ' are a couple of lousy rakes; and
 ' I value neither of you!'—' How now,
 ' bold man!' said the King of Cyprus,

' do you dare to talk to me so saucily?
 ' To me, who make the sultans and
 ' the caliphs quake! By the god of the
 ' herrings trident, if I lay hold of you,
 ' I will crush you to powder, and throw
 ' you up into the air with such force,
 ' that your dust shall fly into Japan!'
 —' You threaten me,' answered the
 squire, ' to fright my master; but you
 ' must not think to beat the dog before
 ' the lion. Take notice, that my ma-
 ' ster Don Quixote is worth us both;
 ' and values your hellish carcase no
 ' more than he values the jade that
 ' bore you!'—' O insolence!' said Iron-
 sides, advancing a few steps towards
 Sancho; ' I will teach thee to pay a re-
 ' spect to giants of my quality!'—
 ' Help! help! Murder!' cried Sancho,
 seeing the giant move towards him; ' if
 ' he touches me I am gone!'—' Hold,
 ' Bramarbas!' said Don Quixote, step-
 ping in betwixt him and Sancho; ' do
 ' not attack a man that is not in a
 ' posture of defence. If you find your-
 ' self offended at my squire's discourse,
 ' I am here ready to give you satisfac-
 ' tion. Let us combat in the presence
 ' of the great archbanterer and all his
 ' court; we can never have nobler wit-
 ' nesses of our valour: but, since you
 ' have no armour, I must take off mine;
 ' I will not fight with odds; the con-
 ' quest would not be honourable. That
 ' you may see I do not fear you, I will
 ' take off my helmet and my cuirass,
 ' and will meet you with my sword
 ' only: if yours is longer, mine is in a
 ' better hand.' Having spoken these
 words, he turned to his squire, and
 said—' Rise, my son; come and help
 ' off my armour: you shall soon see
 ' that dreadful monster, our enemy,
 ' stretched upon the ground.'—' God
 ' grant it, Sir!' answered Sancho, go-
 ing towards his master; ' but, methinks,
 ' we and all these gentlemen here pre-
 ' sent had better fall upon him toge-
 ' ther; some might hold his legs, and
 ' others his head, till he were half dead.
 ' By thunder and lightning, could I
 ' once see him flat in this room, giving
 ' up the ghost, I would give him more
 ' bangs on his long sides than he has
 ' hairs in his whiskers!'—' That is not
 ' lawful,' answered Don Quixote; ' but
 ' I need no help to overcome a giant,
 ' be he ever so strong. Make haste to
 ' take off my armour; and leave the rest
 ' to the force of my arm.' Sancho did

as he was commanded; so that the knight was presently disarmed. His figure in this dishabille state furnished new matter of mirth and marvel to the company. His pate was bare and bald; his carcase long, lank, and fleshless as a skeleton; it was cased in a doublet of black sattin, miserably scanty, and more than half threadbare; under which peeped out a very dirty shirt; for he had not changed his linen since he left Saragossa.

Such was the appearance of our knight-errant; when, laying his hand upon his sword, he advanced towards the King of Cyprus—'Come,' said he, 'arrogant monster! since the emperor gives leave that we combat in this room, let us lose no time in frivolous babbling: courage is known by actions.' At these words he unsheathed his weapon; when suddenly, as our knight's adventures always proved very extraordinary, the assembly beheld the immense carcase of Bramarbas tumble backwards; and in his place appeared a damsel, clad like a shepherdess, and her face covered with a napkin. Those who had not been prepared for this event were much surprized; and Don Quixote, dropping the point of his sword, fell back two steps, and stood still, expecting what the maiden would say. The body of Bramarbas being instantly hurried off by two figures habited like demons, the damsel, without unveiling herself, addressed the Knight of La Mancha in the following terms. 'Valiant Don Quixote, indefatigable Atlas of chivalry, father of orphans, comfort of widows, sweet hope of enchanted infants, fixed star which hast conducted me to the haven of my desires! be not amazed at beholding a horrible giant transmographied thus suddenly into a little tender damsel: this metamorphosis ought only to be surprizing to such as are unacquainted with the arts of enchanters. You have finished an adventure which will sink the memory of the Palmerins, and will gain you as much reputation among wise nations, as the disenchantment of Polixena did the valiant Knight Don Lucidanor of Thessaly: but, illustrious Prince of La Mancha, you must crown this work by restoring me to my parents, who are in the greatest affliction imaginable for the

loss of me.'—'I will, beautiful princess,' answered Don Quixote; 'you have a right to demand it at my hands. I will conduct you into your dominions: acquaint me only where they are situated, and who is the renowned prince that gave you your being?'—'My name is the Infanta Banterina,' replied the damsel; 'and I am only daughter of the great Archbanterer of the Indies.' The emperor hearing these words, overcome by fatherly affection, rushed hastily from his throne; and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven—'O ye immortal Gods!' exclaimed he, 'is it then possible that you restore to me my daughter, when I least expected it? In return for this mighty favour, I vow, as soon as I return to my palace, I will offer to you in sacrifice an hundred horned animals; for there are abundance of them in my empire.' Then stepping forward to the infanta, with open arms—'Dear Banterina,' continued he, 'come and embrace your father! Alas! what grief pierced my soul when you was ravished from my love! My sad thoughts have never ceased to follow you!'—'O my dear father!' answered the infanta, 'I have not words to express what I felt at that time; and, if you followed me with your thoughts, I can assure you I left my heart behind when I was carried away.'—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks the princess ought to shew her face! Who the devil ever saw a daughter embrace her father after that manner? I should laugh to see my little Sancho, when I go home to my country again, come to kiss me with her nose muffled up in a napkin. Pox take me! God knows my meaning!'—'Sancho is in the right,' said the archbanterer; 'why do not you shew your face, princess? Let fall that veil which hides those dear features from me!'—'Pray, Sir,' answered Banterina, 'excuse me from taking off my veil; I have reasons that move me to be covered: and, to convince you, I must give you an account of what has befallen me since you lost me. You will hear abundance of strange adventures.'—'I do not question it,' answered the archbanterer; 'a daughter that has been so long from her father and mother must needs have fine stories to tell; but no matter; provided

“ provided the devil be not in them, I will take all in good part.” — “ You shall hear how the matter stands,” replied Banterina, “ if you will listen to me.” Then she began the sad relation of her adventures after this manner.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S SURPRIZING RELATION.

“ **A**S soon as the tent flew up into the air, and I heard the cries of the empress my mother, being of an excellent disposition, my senses failed me, and I fell down in a swoon upon the crystal steps at the feet of the Infanta Cerizetta. The four damsels took pains enough to help me; but, though they rubbed my nose with all sorts of spirits, they could not bring me to myself: there was no sign of life left in me; and, therefore, thinking I was dead, they began to weep bitterly. I cannot tell what could make them have such a kindness for me; but certain it is, nobody ever was more troubled than they were: my own ladies of honour could not have made more ugly faces. They presently struck up a funeral dirge; they chanted recitatives and trios. Alas! what trios! Nothing was ever heard so dolorous! Their recitativos were now-and-then interrupted by a full chorus of all sorts of voices, repeating these words—

“ We labour in vain, in vain we deplore;
“ Alas! Banterina the bright is no more!
“ Weep, weep! let tears like fountains flow,
“ And sigh away your breath;
“ We've stol'n perfection from below,
“ To yield it up to death.”

“ Notwithstanding all this, I did not die; and whether musick has the power to call back the spirits that are fled, or that the grief for the loss of parents is not mortal, I recovered my strength insensibly. The damsels were in extasies of joy: they gave over their dismal ditties; and nothing was then sung but tender and gallant airs in praise of me. Among the rest, I remember the

following verses were chanted by an excellent voice—

“ Jove, jealous for his slighted fane,
“ From earth long since to Heav'n had ta'en
“ Our princess, but he fear'd to do it:
“ For Venus threaten'd him full sore,
“ If you came there, she'd make him rue it;
“ She'd leave the skies, and come no more.

“ But, howsoever the dame was wroth,
“ It need not much have scared his god-head;

“ For he'd have found you, surely, both
“ A prettier lass, and abler-bodied.”

“ All this time the tent flew through the air with incredible rapidity, till, stopping on a sudden, it opened, and I found myself at the gate of a stately palace. Then the knights in the green armour, the damsels, the tent, and all that was in it, vanished, and I was left alone sadly out of countenance. But it was not long before I espied six curious ladies coming towards me, all clad in white satin, lined with rose-coloured taffety, slashed, and all the slashes embroidered with pearls. They had long sleeves hanging down, and on them a wonderful rich embroidery: their hair was very fair, and delicately curled, and their heads were stuck fuller with diamonds than any heroine's upon the stage. Judging of their quality by the richness of their apparel, I thought they could be no less than sultan's daughters; and I was providing a high compliment for them, when, falling down before me, they all embraced my knees; and, when they had kissed my hands over and over, one of them said to me in a most respectful manner—“ Peerless Banterina, most lively portraiture of the chaste goddess Venus, universal heirs to all Oriana's and the beautiful Nichea's graces; behold here at your feet six damsels appointed to wait on you! The owner of this palace has culled us out from among an hundred thousand duennas, to honour us with this glorious employment: I can assure you he could not have made a better choice; for, without vanity, my companions and I are the cleverest wenches in the world at pinning a gown, dressing a head, colouring the hair, mending the complexion,

plexion, and curing the green-sick-
 nefs.—"Pretty damsels," said I,
 "pray tell me where I am, and what
 the prince's name is that reigns
 here?"—"You are," answered she,
 "in the palace of the King of Terra
 Australis. This kingdom is of an
 infinite extent, or rather, it is a new
 world unknown to the other inhabi-
 tants of the earth, with the good
 leave of the apocryphal accounts
 strangers have given of it. Pre-
 cious stones, gold and silver, grow
 up under our feet; and are conse-
 quently of so little value with us,
 that these cloaths, which you think
 very costly, are but the common hab-
 it of tradesmen's wives. I would
 have you see our women of quality
 and our princesses; they have other-
 guise sort of cloaths. By this you
 may guess that the king must be a
 puissant sovereign; but what you do
 not know, and is very fit you be told,
 is, that this prince is very young,
 and has a mind to marry; and un-
 derstanding, by an enchanter his
 friend, that you are the most beauti-
 ful princess in the world, he caused
 the said enchanter to steal you away."
 This news redoubled the tears which
 the remembrance of my parents made
 me shed incessantly: but another of
 the damsels said—"O beautiful in-
 fanta, do not waste those precious
 tears! When you have seen the king
 your affliction will cease. He will
 soon return from hunting." In ef-
 fect, I presently espied him coming in
 a chariot of saphirs and topazes,
 drawn by six white unicorns. I must
 confess, I never saw any thing so fine!
 He leaped out nimbly to the ground;
 and, perceiving he carried a bow and
 quiver, I took him for the god of
 love. I cannot say whether it was
 any enchantment, or the mere work-
 ing of nature, but I was so taken
 with his mien and beauty, that I
 thought no more of my parents. He
 seemed to me not less smitten with
 my features; and he was so disordered
 when he came up, that he made me a
 compliment which was neither rhyme
 nor reason. I returned an answer
 without head or tail. The damsels
 smiled; and believed, with some jus-
 tice, that I had not over-much wit:

but the prince, who had as little as
 myself, was very well pleased. He
 took me by the hand, and led me in-
 to a stately apartment, where, having
 recovered himself from his disorder,
 he confirmed all that the damsels had
 told me concerning my rape, with an
 eloquence I did not expect from him.
 In short, he said such tender things
 to me, that we need no longer marvel
 at the prompt compliance of Psyche
 with the insinuations of the god of
 love. He soon perceived my sensibi-
 lity; at which he was so overjoyed,
 and his passion grew so fast upon him,
 that he earnestly entreated me not to
 defer his good fortune one moment,
 but to marry him immediately.—
 "Prince!" said I to him then, so sweet-
 ly that it quite charmed him, "you
 are very hasty. Consider that mar-
 riage is a matter of moment, and re-
 quires mature deliberation. Leave
 me here alone; I desire a full quar-
 ter of an hour to consider." I was
 afraid he had been too deep in love to
 grant this delay; but, on the contra-
 ry, instead of denying it, he com-
 mended my discretion, and went out
 of the room, saying, he had the greater
 value for me, because women, for the
 most part, did not take so much time
 to consider.

Thus was I left alone to make seri-
 ous reflections on his proposal. I
 found it so advantageous to me, and
 my head was filled with such pleasant
 notions, that a sweet sleep soon over-
 came me: but I slept not long, ere,
 perceiving myself pulled by the arm,
 I awaked. It was the wise Belonia,
 whom I knew, because I had seen her
 sometimes at my father the archban-
 terer's house, she being protectress of
 his dominions. "Look to your ho-
 nour, my dear Banterina," said she;
 "it is in wonderful danger. You are
 now upon the edge of the Euxine
 Sea, betwixt Constantinople and Tre-
 bisond. It is not the King of Ter-
 ra Australis that is in love with you;
 it is a false enchanter, who has taken
 upon him the shape of an amiable
 prince to deceive you. My power
 is inferior to his, and I cannot carry
 you hence; but I bring you the fa-
 mous ring of Bendanazar*. As
 long as you keep this, the enchanter

" will have no power over you: you
 " will see things as they really are; and
 " if you can once set your foot out of
 " this enchanted palace, I will carry
 " you away in my chariot. Take care
 " to hide this ring; for if the enchant-
 " er gets it from you, you must expect
 " no farther assistance from me." This
 " said, she gave me the ring, and im-
 " mediately flew out at the chimney.
 " When she was gone, I remained me-
 " lancholy and musing, as is usual
 " when a young woman has a great
 " fancy for a handsome man, and is
 " told his ill qualities. I was not so
 " well pleased that I had been unde-
 " ceived, as I was vexed to understand
 " that the prince I had been so fond of
 " was a mere illusion. However, I
 " concealed the ring in my bosom; and
 " continued in my reverie, when I saw
 " a little old fellow enter the room,
 " with a long grey beard, and a violet-
 " coloured cloth cap on his head, which
 " covered his ears. He had on a gown
 " of tygers skins, and he leaned on a
 " staff, without which he could not
 " move; for, notwithstanding his crutch,
 " he limped so wretchedly, that, at every
 " step he took, I thought he would have
 " tumbled upon his nose."—"Beautiful
 " infanta!" said Don Quixote, interrupt-
 " ing her, "that was certainly the enchant-
 " er Friston; for he has been lame ever
 " since he broke his leg at Babylon."—"It
 " is very true," quoth Banterina;
 " now you put me in mind of it, the
 " wife Belonia told me it was Friston,
 " and I forgot to tell you so.—Now,
 " gentlemen, do but consider, if you
 " please, how much I was surprized,
 " when, by that little lame scoundrel's
 " discourse, I found out that he was the
 " very same fine prince I had been so
 " much taken with. I looked aside
 " with horror. He drew near to me; I
 " shrieked out; and a sudden qualm
 " made me faint away. He called in
 " his women to help me; five or six
 " witches came in and unlaced me, to
 " give me air. My ring dropped down;
 " the enchanter caught it up; and,
 " having viewed it—"Oh, ho!" cried
 " he, "here is the knack on it! Who
 " the devil brought her this jewel, and
 " has been with her the moment I was
 " away? By my troth, they are not de-
 " ceived, who say it is hard to keep
 " maids!"—"Ads-bobs!" quoth San-
 " cho, "Friston talks notably enough

" for an enchanter! For I have heard
 " our batchelor Sampson say, that maids
 " are like sheep: if the shepherd has not
 " always a watchful eye, they run astray,
 " and the wolf devours them. But go
 " on with your story, Madam Infanta;
 " these gentlemen and I sit upon thorns
 " till we hear the rest."—"When I came
 " to myself," said the infanta, "I looked
 " about for my ring; and, not finding
 " it, was as much troubled as if I had
 " lost my lap-dog, or my parrot. I
 " called the enchanter, "Old goat;
 " nasty cripple;" and "ragamuffin
 " forcerer!" In short, I gave him
 " such scurvy language, that he changed
 " all his love into hatred. He mut-
 " tered some words in Dutch; and
 " then, taking me about the middle,
 " threw me like an arrow out at the
 " window, with such force and violence,
 " that I flew from the shore of the Eux-
 " ine Sea, where I then was, and fell
 " into waters of the River Signon."—"What
 " a damned skip was that!" cried
 " Sancho. "How the devil could an old
 " fellow, that was not able to go with-
 " out a crutch, have strength enough to
 " throw you so far?"—"Do not you
 " consider, friend," replied the infanta,
 " that he did it by virtue of those hellish
 " words he had muttered to himself?—
 " But, gentlemen, I should never have
 " recovered after such a fall, but that,
 " as good luck would have it, a young
 " shepherd, who was playing on his
 " pipe whilst he looked to his sheep on
 " the bank of the river, perceiving I
 " was like to drown, came speedily to
 " my assistance. He took me upon his
 " back, and swam ashore: then, per-
 " ceiving that I still breathed, he car-
 " ried me into his hut, lighted a fire,
 " dried me, and brought me to myself.
 " I returned him thanks for his care in
 " such words as made him believe I
 " had not been ill bred; which awakened
 " his curiosity, and he desired I would
 " tell him my story. I did so very
 " precisely; but not without shedding
 " abundance of tears, which made him
 " drop as many. He told me he was
 " much concerned at my misfortunes;
 " and, that he might not seem to con-
 " fide less in me than I had done in
 " him, he said—"Beautiful princess,
 " you have related your misfortunes
 " to a shepherd, who is not less unhap-
 " py than yourself. I am the natural
 " son of the valiant Perianeus of Per-

" &c;

"fia; and, as if it were the fate of his family to be unfortunate in love, I became enamoured of a lady who afforded me no better requital than he received from Florisbella. The Queen of the Amazons, the charming Zenobia, with whom I fell in love, upon seeing her dandle on her lap a pig she was violently fond of, has been deaf to all the testimonies of my passion. But what drove me quite to desperation was, that at the very time when I complained of her cruelty, the Prince of the Floating Islands had as much cause to boast of her kindness. In a fit of anger, I renounced knight-errantry; and, removing for ever from my father's court, I repaired to the banks of this celebrated river, with a resolution to turn shepherd. Since then I have been told that the magician Pamphus has enchanted my ungrateful fair-one, and has converted her into a frightful tripewoman; but this I do not aver to you for a certainty."—"Nay, before God, and on my conscience," quoth Sancho, interrupting the infanta again, "whoever told the shepherd that story, did not lye, for there is nothing more certain. Madam Zenobia is as perfect a tripewoman as ever you saw: she has a great scar on one cheek; is blear-eyed; blubber-lipped; and all the rest suitable. When we first found her in the wood; where she was tied to a pine-tree, the soldier Bracamonte, the alderman, and I, took her rather for a daughter of the devil than a fine princess. Only my master was not mistaken in her. Let him alone: he presently espied she was a great queen. Body o'me! he knew her at first sight, and called her by her Christian name and surname, as if they had been old school-fellows!"—"You need not wonder at that," quoth Don Quixote; "if knights-errant had not the faculty of knowing infantas under every variety of enchantment, how could they rescue them out of the hands of enchanters? But we do not consider, Sancho, that we interrupt the princess."—"No matter, Sir Knight," answered Bantolina; "I have a good memory, and you shall see I am not put out of my story."

"I came then to establish myself," said the shepherd, "in this delightful place: I soon got some sheep, a dog, a reed, and a bag-pipe; and, changing my name from Prince Persin, as I was called before, I took that of the Shepherd Persino. My squire would not follow my example; but desired me to requite his long services by conferring on him the honour of knighthood: I, being of a generous temper, not only granted his request, but presented him with my own horse and arms; for hitherto he had ridden only upon a she ass, which would not have been the properest steed for a knight. Then I sent him, with my blessing, to seek adventures. The truth of it is, he was a clever fellow, very fit for the ladies service; and if he has not had his brains knocked out in some melon-field, no doubt he has comforted many widows: for my part, my only endeavour is to lead a pleasant quiet life in this delicious place. Sometimes I play on my reed, and sometimes on my bag-pipe; and sometimes I make verses on the wonderful works of nature. I describe the pleasures of a country life. The birds are heard to sing in my poems; in them the silly lambs are seen to skip after the careful ewes, and the murmuring streams to wind their crystal waters along the grass: in short, I enjoy a thousand pleasures. But, alas! I want one, which is the most substantial, and without which I am sensible a shepherd can never be truly happy; and that is a shepherdess. Beautiful princess," added he, looking on me very earnestly; "I will not love Zenobia any longer. I am tender, kind, discreet, and faithful; give me leave to dedicate my thoughts to you, and do not think the gods have brought you hither to no purpose: it is certainly their will that you should make me happy. Be obedient to their sovereign decrees! Be my shepherdess! Ah! what a pleasant thing it is to love! Let us follow where love calls; to him let us yield up our hearts. Let us renounce our parents' empires; let us despise our grandeur. Let us forget our kindred and friends; and let us spend the rest of our days

"in tender sighs and amorous melody."

"You may judge, gentlemen, whether it was possible for me to withstand such an offer. The shepherd Persino was gay, handsome, and sung well. What a treasure this to a young girl at fifteen! I could not deny him. I assumed the habit and crook of a shepherdess. Persino committed half his flock to my care, together with a dog which he called Melampus; and not thinking the name of Banterina very fit for verse, he changed it to Phillis. It is impossible to tell you exactly how many verses he composed upon me and my dog Melampus; but the devil take me, if, in less than a year, he did not make two hundred eclogues, as many elegies, and above a thousand rondeaus! He had a very poetical fancy, and there was no end of his invention. Sometimes, though he was never a day without me, he complained of my long absence: at another time, he would accuse me of cruelty, with as little reason. Another time he would compose lively ditties, and all to divert his Muse, and vary his subjects. There was, in all his writings, a characteristical tenderness which ravished me. One day, among the rest—I shall remember it as long as I live—he sung me a song, which I will repeat to you. I was transported with it. I was quite out of breath. I thought I should have died, my rapture was so excessive. The words are these—

"As Phillis, late serenely sleeping,
"Stretch'd her soft limbs beneath the shade,
"The gay Persino, near her creeping,
"By stealth the heedless fair survey'd:
"And so divine he felt her beauty,
"And such strange raptures it did move,
"That, ah! forgetful of his duty,
"Too vent'rous youth! he dar'd to love."

"Besides the pleasure of hearing such charming songs every day, I had the satisfaction of seeing the shepherd Persino's name, and my own, carved on every tree, and the history of our faithful loves written in the sands of the Lignon; in such characters that they were proof against the winds. Thus I spent my days very happily, when one morning, as I was tending my flock, there passed by me a knight,

armed at all points, who stopped to take a full view of me; and, turning to his squire, said—"Aurelio, take notice of that shepherdess. Are not those the features of the infant?"—"Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the squire; "that face is not at all unlike her."—"I am satisfied," replied the knight; "she is certainly Banterina. Her country habit cannot deceive my eyes." This said, he alighted from his horse; and, lifting up his vizor, that I might see his face, I immediately recognized Prince Rozinel, my father's brave and worthy bastard. The surprize and disorder of my countenance fully convinced him that he was not mistaken. "O, my dear infant!" said he, "the gods have at length permitted me to meet with you! I have been these twelve months seeking you in all parts. What chance made you a shepherdess?" When I had satisfied his curiosity, he told me that my parents were inconsolable for the loss of me; and, having a notable fluency of tongue, he painted their affliction in colours so lively, that I had like to have cried at it. "Come, Banterina," added he, "let us hasten away to my father's court: let us fly to deliver him from that dismal melancholy in which I left him, and drive away the sad shades of death which by this time sit about the empress." I was mightily perplexed. If I thought of comforting my parents, I was no less concerned to leave Persino. An afflicted father, a weeping mother, a despairing shepherd, a whining dog, and a straying flock of sheep, were all distracting thoughts which succeeded one another. But it was necessary to come to some determination; and, my life being a series of wonders, I preferred my family before my lover. I chose rather to forsake such a discreet and well-behaved shepherd, than to be deaf to the calls of my disconsolate kindred. I had fixed my resolution; but, as I was preparing to follow Rozinel, Persino, the unhappy Persino! came up to us. He was looking for me to sing me a new song; but he had little mind to sing, when he understood he was so near losing me. He made the woods and the banks rattle with his doleful complaints; he threw away

away his reed; broke his crook; tore his eye-brows; and, that I may make use of one of Homer's most celebrated comparisons, "He rolled himself up, on the ground, as a black pudding rolls upon the fire." In short, the doubly and trebly unfortunate Persino did his utmost, and downright died before us for mere love and vexation. I must here take breath, gentlemen, that I may be better able to recount the rest of the transactions of that fatal day. Here Banterina paused a while, and then continued her discourse as follows.

CHAP. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

WHEN I saw my shepherd stretched out dead upon the ground, I reclined myself upon Prince Rozinel; was for a time silent and motionless, and so overwhelmed with grief, as to lose all sensation. But soon after I tore my cloaths and hair, and lifted up my voice to Heaven, complaining of his death in terms of the most outrageous extravagance: I railed so bitterly against Jupiter and Calisto, that the prince and his squire were absolutely terrified. The eloquent Rozinel thought fit to tell me, that men, in their greatest afflictions, are bound to honour the gods; but though he had read that word for word in Seneca, I took little notice of it, and never gave over abusing the gods and goddesses, till the shepherd Persino was buried. After this, my sorrow began to grow lighter; I found my reason return; and I can safely boast that, at fifteen years of age, I bore as good a heart as any widow at thirty. I wiped my eyes, and comforted myself: then my brother took me up behind him, and we rode sixteen hundred leagues, talking over the adventures of knights-errant; for I am strangely fond of books of chivalry, and I do not yet despair but I may, one time or other, distract myself with reading them. Here Don Quixote put up his hand to his forehead, and had a strong temptation to interrupt the princess in favour of

the books of chivalry; but he forbore out of respect to the company, which may be considered as an act of uncommon violence to his own inclinations.

Having travelled, without disturbance, to the frontiers of Colchis, continued Banterina, 'I was full of hopes that I should soon see my dear mother Merry-dame, and my honoured father the archbanterer; when, in a wood, we met twelve giants carrying away five infantas whom they had newly ravished. They stopped us without ceremony, bidding my brother surrender upon discretion, if he would save his life. The brave Rozinel, having caused his squire to set me down, without regarding the odds, drew his sword; and, like another Don Quixote, had the courage to fight all those giants, who looked like so many windmills. But, alas! the poor bastard had no better luck than if he had been lawfully begotten! for he received so many strokes on the head with their clubs, that he lost his stirrups, and fell down stone-dead under his horse's belly. Then they laid hold of his unfortunate squire, and began tossing him in a blanket; making him cut such pleasant capers in the air, that I could have laughed heartily, had I not been so full of trouble. I fared like the rest of the infantas. They carried us directly to the Moorish enchanter's castle, which was but two leagues off.—' But, Madam Princess,' said Sancho, interrupting her again, 'pray tell me whether those two-handed rogues took your brother's squire along with them, or whether they left him in the wood, after having so well settled his bones for him?'—'As for that,' replied Banterina, 'they were not satisfied with tossing him in a blanket till they were weary, but they carried him to the castle, where they shut him up in a dungeon underground, which was fourscore and nineteen thousand fathoms deep.—' Bless us! what a dungeon!' cried Sancho: 'why a man had as good be in Limbo! What an unmerciful crew of Goliaths these were! Hang me, if the very enchanters be not civiler persons! When they have tossed a squire handsomely, they give him at least the key of the country, and turn him loose about his business.'—'That

' is a great comfort for a squire that
 ' has been tossed in a blanket,' answered
 the princess; ' and would to God
 ' my brother's had come off so well!—
 ' But to return to my story. You must
 ' understand that, as soon as I came to
 ' the castle, with my five unfortunate
 ' companions in bondage, the enchanter
 ' desired to see us. Though I was but
 ' in the habit of a shepherdess, and
 ' that rather ragged, (for I had not
 ' spared it in my transports of grief at
 ' Persino's funeral) yet I was reckoned
 ' the prettiest of the half-dozen. I
 ' had the good luck to please the wizar-
 ' d; and, at the same time, he had
 ' the misfortune to appear in my eyes
 ' the most horrid individual of the hu-
 ' man species: in a word, his hair is
 ' frizzled, and red as blood, and his
 ' face black as ink; and it is doubt-
 ' less for these reasons that they call
 ' him the Moorish, or the carrot, en-
 ' chanter. I could not endure the
 ' sight of the monster. When I looked
 ' upon him, I made a sort of a face,
 ' which he did not think very favour-
 ' able to his desires; and, in truth, there
 ' was no need of his being a great
 ' conjuror to guess what it meant. He
 ' made up a face in his turn which was
 ' as plain as the other: he knit his
 ' brow; and, looking fiercely on me—
 ' "How now, little gipsy!" said he, in
 ' a voice like a mule-driver; "I per-
 ' ceive you do not like us. To hu-
 ' mour you, we must send for those fine
 ' effeminate fellows, those starched
 ' beaus of our sex. I could have
 ' borrowed one of those empty shapes,
 ' as poor silly Friston did; but I would
 ' not put such an affront upon nature."
 ' I durst not make the brute an answer,
 ' for fear of provoking him yet farther.
 ' But, to pass by a thousand needless
 ' circumstances, and come to the con-
 ' clusion of my adventures, I must
 ' tell you that, when he had in vain
 ' tormented me three months, to bring
 ' me to compliance with his passion,
 ' he was so incensed to see himself de-
 ' spised, that he resolved to be revenged
 ' on me. This resolution he executed
 ' after a manner that has scarce any
 ' precedent in history. He touched
 ' me first with his wand; he then pull-
 ' ed out of his pocket a book in folio,
 ' and opened it; then he read to him-
 ' self; and, as he read, I perceived my
 ' little arms increase in length, and

' my whole frame dilate itself hideously;
 ' to be short, in less than a quarter of
 ' an hour I was converted into a giant
 ' from head to foot. The enchanter
 ' then, addressing me in a scornful
 ' tone—"Go," said he, "termagant
 ' princess! go, traverse the earth un-
 ' der that agreeable form! I command
 ' you," added he, imperiously, "by
 ' the soul of the great Calchas, who
 ' perfectly knew what was to come,
 ' what was present, and, best of all,
 ' what was past, take the name of
 ' Bramarbas Ironsides. Do all the
 ' mischief you can in the world. De-
 ' throne virtuous princes, and support
 ' the wicked. Slay all the knights
 ' that shall fall under your clutches,
 ' and seek out the most famous men
 ' to combat them. By my powers of
 ' magick, I bestow on you strength to
 ' destroy them all. There is but one
 ' in the world that can overcome you:
 ' his name I withhold from your know-
 ' ledge. If you happen to meet him,
 ' and he does but draw his sword
 ' against you, your gigantick figure
 ' will drop off like an enormous case
 ' of pasteboard; which, being carried
 ' away by my familiar dæmons, you
 ' will again become an infant. But,
 ' to perfect my revenge, I must tell
 ' you that, in the same hour, your
 ' snow-white countenance shall assume
 ' that sable hue of mine which you be-
 ' held with such abhorrence; and this
 ' shall be known to you by a white
 ' veil enveloping your head." I
 ' have now,' continued the princess,
 ' been occupied, during two years, in
 ' ranging the world by the force of
 ' that enchantment, and performing
 ' devilish actions. Happily, I have
 ' not been obliged to dethrone many
 ' princes. I only invaded the good
 ' King of Cyprus's dominions; and it
 ' even now troubles me to the heart that
 ' I killed him. As for knights, I con-
 ' fess I have demolished of those more
 ' than enough; and I came into Spain,
 ' after Don Quixote, for no purpose
 ' but to treat him in the same manner;
 ' but, thanks to the Heavenly Powers!
 ' he, it appears, was that most valiant
 ' knight who alone could disenchant
 ' me. The worst of it is, that I am
 ' still as black as a crow; for, though
 ' no person has told me so, and I have
 ' not yet seen my own face, yet, since I
 ' have this white veil on my head, I am

‘as fully convinced of the fact, as if I had spent four hours at a looking-glass. So that you see I am not much in the wrong for refusing to discover myself to the company.’

Banterina having thus finished the strange recital of her adventures, the archbanterer said to her—‘My dear infant, I call to witness all Olympus, from Saturn’s mighty son to the eagle that stole his cup-bearer, that I am overjoyed at finding you! When I call to mind the Prince of Terra Australis, the giants, and, above all, the Moorish enchanter, I perceive you have escaped a scowering. As for the innocent shepherd Perlino, his moving songs make me very much regret his death. But I have this comfort, that his soul must needs enjoy sweet rest in the fields of Elysium; for I cannot think Pluto could be so unjust as to shut it up with the ghost of Tarquin. As to your complexion, my dear child, that malady is not irremediable. There are abundance of ladies in my court, who will communicate their secrets to you: but, as yet, we have not seen your face. How do we know whether it is so bad as you imagine? Perhaps the Moorish enchanter has not carried on his revenge to the utmost, and thought it sufficient to frighten you.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ answered Banterina; ‘I am too sure it is so.’—‘No matter,’ replied the emperor; ‘discover yourself, your father commands you.’—‘Then I must obey,’ said the infant; ‘but I can assure you, you will find me greatly altered.’ Thus speaking, she threw aside her napkin; and displayed to the assembly a countenance so far from white, that it appeared to have been daubed over with five or six coats of shining ink. The ladies and gentlemen seemed strangely astonished at so terrifying a spectacle; and Don Quixote, finding his work of disenchantment imperfect, was sunk in affliction. As soon as Sancho set his eyes on this grimly varnished visage, he roared, as loudly as he was able—‘Body o’ mine, what an infant! I would not be in her skin, if St. Michael chance to meet with her. Saints and fathers! what is the meaning of this? All our princesses, forsooth, must be either hack-faced or black-faced, with a pox to ’em!’—‘In truth, child,’ quoth

the emperor, ‘you are in a woeful tawny condition. I am much afraid we shall find it no easy matter to bleach this freckled complexion of thine. However, we will not spare expence in the experiment; we will try those washes our brown-skinned ladies use to flay their faces with; and, perhaps, by dint of hard scrubbing, we may at length succeed.’—‘I scarce think it,’ answered Banterina sorrowfully: ‘I had better pass the rest of my days in retirement, and renounce the world for ever. Alas!’ added she, weeping, ‘what a spectacle shall I make with this fearful countenance! The young people will all shun me like an old decayed countess; and, besides the grief of having no lover of my own, I shall have the vexation of seeing other women every day chopping and changing!’

CHAP. VI.

OF THE EXPEDIENT THAT WAS FOUND OUT FOR FINISHING THE DISENCHANTMENT OF BANTERINA.

WHILST the poor princess thus lamented her fable destiny, on a sudden a paper folded up like a letter was seen to drop at her feet, being thrown in by one of Don Carlos’s pages so dextrously, that Don Quixote and Sancho never perceived it—‘What new prodigy is this?’ cried the archbanterer. ‘Sure this is some advice from an enchanter our friend. Let us read it, for we ought to slight nothing.’ This said, he caught up the paper, opened it, and read these verses aloud.

‘TO THE SOOTY-FACED INFANTA.

‘THY strange mishap revolving late,
‘I op’d the magick roll of fates
‘There saw I that thine ivory face
‘Will ne’er retrieve it’s wonted grace,
‘Unless that warrior, fierce as fire,
‘The drubber of the smoaky squire,
‘Will keep a fast for thy sweet sake:
‘A thing most hard to undertake!
‘But, if that kind and gallant wight,
‘In pity of thy doleful plight,
‘For one whole day shall be content
‘To take no grain of nourishment;

‘Then

' Then shall the lily and carnation,
 ' To that infernal bronze succeeding,
 ' Restore thee like a new creation;
 ' Fresh beauties in thy visage breeding.
 ' This vote was pass'd, by full consent,
 ' Last night, in Pluto's parliament.

THE MOORISH ENCHANTER.

' Blessed be the parliament!' said the
 archbanterer. ' Cheer up, child, you
 ' will soon recover your beauty; for I
 ' cannot think the most obliging Sancho
 ' Panza will refuse to do you this piece
 ' of service.'—' Sir,' quoth Banterina,
 ' there is nothing certain in the world.
 ' I cannot tell whether that illustrious
 ' squire will live a day without eating
 ' for my sake.'—' How! whether he
 ' will!' cried Don Quixote. ' Alas,
 ' beautiful princess! you do him much
 ' wrong to doubt of it.—Is not this
 ' true, my son? Do not you now
 ' reckon yourself the happiest squire
 ' that ever was; that is; or ever will
 ' be? Do not you feel a sort of joy you
 ' are scarce able to contain?'—' No,
 ' by my troth!' answered Sancho; ' I
 ' am not so full of joy as you imagine.
 ' Do you think I am so well pleased
 ' to be four and twenty hours without
 ' eating; and to live upon my own
 ' nails, forsooth, while others work
 ' their jaws without counting mouth-
 ' fuls? Pox take me! it is a pretty
 ' business to rejoice at. But, pray,
 ' why must I do penance for other folks
 ' sins? That's a choice fancy. I should
 ' have a long Lent, were I to fast for
 ' every lady that has played the devil.
 ' Belly o' me! I will not do it at all.'
 —' You do not consider what you say,'
 replied Don Quixote in a half angry
 tone; ' though you are but a simple
 ' squire, you may gain immortal re-
 ' nown, worthy to be envied by the most
 ' applauded knights.'—' Simple or not
 ' simple, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' the knights
 ' need not envy me on that account.
 ' If my fast tempts them, they need
 ' but say so, and they shall share in it;
 ' and if one day is not enough, they
 ' may fast ten. I promise you they shall
 ' not see me vie with them.'—' But,
 ' Sancho,' answered Banterina, ' you
 ' do not consider that four and twenty
 ' hours are soon gone: for all the
 ' time you have fasted from dinner
 ' must be reckoned in, and you may
 ' dine again to-morrow; and then the
 ' whole business is but going to bed

' without a supper.'—' That is too
 ' much,' quoth Sancho; ' but it is
 ' easily said; and yet, if you were to do
 ' it, you would make many wry faces.'
 —' Would to the gods,' answered the
 princess, ' that the success of this af-
 ' fair depended on me! my face would
 ' be as clear as crystal to-morrow.
 ' What! can you imagine I should
 ' think much of fasting till to-morrow
 ' for the sake of a good complexion?
 ' If you do, you do not take me for a
 ' woman. By my reputation, I would
 ' live a whole year upon bread and wa-
 ' ter to obtain the faintest glimpse of
 ' whiteness, or any the least agreeable
 ' ness of countenance!'—' How hard
 ' you are to be brought to,' said the
 archbanterer; ' as if you had never
 ' gone to bed without a supper! I
 ' believe you did not go to Rome for a
 ' pardon every time you did it in the
 ' course of your adventures.'—' I
 ' grant it, Mr. Archbanterer,' an-
 swered Sancho; ' but neither did I tell
 ' you every time I was fretted to my
 ' heart.'

Don Carlos, the count, and Don Al-
 varo, who, till then, had continued silent,
 now drew near the squire to persuade
 him to do things with a good grace. The
 archbanterer conjured him; and Ban-
 terina, as most concerned in this af-
 fair, did not only entreat, but fell down
 at his feet to render her prayer the
 more touching. Don Quixote, whose
 forbearance was already stretched to the
 utmost by the emperor's condescending
 to supplicate his squire, lost all patience
 when he beheld this action of the prin-
 cess, and was just ready to break out;
 when Sancho, unable to resist any longer
 such earnest entreaties, and melted by
 the final prostration of the infanta,
 raised her up, saying—' Well, rise,
 ' Madam Princess; " Since the child
 " cries, it must be rocked." I have a
 ' tender heart enough, considering I
 ' am a peasant. I will undertake this
 ' penance for you; and I promise I
 ' will acquit myself to a miracle.' The
 archbanterer hearing him, ran to em-
 brace the generous squire; Banterina
 smothered him with acknowledgments;
 the ladies and gentlemen showered
 down commendations; and Don Quix-
 ote was pacified. ' My dear friend
 ' Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, ' I am
 ' overjoyed to think that you will have
 ' the honour of finishing the dis-
 ' patchment

'chantment of such a beautiful infant.'—'I am glad, too,' replied the squire, 'for that matter: but what vexes me is, that I never felt such a craving appetite as I have this afternoon. Hang me, the devil is in the dish, I believe! My guts cry a famine, because I have nothing but wind to feed them with.'—'Right,' said the count; 'this is the humour of all men: as soon as a thing is forbidden, every man longs for it.'—'Aye, and the women too are of the same humour,' quoth Sancho; 'for I very well remember, that John Aspado, the shoemaker of our village, one day forbade his wife to go to the wood a nutting; and yet the jade went, and never got home again till she had gathered a lapful.'—But, gentlemen,' added he, 'though I am forbidden eating a supper, yet I hope I may be allowed to dip my fingers ends in the sauce; that will not break my fast.'—'I beg your pardon,' answered Don Carlos; 'we can never be too scrupulous when the disenchantment of a princess depends upon it. You must not eat so much as a bit of bacon or fowl is larded with, for fear of infringing the decree of the parliament. Nay, I am of opinion, you should keep as far as may be from the kitchen; for I look upon the very steam of the meat as sufficient to break the order.'—'By my troth, Don Carlos,' cried Sancho, 'I have an excellent thought come into my head! You cannot imagine what I will do. As soon as I can get to Don Alvaro Tarfe's house, I will go to bed; and, if I can, I will sleep till it be time to say grace to-morrow.'—'I like the project well,' said the count; 'and by that means you will avoid all temptation. Besides, the proverb says, "That he who sleeps, dines."—'Right,' answered the squire; 'let us talk no more of it; I will away, and fast like a bishop: and then we shall see whether the order of knighthood can be denied me.'—'No, no, my dear Sancho,' answered the archbanterer; 'you may rest satisfied you shall be dubbed. That is the least reward you can expect from me.' The infanta perceiving the squire so favourably inclined to her, changed the discourse; and said to the emperor—'Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you, whether the

empress my mother is in this palace, or whether you have left her in your archbantership. I long to hear from her.'—'I am overjoyed at your earnestness,' answered the archbanterer: 'your mother is here, and in her apartment, bewailing the loss of you; and is still so afflicted, that she will see nobody.'—'Let us go and dry up her tears,' replied the princess; 'and, having bidden the company a good night, await the event of my disenchantment, which cannot fail, since it wholly depends on Don Quixote's abstemious squire.' The ladies and gentlemen hereupon went away to their homes, very well pleased with the actors in this comedy; but particularly with Don Carlos's young secretary, who had played the part of Banterina to such perfection.

CHAP. VII.

HOW SANCHE FINISHED THE DIS- ENCHANTMENT OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

WHEN Don Alvaro, Don Quixote, and his squire, returned to their lodging, the knight, who was full of what had happened at the archbanterer's, said to the Granadine—'I cannot tell, Don Alvaro, whether the things we have seen and heard have made so great an impression on you as they have done on me. These are some of those wonderful accidents, which have discredited the books of knight-errantry; and, I am of opinion, that when posterity shall read in my history the adventure of the Infanta Banterina, it will not be believed.'—'I do not question it,' answered Don Alvaro; 'nothing is more unlikely than that princess's enchantment; and, in short, the whole of her relation. I am much concerned at her misfortunes. When I consider her in a wood at the mercy of twelve giants, and then in the clutches of a base Moor—What a sad thing it is! For, perhaps, the poor infanta did not tell us all; she might conceal some things out of mere modesty. God grant I may be mistaken in my guess, and that her father find her as Achilles did Briseis! You know, Don Quixote, that Agamemnon swore he re-

turned

turned her pure and undefiled; and that all the Greeks took his word, as a man would believe a guardian who swears he has not cheated his pupil.—Don Alvaro, answered Don Quixote, 'I grant you the chaste Banterina has run through great dangers; but, to satisfy your scruples, I must inform you, that we read in the authentick books of chivalry, that the Infanta Aurora* came out pure and unspotted, after she had been three years shut up in a cave among giants; and the same of a thousand other princesses I could quote to you.'—Nay, if so, replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I shall set my heart at rest as to that point.'—But, pray, gentlemen, cried Sancho, 'did not you take notice of the coarse expression Madam the infanta let slip in her story?'—What coarse expression? answered Don Quixote. 'Zooks!' quoth the squire, 'did she not say "the devil take me?" Methinks those are curious words for an emperor's daughter; they savour something of the scoundrel giants she had kept company with!'—I must confess, said Don Quixote, 'I was something startled at first to hear that expression; but I considered afterwards, that, since the princess made use of it, it must be an usual mode of affirmation at her father the emperor's court.'—I am of your opinion, answered Don Alvaro; 'no doubt but the infanta has been too well bred to use such words, had not custom authorized them among the archbanterer's ladies.'

After some farther conversation of this sort, Don Alvaro, changing the discourse, said to the knight—Don Quixote, I have a favour to beg of you; which is, that you will excuse me from supping with you to-night; Don Carlos and the count expect me to settle some private affairs depending betwixt us.—Why so much ceremony? answered Don Quixote. Friends must not confine one another. Go where you please, my dear Tarfe: I design to shut myself up in my chamber with Sancho; for I am resolved not to leave him out of my

fight till he has perfected the disenchantment of the Princess Banterina.—I approve of your resolution, answered Don Alvaro; 'it will not be amiss for you to watch your discreet and abstemious squire, that he may be the more exact in performing his penance.' Thus saying, he took leave of the knight, and went away to the count's house; where he found the Marquis de Orisalvo, Don Carlos, and his secretary, laughing heartily at the imposition they had put upon Don Quixote, and concerting new fooleries for the ensuing day.

In the mean while, our knight being withdrawn into his chamber with Sancho, the Granadine's steward came to tell him supper was ready. 'If you would oblige me,' said Don Quixote, 'bring me a glass of wine and a mouthful of meat hither; for I would willingly sup in my chamber to-night.' The steward went out, and returned immediately with two pages; one of them bringing a great piece of bread, a bottle, and a glass; and the other the table linen, and a roasted pullet on a plate: they left all upon the table, and withdrew, Don Quixote having dismissed them, by saying his squire would be sufficient to wait upon him. As soon as they were gone out, Don Quixote double-locked the door, and caused himself to be disarmed by his squire; who, in the mean while, said to him—So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk to me as a good master ought to talk to his squire. Must I of necessity perform my penance?—What, do you mean to question it? answered Don Quixote. 'Have you not promised the infanta and the emperor so to do?'—Yes, Sir, said the squire, 'I have promised; but, you know, words are but wind, especially among great men. Cannot you lessen my penance? Do you think, if you give me a leg of that little bird, the infanta will be ever the less disenchanted?'—No doubt of it! replied Don Quixote; you must not eat the least morsel: nay, I cannot tell but the will may be taken for the deed.—Good God! cried Sancho, 'what do you mean?

* See Belianis, Part I. Chap. 2 and 3; but I cannot find the term of her confinement there specified. The Princess Materosa, also, in the same romance, (Part II. Chap. 14.) is rescued spotless from the hands of Alcifer and his two brothers, all monstrous giants, to whom she had been for some time prisoner, by the prowess of Belianis and his knights.

'Where are we then? I shall have made a fine piece of work of it to-morrow! It will appear that I went to bed without a supper, and that the princess is no more disenchanting than my grandmother!'—'And, if so,' answered the knight, 'you must begin again to-morrow.'—'Then, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I must eat to-night, if you think I shall be obliged to begin my fast again to-morrow.'—'To tell you my opinion,' replied Don Quixote, 'I do not think you infringe the order of the enchanters in only wishing to eat; but, however, I advise you to go to bed, whilst I eat my supper, if it were only to save the trouble of withstanding the temptation.'—'Sir, I will take your advice,' answered the squire; 'but, first, you will give me three good glasses of wine; for there is nothing better towards disenchanting: and, you know, I had been disenchanting the other day, had I performed the rest of the ceremony as cleverly as I took down the three bumpers the batchelor gave me.'—'This is not the same case,' said Don Quixote; 'you are absolutely forbid taking any sustenance; and, therefore, you must neither eat nor drink. For God's sake, Sancho, do what is required of you nicely, that I may not be upbraided with keeping a base, mean-spirited squire, who has not the heart to finish an adventure! And, pray, what hard matter is put upon you? I never knew any infantas disenchanting at such an easy rate; and yet you go about this glorious action with so much reluctance. What would you do, friend, if you were to give yourself ten thousand lashes?'—'What would I do?' said the squire; 'By the Lord! I would lash myself so gently, that the enchanters should have no cause to laugh at me; and, if any one did not like it, he might even lash himself for me: he is a great fool who hurts himself to please another. I believe the ancient squires errant did not use to flog themselves for infantas.'—'There was not one of them,' answered Don Quixote, 'but would have whipped himself till he had been raw all over, for any common damsel.'—'In those days,' replied Sancho, 'when the sun went down, he left abundance of asses in the shade. The squire in our days,

God be praised! are no such fools; and I could name you those that would not pull three hairs out of their beard for all the princesses in the world.'—'Will you never entertain nobler thoughts?' answered Don Quixote. 'You are finely qualified to receive the glorious order of knighthood! Had the archbanterer heard what you say, I am sure he would cause you to be turned out of his palace to-morrow.'—'As for that,' quoth the squire, 'I should take better heed how I talked before him; for I remember I have heard that we are not to tell emperors all we think.'—'That is true,' answered Don Quixote; 'but you are little the better for the instructions you receive. You talked a while ago so loosely before the archbanterer, that a courtier could not have had the impudence to do the like. But let us not rip up past faults; I am willing to forget them: undress you, and say no more.' The squire obeyed; but, his stomach being ill disposed towards his usual rest, he could not get to sleep, but lay tossing and tumbling in his bed like a widow. The knight sat down to supper, and soon satisfied himself with a glass of wine, a bit of meat, and a mouthful of bread, envying, all the time, the good fortune of Sancho; who, opening the curtains to have the better sight of what was on the table, ogled the pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the honour of disenchanting a thousand infantas to have exchanged places with his master. 'Master Don Quixote,' cried he, 'that fowl delights my eyes! How purely it smells! It is quite a perfume to me! You should fall to it lustily; you only tickle it's ribs. Body o' me! if I were at it, I would handle it after another manner!'—'Glutton!' answered Don Quixote, 'it is better for you to endeavour to fall asleep than to gaze at this pullet, which is such a temptation to you.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I cannot sleep; my belly does not love fasting, and I find it is stark frantick; yet it might as well be patient; for the task is not near over; yet, however, I will do all I can to fall asleep.' This said, he sunk down into the bed; and, giving way to thought, said to himself, (for the wise Alifolan reveals his most secret applications)—

tions)—“Alas! poor governor of the Forcemeat-Balls, must you be starved to death, when other governors at this time are at table eating their fill? By my soul, I am a mere fool to fast for a gipsy infant! I know nothing of, nor is any kin to me! Besides, what shall I get by disenchanting her? Honour, and that is all! Faith, I do not value that profit which a man cannot put up in his pocket! And as for the order of knighthood the archbanterer is to bestow on me, I am not in such haste for it; and whenever I am, why should I be harder to please than my master Don Quixote? I will even make the first innkeeper I meet with dub me knight. What shall I do then? Cannot I, when my master is gone to bed, get up softly, without any ceremony, and go mumble the pullet and the lunch of bread I saw upon the table? That I may; and it was well thought on! Who will know any thing of it? Nobody! O but to-morrow, when they find the princess is not disenchanted, they will say—“Sancho, you took some sustenance!” What answer shall I make to that? Well, I will say I did not. It is as easy to say “No,” as “Yes;” and I shall not be the first squire that told a lye. I shall be believed; and the mule will be blamed for the driver’s fault. There is an end of it; I am resolved I will eat. In short, if I break my fast, what harm can it do? It is no fast imposed by our Holy Mother the Church; and I shall not suffer for it in the other world.”

Whilst the squire was forming this resolution, Don Quixote made an end of his supper: then he walked a little about the room, pulled off his scanty doublet, put out the candle, and went to bed. As soon as Sancho felt him by his side, he lost no time, but arose to put his design in execution. “Whither are you going?” asked Don Quixote. “Sir,” said he, “with your leave, I must get up about some business which I hope is not forbidden me.” “No, my son,” replied the knight, “that matter is lawful.” The squire groped out his way to the table; and, meeting with the pullet and the bread, laid hold on it, and went to bed again. “Be of good heart,” said Don Quixote, “one night is soon gone; and, if you happen not to rest so well as at other

times, you may comfort yourself with the thoughts that you shall restore the princess to her former beauty.” “I do comfort myself,” answered Sancho; “and I fancy to myself that the princess’s face is by this time as white as a sheet.”—“Now you talk of the princess,” said Don Quixote, “I am glad she told us that Prince Persin’s squire rode upon an ass; I shall not henceforth fear being upbraided with your following me upon such another creature. From this account I infer, that most of the ancient squires were mounted on asses; and that, therefore, there is no mention made in the squire’s steed. I repeat it once more, my friend; I am very glad the infant has told us a thing which authorizes me to leave you your Dapple: for, to deal plainly with you, I was not satisfied as to that point, and was about buying a horse.” Whilst the knight talked, Sancho mumbled the pullet and the bread; and, lest his master should overhear the grinding of his jaws, he munched as gently as he could; and for the most part swallowed down mouthfuls without chewing: yet, with all his precaution, he made such cracking, that Don Quixote could not forbear saying—“What is this I hear, Sancho? You make a noise with your mouth as if you were eating.”—“Sir,” answered the squire, with such a presence of mind as one would scarce have thought him guilty of, “I am half asleep; and I dream I am at a feast, laying about me handsomely. Pray do not awake me!” Don Quixote smiled at this answer, without so much as mistrusting the truth. “Well, sleep on, then, my son,” said he; “I will not interrupt the enjoyment of a dream you are so well pleased with, and which can no way prejudice Banterina’s disenchantment.” The squire, rejoicing at the success of his cheat, carried it on to the utmost. When he had demolished the pullet and the bread, considering so much meat deserved some drink, he arose again to go to the bottle. “Do you rise again?” said Don Quixote. “Are not you well?”—“Sir,” said Sancho, “I can bear with my distemper; and I will do so well this time, and please God! that I shall have no more occasion to rise to-night.” In short, having found the bottle, he put it to his

mouth, and at one pull sucked it so dry, that there was not enough left to drop *supernaculum*. Then retiring to bed again, he had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, than the lovely God of Slumber, who was generally so much his friend when his stomach was fatiated, shrouded him all over with his somnifick vapours. The knight, on the other side, fell asleep insensibly, without the least jealousy of the horrid breach Sancho had made of the ordinance of Pluto's parliament.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF SEVERAL THINGS; AND, AMONG THE REST, OF THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

THE Knight of La Mancha was the first who awaked in the morning; and, it being then broad day, he called his squire; but finding he was asleep, he began poking him so roughly with his knees and elbows on the ribs, that the poor wretch cried out two or three times—'Pox take me, Sir, do not thrust so hard! Must you kill a man to wake him?'—'Let us rise, my son,' answered Don Quixote; 'it is a shame for men of our profession to lie so long in bed: I am impatient to hear from the Infanta Banterina. I have seen her, Sancho! I have seen her in a dream last night! O Heavens! how charming she appeared! what a beauty she is, my friend!'—'If so, Sir,' said the squire, 'she is disenchantèd!'—'Yes, certainly!' replied Don Quixote; 'and, I can assure you, your fast has been successful already.'—'Have a care, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'lest you be mistaken: dreams are often false; and I have no faith at all in them.'—'Do not fancy,' said the knight, 'that my dream is the production of a heated imagination: it is real. The wise Alquise laid before me a picture of that princess, even as the wise Belonia displayed to the Knight of the Precious Image the true resemblance of Floribella in the prison of Persopolis: so that, my son, you may reckon the infanta is disenchantèd.'—'God be praised, Sir!' quoth the squire; 'but if she is not quite, I must tell you it is no fault of mine.' This discourse

occupied them whilst they were getting up. The knight, if he had looked towards the table, might easily have perceived that the penance had not been so religiously performed as he imagined; but he was pleased to take no manner of notice of it; and, when they were almost dressed, they heard a knocking at the chamber-door. It was Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, who came to acquaint them with the infanta's disenchantment. This pleasing news did not at all surprize Don Quixote, who was prepared for it; but Sancho was so amazed, that he could not forbear crying out—'By our Lady! is it possible the infanta should be disenchantèd?'—'Why so much wonder,' said the Granadine. 'Have you broke your fast?'—'No, Sir!' answered the squire; 'my master Don Quixote can witness for me that I fasted like a dean, and am ready to begin again, if the princess wants but a speck of whiteness: but, to deal plainly, I can hardly believe she has changed her countenance so soon.'—'It is certainly true,' said Don Carlos; 'for this morning one of the Empress Merry-dame's pages gave me an account of this wonderful accident, and swore to me that the princess's beauty was beyond all expression. I grant pages are very ready to swear; but they ought to be believed when they speak well of their masters.'—'Don Carlos,' said the Granadine, 'the empress's page told you nothing but the truth; for the archbanterer has sent me word that his daughter is disenchantèd, and that he expects Don Quixote and his squire, to return them thanks.'—'Gentlemen,' said the count, 'I long to see that beautiful princess; and, since I do not question but you have the same curiosity, we may satisfy it immediately, if you please; for we have a large coach at the door, drawn by six good mules. Let us lose no time; for, you must know, the emperor is removed from his palace.'—'Right,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'he is not now in Madrid: he went yesterday, with all his court, to lie two leagues off at a palace a princee has lent him, which is much more stately and besitting an archbanterer.' The gentlemen, hereupon, all resolved to set out; and, as soon as the knight was armed,

armed, they went into the coach. A while after, Sancho followed upon his ass, with his portmanteau behind him, carrying his master's lance and buckler, and being guided by one of the count's pages mounted on Rozinante.

The palace they went to was a country-house belonging to the count: the Marquis de Orisalvo was gone thither already with some of his friends and all the ladies who were at his house the day before. Being resolved to prolong the amusement they received from the extravagancy of Don Quixote and his squire, they had judged it better to draw them from the metropolis to the country, where they could execute their plans with less hazard of inconvenience or obstruction. Don Carlos's secretary was making preparation for new wonders: he had procured from the theatre two superb suits of cloaths, in one of which he purposed to play the Disenchanted Infanta, while the other was allotted to equip an old waiting-woman belonging to the count's sister, who was to personate the Empress Merry-dame. Whilst these two were putting on their finery, the ladies and gentlemen were conversing in the hall where the future farce was to be performed; and the author of this true history relates, that their discourse fell upon the Knight of La Mancha and his squire. "Ladies," said the Marquis de Orisalvo, "what think you of Don Quixote? Do not you find abundance of good sense amidst all his madness? And is not Sancho's simplicity wonderful?" — "He is very diverting," answered one of the ladies; "I am mightily pleased with his ingenuity. Every now and then something excessively shrewd drops from him; and yet he has no design in it; and it is amazing that the simplest fellow in the world should talk so wittily without being sensible himself of what he says. I am not at all pleased with Benengeli for having varied his character; for sometimes he makes Sancho talk like a frank, guileless peasant, and sometimes like an arch, malicious knave." — "Madam," answered the marquis, smiling, "if you have not a care, you will fall foul upon Benengeli." — "Heaven forbid!" replied the lady; "his Don Quixote is an excellent book; it is full of morality: and, besides the true comick humour

that reigns almost throughout, there are most exquisite novels in it. Among the rest, I think that of "The Impertinent Curiosity" is very pleasant and instructive." — "I am of the same opinion," said the count's sister; "and I have been mightily taken with that novel." — "I must plainly own my ill taste," said another lady; "I do not so well like the Impertinent Curiosity as you do; because I observe in it many things contrary to nature and probability." — "Be pleased, Madam," said one of the gentlemen, "to give us your remarks upon it. I own I am a great admirer of Benengeli, and can scarce believe there is the least fault in the novel we speak of." — "If you had read it with attention," answered the lady, "you would be of another opinion. In the first place, there is one thing in it which you yourself will soon grant me to be contrary to nature: it is when Anselmo lies hid to observe his wife Camilla. You recollect Camilla is apprized of this circumstance: she makes a long speech, and performs a thousand odd actions, which are more than enough to cure Anselmo's jealousy. After this, she stalks about like a madwoman, with a dagger in her hand, and her eyes full of fury, as if she were resolved to kill Lotherio: he comes in; she upbraids him with having entertained such a vile opinion of her as to imagine she could be false to her husband. "I am to blame," says she to him, "that I have not punished you so severely as I ought to have done; and I will now revenge that fault upon myself: but dying, I must kill you, and thus satisfy my vengeance." So saying, she throws herself upon him, manifesting such eagerness to stab him, that he himself knew not what to think of her intention; and was actually obliged to exert his whole strength and agility in his defence. If the lover was deceived, the husband could not but be so too; and, since Anselmo believed all that passed was done in earnest, was it natural for him to lie still in his hiding-place, and not step out to save his friend's life, by making known his innocence to Camilla? Did he design that Lotherio should receive two or three stabs with a poignard before he discovered

‘vered himself? Nay, he has not only the patience to let him remain in that peril, but still keeps close, after that Camilla, having wounded herself, feigns swooning away. Surely he intended to stay till she was dead and buried before he would shew himself.’

‘Just so,’ said the marquis, ‘would a husband have done, who had a mind to get rid of his wife; but it does not at all suit with Anselmo, who was desperately in love with his.’

—‘You see, then,’ said the lady, ‘that I am not so much out in my criticism upon that point; but there are many more that displease me. As for instance, when the author says—“Anselmo, hearing a noise in Leonela’s chamber, and endeavouring to get in and see what it was, perceived that the door was held against him: this opposition heightened his curiosity; he made a violent effort, and forced it open; and then caught the glimpse of a man slipping down from the window into the street.”’

‘In the first place, I do not understand what violent noise Leonela and her gallant could make sufficient to disturb Anselmo, and oblige him to rise; and again, methinks two lovers, who had reason to fear a surprize, should not forget to lock the door: besides, what need was there for Leonela to tell her master that none but herself was concerned in that affair? Was not he sufficiently convinced already? Had he any cause to suspect Camilla after the scene he had lately been witness to? And why did Leonela, after having avowed the intrigue to be her own, promise Anselmo that she would the next day disclose things of greater importance than he imagined? What design could she have in it? By discovering the familiarity between Camilla and Lotherio, she only aggravated her own crime: she brought additional blame upon herself, and lost her mistress’s protection; which, if she did not accuse her, she was sure of enjoying.’—

‘Nay, Madam,’ said the gentleman who espoused Benengeli, ‘you do not consider that Anselmo threatened to kill Leonela, and actually clapped a poignard to her throat, which must necessarily hurry her spirits to an extreme degree, and confuse her so that

she knew not what she said.’—‘Well, Sir,’ said the lady, ‘I will pass that by, in complaisance to you. But, supposing the fear of death made her talk wildly, and that in her agitation those indiscreet words might slip from her, you cannot but allow that it was an unpardonable fault in Anselmo not to force Leonela to tell him those mighty matters immediately, which she reserved for the next day. How could he consent to put off that information, especially being of such a curious temper as he is described? He was not in disorder like the maid, and therefore should have compelled her to speak; and, when he locked her up, he ought to have considered that she might follow her gallant’s example, and make her escape out of the window.’—‘That reflection,’ answered the gentleman, ‘is very good; and I have nothing to object against it.’—‘Then let it be granted,’ replied the lady, ‘that the author’s genius was deficient; and that, not knowing how to unravel his plot, he chose to break in upon nature and probability, for want of a natural and ingenious contrivance to discover to Anselmo the familiarity betwixt his wife and his friend.’—‘I had not made all these observations,’ said the count’s sister; and, when I read that novel, I only disliked Camilla’s flight.’—‘That is true,’ said the marquis; ‘considering how well she had acted her part till then, she took the alarm too soon. Since her husband did not yet suspect her, she had nothing to do but to feign herself more enraged than himself against Leonela; and, under pretext of terrifying her with menaces, to give her under-hand assurances of protection, or else to get her dextrously out of the house: in short, Camilla ought to have extricated herself from this danger by some new piece of effrontery. By this means Benengeli would have rendered the artful character he gives her of greater use to him in his story; and the thing itself would have been more agreeable and perfect.’—‘That is not all,’ said another lady: ‘I would fain know why Anselmo left the town, when he found neither Leonela nor his wife, nor his friend. Had it not been more to the purpose to seek them out in Florence, and so to have been convinced of the

misfortune

misfortune which as yet he was only jealous of, than to run away into the country, where, in all likelihood, he could meet with nobody to inform him?—“Yet, for all that, Madam,” said the marquis, “he there met a gentleman; and, if you remember, this gentleman came from the city. Anselmo asked him what news there was at Florence. “Very strange news,” answered the gentleman. “It is reported that Lothario hath this last night carried off the wife of Anselmo, his intimate friend. This discovery was made,” added he, “by a maid who served Camilla, and who was taken up by the watch as she was letting herself down into the street by sheets fastened to her window.” How could any one be told by Leonela that Camilla was gone off with Lothario, when Leonela knew nothing of the matter; for it did not happen till after she herself was taken by the watch? Is not that a fault in judgment? Besides, Anselmo’s death is very ill managed, and improbable. He sat down to write a letter; he had strength enough to begin it; and died half way. What a wretched conclusion!”

CHAP. IX.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY HONOUR THAT WAS CONFERRED UPON DON QUIXOTE.

THIS discourse was interrupted by the young secretary and the old waiting-woman, who now entered the hall, and engaged the attention of the company. Those two princesses were clad in cloth of gold, adorned with abundance of false diamonds; they wore caps embellished with feathers of all colours; whilst a profusion of flaxen hair, which their heads had assuredly very little right to, waved gracefully in ringlets over their shoulders. The secretary, being unfortunately possessed of an immoderate length of visage,

grievously scarified with the small-pox, and having, moreover, a squat nose, with a mouth like that of an oven, it was at first somewhat apprehended that he would but ill sustain the reputation of an infanta who had been stolen for her beauty: he had, however, so well managed matters, and had been so lavish of red and white in the composition of his countenance, that the ladies agreed he was inimitable. The Empress Merry-dame, otherwise stiled Madam Uriquez, had not been less diligent in assuaging the form and carriage of a magnificent princess. The company had scarce taken a full view of their two highnesses, before a page acquainted them of Don Quixote’s arrival. The marquis, hereupon, immediately clapped on his archbanterer’s crown, caught up his red sceptre, and ran with the princesses to seat themselves on three thrones, under a great canopy. Don Quixote, Tarfe, Don Carlos, and the count, presently appeared, and made low obeisances to the imperial family; but, as soon as the emperor saw Don Quixote, he came down from his throne, and ran to him with open arms, saying—“Welcome, brave Knight of La Mancha! May the gods ever prove favourable to your wishes!” Don Quixote then stepping forwards towards the emperor, and kneeling upon one knee, would have kissed his hand; but the archbanterer drew it back, raised the knight; and, having saluted both his cheeks, presented him to his Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, who came down from their thrones to embrace him, according to the custom of ancient empresses, who never failed embracing such famous knights as came before them after finishing some important adventure. “Invincible Don Quixote!” said the empress; “worthy offspring of the god Mars! what thanks can we return you? What can we do to requite your insuperable valour?”—“Sovereign princess!” answered the knight; “honour is the only reward I propose to myself in all my undertakings. No other recompence can

* This does not appear to have been necessarily the case. The capture of Leonela by the watch might have been subsequent to the flight of her mistress, for any thing that is to be found to the contrary in the novel of Cervantes. It is odd enough, that our author should chuse to alledge so doubtful a circumstance as a proof of Leonela’s ignorance, when a much better proof really exists in Cervantes; viz. that Leonela had remained locked up in her own chamber from the time that Anselmo left it.

• please

• please me: and if I had the honour to be the cause of your recovering the infanta, it is enough for me that you should vouchsafe to open your imperial mouth to thank me.'—'Well, then,' said the emperor, 'expect nothing from us but thanks. I had thoughts of making you a present of the noble kingdom of Cochin-China, and of giving your squire the best government in my archbantership: but no more of that; let the honour of having finished a glorious adventure content you both.'—'The gods grant,' cried Banterina, 'that all the world may soon ring with the noise of my disenchantment! May rumour hasten to spread the happy news from the fair German to the sun-burned Ethiopian; from the empire of Trebifond to the little shops in Toledo! And may the valiant Don Quixote still pursue the paths of fame, evincing to the whole world that he is far above all she can say of him!'—'May his renowned name,' added the empress, 'be transmitted from generation to generation, and never fail but with the failing world!'—'Gentlemen,' said the archbanterer, addressing himself to the whole company, 'give me, I desire you, your sentiments of the Infanta Banterina. Are you not stricken with the marvellous alteration in her complexion?' Don Alvaro and the count readily acknowledged their amazement; and Don Quixote, having looked on her with the vision of a true knight-errant, affirmed himself ready to maintain that no creature could exceed her in perfections. Don Carlos, in corroboration of an opinion so reasonable, observed that the infanta's beauty palpably justified the sudden death of the shepherd Persino; and he called all the ladies to bear him witness; who, notwithstanding the repugnance which women generally feel in commending the charms of another, were all ingenuous enough

to declare that the infanta was really incomparable. The air with which that princess received all their commendations was diverting enough. She observed strict silence, it is true; but at every obliging word her downcast eyes were sunk to the ground, and her body inclined in token of acknowledgment, with such marks of shame-faced timidity, as convinced Don Quixote that she was a princess of extraordinary bashfulness. When it was dinner-time, the archbanterer said to Don Quixote—'Sir, it is my will, that you, and all these gentlemen, dine with me; and I request you to make some stay here. The empress and the infanta desire the same: you are too courteous and civil to deny them that satisfaction.' Don Quixote, having civilly accepted of the honour that was offered him, took the infanta by the hand, and followed the archbanterer, who led the empress. The gentlemen did the same by the ladies; and, when they were all come into a large room, where the cloth was laid, they sat down at a long table: then several musicians, whom the count had brought from Madrid, began to play on sundry instruments, and to sing delightful ditties in abundance. Don Quixote's satisfaction was inexpressible; for he was seated directly opposite to the infanta; who, to try the power of her charms, smiled upon him, cast amorous glances, and wonderfully allured him. He was too sharp-sighted not to perceive the lady liked him; but he was not at all surprized at the discovery: he very well knew it was no unusual thing for infantas to fall in love with knights of his renown, though he thought it rather strange the impression should be so lively and violent; and he judged the princess must needs be desperately in love with him, since she had not the power to govern herself before her father and mother.

When dinner was almost over, an

• Relaxations of decorum were not at all unfrequent among the fair-ones of chivalry. In the romance of Palmerin D'Oliya, the Princess Alchidiana is introduced accosting Palmerin as follows. 'Some in their love delight themselves with embracing, kissing, and such ceremonial behaviour: as for me, amorous private and familiar conference I repute a chief content. Yet hath Love one shaft in his quiver more pleasing than all these, being the only argument of each other's resolution: in respect whereof I commit my honour into your protection; prizing, esteeming, and chusing you above all the men in the world beside.' Palmerin, however, a perfect Don Quixote, in chaste loyalty to Polynarda his mistress, pretends not to understand this amorous intimation, and counterfeits a swoon by way of avoiding farther advances. See Part II. Chapter 9. Edit. 1637.

angry

angry voice of a man was heard at the door. The musick ceased; and presently Sancho came into the room in a sputtering passion. 'What is the matter, friend?' said the archbanterer. 'What ails you, Mr. Emperor?' cried the squire in a heat; 'you must come quickly, if you please, and make them put Rozinante and my ass into the stable; for your rascally servants have a mind to thrust them into a pig-stye, as if they were not fit company for your horses.' The ladies and gentlemen could not hold their countenances, hearing this piece of simplicity; their highnesses, the musicians, the pages, and all the company, burst out a laughing: but the archbanterer, when he had laughed as well as the rest, perceiving that Don Quixote blushed, re-assumed his gravity, and said to the squire—'Fear nothing, my dear Sancho! I will take care, without going to the stable myself, that such an indignity shall not be put upon the famous Rozinante, and his illustrious companion: I design them nobler society.—Go,' said he to one of his pages; 'I charge you see those two peerless animals lodged with the twelve horses of my imperial chariot; and I expect they have the best stalls.'—'Nay, as for the best stalls,' answered Sancho, 'there is no reason for that; your greatness's horses ought to take place, without question.' When the page was gone out to execute his orders, the squire fell into a good-humour again; and the archbanterer said to him—'My friend Sancho, you behold here, sitting by me, the empress and the infanta Banterina; I assure you they are both much pleased with you.' The squire immediately cast his eyes on Merry dame, and then on Banterina; and was so dazzled with the lustre of their cloaths and diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. 'This is something like!' cried he, in the excess of his amazement; 'this is what we call *infantas* in my country. A man need not be knighted to know them; they are seen at first sight by their cloaths. Adsbobs! these are not like the Galician

wench's rags!'—'Generous squire,' answered the emperor, 'admire your own handy-work; behold the blessed fruit of your penance: view my daughter well. Is not her countenance changed?'—'Yes, by my faith!' replied Sancho; 'she looks now perfectly like a picture: I did not expect I should find her quite so handsome; and when I bethink myself how she looked last night, by the Lord, I thought twenty Lents would have been little enough to cleanse her!'—'For all that,' said Banterina, 'you see that one day's fast has done it: and, what pleases me most of all is, that I shall not marry the King of Ethiopia's son, on whom my father had an intention of bestowing me.'—'It is true,' said the archbanterer, 'that I had some thoughts of that match; but you may think I have no great mind to it now.'—'O, my dear Sancho!' quoth the empress, 'what gratitude do I not feel towards you for performing such a sovereign penance for my daughter's complexion!'—'Madam Empress,' answered Sancho, 'spare not me; I am ready to obey all your commands, and to keep a fast, if need be, for every tooth that is wanting to your highness.'—'No, no, Sancho,' said the emperor; 'that would be imposing too much hardship upon you: it is time you should make amends for your abstinence. You may go with my courtiers; I have given them orders to make much of you.' Thus saying, his highmightiness rose from table; the ladies and gentlemen did the like; and Sancho made towards the kitchen, laughing in his sleeve, to think they attributed the disenchantment of the princess to his abstinence; but cautious enough of letting slip any word touching that ceremony. The company went back into the room where they were before dinner, but staid not long there, for the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, retiring to their apartments to take a few hours rest, the ladies and gentlemen did the same; and every one went to the chamber the archbanterer had appointed.

CHAP. X.

OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

AS soon as Don Quixote was alone, he began to meditate on the delight which he had observed his presence excite in the infanta; and was extremely overjoyed when he considered there was no reason to distrust her being desperately smitten with him. Whilst he was thus wrapt in reveries of felicity, his squire opened the door, and came into the room loaded with the portmanteau, the lance, and the buckler. 'Are you there, my friend?' cried Don Quixote. 'I expected you; I have a secret of importance to communicate to you: but shut the door first.' When the squire had done as he was bidden—'So, Sancho,' said his master; 'have you taken good notice of the Princess Banterina? Confess she has all that beauty I told you of this morning.'—'No doubt,' answered Sancho, 'but she is as fine as you dreamt she was last night. O, by our Lady, it is she that has coral eyes, ivory lips, and all the rest you used to say of Madam Zenobia! But there is one thing which puzzles me still. I would fain know why the enchanters allow me to see the Infanta Bantlina as she really is, more than any of the others. Is it because, disenchanting her, I disenchant myself at the same time? Has my fast killed two birds with one stone?'—'That is not impossible,' answered Don Quixote: 'but tell me, my son, would not you think me very happy, if that beautiful lady should chuse me for her knight?'—'Yes, by my faith, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'that would be a lucky job for you: but, to deal plainly, I fancy the grapes are above the fox's reach.'—'There's your mistake,' said the knight; 'what would you say, friend, if I should tell you that this princess is in love with me?'—'Admirable, Sir!' cried Sancho; 'did you dream that too?'—'There is nothing so certain, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'the infanta loves me: and, what is most strange, her passion is so violent, that she

could not forbear, a while ago, giving me many private tokens of it before her father and the empress.'

Here they were interrupted by one knocking at the door; and the squire, opening it, found it was a young handsome damsel, well clad, who brought a basket covered with a great piece of green taffety. 'The gods preserve you, Don Quixote!' said she, when she came in. 'May one talk to you, before your squire, of an affair of the highest consequence?'—'Yes, pretty maiden,' answered the knight; 'I will answer for his secrecy.'—'If so,' replied the damsel, 'I must tell you that my name is Laura: I am one of the Infanta Banterina's damsels, and have the honour to be trusted with all her secrets; and I come from her to bring you this basket, together with a billet-doux, written with her own hand.' This said, she set the basket on the table, pulled the billet-doux out of her pocket, and gave it to the knight; who, after having read it to himself, cried out in a rapture of joy—'O peerless princess! you shall not have the ill fate of the Infanta Imperia. I am not pre-engaged to another lady, as was the Knight of the Babiliks.—Son Sancho, open the portmanteau immediately!' The squire, guessing at his master's design, did not obey without muttering; but Don Quixote, enjoining him to hold his peace, took a handful of ducats out of the portmanteau; and, giving them to the damsel, said—'Beautiful Laura, I entreat you to accept of this, till I can give you greater proofs of my gratitude.'—'I thank you, Sir,' answered Laura, taking the ducats; 'I am glad my mistress has made choice of a knight of your worth. I will do you all the good offices I can with her; and I swear it shall not be my fault, if I do not often bring you such billets-doux. But, Sir Knight, will not you answer this?'—'I will not fail,' replied Don Quixote; 'and my squire shall carry it, who will perform it with as much art as secrecy.'—'That is enough,' said the damsel. 'Farewel, Sir Knight! With your leave, I will go back forthwith to my mistress, for she is a very hasty infanta. I am sure she expects me in her chamber with as much impatience

‘as a young churchman at the university does a benefice.’—‘Genteel damsel,’ said Don Quixote, ‘pray satisfy my curiosity before you go. Tell me how comes it that the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, speak Spanish as naturally as if it were their mother-tongue?’—‘I will tell you the reason,’ answered Laura; (who had too much wit to be gruelled by such a question) ‘though the Cochinchinese language is generally spoken in the archbanterer’ship, yet there are abundance of masters who teach all other languages. Above all, Spanish is particularly the fashion; and the emperor has taken such a liking to it, that he cannot endure any other language should be spoken at court.’ Don Quixote, perfectly satisfied with this answer, dismissed the damsel; who, saluting Sancho as she passed, very graciously said to him—‘Adieu, courteous squire; cheer up.’—‘Aye, aye,’ answered Sancho, in a sad tone, ‘we must cheer up, forsooth, while Madam the Abigail runs away with our ducats!’—‘Friend,’ said Don Quixote, ‘you are too covetous of money: let me tell you, it is a great fault in a governor. Can you never curb yourself? I cannot conceive how it comes to pass that my words and actions have not inspired you with more generosity, so long as you have been in my service. Can servants learn nothing of their masters but their ill qualities alone?’—‘Sir,’ replied the squire, ‘these are fine words; but, take my word for it, it is good to lay up something for a rainy day. When we have given the damsels all our money, the jades will laugh at us; and you shall see how we will be treated at inns, when we have nothing but love-letters in our portmanteau.’—‘Go, go, fear nothing!’ replied Don Quixote; ‘we are not yet come to the bottom of our bag. I do not spend it idly; and you cannot but grant that it was no great present I made the damsel Laura. I am satisfied the infanta will make you a greater when you carry her my answer.’—‘Nay, if that be so,’ cried Sancho, ‘I have no more to say. Make haste, then, and write to her quickly; for here is pen, ink, and paper, ready upon the table.’—

‘First, let us see what is in this basket,’ said Don Quixote; ‘and let us admire the princess’s favours.’ Then, taking off the taffety that covered the basket, he pulled out above two hundred yards of old ribbands of several colours, and a scarf of black silk much worn. ‘Body o’ me! what a parcel of ribbands there is!’ cried Sancho; ‘I question whether Bertrand Ricacho, the mercer of our town, has so many. But pray, Sir, what do you call that black contrivance I see there?’—‘It is a scarf,’ said Don Quixote; ‘was there ever anything so fine?’—‘Yes, faith and troth, it is very fine!’ quoth Sancho; ‘it would do rarely about a hat at a funeral.’—‘You do not know, my son,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘what use the infanta wills me to apply this to. You will never guess what she writes to me about it: I must read her letter to you.’—‘I shall be glad of that,’ replied the squire; ‘for I have a great mind to hear it.’ Hereupon, Don Quixote read aloud the infanta’s letter, which was to this effect.

‘TO THE HERO OF LA MANCHA,
‘THE PARAPET OF ORPHANS,
‘THE CURTAIN OF INFANTAS,
‘AND THE PLATFORM OF
‘KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

‘VALOROUS Don Quixote!
‘beautiful flower of chivalry!
‘which always turns towards glory,
‘as the sun-flower does to the sun; I
‘ought to die for shame, that I shake
‘off the yoke of modesty to declare to
‘you that I love you; but the unmerciful
‘god whose slave I am, will
‘have it so; and your rare qualities
‘will be my excuse: besides, I do nothing
‘that has not been done before.
‘The Infanta Imperia, of gallant memory,
‘made love to the Knight of the Basilisks;
‘but, alas! you know he rendered her but an ill return for
‘her forwardness. Heavens grant I may
‘prove more fortunate than she was! I send you some-ribbands I wore
‘myself a long time; and a rich scarf,
‘which was once the Prester John’s girdle:
‘do not fail to adorn your curious shape
‘with it; and let all the court see you anon decked
‘with

‘with these rich favours. But I beg
‘of you to preserve as much discretion
‘as I have kindness for you. Take
‘care, when you shew love’s favours,
‘that you do not discover the lover.’

‘Well, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote;
‘what think you of this letter? Has
‘it not exquisite turns of expression?
‘And does not the infanta appear
‘pregnant in wit?’—‘By my troth, I
‘think she does!’ answered the squire;
‘and she must be pretty well used to
‘write love-letters to knights, to know
‘how to do it so well.’—‘Hold there,
‘friend!’ quoth Don Quixote, inter-
rupting him hastily; ‘you sometimes
‘let fall such expressions that, though
‘you mean no harm by them, yet
‘they are offensive. If any body
‘should hear you talk thus, they
‘would imagine the Infanta Banterina
‘to be a finished coquette; whereas
‘she is the most precise and virtuous
‘princess in the world: for, in short,
‘though she ventures so far for my
‘sake; though she writes to me; yet
‘Love alone can be blamed, who ex-
ercises such an absolute power over
‘her, that he makes her insensible of
‘the reservedness of her sex, and causes
‘her to forget what is due to the nobi-
lity of her birth.’—‘Sir,’ said San-
cho, ‘I can assure you I did not mean
‘to affront the infanta: but I speak
‘before I think, and that is the mis-
chief of it. By my faith, the rope
‘will go after the bucket! When my
‘tongue is once set a running, there is
‘no stopping it; and the devil makes
‘the most of it.’—‘So much the
‘worse,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘but
‘you ought to take care to curb your-
self.’—‘I hope, Sir, I shall mend
‘one time or other,’ replied Sancho:
‘and, come what will, it is better to
‘be naught, and hope to be good, than
‘to be good with a design to be naught.’
—‘Let us have done with that,’ re-
plied Don Quixote: ‘I forget that the
‘infanta is perhaps in an agony till
‘she receives my answer. I will write
‘and send it her immediately.’ Hav-
ing thus said, he walked about the
room a while, deliberating what he
should say; and then, taking pen and
ink, wrote a letter, which he read to
his squire, as follows.

‘TO THE INFANTA BANTERINA,
‘THE PHOENIX OF BEAUTY,
‘THE QUINTESSENCE OF GRACES
‘AND CHARMS, THE SOURCE OF
‘SMILES AND PLEASURES, AND
‘THE MIRROR OF ALL PERFEC-
‘TIONS.

‘I Most humbly thank your sovereign
‘highness for the precious favours
‘you have heaped upon me. I will
‘make such use of them as you desire,
‘with such secrecy as you shall have no
‘cause to complain of. But is it pos-
sible, O noble lady! that the sole
‘heiress to the Archbanterer of the In-
dies should prefer a plain knight,
‘only commendable by unheard-of
‘actions, before all the princes in the
‘world? How flattering is this prefe-
rence to me! Verily, though Love
‘has always treated me with much ri-
gour, I have now cause to return him
‘thanks; since he allows me to raise
‘my audacious thoughts as high as
‘your lofty and sublime perfections.
‘Could he have reserved for me a more
‘beautiful infanta! You are the orna-
ment of his empire; and your eyes
‘seem to be the arsenal of his unavoid-
able arrows! Be you, then, peerless
‘Banterina, from henceforward, queen
‘of my will; and grant me leave that,
‘seeking new adventures under the
‘auspices of your charms, I may go
‘from kingdom to kingdom to make
‘all knights, who never had the feli-
city of beholding you, acknowledge
‘that you are the most beautiful prin-
cess in the universe.’

‘Hang me,’ cried Sancho, ‘the cu-
rate does not preach so well but his
‘vicar will be even with him! Lord,
‘Sir! that is a rare answer! Let me
‘die, if it be not as good as Latin!
‘Give it me quickly, that I may go
‘receive my present.’—‘In the name
‘of God, Sancho,’ said Don Quix-
ote, ‘take heed that you do not appear
‘too covetous before the infanta! I do
‘not forbid you taking whatever she
‘will give you; but take it not gree-
dily, and in haste.’—‘I understand
‘you, Sir,’ answered the squire. ‘Let
‘me alone for that. When the in-
fanta says—“Here, Sancho, this is
2 G 2 “for

"for you;" I will take no notice; but
 will hold out my hand fair and soft-
 ly, like the prior of Toboso, when
 he takes the money of the Brother-
 hood of St. Agnes."—"I have one
 thing more to say to you," added
 Don Quixote; "take heed how you
 talk, lest you let fly some foolish ex-
 pression."—"Enough," replied San-
 cho; "fore-warned, fore-armed." I
 will hold so fast by the mane, that I
 will not fall; and I promise you I will
 not spit out a word but I will chew it
 first." The knight, then, having
 closed the letter, gave it him, saying—
 "Go, then, my son, slip privately into
 the princess's apartment, and execute
 your commission with all the dexte-
 rity you are master of."—"Sir," an-
 swered Sancho, "when I meddle in an
 affair, that is sufficient. I would
 defy a monk to do it better, with all
 his divinity." Thus saying, he went
 out of the room; but had scarcely quit-
 ted the door when he met Laura. "O!
 is it you, Mrs. Laura?" cried he.
 "Pray, what do you do here?"—"I
 waited for you," answered she, "to
 conduct you to my mistress's apart-
 ment; for I am satisfied you do not
 know where it is."—"No, truly!"
 replied the squire; "but I would have
 desired somebody to direct me to it:
 for a man may go to Rome if he has
 but a tongue in his head."—"That
 was just what I designed to prevent,"
 quoth Laura: "you would have asked
 some prating page, perhaps, who
 would have discovered the whole
 plot. Let me die, we who wait up-
 on amorous princesses must be very
 cunning, and foresee things long be-
 fore they come to pass! We can
 never be too cautious in conveying
 billets-doux to them: and I am of
 opinion that you had best give me
 your master's letter; I will deliver it
 to my mistress, and you may go
 back."—"No, no, good Mrs. Busy
 Body!" cried Sancho; "I will carry
 it myself: I have hands as well as
 you, God be praised! to receive du-
 cats; and the fairest way is for every
 one to have his due."—"You do not
 take me right," answered Laura; "I
 would only carry the letter for the
 greater secrecy: but, since you think
 I designed to wrong you of your per-
 quisites, I will soon undeceive you;

come along with me." Thus speak-
 ing, she led him into a room, where
 they found Banterina lying on a bed.
 "Madam," said Laura to her, "here is
 Signor Sancho Panza, who brings
 you a billet-doux from his master."
 The infanta, hearing these words, start-
 ed up; and, making towards Sancho
 very hastily, said to him—"Well, wife
 and discreet squire, do you come to
 bring me good news?"—"I do, Ma-
 dam Princess," answered Sancho,
 pulling the letter out of his pocket;
 "I could not have brought you better,
 though you were my mother: you
 need only read that letter, and then
 you will find the day is your own."
 Banterina instantly took the letter; and,
 having perused it, exclaimed—"Gra-
 cious powers! what a courteous and
 sprightly gentleman is your master
 Don Quixote! His expressions charm
 me! How much am I beholden to
 my stars for having thrown this ad-
 mirable knight in my way! My only
 fear is, lest I should not possess the
 whole of his heart; for I have been
 told that he still retains some kind-
 nesses for the Hacked-Face princess,
 the fat Zenobia."—"No, Madam,"
 quoth Sancho; "my master, I can af-
 sure you, does not love her any long-
 er, since he knew she was married to
 Prince Hiperbolan."—"But is it cer-
 tain," said the infanta, "that this
 prince has married her?"—"Yes,
 Madam," answered the squire; and,
 by the same token, she had three
 children at a birth, as the wise Lir-
 gaudus told us."—"If Lirgandus
 told you so," replied Banterina, "there
 is no doubt to be made of it; and,
 on that assurance, I am resolved to
 make the Knight of La Mancha's
 fortune. It is decreed! I will give
 way to my soft inclinations; nothing
 shall stay me. Go, Sancho, go tell
 your master, that I wholly devote
 myself to my passion for him, and
 that I joyfully accept of the glorious
 empire of his heart." The squire,
 still expecting when the infanta should
 make him some present, was not hasty
 to be gone, which the princess seemed
 to be uneasy at. "What is it detains
 you, friend?" added she. "Go back
 to your master quickly; run and tell
 him I have made choice of him for
 my knight: make haste and carry
 him

him this joyful news. Get out of my chamber immediately, for fear you should be seen here.—'And what if I should be seen here?' cried Sancho. 'Have I stolen any thing?'—'That is not the case, Mr. Squire,' quoth Laura. 'Do not you see the princess's reputation lies at stake? If the empress, who is very jealous, should find you here, we are all undone; therefore be gone quickly.' Sancho, perceiving they dismissed him in good earnest, without any present, lost all his patience, and cried out, in a cholerick tone—'I vow, by my beard, your infantas are scurvy jades, then! They send away a squire, methinks, with as little acknowledgment as if he were bound to serve them. Belly o'mine! I will go tell my master he is a fool to be in love with a griper, that dares not spit for fear of being dry.—And as for you, Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket up knight-errants ducats so cleverly, you had best come again. By our Lady, your rump shall not cry for want of kicking!' The mild Banterina, instead of being offended at this disrespectful of the squire's, immediately calling to him, said—'Indeed, my poor Sancho, you have good cause to be angry with me; I confess it. How could I thus dismiss a man who brings me a billet-doux worth more than I am able to pay! Nay, a man to whom, on other accounts, I am so infinitely beholden; who was the great finisher of my disenchantment! I entreat you, kind friend, pardon my distraction. I am so full of your master's love, that I can think of nothing else: besides, I must own to you I am very subject to oversight; insomuch, that one day a farmer of mine, having paid me a thousand ducats, I forgot to give him a receipt, and soon after made him pay them over again. Was not that a rare piece of forgetfulness for the poor devil of the farmer? But I will make amends for my neglect towards you, my dear Sancho.' Having spoken these words, she went into a closet; and, returning with a great leather bag, said to him—'Here, brave squire, take my purse, which you see is pretty large and well provided; I give it you as freely as if it were a little one.' Sancho laid hold of the

bag in a rapture of joy, and was going to thank the princess for her munificence; but, as ill luck would have it, his usual eloquence suddenly failed him; and he fell into such a fit of stammering and nonsense, that, perceiving himself he could make nothing of it, he returned all his compliment in bows and scrapings: of these he bestowed on Banterina and Laura at least a hundred; and, though they were not very courtly, yet they came with a good will. This done, he hurried away to his master; and the damsel Laura, who did not much desire to remain long alone with a princess of Banterina's disposition, returned to her real mistress, who was one of the ladies then in the house.

CHAP. XI.

WHICH REQUIRES STILL MORE ATTENTION.

'GOOD news! good news!' cried Sancho, as he came into his master's chamber; 'I have now found the hare in her form! I have made my fortune! My Lady Infanta has given me this purse; and I will warrant there is enough in it to purchase a brave farm house.'—'I knew well enough,' said Don Quixote, 'you would not come away without some costly present.'—'Nay, by my troth,' answered the squire, 'it was none of the princess's fault that I came not away empty-handed; but I was no such ninny, forsooth! I let fall a few words, and she presently dropped her present.'—'What have you done, then?' cried Don Quixote. 'You ought not to have said any thing. I fear she will take you for a mercenary squire.'—'No, no, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'she soon found she was in the wrong, and begged my pardon for her discretion.'—'How do you mean pardon for her discretion?' quoth Don Quixote. 'What is the explanation of that nonsense?'—'It means,' answered the squire, 'that the princess told me she thought so much on you, that she forgot to make me a present; and therefore she desired me to pardon her discretion.'—'Distraction, you mean,' said Don Quixote; 'now I understand you: but let us see, friend,

'friend, what the infanta has given you. I must confess the purse is of an enormous magnitude; and I am much mistaken if the sum of money it contains be not very considerable.' Sancho, still more eager to be satisfied than his master, untied the strings very expeditiously, and pulled out of the bag an handful of brass-medals, which had something the resemblance of antiquity, yet were modern enough; being a parcel which the count, to whom they belonged, and who was skilled in coins, had thrown aside as refuse. The squire's excessive joy was soon cooled, or rather converted into utter sorrow, when, in the place of good golden ducats, he beheld a collection of cankered pieces of blackish metal. 'Ill luck betide me!' cried he, in a lamentable accent, 'what a congregation of farthings! How could any princess in Christendom find in her heart to make me such a present? Without doubt the enchanters have been at work here, and have transmogrified these ducats into such scurvy bits of iron: the dogs have owed me a spite this long time.'—'No, no, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'you are in an error, my son; you have no cause to complain of the enchanters on this occasion: those pieces are Bronze medals of inestimable value. The Infanta Banterrina has made you a present worth more than all the treasures of Asia. It is certainly so,' continued he, viewing some of the medals attentively; 'these are what the most curious antiquaries so earnestly seek after: this must be a genealogical collection of the archbanterer's ancestors; they are wonderful; the inscriptions are scarcely legible. I am not ignorant that some men have counterfeited ancient medals so exactly, that those very persons who pretend to most skill in them are daily imposed upon; but, though there were many more false medals in the world than there are, I am satisfied these are none of that sort. This ærugo of theirs is a sufficient proof of their excellency; and therefore you must keep them most charily.'—'Good!' answered the squire; 'and, pray, what would you have me do with them? By my faith, I believe I must sell them to the tinker at Toboso; and I question whether he will give any thing for

them!'—'Heaven forbid!' cried Don Quixote; 'you can never put so much value on them as they deserve.'—'Out upon it, Sir!' answered Sancho; 'do you not see they are all worn and rusty? These are choice jewels to be kept, with a pox to them!'—'What ignorance!' exclaimed the knight; 'it is that very circumstance which gives them their value: the more they are disfigured with age, the more they are worthy the curiosity of those great men who seek after and study the monuments of antiquity. I wish you had applied yourself to the understanding of medals, that you might know the value of these. I verily am hurt at seeing your abominable ignorance.'—'I am as much hurt as yourself, Sir, for matter of that,' returned the squire: 'I wish I had learned grammar and divinity; but not for the sake of understanding medals, forsooth! No, no! I should be sorry I had taken so much pains to so little purpose; but that I might cast accounts, and know how much money twenty sheep, at two crowns a piece, come to.'

'Let us have done with your medals,' said Don Quixote; 'we will talk of them another time: let us now discourse about the infanta. How did she receive you?'—'She received me as if I had been a prince,' answered Sancho; 'for she ran directly to meet me, gamboling all the way, as if she were bewitched.'—'And, perhaps, she fainted away when she read my letter?' said Don Quixote. 'Excess of joy has often wrought such effects.'—'No, Sir, she did not,' replied the squire; 'but, when she had read it, she fell a chattering at such a rate, that, adad, it would do a man good to hear her! She said all this, and all t'other, and a great deal more besides; which made it plainly appear that she had a soft place in her heart for you.'—'That is,' answered Don Quixote, 'that, relying on your secrecy, she gave a loose to her passion for me.'—'That is right,' replied Sancho; 'I meant just so. I will be hanged for her, if she does not love you almost as well as she does her grandfather: and I assure you she is very good-natured for a lady.'—'Why, what have you observed, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that you could

‘could judge of her good-nature by?’ — ‘Sir,’ answered the squire, ‘when she went into her closet to fetch me the purse of medals, her damsel Laura went in with her; and there I saw the infanta throw her arms about her neck, and kiss both her cheeks without the least ceremony.’ — ‘Perhaps,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘the damsel spoke in praise of me, and the infanta embraced her to shew how much she was pleased with that discourse.’ — ‘It may be so,’ said Sancho; ‘but I believe Mrs. Laura is not so very good-natured; for she struggled in the princess’s arms as if she had been going to ravish her.’ — ‘The damsel did not struggle,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘she only received the princess’s kindness with a respectful confusion, which you do not know how to express.’ — ‘That may be too,’ replied the squire; ‘and, for aught I know, perhaps she was not so loth to be kissed as I fancied.’ — ‘By the account you give me, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I conclude the Princess Bantierina adores me: and, since I have chosen her for the sovereign lady of my thoughts, I must now think of nothing but performing such actions as may be pleasing to her; and, therefore, to begin, help me on with these ribbands and this scarf. But I cannot tell, friend, whether you are dextrous enough to perform that service?’ — ‘O dear, yes, Sir!’ replied Sancho; ‘I have been with the clerk of our parish an hundred times, on the eve of Twelfth-Day, dressing up the three kings; and we did it so rarely, that, the next day, every body took them for three bridegrooms.’ — ‘I believe I must be disarmed,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for you can never tie on those ribbands over all my armour.’ — ‘You are in the right, Sir,’ quoth the squire; ‘you had better be in your doublet and shirt.’ Don Quixote consented, and laid aside all his armour, except his helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then the squire, in proof of his dexterity, began tying on the ribbands one by one; and the quantity being so great that he had full scope to follow his genius, he was not at all sparing, but bestrung his master all over from the nape of the neck to the very ancles; and, to compleat this singular adjustment, the rusty black scarf was super-

added to the whole. The knight, smitten like a second Narcissus, was charmed with his own figure; and the squire, in admiration, cried out — ‘Body o’ me! fine feathers make fine birds!’ Why your worship is now fit to sit for your picture. These ribbands look perilous comical; and, for the scarf, it becomes you better than ever it did Peter John. ‘Tis a thousand pities you have not got his square cap too; you would beat all the lords of the court a pike’s length!’ — ‘I marvel at your simplicity!’ said Don Quixote. ‘You think, then, that Prester John was a priest, like our curate Peter Peres?’ — ‘Why, what was he then?’ answered Sancho. ‘I have often heard the barber Master Nicholas talk of him; and I would have laid my island he was a priest.’ — ‘No, my son,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘I will inform you what he was. I do not, indeed, so much wonder at your ignorance on this head; for many, much more learned than you, are so. I must confess historians do not agree upon it: but I will tell you their different opinions, and you may adopt that which you shall judge the best. Some say that a great king of India bore the name of Priest John, or Prester John, as being descended from one Joannes Presbyter, a Nestorian, who killed Coirem Cham, and usurped the crown: others affirm, that Prester John was a powerful Nestorian king in Tartary, next to China, and that his subjects called him Johanna, being the name given to all the princes of that empire. Some authors will have it that the name Prester John comes from the Persian words ‘Preste Cham,’ signifying Christian King; that he was first called Prester Cham; that is, King or Emperor of the Christians; Cham signifying King or Emperor, and Preste being the common name of the Eastern Christians. I remember also to have somewhere read, that the Moguls, who possess a great part of India, have often taken the name of Schah Gehan, signifying King of the World: and you see, Sancho, that the word Gehan, added to their name, is not unlike that of Prester John. Now, friend, I will tell you my opinion in this matter. I do verily believe the only and true Prester John was in Tartary; and I must

‘ must inform you, lest you should, like the greatest part of the world, run into this error, that the name of Prester John is very improperly given to the Emperor of Abyssinia, or of Ethiopia: for, when Stephen de Gama, governor of India for the King of Portugal, entered the Red Sea, and left some Portuguese, under the command of his brother Paul, with David King of Ethiopia, to help him to drive the Mahometans out of part of his dominions which they had possessed themselves of; neither of those two brothers ever gave an account that the said Emperor of Ethiopia was called Prester John; which they would certainly have done, had it been his name.’

The Knight of La Mancha might very well have spared this dissertation concerning Prester John; and perhaps the reader would have been better pleased without it; but it must be charged upon the indiscretion of Sancho, who was certainly the cause of it: yet we cannot but admire Don Quixote’s memory, since he could remember even to the very barbarous names mentioned by those authors who have written concerning Prester John. The sage Alifolan was, however, very near omitting this tiresome discussion of his hero’s; and assuredly he would never have inserted it, had he not observed that many of the same kind had dropped from Benengeli: this gave our author an ill example. Our knight, having now cleared up to Sancho the meaning of Prester John, proceeded in the following terms—‘ So, friend, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, pray listen attentively to the advice I am about to give you. We are going into the imperial chamber, whither the emperor is by this time come with all his court: take heed you do not let fall any words that may discover my passion for the infanta; nay, you must seem to take no notice of her, lest courtiers, who are sharp and subtle, should discover my love in your looks; for, in short, greatly as the archbanterer is obliged to me, if he should happen to be told that I am in love with his daughter, he would certainly treat me as the Emperor Marcellan did the Knight of the Three Images; and that is doubtless the reason why the infanta recommends secrecy to me in her let-

ter.’—‘ But, pray, Sir,’ cried Sancho, ‘ what was it the emperor you talk of did to the Knight of the Three Images?’—‘ He expelled him dishonourably from his court,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ and we may expect to receive the same affront: but we shall prevent it, if you take care to be as discreet as I am.’

The squire having promised to imitate his master’s discretion, they both went into the hall where all the company was assembled, impatiently expecting Don Quixote; the absurdity of whose dress was even beyond their expectations. Having bestowed infinite applauses on the elegance of the knight’s fancy, they began next to banter him on the motive of so extraordinary a garb. ‘ How now, Sir Knight?’ quoth the archbanterer; ‘ you have scarcely set foot in my court, and the ladies have already overwhelmed you with their favours. No man less than your own could have prevailed so rapidly. The most gallant knights of ancient times did not advance with such expedition.’—‘ I should be glad to learn,’ said the empress, ‘ which is the happy princess for whom Don Quixote sighs; for his putting on those ribbands, and that rich scarf, is a sure token that he repays the lady’s love who sent them.’—‘ Why should you desire, Madam,’ quoth the emperor, ‘ to know that fortunate fair one? Would you do the knight of La Mancha any good offices with her?’—‘ I would,’ Sir, replied Merry-dame; ‘ I can assure you I would spare no pains: what is it I could not do for that hero, after the obligations he has laid on us?’ Don Quixote, in token of acknowledgment, returned a profound reverence to the empress; but avoided strictly every thing that might tend to satisfy her curiosity; and, in spite of all their endeavours, the ladies could not wrest from him a syllable of his secret. Upon this, one of them addressed her discourse to Sancho, saying—‘ Well, friend, are you too as impenetrable as your master? Is there no way to get the lady’s name he is in love with, from you?’—‘ Not a word of it,’ answered Sancho; ‘ my master has forbid me telling of it, and that’s enough. It is better to hold one’s tongue, than say the thing that’s wrong. I will not so much as look upon

CHAP. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

upon the infanta, for fear any body should see in my eyes that my master loves her; and that my lord the emperor should turn us out of the court.' This blunder of his squire sorely embarrassed Don Quixote; but the arch-banterer, pretending not to have taken notice of it, started a new discourse, and began conversing on the subject of ancient knight-errantry. Don Quixote recovered by degrees out of his disorder, and exerted his talent upon that subject. Whilst the ladies and gentlemen diverted themselves in listening to the medley of gravity and extravagance which our knight displayed in this conversation, the damsel Laura took the squire aside, and said to him—'Signor Sancho, are you pleased with the present my mistress made you?'—'No, by my troth!' answered he; 'I would rather have had an handful of ducats, than those broken bits of iron, which have neither cross nor pile upon them.'—'Well, then, friend,' replied Laura, 'let us make an exchange; give me your medals, and I will give you all the ducats I had of your master, and we shall be both pleased.'—'Faith, with all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'and he is a son of a whore that does not stand to his bargain.'—'Nay, I shall not go from my bargain,' said she; 'for I shall never make a better. Not that I value those rusty bits of brass any more than you do; but because I know some that light a candle at noon-day, who will give me any rate for them.' Hereupon they struck their bargain. The damsel Laura, however, as appears certain, did it only to rid her hands of Don Quixote's money, which she did not care to keep upon the terms she received it, though she was but a mere waiting-woman. It is true, the ducats being transferred to Sancho, the restitution was not over exact; but that trusty squire had well deserved them for his services. Our Arabian historian in this place informs us, that the company spent the remainder of the day entertaining themselves at the expence of our adventurers; but that, being willing to mix the pleasures of the country with their present pastime, they appointed a hunting match for the following day.

ALL things being prepared for the chase by order of the count, the whole company, excepting the Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, sallied forth from the castle after breakfast, to follow that diversion. Don Quixote was mounted on Rozinante, and armed at all points, hoping to meet with some adventure. Sancho followed on Dapple, with the portmanteau behind him, and a wallet full of provisions, as if he had been going a long journey. The ladies and gentlemen, being well mounted, soon left our adventurers in the rear; who, finding themselves alone, stopped short in a wood a quarter of a league from the castle. 'Son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I have a thought come into my head; I am of opinion we had best seek adventures, instead of hunting. I have a strong presage that we shall this day meet with something extraordinary.'—'Content, Sir,' answered the squire; 'for Rozinante and Dapple are quite out of wind with coming all this way upon a trot. This sort of hunting does not agree with them. Let us rather walk gently; and when we have a mind to rest, we may sit down under a tree. God be praised! I have a thousand pretty bits in my wallet; and there is no feast like the beggars, when they have put all their scraps together.'—'What a glutton thou art!' said Don Quixote. 'What need was there of bringing out provisions? Did not you breakfast before you came from the emperor's palace?'—'That I did,' answered Sancho; 'but the day is long, and a few hours hence I shall be very ready to mumble what I have in my wallet. But, pray, Sir, which way must we go to meet with adventures?'—'That must be left to Rozinante's discretion,' answered Don Quixote; 'he is a good guide; I believe he is endued with human understanding, as was Bayardo, the steed of Rinaldo.' This said, he gave his horse the reins, who struck

For the rational powers of Bayardo, see Ariosto, Book II.
 2 H into

into a path leading across the wood to a farm-house belonging to the castle. 'Let us go, in God's name!' cried the knight; 'Heavens grant that the infanta may see me again anon crowned with fresh glory! What praises shall I not receive from the emperor and the empress! The ladies will be lost in admiration: but I fear lest most of them, charmed with my prowess, should send me passionate love-letters, and overburden me with favours: I fear, I say; for, should this be the case, you may believe I will return their billets-doux without so much as reading them. This will necessarily transport them with rage, and then they will never give over till they discover my love for the infanta. This discovery will redouble their fury; and these jealous rivals, consulting together, will, perhaps, ruin my reputation with Banterina by their false practices.'—'Well, well,' cried Sancho, 'so much the better. That is what I would be at.'—'Why so much the better?' answered Don Quixote. 'You do not consider what you say.'—'I beg your pardon for that,' replied the squire; 'for if these princesses put you out of the infanta's favour, the infanta will turn you out of her palace; if the infanta turns you out of her palace, you will never see her again; if you never see her again, you will have your bellyfull of vexation; if you have your bellyfull of vexation, you will be as well pleased as if you were a king; for then you may go weep and lament in the wilderness. Did not you tell me but the other day, that it was a happiness for a knight not to be beloved by his lady?'—'I did not tell you that,' replied Don Quixote: 'it is always more pleasing to be beloved than to be hated. I told you, perhaps, that a nice knight finds a sweet in the sorrows of love: and that I yet hold to. Nay, I must confess I should be glad if I had rivals, and that Banterina might seem to be without partiality for either of us; for then should I perform a thousand famous exploits to gain the preference of them. However, though I have no known rivals, yet our amours will nevertheless be assuredly thwarted: for, I will not flatter myself; I cannot suppose that the emperor and empress, however highly

they may esteem me, will bestow their sole heirs on a plain knight; and this obstacle will furnish sufficient subject for my lamentations. But as all worldly things have an end, so my sufferings will not last always. I shall, with mighty toil, win ultimately the empire of Trebisond; and then the archbanterer of the Indies, perceiving how honourable it must be for him to be allied to me, will freely consent that Love and Hymen shall unite me to his daughter. Of us will come a son, who will in time be the very model of knights-errant; his name shall be composed of both our names, for we will call him Don Quibanterin, in imitation of Don Belianis and Florisbella, who called their son Don Belfloran.'—'Hang me!' cried Sancho, 'if I would not give a groat, with all my heart, that all this were come to pass already! But saying and doing are two things; we are far enough from such sport; and God knows whether ever I shall live to see it!'

This sort of talk held them across the wood; and, when they were got through, Don Quixote espying the farm-house, which was but a small distance from them, began to view it very earnestly. Then turning to his squire—'Friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'here is the strangest adventure we could ever have met with. The fortress there before us is the work of two enchanters. The wise Silfenus and the wise Frisbon, the mortal enemies of Don Belianis, caused it to be built formerly to secure Florisbella, whom they had stolen. There the unfortunate princess was delivered of Prince Belfloran, whom I but now told you of. Do not you see a woman at the door, bearing a child on her lap?'—'Yes, Sir,' said Sancho; 'and, by the same token, she is now feeding it with pap.'—'Well,' added Don Quixote, 'that child is Prince Belfloran himself, who has been at least these fifty years just in the same condition you now see him.'—'Saints and fathers!' exclaimed Sancho, 'what is it you tell me? Is it possible that little child should have been there fifty years in its swaddling-clouts?'—'Nothing so sure,' answered the knight: 'that woman is a witch, who, by the fatal power of a horrid charm,

stops

stops the course of nature, and keeps that prince in an eternal infancy, because it is foretold that he will one day exceed his father in valour; and that witch, who is an enemy to the house of Greece, hinders his growth, that he may never make good the prediction. But Heaven has certainly brought me hither to put a stop to such a felonious practice. I will attempt to rescue Belfloran; I will espouse the interest of the house of Greece; the glory of knight-errantry calls upon me to try such a noble adventure: all those monsters I see at the gate of the fortress do not in the least deter me from my purpose. Sancho gazed with all the eyes he had, and did all he could to discover the pretended monsters; but, being unable to descry them, he said to his master—'For my part, I can see nothing about that farm-house but three goats, and a few turkeys, scratching upon the dunghill.'—'Those you call goats,' answered Don Quixote, 'are ferocious bears; and your turkeys are the most dreadful griffins enchanters ever made use of to guard the entrance of their castles.'—'Since you say it, I believe it,' replied Sancho; 'for you, being dubbed a knight-errant, can see all that is, and all that is not; whereas, for my part, I protest I see nothing at present but the witch and the little child fifty years old eating it's pap. But, marry Sir! let him play that knows the game, say I! If you are sure of what you tell me, even down with those griffins: I have a strong fancy they may be dispatched with a blow or two, if they do not fly away.'—'Hold a little, son,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I must first offer up a prayer to that sovereign lady of my heart, beseeching her to give me strength for this adventure; which is so perilous, that I can never finish it without the particular assistance of that peerless infant.' As he thus spoke, the amorous knight drew a deep sigh from the bottom of his breast, and accosted Banterina in these words—'O thou wonder of nature! princess, whose beauty shall never be brought into comparison whilst I have breath! vouchsafe to favour me in this first adventure I am about to attempt under your banner! Let the world see, by your taking part

with me, that a knight, strengthened by your divine favour, is not to be overcome!' Here he broke off, for he perceived an object sally out of the farm, which took up all his attention. It was a young fellow in a fustian cap and waistcoat; he was mounted on a black mule, and had a sack of corn under him. 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'do not you see that dreadful monster coming towards us?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'as for him, I cannot agree with you. That is certainly no monster. Though I were a thousand times worse enchanted than I am, I would lay a wager that that is a young fellow carrying corn to the mill to grind.'—'An illusion, friend; a mere illusion!' replied Don Quixote: 'I assure you he is a Centaur, a monster, half man and half horse. He comes forward to fight us, fancying he can easily overcome us, and carry us into the fortress, there to keep us enchanted for many ages; but he shall soon fall by the strength of my blows. Be not, therefore, afraid of his dismal shape and aspect; but let my presence encourage you.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not afraid at all. I am not afraid either of the bears or the griffins; nor do I stand any more in awe of them, than if they were goats and turkeys.'

By this time the Centaur drew near, thinking to have continued his progress without molestation; when Don Quixote, resolved upon his destruction, made at him with couched lance. The young man, who had only a switch in his hand, not seeing fit to stand the brunt of so formidable an assailant, turned short about, and fled back towards the farm-house with the utmost expedition. The knight instantly pursued; but being unable to overtake him, let loose the torrent of his rage upon the goats; and, drawing his sword, presently put two of them to flight, and sorely wounded the third. He next encountered the turkies; but they fled with terror before him. Upon this our hero sheathed his sword; and, giving his lance to Sancho, he made up without loss of time to the woman; who, not knowing what to think of this adventure, was running into the house with her child, and the saucepan of pap in her hand. Don Quixote arrested her upon the threshold,

and endeavoured to take away her child: she screamed and struggled; and, resolving to make the best defence in her power, brandished her saucepan; and, bestowing a weighty blow with it upon the head of the knight, nearly suffocated him with the flummery. Don Quixote, however, quitted not his hold; and Heaven, at that time, favouring the house of Greece, he at length got possession of the son of Don Belianis. This precious charge he instantly delivered to his squire; which was scarcely done before they beheld the Centaur advancing again on foot, with two other young fellows belonging to the farm; all of them armed with long staves, and followed by their mastiff dogs; whose dreadful barkings, aided by the cries of the woman, made the neighbouring country resound. As soon as ever Sancho espied them, he could not but call to mind the dismal adventure of the melon-ground; and though he had remained unterrified either by the bears or the griffins, his heart now began to quake with apprehension. Don Quixote, on the other hand, resolving to maintain possession of his prey, unsheathed his sword, and opposed himself to them as undauntedly as the valiant son of Priam did to the two Ajaxes, when they advanced to wrest from him the body of Patroclus. The young men of the farm were in a deadly fury; their eyes flashed fire; nay, there is a certain Greek author hesitates not to affirm, that the blood-thirsty god of war was himself present, and urged them to the fight. Now, too, had the Destinies seized the fatal scissars, and with merciless hands were about to cut the vital threads of the combatants; when, as good fortune would have it, Heaven was pleased to interpose, and prevent the effusion of blood; for the chace happening to take a turn that way, the presence of the count soon appeased the Centaur and his companions, and pacified the clamours of the woman. Sancho, joyful as a pilot who has just escaped some dangerous rock, bawled out, as loud as ever he was able—'Welcome! heartily welcome, gentlemen! In good faith, you are come as opportunely as Easter does after Lent! Had it not been for you, those three wags there would have handled us very roughly.'—'But, why do you take away that child, Sancho?' said

the emperor. 'To wean him, Mr. Archbanterer,' answered the squire. 'Is it not a shame he has thriven no better, and has been at nurse these fifty years?' The ladies and gentlemen easily guessed, by these words, that some new whim had struck the knight's pericranium; and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his face so filthily. He answered, very gravely, that it was a witch; and proceeded to relate to them the whole story of Prince Belfloran, and how he had finished the adventure of his deliverance. Very fain would he have fallen upon the young men of the farm; protesting that they were villains unworthy of longer existence: but Don Alvaro and Don Carlos at length pacified him, and persuaded him to put up his sword; alledging that, since they surrendered upon discretion, they ought to have good quarter given them.

'Indeed, Don Quixote,' said the archbanterer, 'so the thing should be; and you ought to rest satisfied with having rescued the heir of the house of Greece: all that remains, is to get him a better nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a condition to fulfil the great decrees of fate.'—'Leave that to me,' quoth the count; 'I shall take a pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor Trebatius, whom I love and honour as my friend and brother-in-law.' This said, he took the child from the squire, who still held it, and privately conveyed it to the farmer's wife. The ladies and gentlemen then returned to the castle, very sufficiently diverting themselves both with the adventure and the adventurers.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

OUR knight's visage was still enriched with a considerable portion of the cataplasm, when he appeared before the empress and the infanta. 'Princesses,' said the archbanterer, 'I must inform you that the matchless Don Quixote has this day gained as important a victory as that of yesterday.'—'Sir,' answered Banterina,

in a tone that marked how sensibly she took part in her champion's glory, 'we can guess, by the noble dew which covers his countenance, that he has performed some glorious exploit; and the empress and I should be very glad to know the particulars of it.' The emperor having satisfied their curiosity, they bestowed abundance of praises on Don Quixote, wiped his face themselves with napkins, disarmed him amidst the sound of divers instruments, arrayed him in a blue satin night-gown and cap; and, leading him in that garb to the supper-room, seated him at table between them. After supper there was a ball: the emperor and empress began it by dancing a pavane; Don Quixote and Banterina followed with a saraband; and, though the honest gentleman had never learned to dance, yet was he satisfied that he acquitted himself excellently, as being persuaded the order of knighthood necessarily conferred on its possessor every possible species of perfection. The ladies and gentlemen danced, in their turns, till it was time to go to rest: then the emperor dismissed them all, and every one retired to his chamber.

As soon as the Knight of La Mancha had shut himself up in his apartment, he began to revolve in his mind the honours conferred upon him by the empress and the infanta; and he had already heated his imagination with a thousand fascinating images, when on a sudden he heard a noise, which aroused him from his reverie. He could very plainly distinguish that some person was scratching at his door; and he immediately conjectured it must be one of the ladies of the court, who, being smitten with his person, and no longer able to controul her amorous passion, had taken this method of discovering herself to him: he prepared himself, therefore, to act the cruel part; and his scrupulous fidelity had already destined that unhappy fair-one a sacrifice to his princess, when he perceived his visitor was the infanta herself. A felicity so unlooked for had well nigh killed him with joy. 'O glory of mortals!' exclaimed he in rapture; 'Sovereign lady of the universe! Light which dispelled the gloom of my soul! Is it possible that you should come in search of me? Can mortal man be capable of such an honour? Do I dream, or am

'I awake? In short, dear princess, is it you I behold?' Banterina, leaning in a melancholy posture on her damsel Laura, entered the chamber without answering a word; and approaching near to the knight, cast on him a look of languishment, and burst instantly into sobbing and tears. Don Quixote, petrified at this piteous prelude, besought most earnestly that she would acquaint him with the cause of her distress. Three several times she disparted her fair jaws for utterance; and thrice the word died upon her lips: the immensity of affliction at length utterly overwhelmed her, and she sunk senseless into her damsel's arms. The compassionate Laura, who was well acquainted with the cause of these sorrows and swoonings, could now no longer contain herself. 'Alas! poor infanta!' exclaimed she, 'more unfortunate than all those mentioned in the dismal books of chivalry, how happy should I think you, could you die this moment! For, if you live, I perceive your days will be full of bitterness!' Don Quixote, touched to the heart by his mistress's sorrow, did every thing in his power to solace her; and Laura spared no pains. Good fortune decreed they should not lose their labour; the princess came to herself; and the knight, then accosting her, said—'Most beautiful and afflicted princess, acquaint me, I conjure you, with the cause of your weeping, and of that terrifying swoon which pierces my very heart!' These words he uttered in an accent so woeful, that it renewed Banterina's grief. Laura, wrung with compassion to see her mistress in such deplorable plight, hereupon said to her—'Cease, dear Madam; cease thus cruelly to torment yourself! Why do you put a restraint upon yourself before Don Quixote, who adores and loves you so entirely? Break that inhuman silence; or give me leave to speak for you.'—'Well, then, Laura, my dear Laura!' answered the princess, with a languishing voice, 'do you acquaint Don Quixote with the misfortune that threatens me; for I have not strength enough to tell it him.'—'Sir Knight,' said the damsel, 'I will tell you the whole matter in two words. The emperor has just now told my mistress that he designs to marry her, out of hand, to his neighbour the Great Mogul's son; and to this

‘this effect he will set out, eight days hence, to return into Asia.’—‘See there!’ cried the princess, bursting into tears again; ‘see there the source of my desperation! I had rather die than marry the Great Mogul’s son!’—‘Beauteous infant!’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘I conjure you, temper your grief! Heaven is too just to permit that you should be given up to a prince you hate!’—‘It is very true,’ Madam,’ cried Laura; ‘and you should rather think of preventing the mischief, than thus to indulge your sorrow.’—‘Alas!’ answered Bante-
rina, ‘which way can I prevent it?’—‘How prevent it?’ replied Laura. ‘Love will shew you the way. You need but leave your parents, and go range about the world with Don Quixote.’—‘You do not consider what you say, Laura,’ answered the princess. ‘What! would you advise me to suffer myself to be stolen away?’—‘Out upon it, Madam!’ replied Laura; ‘you put an ill construction upon my words. In the language of chivalry, excursions of this sort are not stiled stealings away, they are merely making a sally: and the best of it is, that, among you infantas, such slips are no damage to your reputation. Take my advice, Madam; let us even follow the Knight of La Mancha wheresoever he pleases to carry us. Lord, what a pleasant life we shall lead! We shall be all day, from morning till night, upon the road seeking adventures; and at night we shall lie in the woods. Is not that a pleasant way of living? What wonder that ancient princesses took such delight in it!’—‘Madam,’ said Don Quixote, ‘your trusty Laura gives you good advice. Since you entertain such aversion for the Mogul’s son, fly from that violence which is offered to your inclinations; entrust yourself to my protection, and let us travel through the world together. If you admit me for your knight, my future exploits will, perhaps, prove to you that I am not unworthy of the honour.’—‘Oh, knight!’ answered the princess, sighing, ‘how hard a matter is it to deny you? I find I shall inevitably accept of your proposal; for I perceive nothing but honour, duty, and virtue, to oppose it. O ye great gods, if

‘you would not have had me make a false step, you ought not to have made me a maiden!’—‘Then, Madam,’ said Laura, ‘you are resolved to go along with Don Quixote.’—‘I am, good girl,’ replied Banterina; ‘but let us be gone quickly to prevent second thoughts; for I am apt to be troubled with a scurvy modesty if I consider, and sometimes my conscience checks me. I must confess I am somewhat bashful for a court-lady.’ The princess having thus given her consent, it was agreed among them that they would set out the next night, as soon as the emperor and empress were withdrawn to their apartments. In pledge hereof, the princess extending one of her tawny paws towards the lips of Don Quixote, the knight amorously smothered it with kisses; after which, she immediately withdrew with Laura, to give the arch-banterer and his company an account of this new scene.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE MET A DAMSEL, AS THEY WENT OUT A HUNTING, AND WHAT PASSED BETWIXT THEM.

THE next morning, all the company betook themselves again to the diversion of the chace; and the swiftness of Rozinante and Dapple being very little improved since their former expedition, Don Quixote and his squire were soon left in the lurch as before. The knight was not much displeased at this circumstance, as he wanted to converse with Sancho, which he had not done for some time. ‘My friend Sancho,’ said he, ‘I am overjoyed I can discourse with you; I have a great deal to communicate. Are you not amazed at the honours I have received at this court?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ answered the squire, ‘and I am ashamed for you, when I think of it. Last night, when I saw you at table by the empress, by my troth! I was like master Peter’s parrot; I said nothing, but I thought the more.’—‘Why, what could you think?’ answered Don Quixote. ‘Sir,’ replied Sancho, ‘it is no hard matter to guess at that. Methinks you, who are
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‘but a country gentleman, should not sit, cheek by jole, by the empress, who is a topping princess.’—‘I grant,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that my extraction is infinitely inferior to hers; but you must understand, friend, that knights-errant, of a certain degree of reputation, are equal to crowned heads, as appears by the books of chivalry, which testify this truth; and therefore you ought not to wonder at seeing me sit by an empress: but what you ought to be surprized at is that particular regard, and those special marks of distinction, which all persons bestow on me. I must confess I am almost confounded at such accumulated honours; and yet, flattering as these are to me, I am infinitely less affected by them than by the kind regard of Banterina: that peerless infanta loves, or rather adores me. This to me is inconceivable: she came last night to my chamber, to acquaint me that her father designs marrying her to the Great Mogul’s son. Had you seen her, my child, her sorrow would have grieved you to the heart. She had like to have died in her daisiel Laura’s arms: in short, the flame she cherishes for me causes her to behold this intended marriage as an affliction so terrifying, that, in order to shun it, and preserve herself entirely for my love, she has resolved to forsake her father’s court, and follow me wheresoever I will carry her; and we have agreed to be gone privately this very night.’—‘It is very well done, Sir,’ cried Sancho; ‘but then we must take Mrs. Laura with us, too, for she is a very genteel damsel.’—‘Signor Squire,’ answered Don Quixote, smiling, ‘methinks the damsel Laura has found a place in your heart. In good truth, my son, you are catched in love’s net! and, to prove what I say, I will now tell you what you feel within yourself. Is it not true, that you often think on that damsel? and that you are pleased when you think of her?’—‘Yes, faith!’ quoth Sancho; ‘I think of her every moment; and I do not know for what, but I am mightily pleased.’—‘Confess,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that you long to see her again; and that you could wish we were back at the castle.’—‘God

‘bless me, Sir!’ replied Sancho, ‘how can you guess at all that without my telling you! Hang me, nothing so true! I am mad to be at the castle again; and I, who never used to be weary of sitting upon my ass, am now as uneasy as a whore at a sermon.’—‘Do not wonder at my diving into your secrets,’ said the knight, sighing; ‘I am but too well read in those matters! But, to say the truth, I can never sufficiently admire the power of Love: no heart is proof against his arrows, since he has wounded yours. Spread open thy soul, my son! spread open thy soul to joy! and thank thy fortunate stars which entitle thee to the most delicious expectations. The damsel Laura will bear her mistress company; and your ravished eyes shall daily behold the object of their love.’—‘But, Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘may not I carry her away into my island without ceremony? Can any body have any thing to say to it? Have not governors always some damsel in their castles for their housekeeper?’

Don Quixote was about solving this case of conscience, and, perhaps, in favour of Sancho, when a damsel suddenly appearing before them, broke off their discourse; and, by her air and garb, drew their attention upon herself. She was mounted on a white palfrey, and held in her hand a large umbrella of rose-coloured taffety, bordered with a rich silver lace. Her cloaths were of a white damask, embroidered with flowers of gold, and a veil of white sattin covered her face. She advanced directly towards our adventurers, who thought they had not eyes enough to look at her; and when she came near them, she threw aside her white veil, and discovered the face of a woman at least threescore years of age. Don Quixote, however, did not fail mistaking her for some princess still in her teens, who had been stolen from her parents by some false knight, and then basely forsaken. This fancy possessing his brain, he bowed down to the very pommel of his saddle; and, saluting the lady in the most respectful manner, said to her—‘Charming infanta, you have doubtless just cause to complain of fortune, since we see you thus travel without any guard or retinue. What knight, I marvel, in defiance of

of that ravishing beauty with which you are so super-eminently gifted, and in contempt of those repeated vows he had made to you, could come to the base resolution of leaving you forlorn? Acquaint me, I beseech you, with the dismal story of your misfortunes; you cannot reveal them to a knight more entirely devoted to the service of ladies than I am.—‘Sir Knight,’ answered the damsel, ‘I perceive, by your noble mien and air, that the beauteous sex never implored your assistance in vain: I beg of you, therefore, to grant me a boon.’—‘I will grant you an hundred thousand,’ replied Don Quixote: ‘speak boldly, adorable princess! What is it you require of me?’—‘I am no princess,’ quoth she; ‘I am but a servant; and am thankful for that, since I can be no better: but the boon I ask of you is for an infant whom I serve, who is one of the most accomplished princesses in the world; you can never employ your sword more gloriously than in her behalf.’—‘Command me,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘explain yourself. What is the matter in hand?’—‘The matter is,’ replied the damsel, ‘to chastise a knight who has proved false to my mistress.’—‘Charming maiden,’ interrupted Don Quixote, ‘I will undertake that with all my heart: you need only name the traitor who could be guilty of an act so infamous.’—‘Ah, Sir!’ exclaimed the damsel, ‘how happy am I to have met with you! The avengement of my mistress cannot be entrusted to a better hand. Nevertheless, I must not deceive you: however greatly I confide in your courage, I cannot avoid quaking for the event: for, to be brief, I bring you into an extraordinary danger; you are to engage a knight who makes the whole globe re-echo with his achievements, and seems to lead about Victory by the hem of her garment.’—‘When he has overcome me,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I shall think him invincible. I am impatient to try my strength with him! Tell me his name quickly, and where I may meet with him.’—‘Sir,’ replied the damsel, ‘I am told he is in this country; and I will, in a few words, tell you his name and his story. That changeling, that ingrate, that felo-

nious man, is called Don Quixote de la Mancha; and the unhappy princess he has wronged is Dulcinea del Toboso. This perfidious knight, after having chosen her as his lady; after offering up his vows to her in a thousand adventures, which he could never have finished without the help of her peerless beauty, faithless and base as he is! hath undeservedly forsaken her, and is fallen in love with a fat Amazon queen, the refuse of a Prince Hiperborean and of the scholars at Alcala. You change countenance, Sir Knight,’ added the damsel; ‘I perceive the account of this disloyalty displeases you; your generous heart rises at so base an action; and you could wish you had already freed the earth from that execrable monster: but let nothing stay you; make haste to seek him out, and shed his blood in recompense for his perjury.’ This discourse, as may well be imagined, strangely troubled and annoyed the Knight of La Mancha: perceiving, however, that the damsel expected his answer, he spoke to her as follows. ‘Trusty confidante of the Princess Dulcinea, I am too much an enemy to dissimulation to conceal the truth from you. I must, then, avow myself to be that deplorable knight-errant, whose death you require at my hands! you have before you the unfortunate Don Quixote de la Mancha.’—‘Who? you!’ exclaimed the damsel, with an air of astonishment. ‘Are you that traitor my mistress complains of? Nay, then, I find there is no trusting to physiognomy!’—‘I am more unfortunate than guilty,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘I take Heaven to witness, that I had still been the Infanta Dulcinea’s true knight, had not she hated me; but I could no longer withstand her unworthy contempt of my love.’—‘She neither despised nor hated you,’ replied the damsel; ‘and it was only her nice honour that made her misuse you. She was willing to make trial of your constancy before she would reward it; but understanding, by the voice of fame, that you were in love with another lady, she sent me immediately to acquaint you that she will never see you more; and that she forbids you, in future, from ever setting your foot in La Mancha. This is what I am ordered

ordered to tell you on her part, and this is what I must tell you on my own. Do not think, false knight, that Heaven will suffer you to go unpunished. It would no longer be just, should it forbear to punish the wrong you have done to the most beautiful of it's works. May the enchanters your enemies mar the success of all your undertakings! May they blot out of the memory of man all the glory you have acquired! May they persuade all future generations, that the dreadful Bramarbas you overcame was nothing but a giant of pasteboard! And may they make posterity look upon all your heroick actions as ridiculous and foolish! These are the curses I bestow on you, inconstant Don Quixote! And, that your squire, who has a share in your change, may not blame me for forgetting him, may he every day meet with Yanguescians to drub his sides, or with galley-slaves to pelt him with brick-bats!— And may you, Madam Spitevenom! interrupted Sancho, angrily, fall into the next cart-rut with your palfrey, and break your strumpet's neck for you!—What the devil ails her? And what have I done to her, that she should wish me so much harm? The damsel, not regarding our squire's replication, turned her horse's head about in an instant, and whipped him on so briskly, that Don Quixote and Sancho soon lost sight of her.

CHAP. XV.

HOW STRANGELY DON QUIXOTE WAS PERPLEXED WHEN DULCINEA'S DAMSEL WAS GONE; WHAT INWARD STRUGGLES HE FELT, AND THE HAPPY RESOLUTION HE CAME TO AT LAST.

THE Knight of La Mancha, leaning pensively on the pommel of his saddle, found himself the prey to a thousand melancholy reflections, and knew not what measure to fix upon. Sometimes he had a mind to follow Dulcinea's damsel; and then again he was withheld by the force of his new passion. Sancho, seeing him thus cast

down, said to him:—' Cheer up, Sir Knight of the Cupids! What! will you be troubled at the words of a gipsy?'—'O my son!' cried Don Quixote, ' did you hear what she said? How wretched am I! But, alas! I deserve it. She said her mistress did not despise me; nay, she did not even hate me: and I, too ready to take a repulse, broke that glorious chain; and, through my impatience, lost the love of an adorable princess. Alas! poor cowardly knight, who hast no courage but in the field of battle! Your constancy ought not to have yielded to the rigour and disdain of that matchless princess. Return to your first chain. Run! Fly! Go swear to that lovely enemy that you will, for the future, only live for her! But I forget she has prohibited me from appearing in her presence. Shall I then provoke her just indignation by my disobedience? No; it is enough that I restore to her the sovereignty over my soul. She will not long remain unapprized that I have returned to my duty: Fame will take care to inform her of it. Let the Princess Dulcinea reign in my heart, then! May she reign there for ever! But what do I say? Senseless man! Shall I forsake the daughter of the Archbanterer of the Indies? Can I, in honour, do this, after what she has done for me? Justly as she will be incensed at the ingratitude with which I recompense her bounties, will not this princess have greater reason to detest me than even Dulcinea? O, ye gracious powers! how shall I acquit myself of this perplexity without detriment to my honour? I cannot be true to Dulcinea without being false to Banterina. What a heavy burden is honour! Whichsoever way I turn me, I see my memory blasted and my name covered with ignominy. But the time is short; the Infanta of the Indies presses to be gone with me this night. What shall I do? Heaven inspire me what course to follow!'

Here Don Quixote paused a while, deliberating on the means of extricating himself from this thorny dilemma without breach of his honour. At length, he suddenly turned to his squire, and

C H A P. XVI.

THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION OF
DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE.

said—'Blessed be my favouring stars, son Sancho, I am now no longer dubious! I know what I am to follow. I remember what the Knight of the Sun did in the like circumstances, and I will imitate his example.'—'What good was it he did?' cried Sancho. 'I will tell you,' answered Don Quixote. 'He was upon the point of marrying Landabrides, when his first mistress Claridiana sent her damsel Arcania to him to upbraid him with inconstancy. He was so touched with what she said, that he immediately left the Emperor Ali-cander's court, and retired to a desert, resolving there to die for grief.'—'Out upon it, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'what a beastly resolution was that! Heaven forbid you should ever do the like!'—'You do not know what you say,' replied Don Quixote. 'Can I do better than tread in the steps of such a renowned knight? I must imitate him, my friend; and, surrendering myself accordingly to the impulse of a just repentance, I this moment banish Banterina from my heart and my memory; and will now remove at a distance from the court, to finish the sad course of my miserable life in some solitary wilderness.' The squire, utterly averse to so preposterous and uncomfortable a project, bestirred himself with might and main to shake his master's resolution; but his eloquence was all to no purpose. 'Forbear, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'forbear vainly to oppose a resolution which so much concerns my glory. Follow me, without contradicting any more; or else never more keep me company.' With these words he gave the reins to Rozinante, who took by chance the road which leads to Toledo. Bitter grievance was it to the squire, that he should be thus forced to leave the castle where he had fared so daintily; yet he preferred his duty before his inclination, and followed his master: whose elopement proved a great disappointment to the ladies and gentlemen; for these having employed the fictitious damsel of Dulcinea with a view of diverting themselves with our knight's embarrassment thereat, never once took into their account that it might possibly be the means of their losing him.

OUR adventurers were now near Illescas, when they turned out of the highway to strike into a little wood they espied in the plain. As soon as they reached it, they alighted, and sat down on the grass; and Don Quixote, thinking the place proper for the execution of his design, said to Sancho—'It is here, my friend, that I will submit to my destiny, offering up myself a sacrifice to Dulcinea's displeasure. We have but a few minutes more to pass together; we must now part for ever.' The squire, hearing these dismal tidings, began to blubber again, crying—'O my good master Don Quixote, what madness has possessed you to resolve to die for having changed your mistress? Does any body die now-a-days on that account?'—'Check your sorrow,' quoth the knight; 'and oppose all the strength of your reason against the rigour of our ill-fortune. Our parting troubles me as much as yourself. I had flattered myself with the hopes of a longer life; but, since my honour stands not in need of it, and that, dying, I have the comfort of leaving you governor of a good island, I am willing to end my days. I know you relied on me, and thought I would, by my advice, ease you of part of the weight of your government. I designed the same; but no matter: listen to me, my son; I will tell you how you shall govern your island so as to gain the love of all the inhabitants. Be severe without being rigid; be good without being too indulgent; be generous, watchful, and ready to relieve all that stand in need of you. Let not the affairs of the wealthy be expedited with more readiness than those of the poor. Let not favour or interest turn you away from the course of justice. In short, let all the people of your island live in peace, and quietly enjoy their own. I will say no more; for, besides that I will not burden your memory, I fear lest the sage who is to write my history, and who records

records every thing that I utter, should fatigue his readers by a too prolix discourse.'—'Sir,' answered Sancho, 'it is needless to teach me how to govern my island. I renounce all the governments in the world: I will die here with you; and that will soon be done, for I have but one day's provision.'—'No, friend,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will not allow you to share in my fate. The interest of your family requires you should live, and keep your government. It is enough that I die. Dulcinea's wrath requires but one victim.'—'Alas!' cried the squire, redoubling his lamentations, 'what, if you die, will become of poor orphans? Who will defend giants against widows? O the cursed Dulcinea! Could she not have been quiet without sending her messengers after us?'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'take heed, wretch, how you utter any blasphemies against that divine princess! I had rather all nature should return to it's first chaos, than to hear one word of reflection on that sovereign lady! Instead of cursing, you must go to her from me, and you must tell her that, not being able to survive her indignation and the prohibition to appear before her, I have pined away to death in this desert. Then shall you fall down at her feet, and conjure her not to hate my memory; and you shall never rise till her royal mouth has granted it. This is what I require of you. Now you may depart. Go, my son,' added he, holding out his hand to him; 'go, and sometimes remember you of your master. Farewel; I freely give you all that is in the portmanteau.' This present, though pretty considerable, could not console Sancho; who, upon this dismal occasion, gave good proof that he entertained a sincere regard for his master; for, laying hold of his hand to kiss it, he bathed it with his tears; and appeared so transported with sorrow, that our knight could not help being touched by it; and found himself obliged to remove so affecting an object from his sight, by requiring his immediate departure.

When his squire was out of his sight, he drew near to Rozinante, who stood motionless on all four, with his bridle

on his neck, and his eyes shut, peaceably expecting his doom. 'Faithful companion of my labours,' said the knight to him, weeping bitterly, 'Heaven can testify I am as much troubled to forsake you, as the Knight of the Sun was to part with his Cornelin. I will make the same speech to you, for you well deserve it, that he made to him in the island of the demoniack Faunus.—O my good horse! In recompence for the service you have done me, I must needs discharge you of your bands: I set you free. Go, you are no longer subject to the power of man; for the future follow your own inclination. Enjoy the same liberty which other creatures enjoy in this desert; for what knight would you serve after me?' This said, he took off his saddle and bridle, and giving him two gentle claps on the buttock with his open hand, added—'Go, then, beautiful horse; remove at a distance from this fatal spot which I have chosen to be my tomb.' The freed beast, insensible of the value of liberty, yet feeling himself eased of his accoutrements, laid down quietly upon the ground to rest himself. Don Quixote observing it—'My dear Rozinante,' cried he, 'you cannot leave me, then. You prefer death before your liberty, and will not survive my misfortunes. Be it so, then; let us both die here together: and, when future ages understand that I expired for grief of having offended my lady, let them with admiration learn, at the same time, that you died for grief of losing me.' Having spoken these words, the unfortunate knight began his bitter wailings to the neighbouring echoes; and, prostrating himself on the earth, invoked death to succour him, being resolutely prepared to yield up his life a sacrifice to his chagrin.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RECEIVED UNEXPECTED COMFORT.

IN the mean while, Sancho having regained the highway that leads to Toledo, jogged slowly on, his brain occupied

cupied with a thousand woeful cogitations; often sighing, and stopping at every turn to look back to the place where he had left his master. But his dolours were now about to give place to joy; for, when he least thought of it, a man mounted on a scurvy beast passed by; and, staring earnestly at him, cried out—'By the Lord, I am not mistaken! It is certainly Signor Sancho Panza I behold!'—'O, Mr. Barber!' quoth Sancho, recognizing master Nicholas his countryman, 'is it possible I have stumbled upon you? What chance brought you into this strange country?'—'I will tell you that punctually,' answered the barber, 'when you have informed me what is become of Don Quixote.'—'Alas, master Nicholas!' replied Sancho, 'all we can say of Don Quixote now is, God rest his soul! He needs nothing now but prayers.'—'O Heavens!' cried the barber in consternation, 'then your master is dead!'—'Not yet,' replied the squire; 'but his life is in great danger. I left him just now in the wood you see yonder, where he purposes to die through despair for Madam Dulcinea.'—'God be praised!' said master Nicholas; 'since he is not absolutely dead, all is well enough. Cheer up, my friend; Don Quixote shall not die: I come now to tell him such news as will put him out of conceit with his journey into the other world.'—'What news?' quoth Sancho. 'The most surprizing,' answered the barber, 'and the most pleasing he can ever hear. But let us make haste to convey it to him; for let medicines be never so good, they are useless when applied too late.' Sancho, who had great confidence in master Nicholas, laid much stress upon his words, and conducted him speedily to the spot where he had lately parted from the knight of La Mancha.

There they found Don Quixote, stretched out on the ground, leaning his head on his hand, and buried in profound meditation. 'Sir,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon for interrupting your penance, and disturbing the pleasure you take to die for despair; but it must be so, for here is master Nicholas the barber come with me,

who brings you good news.'—'Alas!' answered Don Quixote, 'what can he say that will avail me in the wretched condition I am in!'—'I know nothing of the matter,' quoth the squire; 'but I rely on him, and am already overjoyed at what he is going to tell you.'—'You have a true foreboding, friend Sancho,' replied the barber; 'and your master will rejoice as much as you do, when he is informed my errand is to acquaint him that the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso is resolved to make him happy.'—'What is it I hear?' cried Don Quixote. 'What pleasing words are those have reached my ears? O my dear friend master Nicholas, perhaps you only utter them to divert my grief, and snatch me out of the hands of death.'—'No, no,' replied the barber; 'I tell you nothing but the truth; and, to prove what I say, I have a letter for you from that noble infant.'—'Gracious powers! a letter?' cried Don Quixote in a transport; 'what thanks shall I be able to return you, Mr. Barber?'—'I am no longer a barber,' answered master Nicholas; 'I have sold my razors, bason, and wash-balls; I am now squire to the Princess Dulcinea, and my name is Tobosin.'—'Let me be hanged!' cried Sancho, 'that is great news. What! you have no shop, then? And, pray, who is shaver at this present in our village?'—'There is no trimming at all there,' replied master Nicholas; 'and I will presently tell you the reason. But let us now mind more important matters.' Thus saying, he pulled out of his pocket a letter, and delivered it to Don Quixote, who took and read it aloud. The contents were as follows—

THE LETTER.

THE Princess Dulcinea del Toboso, the slave to the heavenly fire-brands; to thee, the cause of all my misfortunes, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, health. I ought to shiver at thy very name; and, as a punishment for thy negligence in seeking tidings concerning me, I ought to blot out of my memory all thy exploits, which, to my sorrow,

are

'are there engraved as it were on brads.
'But ladies do not always what they
'ought to do; and, therefore, instead
'of treating you with that rigour you
'deserve, I write to you, to command
'you, by the power Love gives me over
'your person, to return immediately,
'upon receipt hereof, into La Mancha.
'My squire, who is well known to
'you, will inform you how much I
'stand in need of your valour and
'assistance. Heaven keep you, and
'preserve my life; which I much fear
'till I can enjoy your unworthy and
'dear sight.'

'O Heavens!' exclaimed the knight,
'what a felicitous alteration! I can
'scarce believe this miracle! How
'obliging is this letter! I am the more
'surprized at it, because it differs so
'much from what the damsel told me
'whom we met this morning.'—
'What damsel did you meet?' said the
barber. 'One of the Infanta Dul-
'cinea's damsels,' answered Don Quix-
ote. 'And what did she say to you?'
quoth master Nicholas. 'She told me,'
answered Don Quixote, 'that her mis-
'tress forbade my ever appearing be-
'fore her, or returning to La Man-
'cha. Confounded at that fatal in-
'junction, I repaired to this solitude
'to fulfil my miserable destiny.'—
'Heaven forefend!' replied the barber,
guessing by this information that some-
body had been diverting himself at the
knight's expence. 'It is true, the
'Princess Dulcinea was in a great pas-
'sion when she sent that damsel to you;
'but since then the case is altered
'with the infanta, and an accident has
'happened which obliges her to deal
'more favourably by you: in the con-
'dition she is in at present, it would ill
'become her to treat you like a Turk
'or a Moor; she has more need to make
'the best of it, and to court you; for,
'to deal plainly, she stands in need of
'your sword.'—'Explain yourself,'
'master Toboso!' cried Don Quixote,
in a transport. 'What danger is my
'princess in? Inform me quickly!'—

'She is in the greatest of dangers,' re-
plied master Nicholas: 'she refused,
'some months since, to marry the Em-
'peror of Trebisond; who, to revenge
'himself, has laid a design to steal her
'away; and to that end he is come to
'Toboso with an army of six hundred
'thousand men.'—'Powers above!'
exclaimed Don Quixote, interrupting
him, 'can ye then favour such an out-
'rage? Tell me, my friend, what did
'the princess do in this extremity?'—
'She summoned the ban and arrear-
'ban to be in arms,' replied the bar-
ber; 'and not only the gentry, but all
'the inhabitants, of the villages of To-
'boso and Argamasilla, are got toge-
'ther in her palace, with a resolution
'to defend her to the last drop of their
'blood; and have all vowed to let
'their beards grow till they have de-
'feated the enemy: and this is the
'reason why I told you they did not
'trim their beards. Now, you must
'understand, there have been several
'encounters; the arrear-ban has done
'wonders, as it used to do: the Pagans
'have always had the better; they have
'torn to pieces Peter Perez our curate's
'new cassock, and cut out the tongues
'of our two alcaides for having given
'judgment wrongfully.'—'O Holy
'Virgin!' cried Sancho; 'then our
'alcaides are finely brought to bed!'—
'In short, Don Quixote,' added the
barber, 'though the Tobosines behave
'themselves bravely, they must needs
'fall at long run; and, though Dul-
'cinea's palace were better defended
'than the castle of Albracca*, sooner
'or later, the Emperor of Trebisond
'will make himself master of it. So,
'you see, that unless you speedily re-
'lieve my mistress, she is a lost infanta.'
—'Away! away!' cried Don Quixote;
'let us fly to her relief! I am as able
'to rout a numerous army as Orlando.
'Let us saddle Rozinante quickly, and
'be gone!'—'Don Quixote,' said the
barber, 'I find I am not deceived in
'my expectation; I knew you could
'not fail being on fire when I told you
'this news. I assure you I am over-

* Albracca was the capital of the kingdom of Cathay. Angelica, daughter to Galaphron the sovereign thereof, having rejected Agrican King of Tartary, who demanded her in marriage, he raised a great army, and besieged her in Albracca. Agrican was at length slain in single combat by Orlando.—See Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo.

'joyed

'joyed to see your readiness; and the Princess Dulcinea has good reason to ground all her hopes on you.'—'Is it possible, Mr. Tobofo,' said the knight, 'that that beautiful queen should make any account of my valour?'—'How do you mean?' replied the barber. 'By the Lord, she values you more than all the twelve peers of France put together! "Go, my dear Tobofo," said she to me at parting; "go seek out the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect; bid him come to defend his princess. Ah! were he here, how little should I fear the Emperor of Trebifond!"' As the barber spoke these words, Don Quixote, catching him in his arms, hugged him heartily, in token of the pleasure with which such grateful intelligence inspired him.

At this time, Rozinante having smelt out master Nicholas's beast, with whom he had formerly skipped in the meadows of Tobofo, he got up very heavily, and began to neigh so loud, that the whole wood resounded. Don Quixote received it as a favourable presage. 'Rejoice, my friends!' said he; 'Rozinante forebodes the victory I am going to gain over the Emperor of Trebifond! We cannot set out under better auspices.'—'No, truly!' answered the barber, smiling; 'if there were still a college of augurs at Rome, he would well deserve to be one of them: but we must saddle and bridle him instantly; for time is precious. You may guess what an havock an army of six hundred thousand men will make in a country where they live at discretion.'—'O Lord!' cried Sancho, 'what will become of my oxen, my six ewes, my goats, my eight hens, and my cock? I will warrant those dogs will soon dispatch them!'—'That is done already,' quoth master Nicholas; 'it was the first thing they did. The very first day they came they devoured your oxen, your sheep, and your goats; and the emperor, who loves none but nice bits, eat your cock boiled with bacon.'—'And what became of my hens?' said Sancho. 'They made broth for their sick men with them,' replied Tobofo. 'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'I am utterly undone! Good

God! is it lawful to devour other men's substance after that manner? The Holy Brotherhood ought to take up all those knaves, and send them to the galleys.'—'That is not so easily done,' answered the barber: 'but cheer up, my friend! you serve a master who keeps fortune locked up in his sword-scabbard: and as for the loss you have sustained, I promise you the Princess Dulcinea shall make it good.' This assurance somewhat comforted Sancho: he saddled and bridled Rozinante; and they all went out of the wood, taking the road to Tobofo.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHAT THE BARBER'S DESIGN WAS; WHAT DON QUIXOTE DID AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF DON BELIANIS OF GREECE; AND, LASTLY, OF THE MOST UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT EVER BEFEL HIM.

OUR Arabian historian begins this chapter by acquainting us with the barber's design; and tells us, that Mr. Valentin being informed by the canons, to whom Sancho told his story of the geese, that Don Quixote was gone to Madrid, had written to the curate Peter Perez, giving him an account of it, and exhorting him in his charity not to suffer that honest gentleman to continue any longer the laughing-stock of Spain. This letter the curate shewed to master Nicholas; and, upon mature deliberation, they both agreed that Don Quixote must be once more secured in a cage; and, for the future, be so well watched, that he should have no opportunity of escaping; that the only way to draw him into La Mancha was to possess him with the idea of Dulcinea's being in imminent danger, and to write a letter, in which that disconsolate princess should implore his assistance; that the barber should go directly to Madrid to deliver the letter; and, to give the better colour to this cheat, should pretend to be Dulcinea's squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen. Now let us return to our history.

Our adventurers were not yet got out of

of the wood, when Don Quixote said to the barber—'Mr. Tobolin, I remember I have read that Don Belianis, understanding that a puissant army lay before Babylon to carry off Flo-ribella, was four days without speaking one word, to express his concern. Would not you advise me to follow his example?'—'No doubt of it,' answered master Nicholas; 'it is the best thing you can do. To what purpose do we read the actions of great men, if we do not imitate them? Do, Don Quixote, speak not in four days: Dulcinea will be charmed at such a notable testimony of your concern; and, upon my word, I will take care to magnify it to her.'—'Then I desire you both,' said Don Quixote, 'not to interrupt my silence. Do you two discourse as if I were not with you.' This said, he was silent on a sudden, to begin his imitation of Don Belianis. 'So, friend Sancho,' said the barber, 'let us deal it about now; let us talk a little to divert ourselves.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you have met with your match! I thank God, my tongue was never backward; and I know you can play your part: so that, betwixt us, we shall ring a brave peal.'—'Well,' said the barber, 'to set you a-going then, recount to me all the adventures that have befallen you since your last fall, to the end that I may entertain the Princess Dulcinea with them when I get home.' Sancho did as he was desired; and, when he had ended the relation, went on saying—'Now, master Nicholas Tobolin, pray do you explain one thing which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a palace at Toboso, and that the sister of Basil and Bertrand Nogales is a princess? For, to say truth, when I carried her my master Don Quixote's letters, I could see nothing but a downright peasant; and yet her damsel we met this morning was clad like a lady of quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted when I saw Madam Dulcinea, and am so no longer now.'—'There is no doubt to be made of that,' answered the barber: 'it is likely that when you disenchant- ed that Infanta Bouncerina you tell me of, you disenchant- ed yourself at

the same time. Your fast might produce that effect.'—'My fast!' cried Sancho, laughing as if he were mad. 'By my troth, that is a good notion!'—'Why do you laugh so heartily?' quoth the barber. 'I never laughed with a better will,' replied he; 'and, since my master cares no more for the Infanta Bouncerina, I will tell you how that matter was. All the archbanterer's court, and my master Don Quixote himself, think I fasted for her; but the devil take him that did! Yet, for all that, she is as well disenchant- ed as if I had not eaten a bit: and thus you see sometimes a good name is gotten by fibbing.' Don Quixote, hearing this discourse, could not restrain himself. 'How now, scoundrel!' cried he to his squire; 'did not you go to bed without your supper?'—'I grant it, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'but when you were in bed, do not you remember I got up?'—'Well, and what then?' replied the knight. 'What then!' answered the squire; 'why it was then I went to pillage the pullet and the piece of bread you had left upon the table.'—'What stories do you tell us!' said Don Quixote. 'You talk of a dream as if it had been a reality.'—'I make no question of it,' said the barber: 'that night when he fasted, he dreamed he got up to eat a pullet and a piece of bread; and the dream has made such an impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as truth.' Master Nicholas spoke these words so gravely, that Sancho, not knowing what to think of it, cried out—'Good God! is it possible I only eat the pullet in a dream? Then a man, broad awake, cannot swear he is not asleep!'—'You are no good logician,' answered Don Quixote: 'you must not say, that a man broad awake is not sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep; and then you will argue categorically.'—'Nay, faith, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'I do not understand those morals; but God knows the truth of it!'—'Since the infanta was disenchant- ed,' replied the barber, 'you may be satisfied that you fasted; for enchanters are not to be imposed upon.'

‘upon.—But Don Quixote,’ added he, ‘to your silence again; and, lest you should be forced to break it a second time, do not listen to what we shall say.’ The knight took his advice, gave over all attention to their discourse, and, occupying his thoughts with the great feats he was to perform before Dulcinea, was entirely wrapped in meditation, and punctually observed his silence for four days.

By this time, they drew near Argamassilla and Toboso, and were almost in sight of those two villages, when the barber said to Don Quixote—‘At length, Sir Knight, after a long journey, we are now near the place where your presence is so necessary.’—‘We can never come soon enough,’ my dear Tobosin,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘What a multitude of dismal notions occur to me! My valour is ready to sink under them. When I consider our country desolated, our fields thronged with Pagans, our crops carried away by strangers, our friends and townsmen slaughtered; and, above all, when I think on my princess in despair, counting as impatiently as myself, the moments I am wanting; good God! what a torment is this for a heart so tender as mine!’—‘I must confess,’ said Tobosin, ‘those are woeful thoughts; but we must hope Dulcinea will be more afraid than hurt. Let us think of defending her; and all three of us resolve to cut and thrust.’—‘Why all three?’ quoth Sancho. ‘Must we, that are no knights, run our heads into the battle?’—‘Sure enough,’ answered Master Nicolas. ‘It is true, we cannot fight knights, but it is lawful for us to engage scoundrels and rakes; and, I believe, there are enough of them in an army of six hundred thousand men.’—‘You need not second me, my friends,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Though this army be very numerous, I shall soon put it to flight myself; for I will go directly to the emperor’s quarters; and, finding out that prince, by the three crowns he wears on his head, as is the custom of the emperors of Trebisond, I will make myself way through the soldiers and knights that encompass him, and then I will attack him.

‘He will not be able to withstand my force: I will strike him down, and cut off his head; as one of his predecessors was served by Contumelian of Phœnicia. Then the news of his death being spread abroad among his troops, they will fall into consternation and fly.’—‘So our country,’ quoth the barber, ‘will be at once delivered from those Pagans. Heavens be praised! By my troth! well fare the books of chivalry! they teach us curious stratagems in war.’ Thus they discoursed till they discovered Argamassilla; and, when they were come within two hundred paces of it, the barber, designing to get into the village to acquaint the curate with the arrival of their countryman, and to make ready the cage, said to the knight—‘Don Quixote, do you halt here with Sancho: I will go view the enemy; and will return in a moment with an account of the posture I find them in. Be you upon your guard, the mean while, for fear of a surprise.’—‘Go, brave Tobosin,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘and observe all things attentively.’—‘I will not fail,’ replied the barber: ‘I will examine all things nicely; but I will endeavour chiefly to discover where the emperor’s quarters are.’ This said, he left Don Quixote, and made haste into the village. ‘Sancho, my son,’ said the knight, ‘let us both stand sentinel: let us look about; and be so watchful that nothing may escape us.’—‘Would to God,’ answered the squire, ‘these six hundred thousand Pagans would make their escape! By my faith, I would never hinder them!’ As they thus stood, looking around them on all sides, they chanced to espy ten or twelve men on horseback in the plain, making towards Toboso; and these were a party of the Holy Brotherhood. ‘To arms! to arms!’ cried Don Quixote. ‘See there a strong detachment of the Pagan army! They are the flower of the knights of Trebisond, whom the emperor, being informed of my arrival, sends out to hem me in! But I will fall upon them; and, having put them all to the sword, will, by their defeat, strike a terror into the enemy’s army!’ This said, he spurred on

Rozinante





Stothard del.

Walker sculp.

Rozinante towards the knights of Trebifond. Alas, poor Knight of La Mancha! whither is your valour hurrying you? What rueful spectacle, alas! are you now about to exhibit to the eyes of the universe? O ye Tartars and Chinese! ye nations who behold the bright Aurora ope the curtains of the day! and ye inhabitants of the new-found world, with whom the great luminary that lights us sets! ye scorched Ethiopians, and ye frozen Laplanders! Don Quixote advances to the combat: attend all of ye to this mighty event:

The troopers seeing Don Quixote make towards them, halted to expect him; but, though they were surprized at his mien and garb, they were much more amazed, when, being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing voice—‘O ye contemptible mortals, who do not deserve to be called knights, since you are not ashamed to support the base cause of the infamous prince you serve, stand upon your guard!’ The officer who commanded the party, understanding these words as a reflection on the king his master, replied hastily—‘Sure thou art mad, or some damned insolent fellow, that darest speak such words of the most honourable of all princes!’ Don Quixote, hearing himself called madman and damned fellow, set himself fast in his stirrups, couched his lance, and ran full tilt at the officer; who, having neither time nor skill to avoid the thrust, received it in his heart, and fell down dead under his horse’s belly. Upon this, the troopers drew their swords, and hemmed in the knight to seize him; but he drew as well as they, and charged so furiously, that he wounded two or three of them. The others, fearing the same fate, began to give way; when one of their number, ashamed that the whole party could not secure a single man, laid hold of his carbine; and, taking aim at the face of the unfortunate Manchegan, lodged a brace of bullets in his brain. The poor knight had no need of a second shot. His feeble hand dropped Rozinante’s bridle; and, tottering a while in the saddle, he fell off near the dead body of the officer he had slain. Sancho, who

beheld the combat at a distance, put on to help up his master; but finding him stretched out senseless on the ground, and his visage covered with blood, he broke forth into all the frantick excesses of a truly-afflicted squire. He wept, he tore his hair, beard, and eye-brows; and made the plain ring with his cries, sighs, and lamentations.

Whilst Sancho thus raved, the curate Peter Perez, and the barber, arrived on the field of battle; and, finding no signs of life in Don Quixote, were much troubled. The troopers were disposed, at first, to have taken possession of the dead knight’s body, in order to form a process against him as a common disturber of the peace, and render him and his memory infamous; but, as soon as they were made acquainted with his strange infirmity, they gave him up to the care of his countrymen, and retired with the carcase of their comrade, whom they buried in a place which the Arabian historian has omitted to specify. When they were gone, the curate and the barber began mutually to bewail the fate of Don Quixote; and were the more inconsolable, as having been themselves, though innocently, the occasion of it. Sancho, on his side, renewed his lamentations. ‘O my good lord and master!’ cried he, shedding bitter tears, ‘now it is we are parted! We shall never see one another more till we meet in the great valley!—Alas! poor orphans, your father is dead! Princesses may now cry, nobody will succour them; and chivalry will fall altogether, since it has lost the knight that supported it.—Alas! what shall I do in this world without you, my dear master? I have neither oxen, nor sheep; the Pagans have dispatched them; and the Emperor of Trebifond has eaten my cock, comb and all. I have nothing left but our portmanteau, which you gave me the other day; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate may sweep that away for your burial.’—‘No, Sancho,’ cried the curate, ‘I shall ask nothing for that, my friend; and if your master has given you that portmanteau, you shall keep it.’ The barber, having added some

other words of comfort to the drooping squire, they all three set forth with the remains of Don Quixote for the village of Argamassilla, where it is to be supposed they rendered him the last sad offices with a pomp suited to the dignity of his character. It is to be

supposed, I say; for in this place the sage Alisolan, through grief, lets fall his pen. Melted with the melancholy situation in which he beholds his hero, he averts his eyes from the distressful spectacle; and, abandoning his work, concludes here this history*.

* This account of the death of Don Quixote originates with the French translator. Avellaneda does not terminate the knight's life at the close of his work; but, in consistency with the intention hinted in his preface of bringing out his hero in Old Castile, (which is alluded to by Cervantes at the conclusion of his Don Quixote) leaves him in health and readiness for farther achievements.

F I N I S.

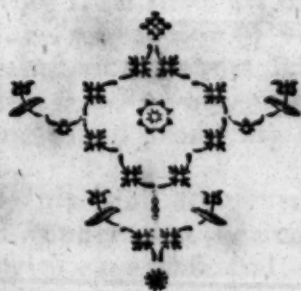


THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN;

OR, THE
LIFE OF MARIANNE,
COUNTESS OF *****.

TRANSLATED FROM
THE FRENCH OF MARIVAUX.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXIV.

VIRGIL ORPHAN

2

THE ORPHAN





THE

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE reading of that part of history that relates to human life and manners, has been always considered by allowed judges as one of the best methods of instructing and improving the mind. When we see the heart laid open, and the secret springs and movements that actuate it exposed, and set in one impartial light, with their different good and evil tendencies; we are enabled to form a true estimate of human nature, and are taught what ought, or ought not, to be our own conduct in every similar instance.

But the instruction, I think, is not carried to it's proper extent: the scene of action is generally laid in exalted and publick life; among deep politicians and martial heroes. And though this may be of some service in cherishing publick-spirit, and a warm regard for the interest and good of nations; few readers, comparatively speaking, will ever have occasion to reduce the example into practice: and, if we except what I have just mentioned, all the advantage resulting from their study will be this; that they are informed of some matters of fact, pleased, and struck with admiration.

But when the history is reduced to our own level, and applicable to our real circumstances in life, much extensive and lasting benefit may accrue from the perusal of it; for, in the right discharge of the common duties of humanity, and in a proper conduct, either in affluent or in embarrassed and difficult circumstances, every one has an immediate and important concern: in the frailties, too, and little foibles of our nature, we are all prettyequal sharers. An example, therefore, given to these purposes, that describes every different disposition of the mind, according to the variety of it's situations, and the actions naturally flowing from those dispositions; and all guarded, too, with just encomiums on the side of virtue, and severe censures and remonstrances against vice; cannot fail, I think, of making a strong impression on the mind of every person not wholly lost to all sense of moral excellence, and producing some of the genuine fruits of it in his conduct.

Besides, histories of this kind are generally made publick by way of entertainment; and, under that notion, even a libertine may be induced to read them with eagerness and delight: and, it is highly probable, if he goes through them with attention, and is not past all reflection and serious thought, some incident, or applicable circumstance, may strike him, and tend greatly to his reformation. And what an entertainment, indeed, will they be to a judicious and sober reader, when he finds religion and virtue painted in the most lovely colours, and set in every attractive light!

The advantage, too, that these entertaining pictures of human nature may be of to youth, is very considerable. Those who have been concerned in the important business of education, must know that the love of pleasure is the most natural and easy inlet to young minds: every

every thing that presents itself through this channel is sure to gain a ready access; close and abstract reasonings are above their capacity; grave and serious discourses may sometimes fail of the intended effect; for (not to insist on the aversion common in young people to every thing gloomy and solemn, and that is imposed as a task) it requires great exercise of thought and reflection to attend to the thread of a discourse, and conceive immediately every idea the writer or speaker would express. But lively examples, and plain matters of fact, are easily comprehended; and, the moment their understandings are informed, the affections are excited; which, being free from all false biasses, are properly and exactly suited to each particular incident as it occurs to them; and thus, if due care is taken to fix the application deeply in their minds, a love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, is insensibly instilled into them, and the impressions may last for ever.

It must be acknowledged, then, that a history, in familiar and common life, is in point of real usefulness preferable to every other; since the benefits arising from it are universal, and extend to all stations and circumstances; for even the statesman and general (in which two peculiar views mankind are commonly represented in history) cannot be said to form a complete character, without attending to the offices and duties of private life; and it is this last branch of conduct (when their history is related) that can be of real advantage to the generality, and point out any thing to them capable of their imitation.

The history before us deserves to be considered as a useful piece of instruction; a lesson of nature; a true and lively picture of the human heart. Our little foibles are exposed with much wit and spirit; the true motive to every action is honestly acknowledged; and not the least pretension made to a virtue which, in reality, had no existence. Of what use this natural colouring, and painting things just as they are in themselves, must be, is very obvious; for they who know any thing of human nature, will readily acknowledge, that we are too apt to impose upon ourselves in ascribing those actions of ours to a laudable motive, which, in fact, had their rise from some low and sordid disposition. The reflections have nothing in them studied and forced; but are the language of the heart, the fruits of experience, dictated immediately by the circumstances of the person who makes them: the sentiments throughout have an uncommon delicacy and beauty in them; they do honour to morality, and ought to be cherished by every one who would be truly polite, and throw a lustre and an attractive quality on his virtues. In one word, it is a production that reflects glory on the French nation.

But still there may be some readers whom it will disgust. A few of mankind, out of a love of cavil, and an affectation of superior judgment, find fault with every thing, for no other reason than because it is generally approved of. Others, again, can relish no history that does not set the hero in a perfect and unexceptionable light; blemishes and defects in his behaviour they will not admit of; a low character, though justly painted, is contemptibly hurried over: in short, their pride and delicacy are shocked, if they meet with any circumstance that suits human nature, and is below the pitch of supreme excellence. The first sort are not worthy the pains of making a reply; and these last, I am afraid, do not propose to themselves any real improvement from what they read, but rather the gratification of a heated and elevated fancy. But I would have these visionaries reflect, that the avoiding
vice

vice is the first natural step we take in pursuing virtue; and unless the difficulties and obstacles that arise from headstrong passion and corrupt habits are removed at our setting out, we shall never make the least progress towards the height of virtue we aspire after. What rule of conduct, then, can an example afford us, that is beyond the reach of human capacity to imitate? And how shall we be ever able to shun the consequences of vice and folly, to which we are all in some degree subject, and these readers among the rest, when our whole time is employed in contemplating such objects as have no defect either in point of understanding or manners?

Some readers, too, will perhaps be displeased at the quarrel between Mrs. Du Tour and the coachman; but there cannot be a better argument in it's vindication, than it's containing an excellent moral, vastly extensive, and suited to a great number of individuals in all stations.

The reflections this quarrel introduces have a visible tendency to create in the mind an abhorrence of such vulgar scenes, which we are daily witnesses of in real life; and to inspire a delicacy that will make us incapable of behaving in a manner so repugnant to good sense, and so contrary to all our ideas of true politeness.

They who indulge a brutal behaviour are not confined to the lower classes, to whom a want of education, a want of the very means of cultivating and humanizing the mind, may be some excuse: they are even rivalled by some amongst the great, who make one grand privilege of their superior station to consist in the right they pretend to have of acting beneath it at pleasure.

Persons of this depraved taste can only be shamed out of a habit so mean and contemptible; which cannot be better done than by representing it in it's own light: and one that is incapable of being wrought upon this way, must be entirely lost to all sense of ingenuity.

As to this translation, I have not much to offer. When I read the original, I thought it would admit of an English dress, that might do justice to the fine spirit that reigns throughout: with this view, and to give my female readers especially a piece so worthy of their attention, entire, and in some measure perfect, I immediately set about it. Now I have succeeded in my attempt, the publick must determine; and the encouragement it meets with will sufficiently declare their sentiments.

TRANSISTOR BRIDGE



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I.

I Am surprized, Madam, to find the few incidents of my life, which made up part of the conversation the last time I did myself the honour to spend some days at your rural retreat, should have so far raised your curiosity as to entreat me to give you the whole. My history is, indeed, very remarkable: but I am a very improper person to write it, except you will tell me where I must learn a stile. It is true, indeed, that the world once thought I had wit; but that kind of it, I believe, however agreeable to the ear at the first hand, loses all it's smartness in the reading. When a celebrated beauty speaks, though she has ever so little wit, it will be thought superior. Men do not know how to set a value upon what we say; for, while they gaze with delight upon such an agreeable object, what she says is improved by what they see.

I have seen a lady, whose conversation was thought all enchantment; her expressions incomparable, her turns vivacity and delicacy itself; and while she spoke, pleasure sat smiling on every countenance: but, alas! she was suddenly seized with the small-pox, and was extremely pitted. What a change! the poor lady has lost all her charms, and her conversation is dwindled into mere impertinent chit-chat. You see how much her fine sense was owing to the superior attractions of beauty: and really, I think, this was my case; for my eyes, I believe, have had more wit than I.

How many times have I caught my-

self saying things which have given me pain upon reflection; and which would never have stood trial without the external charms of blooming beauty, and the pleasing air that accompanied them, which alone gained all my applause; and which the small-pox would have reduced into it's intrinsic worth, mere idle impertinence!

I have just mentioned a stile; but if you ask what that is, really the question will remain unanswered. But if I do not know what a stile is, how should I write a good one? I think I have heard you commend my letters; and on that account I intend to write like them. The freedom allowed in the epistolary kind of writing will give me a licence to set down whatever ideas occur to my mind; and, as I shall lie under no restraint, I intend, as I am grown very fond of reflection, to follow my own inclinations; and be at liberty either to go on with my narration, or describe the situation of my mind, as best suits with my present humour.

But I beg you would not forget you have promised to keep my name secret: for I am resolved to be known to none but you.

Fifteen years ago I was absolutely unacquainted with every circumstance of my birth, and had never been informed whether I was of a noble or mean extraction; a bastard or legitimate. I must confess this looks like the beginning of a romance; but it is not, I will assure you.

I am going to relate the first catastrophe of my life, and which has been

the source of infinite misfortunes: but it was happy for me, I was then too young to feel the greatness of my loss.

A stage-coach on the road to Bourdeaux was attacked by villains, in a place fit for such black designs. Two of the gentlemen leaped out of the coach, and made resistance; but, being overpowered by numbers, were soon murdered, after having wounded some of the assassins. Two women in the coach, with the postilion and coachman, shared the same unhappy fate; and there only remained alive a canon of Sens, and I, a miserable orphan, who seemed to be between two or three years old. The canon fled; while I, who had fallen down in the coach, was screaming and crying in the most dreadful manner, being half smothered under the body of one of the women; who, wounded and unable to support herself, fell upon me; and, in her expiring agonies, almost crushed me to death.

The horses stood as still, as if they had been dead too; whilst I remained in this deplorable situation, filling the air with incessant shrieks, without being able to disengage myself.

You must observe, that one of the persons killed in the coach was young and beautiful, of about twenty years of age, and dressed like a person of quality; the other seemed to be forty, and had the appearance of a chambermaid. If one of these was my mother, it was certainly the lady; because the likeness between her and me, though disfigured by death, and stained with blood, was too striking not to be taken notice of by the persons who saw her corpse; and compared the features of her face with mine. Besides, my dress was remarkably genteel and handsome, and my linen extremely fine, which rendered it very improbable I should be the daughter of a chambermaid.

I forgot to tell you, that a footman belonging to one of the gentlemen in the coach, though mortally wounded, fled cross the fields; till, growing weak with loss of blood, he fell down at the entrance of a neighbouring village, where he died without telling to whom he belonged. All they could draw from him before he expired, was, that his master and mistress were just murdered.

Whilst I was struggling and crying under the body of the young lady, five or six gentlemen who were riding by, seeing some persons lying dead near the coach, and hearing the cries of a child within, stopped at this terrible spectacle, either from that curiosity which such shocking scenes are apt to inspire, or from a charitable design of giving me their assistance; when, looking into the coach, they saw the bodies of the two women, and where, by my cries, they judged I was also.

Some of them (as they since have told me) were absolutely for withdrawing; but the others, touched with compassion for me, stopped them; and, alighting, came first to the coach, while the rest followed. Here they were struck with a new scene of horror; the lady lay with one side of her face upon mine, which she had bathed with blood; one arm pressed me close to her bosom, while her head declined upon mine; seemed as if she had been taking a last embrace, and was loth to bid me an eternal adieu. They removed the lady, forced me from her arm, and took me out of the coach almost drowned in blood.

After this, they consulted what should be done with me; they saw at some distance a small village, where they resolved to take me; and gave me to one of their servants, who carried me thither, wrapped up in his cloak. Their design was to put me into the hands of the vicar, that he might seek out a person willing to take care of me. But this gentleman, to whom all the inhabitants were ready to conduct them, was gone to visit another clergyman, and there was nobody at home but his sister and two maid-servants. This lady was a person of the strictest piety and virtue: she was affected with the dismal story, took me into the house, and promised to persuade her brother to keep me; and had all the above particulars set down by a scrivener of the place.

At last, the gentlemen who brought me thither contributed to raise a small sum, which they put into a purse, gave it to the vicar's sister for my use, and then took their leave.

It is from this lady I received all these particulars, the reading of which I do not doubt has filled you with terror. Sure never did any person enter upon life with greater misfortunes: I had



Plate I.

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lost those dear relations from whom I received my being, at an age when their care was needful to support my tender frame, and sow the seeds of virtue in my heart. But I was insensible of my loss, and was too young to know the dismal situation I was in.

I need not mention what became of the coach, or the poor murdered travellers, since that is foreign to my own history. Some of the assassins were apprehended, three or four days after, for another robbery: but what added to my misfortunes was, that these villains had found nothing either in the coach, or the cloaths of those they had assassinated, that could reveal the secret of my birth. In vain the stage-coach register was searched; it could only inform us, that a gentleman and a lady, whose names sounding like those of foreigners, could give us no information, it being likely they had concealed their real names; we could only learn, I say, that a gentleman and lady had taken five places in the coach, three for themselves and a child, and two more for a footman and chambermaid. Thus the secret of my birth became impenetrable; and, deprived at one stroke of every person whom nature or kindred would oblige to assist me, the charity of mankind became my only support.

The greatness of my misfortune procured me the charitable protection of the good vicar, who consented to keep me. People came to see me from all the neighbouring towns; for I was become an object of curiosity, as well as pity. The superstitious were desirous to examine the features of my face, and the lines in my little hands, and foolishly imagined they saw there my sad adventures writ in legible characters. Every body took a kind of romantick fancy to me: they thought me pretty, and my air engaging; and you cannot imagine how much these natural accomplishments were to my advantage, or how noble and delicate they rendered the tenderness which I inspired. They could not have caressed a little unfortunate princess with greater respect, or a more becoming and graceful air. The ladies, especially, interested themselves in my misfortunes; and were continually making me presents of the finest and genteelst dresses, in which they strove to outvie each other.

The vicar has often said, that he never heard those ladies, amidst all the favours they heaped upon me, use the word *Charity*; the word was too harsh, and therefore shocked the delicacy of their nice sentiments. Whenever they spoke of me, it was in the politest and tenderest terms: they never called me the poor orphan; but it was always 'that lovely child!' If they mentioned my parents, they were foreigners; and, without doubt, of the first rank in their own country; it could not be otherwise; and they were as sure of it as if they had been eye-witnesses of every thing they were pleased to imagine. There was a story given out about me, which had been amplified by the extravagances of every one that told it, and of the truth of which they were afterwards as fully convinced, as if they had not been the authors of it themselves.

But, alas! all things come to an end; and the finest sentiments have their period, as well as every thing else. As my adventure grew stale, it ceased to strike their fancies. A habit of seeing me dissipated the imaginations which had been so beneficial to me; their sublime and generous ideas were forgot; and the tender satisfaction they took in seeing, in loving, and admiring me, appeared no more in their countenances. As these inclinations took their rise from a capricious fancy, and a love of novelty, it is not very strange that, in six months time, their charming little creature, their lovely infant, should become a poor unhappy orphan, to whom they no longer scrupled to use the word *charity*; for they said I had a title to it. The clergy in the neighbourhood recommended me to them as a proper object of their concern; but the religion of the ladies was of much less service to me than their extravagance had been, for I made little or no advantage of it: and had not the vicar and his sister taken the tenderest concern for me, I must have been miserable indeed! Their affections increased as fast as the others cooled; and I have reason to be thankful, that, though robbed of a father and mother, I found, in these two pious persons, all the affection that could be hoped for from those dear relatives.

Mr. De Rosand, for that was the name

name of my benefactor, was a gentleman of a good family, and formerly enjoyed an estate, which was exhausted by a tedious law-suit: however, his living brought him in a handsome subsistence; and he knew how to be contented without enjoying many of the superfluities of life. Pride and ostentation he was an utter stranger to; his generosity, and the agreeable gaiety of his temper, in spite of his age, made him beloved by all who knew him; and he knew how to keep up the two characters of the accomplished gentleman and the judicious-divine.

Mrs. De Rosand was a lady of good sense, free from affectation; and, though an old maid, had such a sweet disposition, such true politeness, and undissembled goodness, as abundantly recompensed the want of those charms which had been destroyed by the small-pox, she being extremely seamed by it.

These are the persons to whom I owed my education, and that virtue which has supported me under all my afflictions, and has raised me from the lowest and most miserable condition to my present station. We lived in the greatest harmony: their affection for me knew no bounds; and I, in my turn, honoured and loved them as my parents. The house we lived in was one of the most antique buildings I ever saw; it had, for some ages past, belonged to the vicars of the place: the rooms were spacious and numerous, but the ceilings low. We had behind the house a pretty commodious garden, a beautiful sylvan scene, which seemed rather the product of nature than of art: there was fruit in abundance of every kind, which grew promiscuously amongst the other trees that never bore any; so that they all together formed a thick and shady grove. The vine supported his feeble branches by encircling the oak, and the flowers seemed scattered with a careless hand over the verdant turf; those whose tender stalks were liable to be broke down by unfriendly feet, crept in clusters round the trunks of the trees; while the woodbine and jessamine were made to rise above, and twine amongst the branches: there the trees were never pruned but in order to make them fruitful, or to let in the prospect of the fine meadows,

or the far distant hills; which, seeming to mingle with the clouds, formed a delightful horizon. We had no answering platforms, no cut-walks, nor any thing like that studied affectation of regularity which disgusts the eye by a repetition of uniformity, and a constant sameness of design; for it was a maxim with Mr. De Rosand, that nothing but what is natural can be pleasing to the subjects of nature, nor can art any farther delight than as it resembles it. The agreeable intermixture of opening and shade was contrived with such exquisite art, as not only to appear natural, but to let in or exclude the prospect of the adjacent country to the advantage of the whole scene.

Opposite the middle door of the house was a long shady walk, which extended itself to the bottom of a piece of pasture-ground behind the garden; and at the foot of several of the trees were raised seats of earth covered with camomile. When fatigued with severe study. Mr. De Rosand took delight in relaxing his thoughts with working here, and acting the part of a laborious gardener; an employment he chose at once to preserve his health and recreate his mind: he committed the management of his kitchen-garden and vineyard to a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, whom he had released from prison by paying a debt for him; and who, nevertheless, he rewarded well for his labour.

This good man began every day with paying a grateful homage to the Supreme Being, in which we all joined. After breakfast, the sister and I worked with our needles, played upon a spinnet, or amused ourselves with reading; and in the afternoon we walked in the garden to see Mr. De Rosand work, and be entertained with his conversation. In the evening, this pattern of benevolence acted the part of an arbitrator of the differences of his contending neighbours; which he was frequently so happy as to adjust to the satisfaction of all parties concerned; and, after supper, concluded the day as he began it.

This worthy gentleman began early to shew his zeal for my happiness, by establishing in my mind the nicest sentiments of virtue and honour: he represented religion in a light which made it appear all amiable and lovely, and as the highest happiness of a rational being;

being; he painted the substantial pleasures of conscious innocence, the exquisite happiness of a mind that can survey itself with tranquillity and self-approbation, in such pleasing colours as perfectly charmed me. The pleasure that sparkled in his venerable countenance, and the extreme delight he took in talking on these subjects, informed me he was no stranger to this kind of happiness; and that he was only describing the actual situation of his own upright mind. His good sense placed him above the superstition and bigotry too common even amongst the pious and the learned: he never thought a man more religious for being less sociable than his neighbours; and therefore could never hear to hear the most delightful employment of the soul represented in the gloomy light and forbidding language of most of our clergy. 'Religion, my dear Marianne,' says he, 'and ill-nature, are entirely incompatible; it never was designed to abridge the innocent pleasures of life: we are not to scorn and spurn back the favours of indulgent Heaven; but with gratitude and thankfulness to use them.—Take notice, my dear,' would he say, as we were walking sometimes in the garden, 'what a vast profusion of delight nature has spread around us! But, if we call off our thoughts from this pleasing landscape, and view the minutest part of this verdant scene, or the smallest insects, which in busy millions fly over our heads, our surprise will arise in proportion to our attention! See, this same earth gives the various colours to every flower, and supplies the different fragrance of the jonquil and the rose: it feeds, with equal impartiality, the tallest elm and the meanest shrub; the finest plant, or the most noxious weed! Then he would rake up a flower, and enter into a curious description of its mechanism; while the most ordinary objects, which were a moment before unregarded, appeared full of wonders, which I longed to be acquainted with. Thus he led me, through a delightful labyrinth, to the First Cause, while I listened with the utmost eagerness and attention; till, at last, he would break out into a rapture—'O thou overflowing Fountain of Goodness! how deep are we lost in

the contemplation of thy works! How exquisite is the delight thou hast prepared for man!'

These early improvements gave me a habit of thinking, which served as a counterbalance to my natural sprightliness and gaiety: they improved and entertained me; and I do not know if I was not, at this time, more happy in this rural life than I am in my present elevated situation; however, this is certain, that I feel a wonderful satisfaction in bringing these past scenes to my remembrance.

Mrs. De Rosand was not behind-hand with her brother in her care of my education; she taught me every thing necessary for a young lady to learn: she loved me most tenderly; and I remember that many times I have seen her look upon me with such a moving softness in her countenance, and then burst into tears at the remembrance of my disasters, that I have felt the same emotion; and, charmed with this proof of her friendship, have thrown my arms about her neck, and, with the tenderest embraces, mingled my tears with hers. A country vicar's sister is commonly an awkward, untoward, unbred creature; but Mrs. De Rosand was perfectly the reverse; she was polite and virtuous; her behaviour free and easy: she was enough concerned for my happiness to tell me faithfully of my faults, and to consult the least painful way of doing it; she did it always without any witnesses, told me the reasonableness of her request, and in a manner so friendly, as, instead of disgusting me, heightened my esteem and affection for her. Happy would it be for children, if parents would take this method; and, instead of frightening them into their duty, by gentle methods fix it in their hearts!

I was about fifteen, when one of Mr. De Rosand's relations, who had no other heir than he and his sister, writ from Paris that he was dangerously ill. This gentleman had already given them frequent information of his ill state of health; but in this letter he entreated them, with the greatest earnestness and importunity, to let him see at least one of them once more before he died, and to be as expeditious as possible in giving him this satisfaction.

As Mr. De Rosand placed his delight

light in performing the duties of his function, he determined not to leave his cure; and therefore he sent his sister.

She had no design, at first, to take me with her; but, a day or two before she set out for this journey, seeing me look uneasy, and observing that I sighed—'Take courage, Marianne!' said she; 'since you dread so much my absence, I will not be against your going with me, if I can prevail upon my brother to consent to it. I have a prospect in view for you, and have some thoughts of putting you to a tradeswoman to teach you some business that you approve of; for it is time to think of doing something. Our lives are precarious; we ought, therefore, to look forward to futurity: as long as we live, we shall be ready to assist you to the utmost of our power, not to mention what we shall leave you when we die; but that will not be sufficient to maintain you, for we have not much to leave. I do not believe the relation I am going to see is rich; and we ought to chuse such a station for you as will be a settlement. I tell you this, my dear Marianne, because you are now at years of discretion: and, methinks, I would fain have the comfort, before I die, of seeing you married to some honest man; or, at least, in a situation that will not make our deaths so great a loss as it must be if we are snatched away before you are provided for.'

I was so touched with this discourse, that I threw myself into her arms. I could not bear the thoughts of losing her without giving way to the transports of a grief such dismal thoughts occasioned: I wept; nor could she restrain the painful pleasure of sympathizing with me, and accompanying me with her tears. At that instant Mr. De Rosand came in; and, looking at me with an air of benevolence—'What is the matter, sister?' said he: 'I believe Marianne is crying.' Upon this, she told him the subject of our conversation, and the design she had to take me with her to Paris. 'With all my heart,' returned he; 'but, if she stays there, I fear I shall never see her more; and this is a thought I have not yet learned how to support. I love the dear child most tenderly; we have had the care of her education, and have

spared no pains to fulfil the delightful important task. Now I am grown old, and my grey hairs tell me I must not expect to live long—but, O my dear Marianne! my dear child! how shall I be able to bid you a final adieu, and to part never to meet again in this world!'

Nothing could be more moving than this conversation. I could make no other reply but sighs and tears, the natural rhetorick of an oppressed and afflicted heart. The good man coming up to me—'Marianne,' said he, 'you shall go with my sister, since it is for your advantage, which I ought to prefer to every other consideration: but, my dear, never venture to do any thing without our advice; and, if my sister cannot place you well at Paris, you shall return back with her, and we will try what can be done for you here.'

I will not repeat all he said to me before my departure: I must abridge; for these little particulars of my youth have no doubt tired you; they are not very interesting; and, besides, I long to come to things of greater consequence. I have a great many adventures to relate; and I ought to have a great value for you, to engage me to enter upon a history which will be so very long. I must scribble over a great deal of paper; but I will not think of it, lest my indolence should take the alarm. Let us then proceed, and never mind it.

The thoughts of seeing the world, of being admired, and conversing with men of wit and fashion, together with the childish expectations of being, and knowing, and seeing, I know not what, filled my mind, and displayed my inward satisfaction in the vivacity of my countenance; blind to the misfortunes I was soon to be involved in, I was impatient to leave that safe, that innocent, and peaceful dwelling: but, before we set out, this pleasure palled and sickened upon my mind, and these imaginary satisfactions vanished; I grew dull, and could hardly refrain from tears. What a strange contradiction we are to ourselves! We are frequently all gaiety and mirth; when, in a moment, the scene changes, and grief and pressing anxieties load our spirits. I could see no cause for the satisfaction I had before tasted. I sighed; and, almost

most without knowing what I did, I left the hurry my friends were in, we being almost ready to set out, and stepped into the garden to indulge my growing melancholy. As I was walking down the vists, which extended itself into the close behind the garden, I heard the vicar call me; when, starting from my reverie, I turned about, and saw him coming towards me. 'Where have you been, Marianne?' said he, as we met; 'the coach is ready: however, we may make them wait a little.' Then desiring me to sit—'My dear child,' resumed he, 'thou art going to leave me; I fear I shall see thee no more! My heart is full! I am all tenderness! I feel the affection of a father that is about to part with his only child! Indeed, we have been to thee instead of parents: thy education has been my greatest pleasure; and which, though I should never see thee more, I shall always think on with comfort. I found thee early improve in sentiments of virtue, and with delight embrace it. How vast my satisfaction! I have endeavoured to make thee know thyself; have taught thee to search thy own heart, in order to form a just opinion of thy merit. Value thyself upon thy purity of soul, and conscious virtue; esteem a tender heart, easily moved with the miseries of others, and apt to take the impression of their calamities, as a blessing infinitely preferable to the greatest affluence without these humane dispositions. These qualifications will render thee truly amiable. Thou art, indeed, lovely beyond description! But, oh! take care that these charms are not a snare to thee; for, if these exterior accomplishments should betray thee to lose thy purity of heart and inward rectitude, thou wilt have reason to wish thou hadst been as deformed as thou art now lovely. Believe me, penances and austerities can never compensate the want of moral goodness; since, as I have often told thee, and now repeat it, it is all that is worthy in man, all that is amiable in God himself, the perfect pattern of spotless purity and consummate goodness. Never be ashamed to acknowledge thy obligations to the Divine Being; nor to love him who is the most lovely of all beings. May his goodness surround thee! may he be thy guide in

the slippery paths of youth! When thou art disposed to change thy state, prefer the honest, the worthy man, who loves thee enough to tell thee thy faults; but shun the flatterer, and detest the wretch that would rob thee of thy innocence. I entreat thee, my dear child, never to venture upon any thing of moment without advice: write often; but never forget to do it when you stand in need of our counsel. Adieu, my dear!'

After a tender salute, and many tears, we parted; and endeavoured, by a free and easy conversation, to dissipate the gloom that so affectionate an interview had occasioned: we soon grew cheerful and agreeable company; and, after a pleasant journey, at last arrived at Paris; but were obliged to pass through almost the whole city before we reached the house of my dear friend's relation.

My surprize at the sight of this noisy and populous town, at the multitude of the streets, and the magnificence of the buildings, exceeds all description: it was to me the empire of the moon; I was no more myself; I stared at every thing with astonishment in my looks; but remembered nothing that I saw. However, the length of the city made me come to myself; and I began to enjoy, with a pleasing satisfaction, the objects of my amazement; and was glad to find myself situated in a world so new, and so different from my expectations. The air I breathed seemed to revive my spirits; and there was a kind of sympathy between my ideas and the objects that presented themselves to my sight; and I could not help imagining, that in this vast crowd of varieties was contained an inexhaustible source of pleasures hitherto untasted: in fine, I thought every delight centered here in it's highest perfection. Pray, was this the common effect of inexperience, or a presage that here would lie my future scene of action?

We found the person we went to see had died about twenty-four hours before our arrival: but this was not all; every apartment in his house was sealed up; and, though he had several offices under the state, it was said his debts far exceeded his estate. How they made it appear, I cannot say; for it has slipped my memory: all I know of it is, that we were not able to get admittance into

into his house; that all his effects were seized; and that, after many debates, in the compass of three months we were at last convinced that there was not a penny to be hoped for, and that it was a pity he had not left more for the discharge of his debts.

Had we not then made a fine journey of it? Mrs. De Rosand, however, behaved with prudence and moderation: she was concerned, indeed, at our disappointment; but it was purely on my account. She had flattered herself and me with the hopes that this money would contribute to settle me in a station which would be an agreeable support after their decease; but, alas! what misfortunes were about to befall me! This dear woman, at this juncture, was taken with a violent fever; her illness increased daily; and what at that time added to our perplexity was, that the money we brought with us was almost exhausted; and Mr. De Rosand, who had nothing but his living to depend upon, could not supply us with any more, without the greatest difficulty. Her sickness overwhelmed us both with care; and was to me a most insupportable affliction. What a moving sight! How tender were the sentiments of her heart! Never had she shewn so much affection for me before; for she never had seen me in so deplorable, so wretched a situation. Though almost suffocated with my grief, I dried up my tears, and interrupted her sighs with a thousand tender caresses, the natural transports of a grateful afflicted heart: my soul overflowed with love and gratitude; and I entreated her, in the most melting language, to lay aside her concern for me, and consult only the preservation of a life which then appeared infinitely dearer to me than my own. I sent to Mr. De Rosand, and informed him of the melancholy news of his sister's illness, and the straits to which we must soon be reduced. But there are times when unseen disasters fall upon us without intermission, and we are overwhelmed in a swift succession of misfortunes: thus it was at present; for this gentleman, going to see one of his brother clergymen, six weeks after our departure, had the misfortune to fall off his

horse, (a dangerous accident for an old man!) and was not able to stir out of his bed when he received my letter. This was followed by another fatal event*: this worthy, this pious gentleman, was obliged to appear before his superiors, to vindicate himself from a charge of heresy which was preferred against him; and, though nothing was proved, except his having a fine collection of the works of the most celebrated Protestant divines, he was obliged to resign his living, and a successor was named. Thus was he made a sacrifice to the avarice and cruelty of a priest who made use of his generous sentiments, his universal benevolence and love to mankind, to ruin him, and get into his living. The remembrance of these things bring tears into my eyes; and I am obliged, dear Madam, to break off, in order to dissipate the too painful ideas which crowd into my mind.

The earth is surely an abode very foreign to virtuous minds, since they are perpetually tortured upon it. In this exigence, many of his pretended friends forsook him, in spite of all the obligations of gratitude: but a set of gentlemen, of his acquaintance, embraced this opportunity to shew their regard for his distinguished merit, by offering to contribute to his support; and entreated he would make use of their houses till their interest should accommodate his affairs, and place him, if possible, in his former station.

We almost despaired of the sister's recovery, when we heard this news from the brother. At reading the letter, she gave a loud shriek, and fainted; whilst I, drowned in tears, ran to give her assistance. She came to herself, but did not shed a tear. From that moment I observed in her a courageous resignation to the Divine Will, and her heart was composed and steady. The uneasy fondness she before had expressed for me became instantly a virtuous tenderness, which resigned me into His hands who can make the most melancholy events subservient to our happiness.

When she was come to herself, and we were alone, she called me to her, with a faint voice; and, making me

* The Paris edition, and that of the Hague of 1735, have omitted this, and several of the foregoing particulars, but for what reason we cannot imagine.

fit upon the bed, told me she desired to speak to me. Give me leave, my friend, to relate here a part of her discourse, the remembrance of which is still dear to me; for these were the last words she spoke.

'My dear Marianne,' said she, 'I have no more a brother; for though he is not dead to the world, to you and I he is. His friends, I doubt not, will contribute to his support while he lives: for my part, I shall soon be no more. I have placed my thoughts on a better world. But in what circumstances do I leave you? Oh, how distracting is the thought! How many the cares in which thou wilt be involved! But it is God's will: this comforts me under this distressing circumstance, sad and frightful as it is. His designs, though impenetrable, are doubtless more to thy advantage than any I can propose. Perhaps I shall lie a while in this lingering condition; though, it may be, the first fainting fit will carry me off. I dare not give thee the rest of my money; thy youth and artless innocence will render thee easily deceived. I will put it into the hands of the monk who visits me, and desire him to dispose of it to your advantage. He is related to me. If he does not come to see me to-day, you shall seek him to-morrow, that I may speak to him. After this single precaution which I shall take for you, I have only one thing to recommend to you, which is, to be ever inflexibly virtuous and honest. Constantly remember your education; and be assured you shall possess the richest, the noblest treasure, that could be left you; the riches of the mind, the proper happiness of a reasonable being. A pleasure of the same nature with that of angels, and all the blessed above! It is true, my dear child, it will not prevent your wanting the comforts of this life, nor your being reduced to great straits even to support it; though it is not improbable, but that God will reward your virtue here. Virtuous minds are scarce; but those who esteem virtue are not; for there are a thousand occasions in life wherein we need the assistance of the virtuous. If a man marries an honest and prudent, though a poor woman, no dishonour

attends his choice: but though she be beautiful, rich, and of noble descent, and yet destitute of virtue, shame will be the portion she brings to her husband. Men will always be of this mind: the love of virtue is natural to them. It appears amiable even to those who have not resolution to embrace it: besides, it fills the heart with comfort, and an inward satisfaction; it is the sweetest repast to those who live in indigence and want; a repast more sweet than the luxuries of the epicure. But the distresses of this life are but short! the scene, my dear, will soon change, when oppressed virtue will appear triumphant! when immortal glories and unfading delight will recompense their painful sufferings! The scorn-ers of virtue, who boast of their conquests, always condemn the women they seduce: they take advantage of their weakness; degrade, despise, and abandon them to reproach and misery. It is only for want of reflection that any woman grows lewd! the height of folly and madness! It will not bear a moment's thought to chuse whether we would get rid of poverty at the severe rate of losing the tranquillity of our minds, and the delightful expectations of endless unfading happiness; at the severe rate of being despised; at the severe rate of being abandoned here to contempt and misery, and of being hereafter deprived,—'

Here she began to falter, unable to finish the rest. You are curious to know what answer I made. Indeed I could make none; I was not able to utter a word: her discourse, and the thoughts of her death, had rendered me speechless, and had swallowed up all the faculties of my soul. I pressed her hand with eagerness between mine, and kissed it a thousand times, whilst my eyes streamed with incessant tears; however, I lost not a syllable of what she said; for it made such an impression upon my mind, that, I believe, I have repeated it word for word.

I must now come to the use I made of it. How many follies have I to relate to you! How seldom are we wise till there is scarcely any merit in being so! Why do we say that a person is at years of discretion, when it is rather

the age of madness and folly? How improper the expression! for when first we enjoy our reason, it is a beautiful jewel often looked at, and much valued, but of little use; and it's fine lustre is only fit to be admired.

I beg, Madam, you would bear with these transient reflections; for I shall always take the liberty to make use of them, since the many follies I have been guilty of give me a right to them, as being the product of my own experience. Now let us proceed.

As Mrs. De Rosand had told me she apprehended the next fainting-fit would carry her off, I was too much concerned to go to bed that night, and therefore sat up with her. She slept pretty well till two in the morning, when I heard her groan. I ran to her bed; I spoke to her; but she was no longer in a condition to answer me: she took hold of my hand, and seemed expiring, with a tender smile upon her countenance.

Grief took possession of my heart; the terror and anguish of my mind soon deprived me of my senses; and I had a momentary respite from the agony in which I was involved. But my reflection and my misery returned together; and methought the world was a desert, wherein I was left alone. I then found how affectionately I loved her; and recollected how affectionately she had loved me: every distressing circumstance was painted on my heart in such lively colours, that I was almost distracted. Oh, how much grief can enter into the human heart! How vast our capacity for misery! and how great our sensibility!

My cries and lamentations awoke the family. The landlord and his wife knocked at our chamber-door. I opened it without knowing what I did: they spoke to me; but my tears and sighs were the only answer I could make. They soon knew the cause of my affliction; and went to succour, if possible, the dear expiring woman. She lay motionless; and, distressing thought! who knows but she was already gone! However, half an hour after, they were positive she was dead. The servants came up with hurry and clamour: I fainted again, and was carried into the next room without my perceiving it. When I came to myself, as if astonished with the excess of my misery, my tears ceased flowing,

and I was denied the sweet consolation of venting my grief, and by those friendly drops assuaging the anguish of my bursting, tortured heart: but what a condition I was afterwards in I need not tell you; you may more easily form an idea of this dismal situation than I express it; besides, the recital fills me with an insupportable melancholy; and, on this account, I chuse to break off.

Philosophy is of little service when we are oppressed with such terrible afflictions. Whilst our minds are serene and undisturbed, we reason upon the virtue of patience, and the government of the passions; we applaud our all-powerful arguments, and think them capable of mastering and controuling the bitterest afflictions; but when we are borne down by such violent, such terrible calamities; when we have lost all that is dear, all that makes life desirable; how can we support the shock? We have not even the inclination to make head against our sorrows; we do not so much as struggle, or catch at the help that offers, but give up all command of ourselves, and are carried away by the violence of the torrent, without once attempting to stand our ground.

They who would give us a picture of human nature, very often describe what we should be, rather than what we are: like the writers of modern romances, who, fond of every thing that is marvellous, neglect nature, and describe their hero as wanting even the foibles which we are unavoidably liable to; for a perfect character is a very unnatural one; and, whatever these visionaries may think, those who speak from their own experience are more likely to teach us the knowledge of ourselves than the dreams of these novelists. But to return.

Now was I left alone, with no other guide than the experience of a girl of about fifteen. As Mrs. De Rosand had called me her niece, the persons of the house gave me a verbal account of every thing they pretended was found about her; which would not have required a more formal proceeding, had they even given me up the whole: but a part of the linen was stolen, and some trifles; besides, from four hundred livres, which I knew Mrs. De Rosand had left me, they had the con-

science,

science to take half. I complained, indeed, but in such mild terms, that it availed no more than my silence would have done. My grief made me insensible of every thing else; and, as I had no friend, as I was destitute of the consolation of any one to comfort me, and concern himself with my affairs, I had no regard to them myself. This turn of mind put me into a state resembling tranquillity: but, alas! how lamentable is such a seeming calmness! Indeed, the greatest transports of rage and despair are less to be pitied.

Every one of the family seemed to interest themselves in my misfortunes; especially the landlord and his wife, who came, with a dissembled compassion, to console me, under a distress of which they had made their advantage: a sort of people the world swarms with; for generally none express a greater desire of alleviating our troubles than those who cause or get any thing by them.

I consented they should sell Mrs. De Rosand's cloaths for me, for which they gave me what they thought proper; and it was about a fortnight since my dear aunt, as they called her, (but I would fain term her my dear mother, or rather, my only friend, since there is no title but must yield to that; nor heart more tender, nor more unshaken, than one inspired by a true and solid friendship;) it was about a fortnight, I say, since my dearest friend died, which I had passed in her lodging, without knowing, or caring, what would become of me; when the monk, whom I have already mentioned, came again to see how Mrs. De Rosand did. He was very sorry to hear she was dead; and as I was sensible he was the only man my dear friend had thought proper to entrust with the secret of my birth, I could not help feeling a kind of secret satisfaction on seeing him come in.

He was touched with my misfortunes: the little care I took of myself in these heavy afflictions moved him extremely. He addressed himself to me in a very affecting manner; and set before me the dangers I ran in staying in that house alone, and without a friend to own or advise me. He told me it was a situation that exposed me to their artifices who might make an advantage of me, since I was in the bloom of youth,

and free from affectation. In short, he let me know that, stupid with my grief, I slept on the brink of a precipice, blind to the dangers that ought to terrify me, and which should have employed all my thoughts.

His discourse had it's desired effect: it roused me from my lethargy of thought; I saw my danger, and trembled to think what would become of me. This inquietude raised a thousand terrors in my mind. 'Where shall I go?' said I, all in tears. 'No soul on earth knows me; I am related to no man living. To whom shall I apply for help; or who is obliged to assist me? What shall I do, when I leave this house? My money will not last long: besides, it may be taken from me; and this is the first time I ever had a sum to spend.'

The good monk did not know what to answer. Methought I was become a burden to him; and these are a sort of people who, when they have once given you their advice, have done all they are able to do. To return into the country would have been a folly; I could have no asylum there: my dear friend Mr. De Rosand had sent us all his money, which we received with his last letter, and had nothing to do but to drag out a tedious life in dependence. There was then no resource on that side; and, indeed, my perplexity and terror almost made me distracted.

At last, the monk, after having racked his invention, thought of a charitable and pious gentleman, who was, he said, entirely devoted to good works, and to whom he promised to recommend me the next day: but the next day would not do; I could not support the thought of staying any longer—I wept, I lamented my condition—He offered to go—I held him fast—I threw myself at his feet—I entreated him to take me with him immediately—I could not bear the thought of his going without me. 'Oh! cast me not into despair!' said I. 'What would you have me do here? They have already taken from me some of my money; to-night they will take the rest. They may convey me away. My honour and life are at stake; I dread every thing! Be assured I can never have a moment's repose here—I will die rather; I will fly at all hazards: and, if you are

‘indeed my friend, would not this afflict you?’

The monk was terribly embarrassed; and, finding he could not get rid of me, paused for a moment; and then, calling for a pen and ink, wrote to the gentleman he had told me of. He read the letter to me. It was wrote in the most pressing manner; and he conjured him, by all the obligations of religion, to hasten to us with speed. ‘God,’ said he, ‘has reserved for you an act of charity the most precious, the most meritorious, and the most acceptable, in his sight, of any you ever did in your life.’ And to excite him more effectually, he mentioned my sex, my age, and beauty, with the fatal consequences they might possibly have, either from my own weakness, or the wickedness of others.

When the letter was writ, we sent it as directed; and, while we waited for an answer, I kept the monk in sight, being fully resolved not to lie that night in the house. I cannot tell you what it was I apprehended, nor what was the reason my fears were so great: all I know of it is, that I took notice of my landlord’s face, which I had not observed till then; and in his aspect I read the most terrible things. That of his wife, methought, was surly and gloomy; and even the servants had the look of villains: in short, every countenance there made me tremble. The most terrible ideas crowded into my mind; and I could not think of staying, without thinking too of swords, daggers, assassinations, robberies, being pursued and insulted by villains; whilst my blood froze at the dangers which my fancy painted to me: for whenever we set our imagination to work on such gloomy scenes, our own ideas readily furnish us with a variety of horrors, and all that is dreadful immediately appears in it’s most formidable, most frightful terrors.

I was amusing the monk with these black and melancholy thoughts, when the man whom we had sent with the letter returned, and told us, that the gentleman’s coach was waiting for us below, and that he could neither write nor come himself, because he was engaged in business when he received the letter. I packed up my cloaths, and made haste to save my life. I ordered my dreaded landlord and landlady to be called, and

instantly discharged what was due; and, in reality, their looks were not the most engaging; and imagination had little to do to render them perfectly disagreeable. This, however, is certain, that I have remembered their faces ever since. Methinks I see them still, and could even draw their pictures. I have, I believe, known some honest men, whom I have been at first sight prejudiced against, only because the air of their countenances seemed to resemble theirs.

I went into the coach with the monk, and we soon arrived at the above-mentioned gentleman’s house. He was between fifty and sixty, yet sufficiently genteel; very rich; and of a mild but grave countenance, which was predominant over a good complexion; and a happy plight of body. He gave us a kind and free reception, without compliment, or any other ceremony than embracing the monk; and then casting his eye upon me, desired us both to sit down.

My heart fluttered; I was extremely embarrassed and disconcerted; and so out of countenance, that I durst not even lift up my eyes. ‘Come,’ said the gentleman, taking the monk by the hand, and pressing it with an air of devotion and reverence; ‘come, let us see what is to be done for this poor unhappy girl: pray, Sir, relate more particularly her history.’ He instantly obeyed: which done, the gentleman resumed—‘How strange are her adventures! how dreadful her situation!’ ‘You was much in the right, father,’ continued he, ‘when you told me I could not do a more meritorious action, than the serving this unfortunate young creature: I am of the same opinion; and think too, that she has a thousand times more need of help than any other of her sex. I am obliged to you for having pitched on me for that purpose. I bless the happy moment in which you was inspired with the resolution of informing me with her situation and misfortunes; for I am sensibly touched with your narration. But let us consider what method we must take to extricate her out of her troubles.—How old are you, child?’ added he, with an affectionate look. At this question I could only sigh, being unable to make any answer. After a short pause, he resumed—

resumed—'Do not afflict yourself; take courage; I desire nothing more than to serve you: God, the sovereign Lord of all we enjoy, demands that we should supply the necessitous, and feed the poor with the substance he has given us. Tell me, then, how old you are.'—'I am about sixteen,' Sir, said I. 'Really,' resumed he, turning towards the father, 'one would be apt to think her older: at first sight one cannot help observing something to her advantage; the natural innocence and expressive simplicity of her countenance give me a good opinion of the purity of the heart, and even shew she is of a noble extraction. But, indeed, her misfortunes are very great. How impenetrable are the designs of Providence!

'But let us now mind the main affair,' continued he. 'As you have no fortune, we must know what sort of employment you chuse. Pray, had your deceased friend taken no resolution on that head?'—'She had,' said I, 'an intention of putting me out to learn some trade.'—'Very well,' replied he; 'I approve of her design: but do you likewise approve of it yourself? Speak freely; there are, perhaps, many things which may be more agreeable to you. For instance, I have a sister that is rich, and of a sweet disposition, who has just lost a servant whom she had a great esteem for, and who, doubtless, if she had lived with her till her death, would have left her something considerable. If you are willing to succeed her, I am sure my sister will receive you with pleasure.'

This proposal made me blush—'Alas, Sir!' said I, 'though I am destitute of every thing, and though I do not know to whom I owe my birth, methinks I would chuse to die, rather than to live with any body in so mean an employ; since, if my parents were alive, to all appearance I should have domesticks of my own, instead of being one myself. Liberty is one of the greatest blessings that Heaven can bestow; a blessing that appears infinitely dearer to me than life itself.' My grief and confusion here forced me to stop and wipe my eyes, and give way to a passion too violent to be restrained: however, I endeavoured to compose myself; and, with a me-

lancholy air, resumed, interrupted with sighs—'Since I am obliged to work for my bread, I shall always prefer the meanest employment, provided I can be free, to the condition you propose, even though I should make my fortune by it.'—'My dear,' said he, 'do not afflict yourself; I approve of your thoughts; and am glad to find your sentiments are not depressed with your circumstances; and that, in spite of all your afflictions, you retain an elevation of mind which raises you above them. A little of this sort of pride may be dispensed with; but you ought not to carry it too far: if you do, it will be very unreasonable. Let the conjectures of your being born of noble parents be ever so probable, it will give you no estate; and you ought to regulate yourself according to that. Consider you have nothing: but, however, we shall follow the views of your departed friend. It is true, it will cost more, because your board must be paid for every year. But no matter, you shall be provided for this very day. I will take you to my linen-draper, and there I know you will be welcome. Now are you satisfied?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I; 'and never will forget your goodness.'—'Be sure you make your advantage of it,' said the monk, who had hitherto been silent; 'and let your conduct recompense this gentleman for the care his piety induces him to take of you.'—'I fear,' replied he, in a devout and scrupulous tone, 'I shall have no merit in assisting her, I am so much affected with her misfortunes.' Then rising up—'Do not let us lose time,' continued he; 'it grows late. Let us go to the gentlewoman I have mentioned.—For you, father, you may retire; I shall give you a good account of the trust you have committed to my charge.' Upon this the monk left us. I thanked him for his kindness with a timorous voice; for I was extremely troubled. And my benefactor and I stepped into the coach.

I wish I could tell you all that passed in my mind, and how much I was affected with this conversation, of which I have told you but a very small part; for it was filled up with many other disagreeable and mortifying hints. It may not be improper, however, to tell you,

you, that, young as I was, my temper was a little lofty. I had been educated with such a tender indulgence, and had been always treated with such respect, that a conversation of this kind was extremely shocking.

The favours we receive from some men are accompanied with such an ill grace, as render them extremely mortifying. They had sifted my misery for an hour together: and the conversation ran upon nothing but the compassion with which I inspired them; the great merit it was to relieve me; and that religion demanded their care of me, as the greatest object of compassion; and the most forlorn and wretched creature living. At last followed a crowd of proud, though seemingly charitable, reflections, and all the airs of persons puffed up with an ostentatious affectation of superior piety. Never did charity dress it's melancholy duties in so stately a garb. I was overwhelmed with shame; and all that self love, which is inseparable from the human heart, seemed expiring. How grating is this kind of behaviour to every ingenuous mind! What greater misery can befall us than to be forced to depend on the help of such persons, whose tender mercies are cruelty! Is that charity which does not sympathize with the miserable? Is that charity which begins with trampling upon our self love, and never relieves the soul till it has wounded it in the tenderest part? A pretty virtue, indeed, which throws into despair those who are the objects of it! O how unlike that goodness they pretend to practise! how sublime, how transporting is the pleasure of easing the aching heart! of diffusing tranquillity and joy through the tortured, anxious soul! for how can we help sympathizing in the delight which we ourselves inspire? But how vastly are they mistaken, who applaud themselves, who strut and swell with their imagined liberality; who make a boasted shew of a few of the external acts of charity, without the principle of benevolence rooted in the heart? I would say to these pretenders to this virtue, 'When you so unmercifully insist on a particular enumeration of all my miseries; when you bring me face to face with the whole groupe of my misfortunes, of themselves almost insupportable; when the ceremonial of your questions,

'or rather of your burdensome examination, precedes the assistance you are pleased to afford me; you call that charity: but I say it is an act brutal, barbarous, and uncharitable; and not the result of any generous sentiment.'

I have now done. Let such as need this information make a good use of this lesson; they may be sure it comes in good part, since I speak from my own experience.

To return; I was in the coach going to the draper's with this gentleman. I remember he was much more inquisitive as we went, than he had been before the monk; and that I answered him in a voice low and sorrowful; and was under such restraint, that I durst not move a limb; and, like a tender plant blasted by the rude north wind, I shrunk up, and seemed to take no room in the coach.

However, in spite of the melancholy in which I was involved, I was astonished at the subjects with which he entertained me. Methought his conversation was very odd; that he softened and grew mild of a sudden; and that he instantly became more fawning than zealous; more generous than charitable: in short, he was entirely changed.

'I am sorry to see you, my dear, under such restraint,' said he; 'I cannot bear to see you so reserved, since, if indulged, it would soon grow into an aversion to me, though I am wholly at your service. Our conversation with this monk has, no doubt, disconcerted you. These sort of people have a rough, harsh way of expressing themselves; and we are sometimes forced to imitate them: but I have naturally a tender heart, and with you would look upon me as your friend, and as a man who interests himself in your affairs, and entreats you would repose an entire confidence in him. Do you hear? the only right I claim is to give you, when you need it, a little friendly advice; which, I hope, will not keep you at any distance. Suppose, for example, I should tell you that you are young and handsome; and that these two fine endowments will expose you to the artifices of the first giddy-brained young fellow that sees you; and that it would be very wrong to hearken to his impertinence, because it could be of no service to you, and would not deserve your

your attention. Let your views be only how to raise your fortune, and neglect nothing that will contribute to this great design. I know very well, that the fair, at your age, are enchanted with the thoughts of charming every beholder. I do not doubt but you will be universally admired, whether you endeavour to make any conquests or not: but never make it your business to please every body; you will find a thousand pert little fellows, whom your situation obliges you not to mind. What I tell you, I will assure you, does not proceed from any excess of severity in me,' continued he with a fawning smile, and, at the same time, taking me with a free air by the hand. 'No, Sir!' said I. And then, observing I had no gloves—'I will buy you some,' said he: 'they preserve the hands; and that is worth minding, when they happen to be so perfectly lovely.'

Upon which he bid the coachman stop, and bought several pair for me, which I tried on with his assistance; for he would, by all means, help me. I let him do it; though I blushed at my obedience, without knowing why. I was unaccountably uneasy, and doubted what this might signify.

I mention all these little particulars, because they really are not so insignificant as may be thought at first sight.

We arrived at last at the draper's, who seemed to me a good sort of a woman, and who received me on terms which were soon settled and agreed on for my board. If I remember well, he talked to her a good while in private; but I then apprehended nothing: I did not think myself so nearly concerned as perhaps I was. When he went away, he said he would return and pay us a visit in a few days, and recommended me very earnestly to the mistress of the house; who, after he was gone, shewed me a little chamber, where I put my cloaths, and where I was to lie with another young woman.

I must, for the sake of the story, acquaint you with the name of this tradeswoman; she was called Mrs. Du Tour; she was a widow, and did not seem to be above thirty. She was pretty fat; and seemed, at first sight, to be the best-natured creature in the world. Her family consisted of a pretty little boy, who was her son, of about six or

seven years old; of a maid; and one Mrs. Toinon, her journeywoman.

Had I fallen from some superior region, I could not have been more chagrined than I was at my present situation. Persons whose sentiments are delicate are sooner cast down than others; their hearts are more sensible, their souls more tender, than the rest of the world: and those humane dispositions that make them more sensible of the superior, the God-like pleasure of doing good, here add an emphasis to every misery; a kind of stupid melancholy hangs upon their spirits; and with this melancholy was I seized, which spread a constant gloom over my countenance.

Mrs. Du Tour did all she was able to disperse this cloud from my brow. 'Come, come, Mrs. Marianne,' said she, (for she had asked my name) 'do not be so melancholy; you are with very good-natured people, I will assure you: I love to see folks cheerful and merry. Pr'ythee, my girl, tell me what ails you? Do not you like our company? For my part, I no sooner saw you than I took a fancy to you. Ods-bobs! if you spoil that pretty face with crying so, you will never get a husband. There is our Toinon,' continued she, pointing to her on the other side the table, 'she is a very good girl; you must get acquainted with her: her company, I hope, will divert you.'—'O la! Madam, Miss and I shall be pure company: I will divert her, I warrant you; for, really, I do not love to see folks look uneasy.' This was the conversation at supper; to which I made no answer, but an inclination of my head, and a look which sufficiently expressed my acknowledgment; except sometimes I had courage enough to tell them, they were very kind; though I thought myself out of my true sphere, and born for quite other company. Their blunt vulgar freedom appeared very disagreeable to me; and their language was a kind of jargon, whose harshness offended the too great niceness of my ears. I was already persuaded, that in the polite world there was something superior to this, and formed in some measure to fill up the loss of my generous benefactors, Mr. De Rosand and his dear sister. I sighed after the pleasure of a conversation

tion entirely unknown to me, and suitable to my own ideas; some fellow-mind, capable of all that delicacy of sentiment which I perceived in my own thoughts; of easing my heart by bearing a part in my grief; and, by the charms of friendship and virtue, teach me to conquer my inward gloom and settled discontent.

But how strange are the whimsies that sometimes possess our minds! Though I knew not where to look for this relief, and could not fix upon any person whose soul I thought refined enough to relish my sentiments, and share my heart; though I had scarce seen the streets of Paris, yet I could not help observing the number of the coaches, and the splendid ostentation of grandeur which appeared amongst the great, and imagining that this new world seemed not altogether unknown to me, and that I should here find what I so ardently longed for; and, methought, there was within me a natural inclination which wanted only these objects to exert itself upon; so that when I saw them, it was just as if I had met with something I looked for.

You will easily judge, that with these dispositions, Madam, how chimerical soever they appear, Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon must be very disagreeable companions for me. To give you a description of the latter, I must inform you, she was a girl that had a high opinion of her own merit, and no small stock of vanity: as to her stature, she was very tall, and held up her head with so remarkable an air, as shewed she was tenacious of losing any part of her height, which she looked upon as a great perfection; but, when engaged in discourse, she confirmed what she said with such an affected and ridiculous toss, that you would have been almost in pain for her neck. She was extremely expert at her business, and handled her goods with all the judgment and address imaginable, in which her whole soul was employed; for her wit was no longer than her ell.

For my part, I was so awkward in these things, that I provoked her every moment. You would have smiled to see with what an air of conceitedness and pride she reprimanded me, and blamed my want of dexterity; but the best of the jest was, that, generally, her corrections

made me still more awkward, because they increased my disgust.

We lay in the same room, as I have already told you; and there she used to give me lessons how to gain preferment, as she called it: then followed the history of her family, their circumstances, their characters, and what they gave her last year for a New-year's gift; then she mentioned her lover, a genteel, accomplished youth, to be sure; and, that I might have an opportunity of seeing his merit, I should take a walk with them both; to which, without envying her happiness, I readily consented. The inclinations of Mrs. Du Tour were not forgotten: her lover would already have married her, if he had been rich enough to satisfy her vanity, which was the only obstacle; he saw her every day, and was always a welcome guest. It is only to divert you that I mention these trifling particulars; if they tire you, I will pass them over.

Mr. De Climal, for that was the gentleman's name who brought me to Mrs. Du Tour's, had not left me above three or four days, before he came to see me: I was then in our room with Miss Toinon, who was busy shewing me her fine cloaths; and who, out of complaisance, left the room as soon as he entered.

'Well, how does my angel?' said he. 'I flatter myself you like your situation?'—'I hope, Sir,' answered I, 'I shall like it better when I am become more used to it.'—'I should be glad,' returned he, 'to see you contented and happy; for I love you, my dear, with all my heart: the first moment I saw you I was transported with pleasure; and shall give you all the proofs of my tenderness which lie in my power. Poor child, what delight shall I take in serving thee! But I must have your friendship in return.'—'I should be very ungrateful, Sir,' cried I, 'not to have a real friendship for you.'—'No, no!' returned he; 'it is not for want of gratitude that you do not love me, but because you will not take the freedom with me I could wish.'—'I am too sensible of the respect I owe you,' said I. 'Nay,' said he, 'it is uncertain whether you owe me any, since we do not know who you are. But, Marianne,' continued he, taking my hand,

hand, which he gently squeezed, 'can not you be a little more familiar with one who loves like me? You should lay open all your soul to such a friend; tell him your most secret thoughts; hide none of your inclinations; and be always glad to see and converse with him. Is this too much for me to expect? Sure it is not! I insist upon it, that you shall make me your confidante, and that you throw off all reserve; or else I am afraid we shall quarrel. But, 'hark'e,' continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, 'I had like to have forgot to give you some money; here are a few louis d'ors.' At first I refused them, telling him I did not want money; I had not yet spent what Mrs. De Rosand had left me: but, nevertheless, he forced me to accept them, in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary; but I could not receive them without confusion; and a mixture of shame and humility was, I dare say, visible in my behaviour. But it was not for me, with all my stock of pride, to refuse them from a gentleman who had taken me, a poor orphan, under his care, and to whom he resolved to act as a father. As I received this present, I thanked him, and made my acknowledgments with a grave dejected air. 'My dear charmer,' said he, 'no more curseys, no more ceremonies, I beseech you! Shew me rather that you are pleased. Come, let us see how complaisant you will be for the new suit of cloaths I am going to give you.' I did not, I believe, much mind the suit he promised; but he said this with such an air of goodness, that, I confess, he won my heart. All my resolutions vanished, and were succeeded by the most lively expressions of gratitude; while my eyes could scarce retain the tears of sensibility that almost overflowed their banks. 'O my generous benefactor!' cried I, 'have I, indeed, found a father? Has the lost Marianne found room to hope that she may again lift up her eyes with comfort; and find the dear name of parent revived in you?'

Charmed with this sudden emotion, he took my hand, kissed it with the most tender and eager transport, and with a rapture which, notwithstanding the confused state of my own mind, I could not help taking notice of, and looking

upon as very extraordinary: but, singular as it was, it did not alarm me; and I only considered it as a sudden though odd expression of a good and honest heart.

However, from this moment, my conversation became more easy and free from constraint; and this freedom gave me charms which he had not observed before: he frequently hesitated in his discourse, and then looked upon me with an excess of tenderness; which, though I took notice of, I only attributed to the delicacy of a virtuous and generous soul, pleased with the pleasure it communicates, and happy in the reflection of doing it's duty. I could not then penetrate into his designs; my imagination had laid a plan for me which flattered my good opinion of him; and, thus prepossessed, I was the easier deceived: but how delightful was the deception! Methought a mountain was removed from my breast! I began to taste again the peaceful joy, the inward tranquillity, that I had formerly experienced. Though I saw him enchanted with delight, I imagined my situation, my youth, my wit, my beauty, might inspire him with a most innocent affection. 'It is natural,' said I to myself, 'for persons to have the most tender sentiments for one of my age placed under their care; they are pleased with every degree of merit they observe in them, because it reflects a greater merit upon their munificence, by shewing it placed on a deserving object.' In short, my youth and inexperience made me blind to his designs; and, though I began to think him an original, I was not much more surprized at his behaviour than I should have been at the caresses of a parent: he took my hand, and, with a gay air, kissed it a thousand times. I admired the rapidity of his friendship; and could not help thinking, with pleasure and a secret delight, how very unaccountable it was that his affections should, at once, arise to so great a height: and this touched me more sensibly than all his favours. How readily does the honest mind think others so too! I formed my opinion of him from my own innocence and artless simplicity. The virtuous are too ready to be governed by appearances, and think others like themselves; for the open, undisguised heart, can no more change the seeming

virtuous with wearing a mask than he can wear one himself.

Perhaps, Madam, I ought not to have troubled you with these serious reflections, generally disagreeable to ladies of your age. Consider that, as you have given me orders to write, you ought in conscience to bear with my impertinence. For my part, I do not care to think I am writing a book; that would discompose and embarrass me too much. I persuade myself I am talking to you, and that all I write passes in conversation. To proceed then.

It was the fashion, at this time, to let the hair hang in curls upon the shoulders; mine was of a bright chestnut, and fell down with a becoming negligence. Mr. De Climal praised their beauty; and, with a gallant air, took up some of my locks, and twisted them round his finger. 'Nature, my dear Marianne,' said he, 'has been profuse of her favours to you, and has denied you nothing that could enhance your charms! That lovely face would have been the most beautiful in the world without the addition of those graceful ringlets; these make your too-lovely form compleat, and leave no room for addition.'—'They will not restore me my dear, unknown parents,' said I, 'or let me know to whom I owe my being; nor revive my ever-dear deceased friend!'—'Very true,' returned he; 'but they will make you admired and adored by every body: for my part, I shall never be able to refuse you any thing.'—'I make no doubt of it,' said I; 'I depend entirely on your generous and tender heart.'—'On my tender heart!' cried he, laughing. 'Oh, then, my little charmer, you can talk of the heart, I find! Would you give me yours in return, if I should ask it?'—'Believe me, Sir,' replied I, with an ingenuous freedom, for I had no notion what returns he meant, 'you well deserve it; and I shall sooner cease to be, than to be grateful.'

I had no sooner made this reply, than I thought his look was eager and wild, and his eyes sparkled with uncommon fire; which, like a flash of lightning, at once alarmed me, and put me upon my guard; and I began to look upon him as a man not altogether so disinterested as I had before thought him; and instantly feared all his generosity and

innocent friendship was degenerated into a criminal passion.

However, I did not take this sudden suspicion for a proof of the baseness of his views. I resolved to be better satisfied, and to take notice of the minutest circumstance that might give a light into his designs. My reserve vanished in proportion as my suspicions increased; and that timidity, for which he had just before reproved me, was entirely dissipated. I believed, if it was true that he indulged an unlawful passion, there was no room left for ceremony on my part, and that it was he, not I, ought to be embarrassed; as was the guilt, so should the shame and confusion, be his own. This reasoning ran from the same source as the rest; it appeared subtle and refined; and therefore I approved of it, and thought it just. I did not set myself upon making these nice distinctions; for our reflections naturally flow from the incidents that excite them at first; they arrive in our minds in a manner spontaneous, and almost without our perceiving them; and run on like a constant stream, whose course we are not able to stop.

It is true, that those against whom we reason in this manner have little to hope for from us; for it supposes that, with respect to their prevailing passions, we are thoroughly averse to them. On this account, Mr. De Climal was perfectly indifferent to me; and this indifference, if he had used me ill, would readily have given place to hatred. I should have looked upon him with less aversion; and, perhaps, might have returned his affection, had our acquaintance begun in another manner; but I had hitherto only considered him as a pious and religious man, who had taken the charge of me out of charity: and I do not know any light we can consider a person in more unlikely to produce love. We have none of the tender sentiments for one who is introduced to our thoughts in this manner: the humiliation which the mind has suffered shuts up all the avenues of the heart from the soft pleasures of the tender passions. Whilst you demand those affections which are your due, and which may be justly claimed of us, nature and reason conspire to justify such pretensions; for we are naturally grateful; and it is hard, if not impossible, to extinguish all

all sense of gratitude from the human breast: but change the subject, and demand a certain tenderness, which can only spring from an union of soul, and a harmony of the softest sentiments, and then self-love revives; such demands overturn the set of ideas we had before entertained, and make us at variance with him and ourselves; and we can never give a heart freely, while it is expected from us as a debt. And thus it was with Mr. De Climal and I.

It is true, that, if men knew how to oblige, I believe they might gain all that they could reasonably expect; for can any thing be sweeter than sentiments of gratitude, when they are not opposed by self-love? Here the mind is an inexhaustible source of tenderness: but to gain this a person must have two virtues, which seldom, almost never, meet in the same person; the one to hinder your being filled with disgust and indignation at the manner of conferring the favours you receive; and the other to oblige you to be grateful by a genuine benevolence, and unconfined liberality.

Mr. De Climal had spoke of a suit of cloaths which he intended to give me; and we went together to buy it, that I might please my fancy. I believe I should have refused it, if I had been sufficiently confirmed in my suspicions; for I should have had an invincible aversion against making any advantage of his weakness, because I could not share it with him; for, when love is mutual, all these affairs are adjusted, and we imagine the highest degree of delicacy consists in not being at all delicate about them; but I was still in doubt what were his inward sentiments: and, supposing it was only friendship, I concluded it must be a very extraordinary one, and one that deserved all my pride should be sacrificed to it. Thus I accepted of his present at all hazards.

The cloaths were bought; I chose them genteel and modest, and suitable to a young lady not very rich. After this was done, Mr. De Climal talked of linen; (and really I wanted some) and it was immediately purchased. Mrs. Du Tour might have furnished us with the same sort; but he had his reasons for not buying it of her. He insisted upon having it some of the finest; and Mrs. Du Tour would, certainly

have thought this an extravagant kind of charity; and though it might be expected she would not concern herself about it, because she would have judged it was no business of hers, it was better she should lose her profit by it, than that we should trust her with what she might be censorious enough to put no favourable construction upon.

His behaviour relating to the linen left me no room to doubt what were his motives. I wondered that the cloaths, which were very handsome, had not at first taught me his sentiments; for charity is not extravagant in her gifts. Friendship itself, whose highest pleasure is to communicate satisfaction and delight, is substantially good, but not magnificently so: our virtues seldom arise to their proper height; for we are more apt to be sparing than profuse; and it is, in general, only vice that exceeds all bounds.

I whispered to him, and told him, with a serious air, that I could not accept of linen so extremely fine and expensive: he only laughed, and said—‘Hold your tongue, you little silly rogue; you are young, and do not know what you would have. Go to your glass, and see if it is too fine for that beautiful face!’ And then, without minding what I said, agreed to the price, and paid for it.

Here I found myself much embarrassed; for I saw he loved me. Loved, did I say? No! let me rather say he indulged inclinations infinitely beneath that noble passion, which exerts itself in the most ardent desires after the happiness of the beloved object. I saw his motives were base and ungenerous, and that his extravagance was only intended to bribe my affections, and to betray me into ruin and misery. I thought, too, that in accepting of his presents I gave him just reason to think I favoured his passion. I considered what I ought to do; but I believe, now I think coolly, I did it only to lose time. I assembled a thousand reflections, in order to excuse to myself the indeterminate state of a mind loth to part with what flattered its vanity. By this means I was unable to fix upon any thing; and thereby both deferred the rupture with Mr. De Climal, and kept his present.

But, ashamed of his views, and shocked at his detested hypocrisy, my dear friends, my generous and kind

benefactors, Mr. De Rosand and his sister, came into my mind. 'What a frightful difference was there,' said I to myself, 'between the assistance they gave me and that I now receive! How excessive would be his concern, did he know the dangers to which I am exposed! and how great her grief, had she lived to see me in this dreadful situation!' Methought my behaviour, in this last adventure, violated, in the most cruel manner, the respect I owed to her tender friendship and unblemished purity; and that it was a kind of sacrilegious insult on her memory: nay, methought she took even now a share in my calamities; and, though blessed with unfading happiness, blushed at my weakness, and was anxious lest I should desert the paths of virtue, and forfeit my glorious hopes of immortal felicity. On this occasion I felt a thousand sensations; which, though sufficiently felt, are impossible to be described.

On the other hand, I reasoned with myself, that I had no retreat, and Mr. De Climal had given me one: I wanted cloaths, and he bought them for me; besides, they were grand and genteel; and, in imagination, I had already tried them on, and found they fitted me exactly. But I did not take care to stop at this particular, which was intermixed with my other considerations; for the pleasure it gave me glowed in my cheeks, and I was glad to indulge the delightful idea, and to flatter myself I might do it without a crime. What admirable artifice do we make use of to seem innocent of follies we long to commit!—'Then,' said I to myself, 'Mr. De Climal has not yet spoke of his hateful passion, and perhaps he may not venture to do it this long time; and it is not for me to search into the motive of actions so beneficial to me. I was introduced to him as a charitable and pious gentleman; and he has been charitable to excess. If his views are bad, it is the worse for him: I am not obliged to examine his conscience; and I can never be an accomplice in any of his crimes till he has explained himself.'

This little case of conscience thus decided, my scruples vanished, and the linen and cloaths appeared lawfully mine.

We returned back to Mrs. DuFour's; and, in our way, Mr. De Climal, by little and little, discovered his passion: he unmasked insensibly, and the fawning, amorous lover, took place of the grave and pious devotee; I could see but half his face, but I concluded that I ought to see him entirely, in order to know him, and therefore resolved to be very insensible, and not seem to understand him till then. My cloaths were not yet in a place of security; and if I had shewn my resentment too soon, I should, perhaps, have lost all. Persons governed by such passions as that of Mr. De Climal's for me are naturally base and ungenerous when they have lost their hopes, and are unable to make an honourable retreat. He is an unworthy and despicable lover whose desires exceed his love, and had rather enjoy the person than the affection of his mistress: not but lovers of the most delicate and refined sentiments have desires in some measure, but at least their souls, united with the tenderest ties of affection, go hand in hand with the gratification of their senses.

I resolved not to understand Mr. De Climal's amorous expressions. 'I am afraid I shall love you too much,' Marianne, said he; 'and if I should what would you do?'—'I would be still more grateful,' said I, 'if it were possible for my gratitude to admit of an increase.'—'Nevertheless, my dear Marianne,' said he, 'I am uncertain what you will think when you know all my tenderness; for you cannot easily conceive how great it is!'—'How, Sir!' returned I; 'can you believe that it is possible I should be insensible of your friendship?'—'Ah, my little wag!' replied he, 'do not change my expressions; I did not speak of my friendship, but my tenderness.'—'What!' said I, 'is it not the same thing? Pray where is the difference?'—'No, my life!' said he, looking upon me with eyes that expressed the difference sufficiently; 'no, my dear girl! it is not the same thing; for I should be overjoyed to see the one appear more sweet and desirable to you than the other.' Upon this, I could not help casting down my eyes; and, though I endeavoured to hide my confusion, I was not able to do it, my embarrassment was visible, and it was impossible for me immediately to com-

pose myself in order to make him a reply. 'What, my little jewel!' cried he, taking me by the hand, 'not a word? Do not you understand me?' — 'I am ashamed, Sir,' said I, 'that I cannot find terms to thank you for such goodness.'

Happily for me, the conversation ended here, by our arrival at home, which cut off all farther discourse for the present; however, as we parted, he whispered in my ear—'Go, you dear rogue! for the future, be more apprehensive; and learn to melt that heart into greater tenderness. I leave you mine to assist you in it.'

This discourse was plain and intelligible enough; and I was obliged to seem inattentive, in order to countenance my simplicity, and that my answers might the better be dispensed with: but a kiss that he gave my ear, in speaking to me, drew all my attention; for it was impossible I should be deaf to that, though I had art enough to dissemble it. 'Sir, did not I hurt you?' cried I, with a natural air, pretending to take the kiss he had given me for a jog of my head against his. As I spoke this, I stepped out of the coach; and I really believe he was the dupe of my artifice, for he answered, most naturally, 'No.'

I carried the bundle of cloaths into my chamber, and locked it up, while Mr. De Climal waited in the shop with Mrs. Du Tour. I was down again immediately. 'Marianne!' said he, in a grave and reserved tone, (for it was now his time to appear religious again) 'let your cloaths be made immediately; for I will come to pay you another visit in three or four days, when I expect to see you dressed.' Then, turning to Mrs. Du Tour—'I have endeavoured,' said he, 'to chuse her cloaths suitable to the fine linen she has shewn me, which was left her by a deceased friend.'

I must observe, that Mr. De Climal had told me, beforehand, he intended to give it this turn to Mrs. Du Tour: you will easily guess the reason, though he did not tell me. 'Besides,' continued he, 'I think it proper that Miss should be genteely dressed, because I have something in view for her, which may possibly succeed, and will be much to her advantage.' He spoke this with an air of beneficence, and

the look of an honest man: he was, indeed, a contrast to himself. Mr. De Climal, with me, was quite a different person from Mr. De Climal in company with others: when I saw his devout countenance, I could not comprehend how it was possible that he should ever appear in the character of a debauchee. He had good sense, and did not want wit; but, then, he had hypocrisy, a base and unmanly vice! to counterbalance it; and, in particular, had a design to ruin me, while he pretended to be doing a work of charity. Good God! how many talents hast thou given men to make them good for nothing!

He retired, after a short conversation, with Mrs. Du Tour in private; and was no sooner gone, than she, to whom he had related my history, applauded his piety and generosity. 'Marianne,' said she, 'it was a lucky moment when first you saw this worthy gentleman; you see he takes as much care of you as if you were his own child: for certain, this man has not his equal in the world for goodness. How very charitable he is!' The word Charity sounded harsh and disagreeable to me; for my self-love was too tender not to be sensibly wounded at it: but Mrs. Du Tour knew no better; her language was agreeable to her understanding, vulgar and unpolished; and whatever she said, as it was always without thought, she pleased or displeased without design. However, this expression made me look uneasy; but I took no notice of it, as we had no other witness than the grave Mrs. Toinon, who was much more disposed to envy my new finery, than think me humbled in receiving it. 'Oh, as for that, Miss Marianne,' said she, in her turn, with a jealous air, 'was wrapped in her mother's smock, she has such fortune.'—'On the contrary,' said I, 'I was born to be the most unhappy, or else I should have been infinitely better provided for than I am now.'—'So, is it true, then,' said she, with an affected toss of the head, 'that you have neither father nor mother? and that you are owned by nobody living? That is pleasant!'—'Yes,' returned I, severely nettled, 'it is mighty pleasant! a joyful circumstance, indeed! and I wonder you, Mrs. Toinon, have not

‘not congratulated me upon it!’—
 ‘Hold your tongue, you fool!’ said Mrs. Du Tour, who saw I was vexed; ‘she has reason to sneer at you: thank God for having preserved your parents! Who ever tells people they are foundlings? I had as leave be called a bastard.’

Was not this a comfortable way of taking my part? This woman’s zeal shocked me more than the impertinent insult of the other, and the tears gushed into my eyes, which I laboured in vain to conceal. Mrs. Du Tour, touched to see me so affected, imputed it to the impertinence of Mrs. Toinon, without imagining that she herself had been in the least instrumental to my uneasiness. Her concern made me tremble, for fear Mrs. Toinon should be again reprimanded, while the tears trickled down my cheeks; and I made haste to divert this conversation, by entreating them to change the discourse. Mrs. Toinon, for her part, at seeing my tears seemed quite confounded, for she was not ill-natured, and, I believe, had no intention to make me uneasy: she was, indeed, vain, and had a sufficient stock of pride, which she thought became her; and it was really a very mortifying circumstance for the poor girl, to think I had a suit of new cloaths and she had none. Perhaps she thought she ought to make herself amends by being witty at my expence: notwithstanding, to make up the matter, they made me a fine compliment; and told me they sincerely begged pardon. And as I saw that these good people had no notion at all of my pride, nor the delicacy of soul, which made me so susceptible of pain, and that they did not suspect the least part of the confusion they gave me, I received their caresses; and the conversation turned upon my cloaths, which they were impatient to see, and their curiosity made me desirous to hear what they would say of them.

I ran to fetch them without hesitation, for my disgust had subsided, and given way to the pleasure I imagined I should immediately feel upon a review of my new finery. I took the parcel I had before carried into my chamber, and brought it down to them. How giddy and thoughtless are young people! and how hasty was I foolishly to indulge my vanity, for which I was

severely humbled! The first thing they saw in opening it was the fine linen, the buying of which we had been at so much pains to conceal, and which had cost Mr. De Climal a lye, and me the consenting to it. I had entirely forgot that this linen was in the bundle with my cloaths. Mrs. Du Tour instantly cast her eyes upon it, and cried out—
 ‘Ha, ha! see, here is something else!’
 ‘Mr. De Climal told us your deceased relation left you that, when I find he bought it for you himself. I must tell you, Marianne, it was very ill done of you not to have it of me; you are not more nice, I hope, than those ladies of quality that have honoured me with their custom: your Mr. De Climal has a mind to be pleasant; I find the old saint has got a colt’s tooth in his head. I see how it is,’ added she, drawing the silk from under the linen, (for her anger did not put a stop to her curiosity, which in our sex is a governing inclination that keeps pace with every thing that passes in our minds;) ‘I see well enough how it is,’ said she: ‘I know the reason why he deceived me about the linen; but I am not such an errant-fool as he takes me to be, I know better. Out upon it! Who would have thought it? Away! away with her things!’ cried she, raising her voice, and tossing them from her with a disdainful air. ‘Marry, come up! this is mighty pretty, indeed! He has the goodness to put his Miss to board with me: but what he buys for her he has elsewhere, I will assure him! I must have the trouble, forsooth, and other people the profit!’

All this while Toinon fingered the silk as if she was afraid she should soil it. When, having an opportunity to speak, by Mrs. Du Tour’s leaving off—
 ‘Good lack-a-day!’ cried she, ‘who would not be an orphan? This the poor girl said only to bear a part in the scene; for, as demure as she looked, if he had given it her she would have been stupid with pleasure.’—‘Come, be quiet, Toinon,’ interrupted Mrs. Du Tour; ‘I see well enough you only envy the girl.’

Hitherto I had been silent; I felt so many different sensations, so much confusion and vexation, that I knew not when to begin: it was a situation entirely new to me; and I could not
 forbear

forbear shewing my resentment. At last I began to recollect myself; and my anger, bearing every other consideration before it, was expressed in the most lively manner: but it was an anger frank and natural; and which, as it sprung from my own innocence, could not have been felt by a guilty mind.

It was true that Mr. De Climal had pretended to love me; but I was conscious I had not listened to his passion, and was resolved to make no advantage of it; and though I had received his present, when I knew at the same time I should never comply with his views, it was only owing to the little reasons dictated by my wants and my vanity, and which had not, however, stained the purity of my intentions: my reasoning, doubtless, was erroneous, though not criminal; and therefore I did not merit the insults thrown upon me by Mrs. Du Tour. I made a terrible uproar; I threw the cloaths and linen upon the ground, without knowing why I did it; it was only an expression of the violence of my passion. At last, I spoke, or rather cried; but I remember nothing of what I said, but that I confessed that Mr. De Climal had bought the linen; and that he obliged me to keep that secret, without telling me the reasons he had for doing so: and that I was very unhappy in being placed amongst persons who accused and insulted me, without any reason for doing it; that I would instantly leave them, and would only first call a coach to take away my cloaths; that, for my part, I did not care what became of me; and that it was better I should die in want and indigence, than live in a situation so contrary to my inclinations; that I would leave Mr. De Climal's present with her, since I despised his love, and abhorred his brutal passion. In short, I was like a little lion; my head was turned; every thing that could aggravate my affliction presented itself before me: the death of my dear friend, and the absence of her brother; my being deprived of their tenderness and friendly advice to support me under every exigence; the fatal loss of my parents; the mortification I had already undergone; and the dreadful thought of being without a friend, without one dear companion to listen to my tender complaints, and

teach me to regulate my passions; unknown to the world; and without the least hint of my extraction; and nothing before me but the prospect of a misery which knew no bounds, for I had only my beauty to procure me friends; and what a dreadful resource is the vices of mankind! Dreadful, indeed! and I resolutely resolved to lose my life rather than my virtue. Which way soever I turned my thoughts, how dismal was the view that lay before me! Was not all this enough to turn the brains of one so young as I?

Mrs. Du Tour was frightened to see me in such a violent transport, as it was quite unexpected; for she only thought to see me out of countenance, and confused with my guilt. 'Lord, Marianne!' said she, when she could find room to put in a word, 'any one may be deceived: pr'ythee, child, moderate your passion; I am sorry I have said so much,' (for my behaviour had convinced her of my innocence, since my rage was too great to proceed from a guilty conscience.) 'Come, come, endeavour to compose yourself.' But I would not hearken to what she said; and, at all hazards, was resolved to leave her family.

At last she pushed me into a little room, where she shut herself in with me; and there, after having exhausted my spirits with my complaints, I gave way to my grief; my tears, which before were restrained by my anger, now began to flow plentifully, and to give ease to my bursting heart; which the good woman seeing, bore me company, and cried too most heartily.

At this instant Toinon came to tell us dinner was ready; and, as she was always of every body's opinion, she cried for company: but, after this flood of tears, being moved at their caresses, I began to be appeased; my passion soon abated, and all was forgot.

Perhaps the sum Mr. De Climal paid for my board contributed a little to soften Mrs. Du Tour's resentment, and to make her repent her having used me ill: the vexation of not having sold us the linen was, without doubt, her greatest uneasiness; for, while we were at dinner, she changed her tone; addressing herself to me, that if Mr. De Climal loved me, as to all appearance he did, I ought to make my advantage of it. I shall never forget her words

as long as I live—'Hark you, Marianne,' said she; 'was I in your place, I know how I would manage him; for, since you have nothing, and are a poor girl, who have lost even the comfort of having any relations, I would take at first whatever Mr. De Climal would give me. Ods-bobs! I would get all I could, but he should never gain my affections; I would not love him at all the better for that, I would be hanged first; for our honour ought to be preferred before every thing. I am not the woman that will say anything to the contrary of that you see; in a word, my girl, (for one word is as good a thousand) for certain, there is nothing like being virtuous, and I shall die in that opinion. But this does not argue that you must throw away all the blessings you meet with; these things may be easily reconciled: for instance, there is Mr. De Climal and you; well, must you bid him be gone? No, surely! He loves you; is that your fault? let him love you; for every body must answer for himself. He buys you cloaths; take them, girl; are not they paid for? If he gives you money, do not be silly; but accept of it freely: it is not for you to be proud and above it. If he asks you for your love, softly there; play cunning with him, and tell him it is not impossible but you may in time: to give your word and retract it may go a great way. First, you must have time to bring yourself to love him; and then you must persuade him you begin to love him; then you should have time to augment your passion; and then, when he thinks you entirely his, is not your honour a sufficient excuse? Is there not a thousand good reasons to plead. Cannot you preach to him of the wickedness of his intentions? Mean while the time passes, and presents come without asking. And if he at last grows out of humour, cannot you be as ill-natured as he; let him go and be hanged: marry! what is given is given, and there is nothing like a present; for, when it is once given, it cannot be demanded back; but if a man does not make presents, he keeps his riches in his own possession, and then there is no coming at it. Really, if one of these devout hypocrites thought fit to pay his

'respects to me, he should give to the end of the world before I would bid him leave off.'

The zeal and spirit with which Mrs. Du Tour uttered these fine maxims were even better than the maxims themselves; they were, indeed, indulgent enough, but such as would have ill suited with the character of a woman of honour; for these doctrines are more than a little dangerous, and, I believe, lead to the very brink of libertinism; and, however flattering they may appear to our vanity, they must be shocking to every mind that has the least sense of honour, the least remains of virtue established in the heart; and I cannot think it very easy to remain honest in so dangerous a road.

Young as I was, I could not hear her arguments without an inward abhorrence; and, indeed, was a girl in my circumstances sure of preserving that inestimable jewel her chastity, yet the practice of these loose principles would for ever be a disgrace, and stamp an indelible mark of infamy upon her character: for must not she want honour, who can persuade a man that she shall one day forfeit it; nay, the art of deceiving a man with these avaricious hopes is, in my opinion, more criminal than even, in some unguarded moment, to fall a sacrifice to guilt and shame; for the most infamous inducement, the basest and most ungenerous motive to be vicious, is that which is prompted by avarice, and terminates in falsehood and deceit.

For my part, my heart was too sincere to behave in a manner that appeared to me so infamously detestable. I would neither do ill, nor seem to promise that I ever would: I hated injustice and falsehood of every kind; but that which proceeded from degenerate motives like this, could not fail to fill me with horror and detestation. Her discourse made me shake my head and blush for her, while she gave me advice for her advantage and my own. For Mrs. Du Tour's part, she would have been extremely glad to have the profit of my board continue a great while longer, and pleased herself with the thoughts of helping me to spend Mr. De Climal's money in feasts and entertainments; for thus, with a laugh, did she explain herself; for she loved good eating, and was a perfect glutton when

when at others expence; but was very stingy when at her own.

After dinner my cloaths and linen were given to the workwomen, whom Mrs. Du Tour desired to be as expeditious as possible. She hoped, without doubt, that in seeing myself well-rigged and spruce, (for these were her terms) I should be tempted to draw out my adventure with Mr. De Climal to a good length. It is true, I had all the vanity and folly that can possess a young giddy mind: a ribband well chosen, or a genteel suit of cloaths, whenever I met them, were sufficient to make me stop short; my fancy glowed, and my agitation of heart would continue an hour after; nor did I fail to imagine myself equipped in all those trifles. But, in spite of this disposition, since I was certain Mr. De Climal loved me, I absolutely resolved, the first time he explained himself, to let him know how vain his expectations were.

Four days after, my cloaths and linen were brought home; it was on a holiday, and just as I was getting up. At the sight of them both Toinon and I were silent, but from very different motives; a sudden joy fluttered about my heart, while she cast down her eyes with a sullen discontent; she reflected, no doubt, upon the difference there would soon be between us, and would gladly have changed her parents, and have been the orphan, for the vain pleasure of enjoying my imagined happiness. She looked upon me with a stupid and jealous eye; but with such a mixture of humility, that, notwithstanding my own satisfaction, I could not help pitying her. But her grief could not be helped: however, to give her as little pain as possible, I put on my cloaths in the most modest and grave manner, before a little silly looking-glass, which could scarce shew me half of my person; but that half appeared smart, and sufficiently charming.

I then began to dress my head, that I might enjoy at once all my ornaments; I could not look upon my growing beauty, which seemed to increase in proportion as I advanced in dressing, without feeling a kind of pleasing palpitation at my heart, whilst my hand trembled at every pin I stuck. I made as much speed as I could to finish my agreeable employment, yet without be-

ing over hasty, for I was willing to have nothing imperfect: but I had soon done; for all the perfection of dress that I was then acquainted with, lay in very narrow bounds. It is true, I began with admirable good dispositions, but that was all.

Indeed, when I knew the world, I was a better judge of these little elegances, which our sex look upon as necessary to compleat the charms of nature, and shew that the possessor has a good taste. Men talk of philosophy, and the study of the sciences; but what is all this knowledge to that of placing a ribband with judgment, or of deciding what colour best suits the present complexion, and is most adapted to please?

If we knew what passes in a coquette's head on such occasions; if we did but observe how delicate and penetrating her soul is; how sharp in the judgment she makes, on the fashions she tries, then rejects, hesitates, and at last, when weary with uncertainty and irresolution, chuses; for she is seldom content, and the effect always comes vastly short of her idea: if one could but know the mighty importance of all these seeming trifles, it would be enough to confound the most able capacities; and Aristotle himself would be but as a school-boy, compared with a coquette. When she has found what pleases, it is but a very indifferent discovery, for she must find out what is better, in order to carry it on to it's last perfection, and finishing excellence; and, to attain this, she must read the souls of men, that she may prefer what will please them most.

Charmed with the power of pleasing, the coquette employs her art to form herself to suit the taste of her admirers: one day she appears gay and easy, and with an air that ensures success; the next, with a countenance soft and languishing, adorned with all the tender graces; and then with a beauty, modest, serious, and reserved: thus, with varied charms, she strives to retain the fickle sex. She knows how to be many women in one; and by turns assuming each perfection, suits herself to the inconstancy of her admirers, by presenting them every day a new mistress.

How vain are such snares, and how unlikely to hold a man of sense and honour: it is virtue, it is virtue alone,

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that

that is the universal charm, to which all hearts secretly pay an humble adoration; but when united with that sweet complaisance, and open freedom of soul, which triumphs in the countenance, and sparkles in the eyes of a lady of sense and good-nature, it needs not those empty blandishments which the vain part of our sex are so fond of.

But I am always wandering from my subject: pray, forgive my digressions; they divert me, and give a kind of relaxation to my thoughts. Besides, you know, I am now conversing with you.

To proceed. I told you before I was soon dressed; and really I so perfectly eclipsed poor Miss Toison, that I was ashamed of it. Mrs. Du Tour told me I looked charmingly; but Toison could not forbear finding fault with my cloaths; whilst I, out of charity to her, approved of whatever she said; for if I had shewn my secret satisfaction, she would have been more humbled still; and I thought I ought to conceal a pleasure that, if discovered, would give another pain. I have always retained

this delicacy and regard for the hearts of others.

I was in haste to go to church; but, I believe, rather out of vanity than devotion. My companion Miss Toison, who, on holidays, was waited upon by her lover, went out before me; possibly for fear the gaiety of my dress should attract the attention of her admirer; for, with some people, a new suit has as many charms as a pretty face.

I went out alone, confused, and at a loss how to behave, foolishly imagining that my appearance required a particular air of distinction with which I was entirely unacquainted. I held up my head with the awkward stiffness of a rosy country girl, who endeavours to display all the smiling graces which had lain concealed in a rustic retreat.

I come now, Madam, to an event which has been the original of all the past scenes of a life intermingled with extreme distress and exquisite happiness. With this I shall begin my Second Part, believing it necessary to give you, as well as myself, some respite.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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THE
VIR TU O U S O R P H A N.

PART II.



TELL me, my dear friend, if your seeming impatience to see the sequel of my History is not partly complaisance? I almost suspect it; for, hitherto, what I have related is only a thread of adventures, uncommon indeed, but not very engaging: and which, if I was disposed to print, would, I am persuaded, appear low and trifling to many of my readers; for I am yet only a petty linen-draper; and that would disgust them.

There are people whose vanity mixes with every thing they do, and even with their reading. Give them the history of the human heart, and, provided the characters are of distinguished rank, it will appear to them quite important and worthy their consideration: but you must not presume to mention persons of a lower class; they do not love to see any actors on the stage but lords, princes, or kings; or, at least, those who have made a figure in life. Nothing else will suit their noble taste, for the rest of the species are beneath their notice: they will insinuate that Nature might very well have spared the production of these creatures, and that the mechanick is a dishonour to her. Judge, then, Madam, with what disdain these readers would look upon me.

But this picture does not at all affect you: your notions of human nature are more noble, more conformable to truth, and therefore more suitable to an individual of that vast body which composes the human species; and, undazzled with the glare of external

grandeur, I am persuaded you observe the harmony arising from the different classes of the same collective body, and even see that the highest and most shining characters are sometimes rivalled and outdone in real usefulness, and intrinsic native excellence, by the lowest and most miserable. I was afraid the First Part of my life contained so few events, and such long reflections, that you would already think me tedious: however, you are pleased to say the contrary, and to press me to go on. I shall therefore proceed.

I have already told you that I went to church. At the entrance I found a crowd of people; but that did not detain me, for I passed through it, without much difficulty, to the upper part of the choir, attracted by the splendid appearance of a great number of persons of fashion, who were sitting with an air of ease and indolence. The ladies were extremely well dressed: some, whose complexions were very ordinary, attempted to put on such an agreeable air as might make the hardness of their features imperceptible; whilst others, too full of themselves to suspect they wanted those charms which captivate all hearts, displayed their folly by a thousand airs of coquetry, in which their whole souls seemed to be employed.

One I observed, charming indeed, who seemed not to think it worth her while to affect those silly arts in which the others were engaged, for she was above acting the coquette, and seeking applause from what ought rather to raise contempt: she sat with an air of satisfaction in her looks, quite negli-

gent of her superior power to draw the attention and the hearts of the beholders.

I was not less pleased with the countenance of a lady who sat near her: she was ordinary to the last degree; but had such an engaging openness, such an air of benevolence and native goodness, that it was impossible to see her without partaking of her disposition, and being prepossessed with something like friendship and esteem.

There were also several gay young gentlemen of the sword and gown, whose behaviour shewed they were full of themselves; and who, leaning on the backs of their chairs, put themselves into those gallant and ridiculous postures which shewed them well versed in all the arts of the foppish part of the polite world: one while they lolled upon their elbows; then stood upright, to shew their snuff-boxes; bowed to the right and the left; sighed, and put themselves into a thousand different attitudes, in order to shew their good mien, or display their charming selves to the best advantage.

The place I had taken was just in the centre of this gay part of the audience; and I was scarce seated, before I observed the eyes of all the gentlemen fixed upon me, for I seemed to engage their whole attention: but this was not all; the ladies soon found themselves deserted; and, following the eyes of the gentlemen, fixed upon me for their rival, who had taken from them the regards of their admirers. I was convinced that these were their thoughts by a glance they cast at me, which I perfectly understood, though they tried to do it with an air of simplicity and negligence; but that negligence evidently shewed it was designed; for, in spite of themselves, it had a touch of disdain and uneasiness. Here my pride took the alarm, and I felt an inward triumph at the visible confusion which the ladies discovered. O vanity, thou darling foible of the sex! when we indulge this strong propensity to captivate every beholder, what follies are we not liable to! I had forgot my devotions, which, doubtless, would have engaged my soul, had I been dressed more suitable to my circumstances, and was acting a part very unbecoming the poor, the wretched Marianne, who had

nothing to expect but either to exchange the gay trifles I wore for want and misery, or to preserve them by forfeiting my peace and innocence.

My rivals did not long keep their eyes fixed upon me; their examination was short, for we have soon done with what humbles us.

Among the gentlemen whose attention I had engaged, I observed one who drew from me a more than common regard, and to whom my eyes seemed voluntarily to move; his air was graceful and engaging, and something in his mien so charming, that it was impossible to look upon him with indifference. I took a pleasure in looking at him; and, though a coquette to others, was very sincere with respect to him: mean time, I gave up the care of pleasing, to indulge the delight I had in seeing him. Love, perhaps, usually insinuates itself into the heart with this artless sincerity; because it is not unlikely but the pleasure of loving may interfere with the care of appearing lovely.

The young gentleman, in his turn, gazed upon me in a manner very different from the rest; a modest and tender respect appeared in his looks; while, by our mutual glances, a kind of serious, silent intercourse, passed between us: the others openly applauded my charms, while he seemed to feel them, at least I flattered myself it was so; but all my mind was confused. I cannot say what I thought of him or myself; all that I know of it is, that his looks embarrassed me, and that I was afraid to return them, yet could not help doing it every moment; and though I was loth he should meet my glances, yet was not sorry that he had done it.

The service being ended, I went out of the church, regretting the place I had just left: I felt a vacancy in my breast; my heart seemed to want something, but not to know what it was; I say, it did not know what it was; but that, perhaps, is saying too much; for I was incessantly turning my head, to see once more the amiable gentleman I had left behind, yet could hardly believe it was he that induced me to it.

He was talking to some persons who stopped him, and my eyes continually met his; at last, the crowd hid him from my sight, and dragged me with them:

them: I found myself in the street; and, with a dejected mind, took the way home.

My thoughts were no longer full of myself; and I did not even wish to be agreeable: indifferent to all but him, I neglected my charms, and took no care to display them to the best advantage. Mean while, I was so lost in thought, that I did not hear the noise of a coach coming behind me, and ready to run over me, till alarmed by the coachman's crying aloud—'Have a care, take care there!' His last cry made me start from my reverie; but the danger in which I saw myself, frightened me so much, that, in endeavouring to escape it by running, I fell down, and with the fall hurt my foot.

But one step farther, and the horses had run over me. The people about me were alarmed, and cried out, and the master of the coach louder than the rest, who bounced out instantly, and flew to help me. I was still on the ground; from whence, notwithstanding all my efforts, I was unable to rise: the good people lifted me up, but saw it was impossible for me to stand. Judge of my astonishment, when, amongst those who expressed the greatest eagerness to assist me, I saw the young gentleman whom I had left in the church: the coach, I found, was his; he lived but just by, and would by all means have me carried to his house.

What an air of inquietude appeared in his countenance, and how nearly he was touched with my misfortune, I leave you to imagine: however, I soon perceived that his concern was alleviated by the satisfaction of meeting me again, and that his grief was mixed with the joy of having it in his power to serve me. 'Take care of the young lady!' cried he to those that held me up; 'carry her gently—take time—there!—softly!' For at that time he did not speak to me: it seemed to me that he forbore it on account of my condition, which would not permit him to express his tenderness in any other manner than in his care for my safety.

For my part, I likewise spoke to the other people, but not at all to him; I durst not even look upon him, which made me the more impatiently long for it: sometimes, indeed, I could not avoid giving him a transient glance, in spite of all my resolutions to the con-

trary. What my eyes said to him I cannot determine; but his made such tender answers, that there must have been something very moving in mine to have deserved them. This made me blush, and put my heart into such a situation, that I was at a loss how to act, and which I do not know how to describe: I felt a mixture of trouble, pleasure, and fear. I say fear; for a girl who is unacquainted with the world, and a novice in these affairs, does not know how far such an adventure may carry her: she is involved in a thousand difficulties, which overwhelm her; and, possessed by them, she is no more herself; mean while, the novelty of the situation affrights her extremely. It is true she finds a pleasure in it; but it is a pleasure that is dangerous and deceitful: nay, even her modesty is alarmed; it's delicacy is shocked and frightened at the apprehensions of an impending danger. Love does not deceive us, and make us blind to futurity; it no sooner shews itself, but it lets us know what it is, and what we are to expect; for when it has taken possession of the heart, the soul feels it master there: it indeed flatters it with the hopes of happiness; yet, with an open and professed authority, it asks no advice, but boldly tells it the slavery it is to expect.

This, I think, is the state of mind in which I found myself at that time; and I believe it is the same with all young girls in the like circumstances.

I was at last carried to Valville's house, (for that was the young gentleman's name) and laid upon a couch in the parlour.

I really wanted immediate help, for I felt a great deal of pain in my foot; but Valville, eager to serve me, had prevented even my wishes; the surgeon was sent for to come with all possible speed; and in a few minutes he was there.

I pass over the apologies I made, during this short interval, for the trouble I had given him; they were the common compliments which every body knows how to make on such occasions, which he answered in the usual manner. All that was particular was, that I spoke with the air of a person sensible of an obligation, who had nothing to do but to make excuses for a trouble which could not be avoided; and he answered

answered in a tone which prepared me for a more serious conversation. Even our mutual glances were a kind of prelude to it; he did not cast one at me which did not plainly say, 'I love you;' nor did I know what to do with mine, because they would have told him the same.

We were both in this silent intercourse when the surgeon entered; when, on the account Valville gave him of my misfortune, he told us that my foot must be examined.

I blushed at this proposal out of a sentiment of modesty; however, I composed myself with the thought that I had the prettiest little feet in the world; and that, though Valville was going to see it, it was not my fault, since necessity obliged me to shew it before him; and that it was my fall, not I, that ought to bear the blame.

We frequently imagine our consciences very scrupulous and tender; not on account of the sacrifices we make them, but of the artifices we make use of to deceive and impose upon them, and thereby prevent our making them any sacrifices at all.

I made some difficulty of shewing it, and was willing to pull off only my shoe; but this was not enough. 'I must by all means,' said the surgeon, 'see the bottom of the evil; I can do nothing without that.' Upon this the housekeeper was called, who was ordered to pull off my stocking; while Valville and the surgeon retired out of decency and respect.

When my foot was ready, the surgeon examined and felt it, to find out the hurt. The good man, to be a better judge of the case, stooped low, because he was old; while Valville, in conformity to his gesture, took insensibly the same posture, and stooped as low as he, because he was young; for though he was no great judge of the disorder, he was of the prettiness of my foot, with which he seemed extremely satisfied.

For my part, I did not say a word, and took no notice that I saw him: it would not have been modest even to appear to suspect the attraction that drew him thither; and, besides, I should have spoiled all if I had let him see I understood his little artifice; for I should have been obliged to take advantage of it, and appear more reserved; and perhaps might have put him to the

expence of a blush. The human heart is very unaccountable in its sensations; for there are moments when it is confused and shocked at being taken in a fact, only because it had determined to conceal it; and such disappointments always humble us. I acted in consequence of this reasoning; and though the presence of Valville confused me a little, it was only because he saw me, not because he loved to see me.

'Whereabouts do you feel the pain?' said the surgeon to me, touching it with his finger. 'Is it there?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I; 'just there.'—'I think,' says Valville, 'it looks a little inflamed here,' touching it with his finger with an innocent air. 'Come, come,' added the surgeon, 'the damage will soon be repaired; it is only fitting still to-day; a linen-rag dipped in brandy, and a little repose, will cure it.' Immediately my foot was bathed with brandy, the compress put upon it, and my stocking pulled on; when the surgeon took his leave, and left me with Valville alone, except some of the servants that were passing and repassing.

I did not question but I should be obliged to stay there some time, and that he would insist upon my dining before I went; but I did not care to let him know I had the least thought of it. 'After all the obligations you have conferred upon me,' said I, 'may I be so bold as to beg you would add one more, Sir, and order a chair or a coach to be called to carry me home?'—'No, Miss,' answered he, 'I cannot conduct you home for some hours yet. Your fall is but just over; and, besides, you are ordered to repose yourself a little; and I must, on that account, insist on your staying dinner: all that is necessary is, to send home to let your friends know where you are, that they may not be in pain for you.'

This, indeed, was very necessary; for my absence would doubtless have very much alarmed Mrs. Du Tour; and, besides, what would Valville have thought of me, if I had seemed to be my own mistress, and had nobody concerned for me, nobody to give an account to of my actions? Such a state of independence would have appeared with a very ill grace; for it is very improper a girl should be out of tuition at so tender an age; and especially, considering the figure

figure I made; for there is but a small transition from being lovely to being unworthy of being loved. See the inconvenience that attends beauty! it gives a probability that we are guilty upon the least suspicion that we are so; and on a thousand occasions it weighs down the scale against us.

But let it conclude what it will; the charms of beauty are too pleasing to us ever to disgust the possessor; for we love ourselves, and therefore love to appear amiable to others. In a word, beauty inspires either with love or desire: if it is love, let us be ever so austere, it is welcome; for the pleasure of being loved finds always a place either in our hearts or our vanity. Supposing it only inspires with desire, there is nothing lost by it: our virtue is indeed affronted; but our resentment turns upon him that called it in question, and not upon those charms which were the cause.

But to return: you are now used to my digressions.

I have told you that an absolute independence would not have appeared to my advantage; but Valville did not view me in that light, his respect plainly shewed the contrary; his looks and behaviour expressed a tenderness and fear of offending, that is only due to innocence and modest virtue: but, upon the least distrust, he would have no longer reposed an entire confidence in me; and the shadow of guilt would have made me sink in his esteem.

But, could you believe it? in spite of all I should risque by seeming independent, I was in suspense what part I should take: and can you imagine the reason? It was because I could give him no other direction than to a retail linen-draper's, since I could send to none but to Mrs. Du Tour's; a woman that, with some reason, I might be ashamed of. Methought it would be the greatest disappointment to a man of quality like Valville, whom I saw surrounded with servants, to find the girl he loved so unsuitable to one of his quality; and that, though I had the air and appearance of a lady of distinction, I was far from being one. How could I have the courage to say—'Go to Mrs. Du Tour's, at such a sign, where I lodge?' How mortifying the expression!

If my fault had been not to have been born of rich parents, had I but a

noble extraction, though no fortune, pride, though stripped naked, would have something to feed upon; I should only appear deprived of the superfluities and conveniences of life, but not of my right to the honours of it. But so great a share of politeness and submissive respect which he was pleased to express, was not in the least due to a paltry shopmaid, who must have appeared bold indeed to have permitted it, and might justly expect to be treated with contempt and insolence, as a punishment of her presumption and assurance. This was the reflection that I feared Valville would make. Methought I heard him say to himself—'How! is that all?' And the sharpness of that little soliloquy would be so cutting from him, that I chose to appear in a dubious light rather than in a ridiculous one; and so let him question my honesty, rather than laugh at my cost, and ridicule the respect he had shewn me. Thus I concluded that I would send to nobody, and that I would say that it was not at all necessary.

I was sensible this was a very wrong resolution; but do not you know that too often our souls are more proud than virtuous, more vain than honest, and consequently more scrupulous when our vanity than when our honour is concerned? But do not be frightened; though I took this resolution, I did not follow it; for, in the agitation these contending passions raised in my heart, I fixed suddenly upon an expedient wherein my miserable pride was satisfied. My heart, indeed, would be severely afflicted; but what signifies what our hearts suffer, provided our vanity be served by it? We can dispense with repose, pleasure, and too often with honour itself, to make peace with it. This expedient was absolutely to insist upon returning home immediately. 'What! leave Valville so soon?' say you. Yes; I had the courage to resolve upon it, and to snatch myself from a conversation so extremely sweet and desirable.

Valville loved me; and though he had not yet told me so, he would have time to make the pleasing declaration if I staid. I loved him; he was ignorant of it, at least I thought so: but I should not be able to conceal it; he would have had the pleasure of seeing me sensible, I of shewing I was so, and both

both the soft delight of enjoying each others company.

“O how many sweets are contained in this idea! sweets unmixed with the least degree of sensuality! It is all rapture! The soul at first sees, and could repeat, the various charms of such tender interview. What a sacrifice was I going to make!

These various sensations and reflections, though so long in relating, passed through my mind almost in an instant.

“Pray do not make yourself uneasy, Miss!” said Valville, with a tender and pressing air, and taking my hand with a modest bashfulness; “let me beg of you, dear Miss, not to look uneasy! Say but where you live, and a servant shall fly immediately, and put your friends out of their pain for your absence! Pray, think of it seriously; you are not in a condition to go yet: come, it is pretty late; stay but dinner, and you shall go as soon as it is over. Why, my dear charmer, do you hesitate? You will have nothing to reproach yourself with for staying here: nobody can blame you for it, since your accident compels you to it.” “No, Sir!” replied I; “I entreat you would permit me to retire. None can be more sensible of your civility than I am; but I cannot abuse it. I do not live far from hence; and, since I find myself much better, I beg it as a favour that you will permit me to go.” “But, Miss,” resumed Valville, “what can be the motive of your reluctance for staying in so natural, so innocent a conjuncture as this?” “As for reluctance, I will assure you, Sir, I have none,” said I; “but it will be fitter for me to be at home, since a coach may be had.” “What! so soon?” cried he, with a look full of the most tender softness. “It must be so,” replied I, casting down my eyes with a melancholy air, which he seemed to understand; for hearts understand one another; and it is very probable he perceived what passed in mine, for he took my hand again, with an air of such undissembled tenderness, and with such a quick and rapid transport, that, if he had said a thousand times ‘I love you,’ he could not have expressed it more intelligibly. It was impossible I should be mistaken: I saw a lover before me, who shewed himself without disguise; so that, with

all my artifice, I could not seem to evade the evidence of his passion. He, full of suspense, waited to see how I received this silent declaration; but his looks shewed his thoughts were, that he had not much reason to be dissatisfied. I remained surprized, silent, and confused; which was a proof I was charmed too: for when a man is indifferent or disagreeable to us, we acquit ourselves more gracefully, and are never put into this disorder; we know in every respect how to behave; but it is only love that softens our souls, and throws us into this confusion.

I was in this situation, my hand trembling in Valville’s, which I made no effort to draw back, and which I gave up entirely to him. My power of action seemed for a moment suspended; whilst, seized by I know not what attraction, I was softened into this tender fearful inactivity: at last, however, I uttered some words, but without order or connection, which in some measure diminished the confusion which my silence began to occasion, and which supplied the place of something which I did not, though I ought, to have said; such as—“Well, well, Sir! pray what means this?” This was all I could say to him: to which was added a sigh, which took away, perhaps, all the little force I had given it.

However, I soon recovered my presence of mind; and the emotions with which I was enchanted were dissipated suddenly, on my reflecting that it was indecent to betray so much weakness and irresolution before a gentleman every way my superior, and which I endeavoured to correct by an act of self-denial. “What do you mean, Sir?” said I, drawing back my hand with spirit and resolution, but with a tone which expressed that I was just awake from this soft disorder. But I can hardly believe he was in a condition to observe it; for he seemed at least as much captivated by that deluding passion as I; though it is not improbable but that he might see and take notice of every thing; for he was not so young a lover, and therefore not so liable to lose his presence of mind. Such a one may be moved, and feel all the delicacy that can fill a human breast; but he will not be perplexed; he preserves his judgment, while it is only novices that lose it: but what danger is not that maid
exposed

exposed to who falls into the hands of a pretended lover, that knows how to take advantage of her weakness?

As for me, I ran no hazard with Valville: my disorder was too short for him to gain any advantage by it. I had nothing, indeed, to reproach him with: I had inspired him with sentiments to my advantage; but his love was not so violent as tender. When a man admires a woman in this manner, in the beginning of his passion, it makes his heart honest, inspires him with virtue, makes him delight in the refined pleasure of loving and respectfully treating the object of his affections. This is the first employ of a tender, generous mind; it dresses the object of it's love in all imaginable dignity and worth: nor is it without it's own reward; for it is attended with greater, far greater delight, than all the pleasures of the sensualist or debauchee; and where a man is incapable of this happiness, he himself is the greatest loser. But probably, Madam, you would think it gain to you, was I not quite so impertinent.

Therefore, to proceed. I was entreating Valville to let me go, with a grave and confused look—'Indeed, Sir, you surprize me!' said I; 'you see yourself it is not without the greatest reason I resolve to retire, and that it is absolutely necessary I should do so.'—'You shall, Miss—indeed you shall—you shall go immediately,' answered he, gravely; 'I am going to give orders that you may, since it is painful to continue here; and I am afraid I am become quite disagreeable to you, by a sudden emotion which I could not help; for I own I love you, and could spend all the time we should be together, nay, my whole life, in making you sensible of it.' And if this pleasing subject had lasted for my life too, I think I should not have been weary; so sensible was the joy the dear declaration gave me; which, though flattering to my hopes, embarrassed and confused me. This I would willingly have hid from Valville; but was too unskilled in deceit to know what countenance to assume for that purpose. What he had just said required an answer; but joy naturally renders us silent, and this sensation possessed my whole soul. I thought my present situation of mind not proper to be discovered; and being so little unac-

quainted with the art of dissimulation, I continued speechless, with eyes cast down. 'Why do not you answer?' said Valville. 'Will not you favour me with one word, Miss? Sure you will not leave me in this dilemma! Has the innocent liberty I have just taken made me so odious to you, that all the actions of my future life are incapable of making reparation?'

In the midst of this tender pleading, he again took my hand in his; and, with all the warmth of the most passionate lover, kissed it every moment, always begging pardon for his presumption: but the best of the joke was, that I thought that a sufficient reparation for the fault, and innocently enough received it as such, when, in fact, it was only repeating it; though I do not think either of us perceived it.

'Will you then give me no answer?' said Valville. 'Must I have the cruel mortification to think you hate me?' To which I answered, with a sigh—'No, Sir, I do not hate you; I have no reason to hate you: you have never given me the least provocation.'—'Why, then, do not you answer?' returned he warmly. 'I have told you already I love you; I entreat you, tell me frankly whether this declaration is agreeable to you or not? Though I dread to ask, though the happiness of my life depends upon your answer, I entreat you put me out of this cruel, this insupportable suspense.'—'What would you have me say, Sir?' said I: 'I scarce know what love is; every person disguises his heart under that tender name; and while the virtuous do honour to this soft passion, the vicious make it a cloak for every villainy; the blackest crimes and the most complicated guilt, ruined innocence and bleeding honour, and all the blackest scenes that even hatred and malice can invent, are hid under this sacred name Love. But pardon me, Sir, I believe you entirely incapable of baseness and deceit; at least, my heart persuades me to think so. This, however, I must acknowledge, that I am extremely obliged to you; and, though it is probable it will never be in my power to return the obligation, I shall never forget the service you have been to me in so great an emergency.'—'You will never forget it!'

F cried

cried he briskly: 'but how must I know, Miss, you will remember me, if this is the last time I shall ever see you? I beg you will not let me lose you for ever. If it be true you have no aversion to me, do not make me miserable, by tearing from me the better half of my soul: if we part now, perhaps I may never see you more. It was to-day a mere chance that brought you to me: but how shall I be again blessed, if you will never let me know where to find you? I should for ever seek you; for ever deplore your loss in vain.'—'I own it will be in vain,' answered I, with an ingenuous freedom, and a look that seemed to pity us both. 'Well, Miss,' continued he, putting my hand to his mouth, (for that was now become a trifle which was hardly thought on) 'let me know who are your parents or guardians; tell me what I must do to make myself agreeable to them: I earnestly beg you will not deny me this consolation before you go.'

Scarce had he said this, when a valet entering—'Order the horses to be put to the coach,' said he, 'to carry this lady home.' This step, which I had not foreseen, broke all my measures, and cast my vanity into all the agonies from which it had just been delivered. It was not Valville's coach I wanted: the petty linen-draper would not have escaped the mortification of being known. I imagined he would have ordered a servant to call a hack, and that I should have gone alone, and had nothing farther to do but to tell the coachman where to drive me. 'Here,' thought I, 'I shall evade all the confusion and shame which this little shop had occasioned.' This had already been the source of a thousand different agitations, which returned in their full force; for he would not have failed to have enquired—'Where did you leave her?' whilst the servant would innocently enough have answered, at such a shop. Here, indeed, I had only been mortified by halves, and could only have blushed at a distance, since I should have been absent at this discovery of my meanness: but Valville had destined for me a shame more humbling and more compleat.

'I intend, Miss,' said he, as soon as the servant was gone, 'to conduct you home myself, attended with my

housekeeper, whom you have seen already. I fancy this precaution is more than necessary on my part, after what has happened: this I am bound to out of civility; it is a sudden thought I have happily fixed upon, which I hope will be agreeable to you.'—'O Sir!' cried I, 'what do you propose to me? To be conducted home by you! by a gentleman of your age! No, Sir, I cannot be guilty of such imprudence. You do not consider what people would make of this inconsiderate action: the world is malicious; it takes a pride in tarnishing our brightest virtues by foul imputations. How careful should we be, then, of giving the least room for this ill-natured, unfriendly vice, to triumph and display its barbarous eloquence! Though I have too good an opinion of you, Sir, to be at all afraid of trusting myself with you; yet, on this account, I must beg to be excused: I had rather, Sir, attempt to go home on foot, and limp thither as well as I can, than accept your offer.'

This discourse would not admit of a reply, though it seemed to touch him to the heart. 'You shall go, Miss!' cried he, in his turn, rising up hastily, with a countenance that expressed the keenest grief and despair; 'you shall be obeyed. You are resolved never to see me more; never to let me know where you may be found! What vain pretences, what unaccountable fears, do you make use of! No, my dear, dear insensible! there is not the least appearance that this can be the motive of your refusal. You cannot have such a groundless scruple. You are hurt with a fall at my door; I am there myself; and, with a crowd of spectators, am a witness of your misfortune: you cannot stand; I order you to be brought into my house, in order to send you home. Nothing could happen more simple and more natural; nothing more innocent than that, finding you in these circumstances, I should carry you home to your friends, and take this occasion of making myself known to them: but you are against it. Doubtless you have reasons for it: I am either disagreeable to you, or else you are pre-engaged.'

Upon this, without giving me time

to reply, vexed at the silent melancholy which I still preserved, he stepped hastily to the parlour-door, and called very loud to one of his servants, who came running; mean while his soul seemed embittered with every contending passion; and the painful struggle between love and despair was visible in every look and every action. 'Fly!' cried he; 'call a chair! and if one cannot be got, a coach: the lady will not accept of mine.' Then, returning to me—'Be satisfied, Miss; you shall have your wishes: you have nothing more to fear from me, for both you and your parents shall be eternally unknown to me, unless you tell me your name; and this I have not the least reason to expect.'

To this I made no answer; nor, indeed, was I able to make any, my tears had taken away my use of speech: full of the most melting reflections, I held down my head to prevent his discovering my weakness; nor do I think a lady of so soft and tender a mould as you, Madam, will be surprized at it, if you consider the state of my mind at that time; how cruelly I had been agitated, and how much my courage had been exhausted.

See the different mortifications I had been obliged to undergo, pondering, weighing, and making essays upon my soul, to compare it's troubles, and know to which I should give the sad preference: yet what service had it been to me to fix upon the painful resolution of leaving Valville? Was it less difficult to accomplish my design of remaining unknown? No, certainly: he offers me his coach, and proposes to conduct me home himself; at last, he only desires to know my name; a request so small, that, without the appearance of ingratitude, I cannot deny him. But, alas! I knew it not: my first misfortune deprived me of it, except Marianne; which could be no direction to him, and could only point out my extreme wretchedness. To what an extremity was I reduced! rudely to leave Valville, without regard either to gratitude or good-breeding; to banish myself from him as from one with whom I intended to break off all acquaintance: to leave for ever the man that loved me! whom I should for ever regret the loss of; and him, too, who had taught me to feel I had a

heart! for we only know we have one when we begin to love.

Beauty in distress finds an easy passage to the soul; the innocent sufferer naturally raises compassion in every generous mind: but where love has taken possession, it adds an additional charm to every grace, melts every passion into tenderness, every thought into love.

The generous Valville, quite desolate at the thought of my leaving him without a hope of seeing me any more, was ready to give vent to his despair; but my tears soon gave a turn to his passion, and my grief in a moment made him forget his own: I never saw a tender compassion painted more lively on the countenance. 'Bless me, Madam! what mean these tears?' cried he, throwing himself at my feet with an air of astonishment, and some rays of a dawning hope in his eyes. 'Why, my dear charmer, do you weep? Sure I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you? If I have, it was without design: pray speak, and deliver me from this cruel uncertainty. What, silent still!' added he, kissing my hand with inexpressible tenderness. 'Tell me, oh, tell me! what disturbs you? Can you hesitate a moment whether you shall open your heart to him who has given you his own? to him who swears to be for ever yours? to him who loves you more than life? in a word, who loves you as you deserve to be loved? Sure, my dear, I have a right to a little of your confidence! for it is impossible I can see your tears without impatiently longing to remove your uneasiness: and would it be just to give me so great a concern, without putting it in my power to ease myself of part of my anxieties, by removing yours?'

'Would you know me,' cried I, ingenuously, 'you must send to Mrs. Du Tour's.'—'To Mrs. Du Tour's!' said Valville; 'what, the linen-draper! I suppose, Miss, she is to inform your parents where you are. Pray, who must the man say he comes from?' At this question I was again confounded, and at a loss for an answer: Valville's want of penetration gave me the greatest confusion; for I had foolishly imagined that the bare naming Mrs. Du Tour would have informed him that I lived there; and that here would have

been an end of every mortifying question. I made no answer; but my silence had such a remarkable air of confusion in it, that at last Valville found out what I had not the courage to tell him.

'What, Mifs!' said he, 'do you lodge at Mrs. Du Tour's?'—'Yes, Sir,' answered I, with a tone of humility: 'I was not born to this state; but the greatest misfortunes have reduced me to it.'—'Pray, my dear,' returned he, 'dry up those tears;' presenting me his hand with an air of tenderness, that had something in it so honest and respectful, that it was a kind of reparation of the uneasiness I had just endured.

My history, upon which we were entering, would, doubtless, have been the subject of a long conversation, if we had not been interrupted by a noise at the parlour-door, where a lady appeared, leaning upon Mr. De Climal; who immediately fixed his eyes upon the poor Marianne, half reclined upon a couch, her eyes wet with tears, and in conversation with a young man, whose humble and tender posture declared their subject was love, and that he was saying to me—'I adore you;' for he was kneeling at my feet. But what was still more unlucky was, that at this moment his head reclined upon one of my hands, which it might be thought he was kissing. Was not this a very amusing picture for Mr. De Climal?

I wish I was able to describe his looks on this occasion: you will at first imagine that he blushed, and was out of countenance; but this is only a rough sketch of the man. Imagine you see him staring about him with a wild, confused look, but seeing nothing. He shrugs his shoulders; his arms had a ridiculous motion; and he seemed at a loss what attitude to give his body, or how to mould his face, in order to wipe off the disorder that was painted there.

Mr. De Climal was amorous, and fond of me. Judge, then, how jealous he must be. These passions gave him strong and violent agitations; but his pretended piety forbade his discovering the least degree either of jealousy or love. But they appeared in spite of all his endeavours to hide

them: he was sensible of it, and this made him ashamed. He was then afraid his shame should be discovered; and all this together gave such an air of uncertainty, of comicalness and folly, to his motions, that made it much more easy to form an idea of than describe. But this was not all; his disorder had another motive, that I was ignorant of; for Valville, in rising up, with a low voice, cried—'Oh, here is my uncle!'

More singular still was this remarkable chance. I could not help blushing at the sight of De Climal; but his relation to Valville increased my confusion; while the looks which I cast at him, if he observed them, shewed a consciousness of having listened with pleasure to the discourse of Valville; for I had the air of an accomplice visible in my countenance: we were, in fact, three most ridiculous figures. But the lady who entered with Mr. De Climal did not seem to take notice of our disorder; for my youth and beauty, and the tender posture of Valville, I believe, took up her whole attention. She opened the conversation with an agreeable air of gaiety. 'I cannot blame you, Sir,' said she to Valville; 'you are in good company; but I believe it is a little dangerous.' 'Sir, I do not think your heart is safe,' added she, saluting us with a smile. At first he could make no answer, but a smile, for want of having something to say. Mr. De Climal smiled too; but with such ill grace, that it appeared forced and unnatural; and he seemed entirely undetermined what part he ought to take in the adventure; and perplexed to know how I would behave; unresolved whether he should know me or not, and how I would act in this particular.

On the other hand, being equally at a loss how to behave to him, I observed his conduct towards me, that I might conform myself to it; but, as his simpering air could give me no light into his intentions, my manner of saluting him was not more decisive, and left him in as great an uncertainty as his countenance had done me: in short, I both did too much and too little; in one half of my behaviour I seemed to know him, in the other to be entirely ignorant of him. It was a perfect contradiction





dition to itself; and seemed to say, 'Yes,' and 'No,' and yet not perfectly either.

Valville observed this equivocal, unintelligible behaviour; for he has told me since that he was struck with it. He had for some time suspected his uncle was not what he was willing to appear. He had learned, from certain parts of his conduct, to question his religion, and to suspect his ostentatious appearance of superior piety to be all a farce, and put on only to hide the immorality of his secret vices: he saw I was amiable; found I lived at Mrs. Du Tour's; that it was with many tears I had confessed it. And all this, added to my confused behaviour to Mr. De Climal, who had a countenance not less discomposed and unsettled, gave too much reason for these melancholy conjectures.

I forgot to tell you, that I seemed as if going to rise, in order to pay my respects to them more decently. 'No, Miss, no,' said Valville; 'pray keep your place: this lady, I am sure, will not allow it when she knows you have hurt your foot—and, as for this gentleman,' added he, turning to his uncle, 'I believe he will dispense with it, because you seem to know each other.'

'I think I have not that honour,' said Mr. De Climal immediately, with a colour which seemed to revenge his breach of truth in spite of his assurance. 'Pray, Miss, have you seen me any where?' continued he, with a look which begged me to be secret. 'I do not know,' returned I, with a tone less bold than my words; 'but I think your face is not quite unknown to me. I believe I have seen you, Sir, somewhere.'—'Very likely,' replied he: 'but what is the matter? Has the lady had a fall?'

To this question his nephew made no answer: his inquietude so took up his thoughts, that he did not seem to hear him. 'Yes,' said I, all confused as I was for my share of his lye, which I was supporting, and for which I was conscious I must bear an equal share of guilt, even in the opinion of Valville, who I found saw through the deceit. 'Yes, Sir, I had a fall just by, as I was coming from mass, and was brought in here because I was unable to walk home.'

'But,' said the lady, 'you ought to have some help if you got a sprain; it may be of ill consequence. Are you alone, Miss? Have you nobody with you? Neither a footman nor your woman?'—'No, Madam,' said I, ashamed of the honour she did me, for which I reproached my dress as the cause; 'I do not live far from hence.'—'Well,' added she, 'we shall go to dinner in a quarter of an hour, and then we will conduct you home.'

'What, again!' said I to myself. 'Sure the whole world is in league to mortify my pride! Must every body be for carrying me home, for no other reason but because I have no home but what I am ashamed of?'

This lady, who was talking of attendants, would have been strangely surprized had she been told my circumstances: instead of the fine lady, she would have found an indigent, impertinent girl, a secret acquaintance of the hypocritical Mr. De Climal; for I must have appeared at this time in this disadvantageous light. And what then would have become of his reputation for remarkable piety and sanctity, after his denying he knew me? And should we not both have made a fine appearance if Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon should, according to custom, have been at the door, and cried out—'Bless me, Sir! is it you?—What, Marianne! How came you to stay so long, child? What have you been doing since church-time? How could you think you would not have been wanted?'

The discovery of my having abetted a falsehood was, indeed, the true reason why I ought to have trembled; the real disgrace which merited my attention, and not the meanness of my circumstances: but, though this was so very obvious, I did not at first sufficiently consider it. Thus, Madam, we are generally more jealous of the vain applause and consideration of the multitude, than desirous of the value and esteem of the wise and thinking few; and consequently not enough solicitous after our own integrity, the only true honour; while the trifling blandishments of life are pursued with the greatest assiduity. If we are admired, it is the person, not the virtue, that is the subject of admiration: you may value our good qualities as much as you will; but while you consider them separate

separate from us who possess them, we are not at all affected by it; you must consider them as ours to make your commendations acceptable. By this way of thinking, we are taught to look upon virtue as something foreign to us; but self-love and vanity, as the natural inhabitant of the soul, the spring and motive to action. Our self-complaisance and ambition we consider as part of ourselves, but our virtue only as our ornaments: the first as natural, but the last acquired; and consequently not, like it, necessary to our being.

Though this reasoning soothed my pride, yet it was far from giving me solid reason to approve of my conduct with respect to Mr. De Climal; for, supposing this to be the case, can self-love teach us to make ourselves unlovely? Can self-love make us dare to do an action which it must, out of the same principle, conceal? Or, in fine, can this attribute of the soul excite us to an act that will stain our inward purity, involve our minds in anarchy and confusion, and make us, instead of revering and loving, loath and detest ourselves? But I have done: these reflections are not ill-placed, though they are a great deal too long; but my next shall be shorter.

Mr. De Climal and I were at a loss how to escape the danger into which this lady's civility had cast us, in offering to wait upon me home. Could he avoid lending us his coach? or could I refuse to accept it? Both were very difficult. He turned pale, and I remained silent: while his eyes said—'Draw me out of this perplexed affair;' mine said—'Draw us out yourself;' and our silence began to grow remarkable, when a servant came to tell Valville that the coach which he had sent for was at the door.

This saved us: but the old gentleman began to be so confident, that he was even bold enough to abuse the security we were in, and carried his assurance so far as to say—'We do not want the coach now; you may send it back:' and this he said with such a frank air, as if he had all along designed it; and as if he had not hesitated or made the least difficulty of it.

I think, however, that, though he was so great an hypocrite at that time, I ought a little to soften my expressions;

since, notwithstanding this black part of his character, which I cannot even think on without detestation, his memory ought to be dear to me. His repentance was, I do not question, sincere; and as truth will not admit of my leaving out a scene of villainy which will occur in my Third Part, so, in justice to him, and in gratitude for the benefit I received by his repentance, I shall write with pleasure on that subject, which will be a kind of recompence for the uneasiness I feel in displaying his vices.

I found he trusted to me to give impunity to his assurance; and did not fear that I had either the malice or stupidity to make him repent it.

'No, Sir,' answered I; 'I will not give you so much trouble, since a coach waits for me.—And if you, Sir,' continued I, turning to Valville, 'will call somebody to help me in, I shall be gone immediately.'—'I believe these gentlemen,' said the lady, with an air of gaiety, 'will be proud of that honour.—There is one,' pointing to Valville, 'who will not regret the trouble.—Is it not true?' said she, looking at him with a smile. This gallantry proceeded, without doubt, from her finding Valville at my feet. 'But as we are going too,' continued she, 'I must tell you what brought us hither. Have you any news of Madam De Valville?' (this was the young gentleman's mother.) 'What, is she leaving the country? Shall we see her again soon?'—'I expect her here, Madam, this week,' said Valville, with a troubled and careless air; which was but an indifferent proof of his attachment to me; and at which I should, perhaps, have been disgusted, had not my thoughts been too much engaged with my own affairs. I immediately recollected that he had, indeed, received sufficient cause to be displeased at my conduct, and to render his dissatisfaction too great to be smothered in his own breast. I saw into the motive of his sadness, and this discovery covered me with shame. I found his heart distracted with the apprehension that I did not deserve his tenderness; and that he feared, that at last he should be obliged to renounce me, and root out his unhappy passion. Dear Madam, could any thing be more obliging than this tender fear? Nothing could be more charming, more amiable;

able; nothing more worthy of casting my soul into a humble and tender confusion, than this virtuous distrust; for I approved of his sentiments, was pleased at the honesty and purity of his heart, which would not suffer him to indulge the satisfaction of loving a mind less amiable than his own; but this pleasure had a mixture of confusion: and these are things which we cannot sufficiently describe.

But notwithstanding the coldness I had observed in Valville, after having answered the lady's questions, he came to me to help me up, and lent me his arm; but as he saw Mr. De Climal coming to us, he prevented him, by saying — 'No, Sir, do not attempt to support this lady; you are not strong enough; for I question whether she can set her foot to the ground. It will be better to call somebody else.' Upon this Mr. De Climal retired; for a guilty conscience made him distrust his assurance. On this Valville rung a bell, and two of his servants came immediately. 'Come hither,' said he, 'and carry this lady to the coach.'

I believe I had no need of this ceremony; and that, with the help of leaning a little on their arms, I could easily have supported myself; but I was so confused and disconcerted, that I let them lead me as they thought fit.

Mr. De Climal and the lady followed me together, and after them came Valville; who, as we passed through the court, I observed, by a side glance I gave him, whisper to a servant.

I was soon in the coach; when the lady, before she got into her's, insisted upon adjusting me herself, that I might sit easy, and not hurt my foot. I returned my compliments for her obliging civility, with an air of confusion; but what I said to Valville was with a worse grace still, and which he only answered by a low bow, with a look that said many things, which I perfectly understood, but cannot so well explain; the chief of which was, 'Oh! what shall I think?'

At last I parted, with my thoughts in a strange kind of suspense, at a loss to know what I should think, without either joy or grief, pain or pleasure. 'What will all this come to?' was all I could say in this astonishment, which left me unable to exercise any of the faculties of my mind; only a deep sigh

escaped me, that seemed to proceed rather from instinct than from any particular thought.

It was in this situation I arrived at Mrs. Du Tour's: I found her sitting at her shop door, impatiently waiting for my coming home, because dinner was almost ready. I took notice that she had fixed her eyes some time upon me before I got to the door, and that she seemed to regard me not as Marianne, but as one that resembled her so much, that she seemed to be in a surprise: and the coach was already stopped before she thought it was me; for she did not imagine I would come home in a coach. At last she was forced to know me again.

'What, Marianne!' cried she, 'is it you! I wonder how you could stay so long! I did not expect you would come home in a coach! What! was the way from church too far for you?' — 'No, Madam; but it was impossible for me to walk, for I have had a fall, and have hurt my foot; only be so good as to help me into the house.'

While I was speaking, the coachman opened the door — 'Come, come, Madam,' said he, 'you are at home: never fear; I will carry you in in a moment; what signifies what such a pretty little thing as you weigh! Come, fear nothing; I could carry you farther than your own legs.' On which he took me in his arms, carried me like a feather into the shop, and set me in a chair.

I was no sooner seated, than, casting my eyes cross the street, I saw at some distance one of Valville's servants, who seemed to have been running to keep the coach in sight; and this probably was the result of his whispering to him as we went out.

The sight of this domestick, placed as a spy upon me, revived all my sensibility; I blushed to find him a witness of the meanness of my condition; I knew, that as he had seen me with Valville, and seen me, too, treated in all respects like a lady of quality, he must be in the greatest surprise to find me carried into a shop, and to discover that I was a servant there. This was the first reflection I made: and was not this enough to trouble me? It is true, it was only a footman; but pride will not suffer us to sink in the esteem of even the lowest without pain; nothing

thing is minute, nothing indifferent to it. Besides, I had no reason to doubt but that he was sent by Valville—'Ha! has my master been at all this pains for such a one as she; he has been rarely employed.' Methought I heard him say this with a broad smile; for these persons are commonly very fond of a joke; it is a privilege of their station; and they are especially proud of an occasion to debase those to their own level, whom they have, through mistake, honoured as much their superiors; and, on this account, I feared that, in his report to Valville, he would let slip some insulting reflection; or divert himself with my circumstances, in such a manner as to wound the delicacy of his master's affection, by making me look despicable. I was conscious I had already sunk too much in his esteem, since he no longer thought it an honour to serve me. An adieu to the delight we have in love, when the glory of inspiring it is tarnished by the apprehensions that we are unworthy the affection that is cast upon us, and the lover is obliged to struggle to get the mastery of a passion which he thinks a dishonour to him; and as this was Valville's case, how disadvantageous to me would have been the least degree of raillery; for it is incredible to think how much influence the most trifling turn of wit, or the minutest circumstance, has over a mind already disgusted, when set in a humorous light, in order to render the object compleatly contemptible; and, indeed, was this the case, Valville's disdain would have made me more uneasy than the certainty that I should never see him more.

As soon as I was seated, I took my money out of my pocket to pay the coachman; but Mrs. Du Tour, like a woman of experience, thought proper to take it upon herself, believing me too young to manage even such little affairs. 'Let it alone,' said she; 'I will pay the man myself. Where did you take coach?'—'Near the church,' said I. 'Oh, that is but just by,' returned she, counting out some small money. 'Here, hold your hand, honest man; there is your fare.'—'That my fare! No, mistress,' said the coachman, returning her the money; 'I will not take it. This is not measured by the ell.'—'What does the man mean by the ell?' said Mrs.

Du Tour gravely. 'Here, take your money, and be easy. We have known what a coach-fare was before to-day.'—'Well, and you may know what it is to-morrow, for what I care; what does all that arguify? Give me my fare, I desire no more; and do not make any words about it. Cannot you mind your own business? Is it you that I carried? Did I ask you for any thing? Nay, the deuce take the woman and her shilling too! She thinks she is haggling for a bunch of carrots.'

Mrs. Du Tour, happening to be pretty well dressed, could not help fancying herself a person of great importance, and was therefore highly affronted at the insolence of the coachman; (all this, Madam, I recount purely to divert you.) The bunch of carrots did not sound well at all in her ears; how was it possible that such impudent nonsense should come from the mouth of any one that was looking at her? Was there any thing in her air that could inspire a discourse so vulgar? 'I will assure you!' cried she; 'I think, fellow, you grow very impudent! Do you think I will hear all your nonsense! Go! get about your business! There is your money, take or leave it; I do not care what you do with it. What does the fellow mean? I assure you, if I call my neighbour, he will teach you better manners, that he will; and oblige you to speak to people in trade with more civility.'—'Mind the old trull! What do you think of she now?' returned the other, true coachman like. 'Clear the way! have a care! my lady has got her holiday bib on! Ifackins! one would not think there needed so much ceremony to speak to her ladyship! Sure Mrs. Minx may be spoke to! The deuce take you, why do not you pay me? Were you twenty times a better trader than you are, what should I be the better for that? Must not my horses live? You would not have those fat chops if you were not paid. How d—d ugly it looks to bestingy!'

Bad examples are contagious; and Mrs. Du Tour, who had hitherto kept pretty well within the bounds of that air of dignity which she had just assumed, could hold out no longer; this last insult of the coachman's made her lose all patience; she instantly deserted the part

part of a responsible woman, which could be no longer of service to her, in order to let the coachman see she was not many degrees above him, and was able to contest with him who could be most vulgar, and render themselves most contemptible. She acquitted herself pretty well, and shewed she was not unequal to the task.

When self-love in people like her is only slightly touched, it may keep a mastery over the passions, and with some decency attend to reputation, and that honour which it is tenacious of preserving; but when it is attacked with affronts too gross to be regarded by persons of sense, and should only be looked upon with an eye of contempt as beneath our notice, they throw off all restraint, abandon themselves to the low gratification of an unbridled passion; and, in this mighty bustle, throw down and trample upon the reputation they are too eager to support.

Here Mrs. Du Tour, with a torrent of noise, displayed all the elocution she was mistress of. 'Why, how now, you blockhead! you drunken dog! with your holiday-bib! pray who do you speak to, scoundrel?' cried she, all in a breath, and running to the counter for her ell: when, being thus armed—'Get along!' cried she; 'get out of my shop, fellow! or I will lay this measure over your bones!'—'D—n you, do not strike me!' cried the coachman, laying hold of her arm. 'Keep your hands to yourself; for, the de'el take me! if you do not be quiet, I will shew you a fellow that will not be beat! Pox take you! I do not ask for a farthing more than my due, you stinking good-for-nothing jade! Is there any thing wrong in that?'

The noise they made soon drew a mob about the door. 'Will you let me alone, you blackguard you?' said Mrs. Du Tour, striving to get her ell from the coachman, who had seized hold of it. 'Why don't you get up, Marianne, and call Mr. Ricard?'—'Mr. Ricard!' cried she, in the same breath. This was our landlord, who lived up two-pair of stairs, and who happened to be out. 'Gentlemen,' said she, speaking to the mob that crowded before the door, 'I call you all to witness; you see how it is; he has assaulted me!' (but that was not

true) 'he has abused me! Run, one of you! run to Justice T——! he knows me very well; it is I that serve him with cloth! Only tell him it is Madam Du Tour!—Run, Miss Kitty!—' 'Run, my good girl!' cried she to another, that was servant in the neighbourhood: and all this with her cap discomposed by the jerks which the coachman gave her arms when struggling for her ell.

But all her cries were in vain, nobody stirred: and you may easily judge Mrs. Du Tour had not the least help to hope for; for there was not one who would deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing the conclusion of this hopeful quarrel, when every moment promised a diverting catastrophe; for they imagined, if she could have struck the coachman, who held fast her ell, it would have opened a very diverting scene.

These rough and boisterous passions, noise, clamour, and insult, are hardly pardonable in our sex; whose perfection is to be mild and gentle, and to have a heart all innocence, tenderness, and purity; a soul at the greatest distance from the brutal passions of a fury; and a tongue unused to rude and vulgar reproach.

For my part, I was so uneasy and vexed at her folly, that I could not help incessantly crying out—'Hold, Madam! pray let him alone!' The coachman made himself hoarse with telling every one he had not his due; that she would make him give her his trouble for nothing; witness the shilling, which he never mentioned without some contemptible epithet; and it is easy to guess at the uncivil eloquence of a hackney-coachman.

Had Mrs. Du Tour the least regard to decency, she would have carefully avoided a scene that must necessarily make her the ridicule of a mob as well as of her neighbours: but she gave up all reflection to indulge her eager desire of making a reply; and was, indeed, too angry to have very delicate ears.

'Yes, you dog! yes, twelve-pence! you shall not have a farthing more, you rascal!' said she. 'And I shall not take them, you twelve devils, for all your cursed tongue!' answered the coachman. 'You scoundrel, you are not worth twelve-pence!' returned she: 'are not you ashamed, you rogue? What! to come only from the church

G

'hither?

‘lither? An ambassador’s coach may be had as cheap! I wish I may die if I give you a farthing more! I would see you hanged first!’ continued she, shaking her fist at him. ‘Only remember this is St. Matthew’s Day; but the better day the better deed: and to-morrow you must take care of yourself; I tell you so, who am not such a prate-a-pace as you imagine, but the reputable Madam Du Tour; and it ought to be Madam in your mouth, sirrah! since I am Madam with every one else, and Madam all the world over! Do you hear that, you blackguard scrub?’

All this while she was pulling and struggling to get her measure out of the coachman’s hand, who held it fast; and who, by his sour look, and the suddenness of his motion, seemed inclined to use her as roughly as if she had been of his own sex, and I believed the poor woman was going to be beat; for a large, ugly, angry fist, that he lifted up, and which threatened to punish her for having dared to provoke the moderation of an hackney-coachman, made me tremble. I made haste to take eighteen-pence out of my pocket, and to give it the fellow. He took it immediately; and then shaking the ell in Mrs. Du Tour’s hand so violently, that she was forced to let it go, tossed it to the farther end of the shop; and, putting his hand to his hat—‘Blessing on you, my sweet girl!’ said he, walking off; while the crowd opened to the right and left, not so much to make way for him as to give Mrs. Du Tour room to follow him; which she would certainly have done, had I not hindered her by holding her fast. ‘Be quiet, hussy! do you see now what you have done with your eighteen-pence? I will never forgive you, Marianne, as long as I live! Do not stop me; for if you do not let me go, upon my honour, I will beat you! It is mighty pretty, indeed! Was it not your money that I was saving? But my own shilling, pray, who is to return me that?’ (for her interest would not be silenced) ‘Has he taken that away too? Why did not you give him the shop and all?’

‘Madam,’ said I, ‘your money is fallen on the ground: but never mind it; if you do not find it again, I will make it good.’ And this I said, shut-

ting the door with one hand, and holding Mrs. Du Tour with the other.

‘A fine uproar, indeed!’ said she, when she saw the door shut; ‘it is mighty pretty! Let us see—Oh, here is the money!’ added she, picking it up as calmly as if nothing had happened: ‘the villain was very lucky not to find Toinon here; I will assure you, she would not have let you make ducks and drakes of your money, as you have done. Truly, she is a better manager than you: but, then, poor girl, she has nothing; but you, thank God, are rich, and have the best of treasures, provided it does but last.’

‘Oh, Madam!’ said I, with some impatience, ‘I know I am poor; but do not railly me upon it, I beseech you. It is ungenerous to insult the miserable, and betrays a meanness of spirit that every good woman ought to be ashamed of. I am sensible of the supplies I have had, and of my own indigence; but I had rather renounce them all, and throw myself, friendless as I am, upon Providence for my support, than to stay with you, exposed to such unkind and grating expressions.’—‘Again!’ said she, ‘pray what makes the girl think I railly her now? Is it because I said people made her presents? Well, what if they do, where is the harm of that? They make you presents, and you take them; you would be a fool if you did not. Why, are gifts to be refused? No, to be sure! But well meant, well taken: and when any body has a mind to give me any thing, I shall take it; but, I am afraid, I shall not have such good luck; I am sure, however, I meant no harm; but you are very touchy. Come, come, let us go to dinner: it will soon be time to go to vespers.’ Upon which she went to table; and I got up and followed her, leaning upon the ell, which Mrs. Du Tour had laid upon the counter.

Mrs. Du Tour was, upon the whole, a good sort of a woman; she meant no ill, though she often seemed to do it; for her anger was partly feigned. To bluster and look big, to assume an air of authority, she foolishly imagined was necessary to make her be taken notice of. The clamour of a shrill and hasty voice kept up her spirits, and inclined her

her mind to something of the same disposition; and from thence proceeded the disagreeable hints she gave me; but on this account she was not very tenacious of her fits of ill-humour, since they were not so much the effects of the disposition of her mind as the weakness of it. Persons of this character have always a very grovelling understanding; they may have a few trifling virtues, indeed; but they are either merely constitutional, or the copies of what they have seen in others: and they make very little use of their reason, but to consider how others would behave in like cases, without ever considering the propriety of action, or the beauty and deformity of the two extremes of virtue and vice.

Were I to relate all the discourse she directed to me at dinner, a whole Part would scarce be sufficient to contain it. My looks and silence shewed it was far from being agreeable to me; but she no sooner saw my uneasiness, than she shewed her concern by her disagreeable way of apologizing.

'What is the matter, Marianne?' said she; 'What makes you silent and dull? Does any thing make you uneasy?'—'Yes, Madam,' said I; 'you have mortified me to the last degree.'—'What! do you think of that still?' returned she. 'Lack-a-day, how childish you are! What is it that I have said to you? I do not remember any thing of it. Do you think, when folks are in a passion, they mind every word they say? Bless my heart! when people live together, must they be so touchy, and be affronted at every turn? It is true, I said a word about Mr. De Climal; but should you be uneasy because he takes care of you, and buys you what you want? I will lay a wager, that, because you have neither father nor mother, you thought I hinted at that; for you are really very jealous, and, as Toinon says, are always watching people's thoughts; and so, because you do not know who were your parents, you persuade yourself that we have nothing else to think

on: and so, as we were talking yesterday, by chance, with a neighbour, about a child that had been dropped and found in an alley, you was in the parlour, and overheard us; and so, I suppose, thought we had been talking of you all the while? I saw it plainly by your looks. And now you begin again to-day: but I wish I may never eat another morsel as long as I live, if I thought of either father or mother any more than if there never were any such persons in the versal world! Besides, is not a foundling like other children? Ammarry! if all the children that are dropped, were given to the commissary, where would be found a house big enough to hold them all? We do not chuse our station in this life before we are born; but, since God is the Father of the fatherless, charity is not quite dead. Now, is it not a good Providence that has given you Mr. De Climal? It is true, his designs are not over good; but no matter, God has the care of every thing: but if the man is good for nothing, his money is good; aye, that it is, and better than a good Christian's, who would not give half so much! Come, come, child, I would only make you a good manager; not that I would have you stingy: my birth-day is coming; and then, or on yours, or on Toinon's, or so, you may throw away a little money, and divert yourself; but, except these times, or at the carnival, or other holidays, when you treat us, you should keep your money to yourself.'

She was in this part of her lesson, of which she would have never been tired, and part of which was as disagreeable to me as the reprimands that occasioned it, when somebody knocked briskly at the door. Here my adventures become numerous and interesting; for I have only two days to stay at Mrs. Du Tour's; and I promise I shall trouble you with fewer reflections, if these prove disagreeable to you. You will let me know your sentiments.

END OF THE SECOND PART.



THE
VIR TU O U S O R P H A N.

PART III.

OU are in the right, Madam; I have made you wait too long for the continuation of my history; I do not excuse myself, I only beg pardon, and proceed.

I have already told you that somebody knocked at the door, while Mrs. Du Tour was preaching up œconomy; which, however, she was willing to dispense with, whenever I had a mind to let her share in my extravagance, and regale her and her family at my expence. Here she was interrupted by a knocking at the door—'Who is there?' cried she immediately, keeping her seat; 'who knocks there?' I thought I had just heard a coach stop, and a voice answered to Mrs. Du Tour, which was not altogether unknown to me. 'I believe,' said I, 'it is Mr. De Climal.'—'Do you think so?' said she, starting up and running to the door.

'Oh, dear Sir!' cried she, 'I ask your pardon. Upon my word, I should have made more haste if I thought it had been you. Marianne and I have just done dinner; and, indeed, there is only us two at home. Johnny' (this was her son) 'is gone to see his aunt, who is to take him to the fair; for the little young rogue is continually abroad with her on holidays. Mary, the maid, is gone to a cousin's wedding; I told her she might go if she would, for weddings do not happen every day, and she will be a good while before she comes back. On the other hand, Toinon is gone to see her mother; the poor woman does not see her often, she lives as far as—' O dear! I cannot think of the name of

'the place: well, I shall think on it by-and-by. And so, as I was saying, you must think how she must trot and run to get thither and back again to-night, and so much the better; I am glad on it, it makes her stay at home. And so I was alone waiting for Marianne, who happened to fall as she came from church, and hurt her foot, so that she could not walk, and so they carried her into a house to look at her foot, and to have a surgeon, who, you know, could not come in a moment; he must be sent for, let it be ever so far; and then she must have her stocking off and put on again; then she must rest herself, and a coach be called: and, at last, she came home, after she had made me stay till half an hour past one. Now, you would think we might go to dinner. No, there was the ugly coachman, that I had a mind to pay myself, to save Marianne's money, who does not know how to manage; but she, in spite of all I could do, was such a fool as to give the coachman twice as much as his fare. I was in such a passion, I could have beat the rogue if I had been strong enough.'

'There has been noise enough, then,' said Mr. De Climal. 'Yes, Sir, if you please to call it so; I was in a heat, indeed: but there was no harm done, only a mob gathered about the door.'

'So much the worse,' said he, gravely; 'such scenes ought to be carefully avoided: and Marianne was in the right to pay him what he asked.—'How does your foot do?' added he, addressing himself to me. 'Pretty well, Sir,'

“Sir,” said I; “I feel hardly any pain: it is weak; indeed; but, I hope, to-morrow it will be perfectly well again.” —“Have you done dinner?” said he to us. “Oh, Sir, yes, to be sure,” replied Mrs. Du Tour; “we were fat talking of one thing or other. Will not you please to sit down, Sir? Have you any thing to say to Marianne?” —“Yes,” said he, “I want to speak to her.” —“Well, be so good as to walk into the parlour,” returned she; “this is a nasty hole, every thing is in a litter.—Come, Marianne, lean upon me; hold, I will wait upon you in a minute. Stay, stay, I will fetch my ell, which may make a shift to do.” —“No, no,” said Mr. De Climal, “I will help her.—Here, take hold of my arm, Miss.” Upon this I got up, and went with him, through the shop, into the parlour.

“Well,” said Mrs. Du Tour, as I was seating myself in an elbow-chair, “since you are engaged with Marianne, I will slip on my hood, and go to church, to hear a little of the prayers: it is really pretty late; but I shall not lose all, I shall hear more or less of them.—Sir, you will excuse my going.” —“I leave you to look after the house, Marianne; if any body asks for me, tell them I shall not be long: do you hear, child?—Sir, your servant.”

Upon this she left us; and went out a moment after, only pulling the door after her, but not shutting it; because nobody could come into the shop without our seeing them from the parlour.

Till this time Mr. De Climal appeared gloomy and reserved, and had hardly spoke four words; he seemed to wait till she was gone before he would begin the conversation. For my part, I guessed, by his thoughtful intriguing air, what employed his mind; and was, before he began, disgusted with the persecution I was like to undergo of hearing him urge his hateful passion: for you remember, that, before my adventure with Valville, I had decided within myself, that his pretended affection was only an amorous inclination, inconsistent with honour, and that strict religion he made profession of; but what passed at his nephew’s put it beyond all doubt. A good man would never have blushed at seeing me there; would never have dissembled his knowing me,

nor have appeared so confused and perplexed. No, his conscience was wounded; and he dreaded a discovery of his guilty design. This was, indeed, a blushing before the sin, or rather before it appeared visible; and, while I viewed him in this light, you cannot imagine how deformed his vice made him appear, and what an insupportable burden his company was to me.

Three days before, when I discovered that he loved me, I only considered him as an hypocrite whom I must suffer to act as he pleased, since I was resolved to render all his attempts upon my virtue abortive: but at present my thoughts were changed; I could not regard him with that tranquil indifference. His detested sentiments raised in my heart an indignation against his person; in a word, I regarded him with other eyes; the tenderness of the nephew, who was young, amiable, and gallant, had taught me to look upon the uncle in a true light; I took notice of his age, his wrinkles, and, above all, the ugliness of his character.

What a foolish and ridiculous figure he had been obliged to make at Valville’s! How would he introduce his detested love, so offensive to God? Would he exhort me to be no better than himself, and to renounce all my hopes, my rapturous hopes, of a happy futurity, in return for the services he had done me! Oh, how odious he is! How can a man of his age hide from himself his own villainy, which ought to fill him with horror! To be hoary with age, which naturally should inspire reverence; to have an air of sanctity, and the character of a good Christian; and yet, notwithstanding all this, with a hardened front, to tell a girl in private—“Take no notice of this appearance of sagacity and merit; I am a cheat; I deceive every body; I love you with the guilt and madness of a shameless debauchee; and beg you would oblige me so far as to turn a libertine to please me.” Was not this a most engaging lover?

These were the ideas that passed through my mind during the silence which Mrs. Du Tour’s presence occasioned.

At last we were left alone. “What an everlasting talker is this!” cried he,

he, shrugging up his shoulders; 'I thought she would never have done stunning us with her clack.'—'Yes,' answered I, 'she loves too well to hear herself speak; and, besides, she perhaps cannot imagine that you could have any thing to say to me, that you would scruple to say before her.'—'What think you of our meeting at my nephew's?' resumed he, sighing. 'Nothing,' said I, 'but that it was an accident.'—'You acted very prudently to pretend not to know me,' said he. 'It was because you seemed to wish I should do so,' answered I. 'But, Sir, why are you glad I did not call you by your name? And what was the reason why you pretended you had never seen me before?'

'I always thought a person of your character was never afraid of having his actions examined; and that, conscious of his own uprightness, he scorned to do any thing in the dark, or in private, that he was ashamed to own in open day-light, and in the face of all the world.'

'Why,' said he, with an insinuating and wheedling tone, 'it is much more proper, both upon your account and mine, that they should be ignorant of the engagements that are between us, which will not be soon over; and we should be very much to blame to give them an opportunity of criticising upon it: for, my dear child, thou art so very charming, that they could not help thinking I loved thee.'

—'Pish, Sir! they could never think of any such thing,' returned I, with an ingenuous freedom; 'they know you are a man of unblemished honesty.'—'Yes, yes,' said he merrily; 'they know it, and have reason to think so: but, Marianne, one is not less honest for loving a pretty girl.'—'When I said honest,' returned I, with a serious air, 'I meant a good, a pious, and religious man; one who is above being a slave to vice, and has learned to set bounds to his passions; in a word, one who delights to diffuse happiness around him, who reveres himself, and loves his God. This, Sir, I have been taught, is the picture of every good man; at least, it is a height of virtue that he ardently aspires after: but how is this consistent with a vicious——'

'Hold, my dear child,' interrupted he; 'you do not take me for a saint, I hope? I would not have you view me in this light: you do me too much honour, I will assure you; indeed I do not deserve it. However, it would be very difficult for a saint to continue so with you. Aye, difficult indeed! Judge, then, how impossible it is for others. I have never a wife to whom I owe my affections; I have not been able to resist the powerful force of so many united charms: but we will talk of this by-and-by. Let us return to your accident. You fell down, and was carried to my nephew's, who is a giddy young fellow; and, no doubt, said many gallant things to you; did not he? He was entertaining you, I fancy, with all the fine things he could say, when the lady and I entered: but there is nothing surprizing in that; he found you what you are, divinely charming, and beautiful as an angel; in short, what every body else must think of you. But, as I am certainly the best friend you have in the world, (and this, I hope, I shall be always able to give you convincing proofs of) tell me, my charmer, did not you delight to hear him? Methought you seemed to listen with an air of satisfaction. Am I deceived?'

'I, Sir!' answered I, vexed and confused, 'I heard him, because I was with him; I could not possibly do otherwise: but he said nothing to me but what was consistent with the greatest politeness, and the most perfect virtue.'

'Perfect virtue!' cried he, repeating my words. 'Take care, Marianne; this may proceed from some prejudice in his favour. Alas! how much I should pity you, if, in your present situation, you should be tempted to listen to his delusive arts, and be cajoled into your ruin! How irreparable would be the loss! and what would become of you, do you think? But, tell me, did he ask you where you lived?'

'Yes, Sir, I believe he did,' answered I, blushing. 'And you, not knowing the consequence, have, without doubt, told him,' added he. 'To what purpose would it have been to have concealed it from him,' returned

turned I, 'since I could not get into a hackney-coach without giving orders where to drive me?'

'You make me tremble for you,' cried he, with a serious and compassionate air. 'Yes, I shudder at the thoughts of this unhappy event, which may be attended with the most fatal consequences, if your prudence does not prevent them: indeed, child, he would ruin you; it is but too true, and I cannot help telling you so. Alas! what a pity it is, that, thus possessed of all the various charms and graces that adorn your whole sex, you should become the prey of a young rake who does not love you! For do these thoughtless fools know what it is to love? Have they a heart? Have they any solid sentiments? Have they honour or a character to support? No, no; his highest ambition is to gratify his vicious desires, and then to abandon you to despair and misery. My nephew will regard you as one much beneath him; he will look upon you as a pretty girl, whom he condescends to make a kind of mistress of; and who, his vanity at once prompts him to believe, is ready to run mad for him: this is what you are to expect from him. He will at first amuse you by a passionate behaviour, and a few trifling presents: he will make the most tender protestations, which you will too easily believe; he will delude you by an appearance of the most ardent affection; he will be incessantly praising your too lovely person; and, by pretending to adore you, insinuate himself into your affections. In short, he will propose some little assignations, which you will at first refuse him, but at last consent to; and then you will find that, as soon as you have surrendered up to him the possession of your heart, inconstancy and disgust will succeed; and he will boast of having made a conquest of your virtue, and despise the sacrifice. This is the natural behaviour of a young man; and thus you will infallibly find it, if you listen to his pretended passion. And would this be agreeable to you? Pray, consider what would become of you if this should ever be your case! You have wit and good sense; and therefore cannot avoid looking into your circumstances,

and seeing what will be the consequence of your giving him encouragement, and being terrified at the frightful apprehensions that must frequently disquiet your mind. You know, Marianne, you are an orphan; an orphan unknown to all the world, related to no person upon earth: you know none that will share in your affliction, and sigh with you in your misery; without parents, without fortune, without friend, me only excepted, whom you have only known by chance. I am the only person that interests himself in your affairs; and am, indeed, tenderly attached to you, as you see by my manner of speaking to you; and will have infinitely more reason to think so by my future actions; for I am rich, (this I say by the bye) and am able, on that account, to support you in a manner proportionable to my affection, provided you know your true interest, and I have reason to approve your conduct: by conduct, I mean prudence, and not a certain austerity of manners, not a rigid and severe life, which it may be difficult, and perhaps impossible, for you to lead; for you are not in a situation to be scrupulously nice in this particular; besides, mere morality cannot save you; it is a low and despicable attainment. No; what you want in this you must make up in strong confidence and presumption; for implicit faith and sound orthodoxy are a sure guide.'—'Hold!' interrupted I; 'I am at a loss to comprehend what you mean. In what must not I be scrupulously nice? and what means that censure of morality? Is it not all that is good, all that is amiable, truly noble and great in man? all that makes the Deity lovely, adorable, and worthy our highest regards? I am sure I always thought morality the brightest attribute of the Divinity.'—'Pish! do not preach,' resumed he: 'pray observe I speak to you as a man that knows the world; who knows you must live; and that necessity is a terrible thing: and therefore was going to say that, though I may appear to you as an enemy to what you call love, I confess I am not so to all kinds of engagements. I do not say you must fly from them entirely; they may be useful and reasonable, as

well.

well as ruinous and fatal, as that must be which you might have for my nephew, since it could have no other end but to deprive you of the benefit of all the advantages you are possessed of; which is, the being amiable. You would perhaps find some pleasure and satisfaction in loving a giddy young rake with tenderness and fidelity; but it would be a pleasure big with unhappiness, since the foolish libertine would not love you in return; and, from the first day, would leave you in indigence and misery, from which you would find it extremely difficult to extricate yourself. Misery, indeed! I cannot soften the expression, since it is my business to open your eyes, and not to dry up your tears. This subject, my dear Marianne, has employed my thoughts ever since I left you; and has made me so soon leave the company where I dined: for I have a great many things to tell you; and am in a very good disposition, as you, without doubt, have taken notice of.

'Yes, Sir,' answered I, with the tears streaming from my eyes, and my breast filled with confusion and vexation at the dreadful picture he had drawn of my condition, as well as detestation at that selfish, detestable motive, that had induced him to use me thus. 'Yes, Sir, speak freely: I shall always think it my duty to follow the advice of so pious a man as you.'

'Let my piety alone: I tell you,' said he, approaching me with a free air, to take hold of my hand, 'I have already told you what disposition I am in. I throw religion aside: I am not preaching to you, my dear; I would only appear to you as a man of good sense, who knows you have nothing, and must be provided with all the necessaries of life, unless you are determined to go to service; and this you seem to have an aversion to; and which, indeed, is not at all fit for you.'—'No,' answered I, blushing with anger, 'I hope I shall never be obliged to come to that extremity.'

'This would be a sad resource,' cried he; 'I cannot even think of it without feeling a very sensible uneas-

iness; for I love you, my dear child, most tenderly.'

'I am persuaded you do, Sir; and I depend upon your friendship, and that virtue which you profess,' returned I, in order to deter him from explaining himself more clearly; but it was to no purpose. 'Ah, Marianne!' returned he, 'I profess nothing but weakness; and to be, perhaps, even more weak than any other person. You know very well what I mean by friendship: but you are a little malicious creature; and are willing to divert yourself, by pretending not to understand me. Yes, I love you; you know it, and have for some time been sensible of it: I love you as such a beautiful and charming creature should be loved. It is not friendship that you have inspired: at first, I thought it was only that, but I was deceived; it was love, the most tender love. Do you understand me now? My love will never change; and you shall have no longer room to complain of your adverse fortune: for there is no friend comparable to such a lover as I am.'

'You my lover!' casting down my eyes: 'you, Sir! I could not have thought it!'

'Nor I neither,' returned he; 'I was surprized, my dear, to find I had lost my heart. You were very unhappy; I had never seen any body who had so much reason to be afflicted, or more worthy of succour: I was born with a heart sensible of the misfortunes of others; and, in rendering you my assistance, I only thought of being generous, of indulging my compassion, or piety, if you please, since you are willing to look on it in that light. I looked on your distress with the heart of a friend, till your charms melted the mind that your misfortunes had rendered soft, and too susceptible of tender impressions. I still preserve the strongest and most ardent desires of doing you all that friendship could inspire: and while I felt the growing passion swell my heart, I called it by a name less soft, and less liable to alarm me. Thus I have deceived myself, and have been punished as my presumption has deserved; and therefore do not pretend to excuse myself.'

' myself. I own I am very much to
 ' blame; I ought to have secured myself
 ' against this weakness; and I should
 ' have been less guilty had I feared you;
 ' had I fled from you, and deserted you
 ' in this miserable distress: but, on the
 ' other hand, if I had been so prudent,
 ' what would have become of you,
 ' Marianne? Poor child! to what
 ' frightful extremities wouldst thou
 ' have been reduced! See how my
 ' weakness, or my love, call it which
 ' you please, came seasonably to your
 ' relief. Do not you think, my dear,
 ' there is a Providence in it, which
 ' has permitted me to love, and you to
 ' be extricated from your embarrassed
 ' and dreadful circumstances, at my
 ' expence? for, if I had taken care of
 ' myself, you would have had no pro-
 ' vision, no retreat to fly to: and this
 ' reflection consoles me, because it jus-
 ' tifies to myself the impetuosity of
 ' my passion, and makes it necessary;
 ' though, at the same time, it humbles
 ' me. It is a little evil, attended with
 ' a great, with an infinite good. I
 ' have here only mentioned the dis-
 ' traction you would be in by my ne-
 ' phew, or any other young man's
 ' abandoning you, without saying any
 ' thing of the reproach which will fol-
 ' low. There are few men, especially
 ' young ones, who mind such a girl as
 ' you: they boast and glory in the suc-
 ' cess of their amours; and, with an
 ' impudent mockery, point out the
 ' poor deserted wretch to their compa-
 ' nions, who creeps along oppressed,
 ' and almost sunk down with misery;
 ' and cry, with an insolent look—
 ' "There she is!" Oh, my dear charm-
 ' er! judge what an adventure this
 ' would be to you, who are the most
 ' lovely person of your sex, and
 ' would therefore be the most disho-
 ' noured; for in these cases the fairest
 ' are most despised, because it must cost
 ' them some pains to bring themselves
 ' to look upon them as despicable.
 ' But you would run no hazard with
 ' me: you know my character; and
 ' are sensible that your reputation would
 ' be secure under my protection. I shall
 ' not be desirous that other people
 ' should know I love you; nor that
 ' you return my affection: it is in pri-
 ' vate that I shall relieve you; and,
 ' without noise, secure to you a fortune
 ' that may for ever free you from the

' necessity of depending upon others,
 ' who have not such generous senti-
 ' ments. Persons, whether of better
 ' or inferior circumstances, are gene-
 ' rally covetous: they are amorous
 ' without tenderness, and would only
 ' give you a present and scanty supply;
 ' so that the same necessity would al-
 ' ways oblige you to suffer their pre-
 ' tended love.'

I could not hear this discourse with-
 out being seized with the most piercing
 grief: I found myself worthy of the
 greatest compassion, in being obliged to
 hear his shocking insolence; and, burst-
 ing into a flood of tears, I cried out—
 ' Good God! to what am I reduced!'

He was immediately sensible that
 this exclamation proceeded from the
 fear and terror with which he had filled
 my mind. 'Softly, softly!' said he,
 with a whining tone, and taking hold
 of my hand. 'Hush! softly, my
 ' dear, charming girl! take courage;
 ' since you have been so happy as to
 ' please me, you are out of all the
 ' danger I have mentioned. It is true,
 ' without me you could not avoid it;
 ' for, I must not flatter you, you are
 ' not born to be a linen-draper; no,
 ' this will never support you; I am
 ' sure you must be sensible of that;
 ' and, supposing you had made yourself
 ' a mistress of the trade, how would
 ' you raise money to set up? You must
 ' be for ever a shopmaid, without hav-
 ' ing the least glimmering hopes of
 ' ever improving your circumstances.
 ' Amiable as you are, you still want
 ' many of the necessaries and conve-
 ' niences of life; but how will you ob-
 ' tain them, unless you consent these
 ' persons should help you? And, if
 ' you do consent, how happy will be
 ' your situation!'

' Oh, Sir!' said I, with a deep sigh,
 ' entertain me no more with these dis-
 ' agreeable subjects; have some consi-
 ' deration for me, and pity my youth;
 ' you know that I am but just out of
 ' the hands of a virtuous lady, whom
 ' I am resolved it shall be my study to
 ' imitate. From her and her brother I
 ' have received an education that makes
 ' such discourses quite unintelligible to
 ' me: and I am surprized to see it possi-
 ' ble for a man of your appearance to
 ' be capable of using me in this man-
 ' ner, for no other reason but because
 ' I am poor!'

H

' No,

‘No, my child,’ returned he, squeezing my hand; ‘no, you are not: you have riches, since I have them; it is I that am to be henceforward to you a parent, in the room of those you have never known. Compose yourself, I beseech you: notwithstanding what I have said, I am not willing to give you the least degree of useless fear, but to shew you of what consequence it is that we should get acquainted, and that I should have taken, without my perceiving it, the most tender inclination, which attaches me to you, and makes our interests inseparable. It is an inclination that humbles me; but which I cheerfully submit to, because it is the effect of an event every way surprizing: yes, the end of your misfortunes depends on this affection. I should not have given you a sufficient support, had I been less yours; I should have behaved as a generous good man ought on such occasions: but that would not have been sufficient; your wants required that I should do something more; they required I should love you, and love you most passionately, too. I find I cannot overcome it; that I am forced to yield; and that it is my duty to atone for my weakness, and expiate my guilt, by removing all the inconveniences of your present condition: this is what I have resolved upon, my dear; and I hope you will not oppose it, for I flatter myself you do not know how to be ungrateful. I confess there is a good deal of difference between your age and mine; but, in fact, I am only old by comparison, that is, because you are very young; for, with any other person, I should be thought pretty tolerable,’ added he, with the tone of a person sensible of his good constitution: ‘but, let us see, we ought to take our measures, and fix upon something before Mrs. Du Tour comes home. I believe you think no more of being a linen-draper: on the other hand, there is Valville, a rakish young fellow; you have told him where you live; and he will infallibly seek an opportunity to see you again. We ought, then, to escape his pursuit, and to hide from him our engagements, which we shall not be long able to conceal if you

stay with this woman: so the only method we can take is, to remove to-morrow to the other end of the town, which will not be at all difficult. I know an honest man, who has the management of my affairs; that is, what they call a solicitor: his wife is a sensible woman; and they keep a very pretty little house, where there is an apartment which has been let to a gentleman of Provence, who has just left it; and this apartment I will go to-night to bespeak for you. You will be agreeably situated, and extremely well used, on my account. These good people will be charmed to have you there; and think themselves highly honoured, because you will appear genteel, and in such a manner as to gain respect. You shall arrive there under the character of one of my relations, who has neither father nor mother; whom I have brought out of the country, in order to take care of: this, joined to a handsome sum I will pay for your board, the stock of rich cloaths, and the noble furniture, you shall have in two days, together with the masters I shall provide for you, such as a dancing, singing, and musick-master, or what others you please; to which I may add the manner I shall behave towards you when I pay you a visit: all these, I say, will effectually secure their esteem, and render you mistress over them. Is not this true? There is not time for hesitation; you must make haste, Madame: and, in order to prepare Mrs. Du Tour for your departure, tell her to-night, that you find yourself unfit for her business, and that you will go into a convent to-morrow morning; upon which, I will send the man’s wife we have been speaking of, who shall come in a coach, which shall carry you to her house, where you will find me. Tell me, do not you agree to this? And are not you willing, too, that, to encourage you, and to prove the sincerity of my intentions, (for I do not desire you should rely entirely upon my word;) I hope, I say, you will not be displeased if, till something better can be thought on, I bring you to-morrow a small contract of five or six hundred livres a year. Speak, my dear,

‘ dear, lovely girl! will not you be ready to-morrow? Shall they come for you? Yes, yes! you consent; do you not?’

At first, I could make no answer: such an open indignity confounded me, filled me with amazement, and took from me the use of speech; and I remained immoveable, with eyes cast down, and bathed in tears.

‘ What do you resolve, then, my dear Marianne?’ continued he, after a moment’s pause. ‘ The time presses us to make haste: Du Tour will be here presently. Is it agreed? Shall I speak to-night to the man?’

At these words, coming to myself— ‘ Oh, Sir!’ cried I, ‘ you are not, then, known: the monk who brought me to you was deceived; he told me you was a man so honest—’

Here my tears and sighs choked my words, and prevented my saying any more. ‘ My dear child!’ returned he, ‘ what false ideas you conceive of things! Alas! if he himself was sensible of the violence of my passion, he would not express such surprize, nor would he esteem my character less. He would tell you, that these are involuntary effects, which may happen to the most honest and most pious men: he would tell you, that, all goodness as he is, he durst not swear to preserve himself free; and that there is no fault so pardonable as a sensibility like mine. Do not thus make a monster of me,’ added he, bending one of his knees imperceptibly before me; ‘ do not believe my heart less true, less worthy of your confidence, because it is tender! This does not affect my probity, as I said before: it is a weakness, but not a crime; and a weakness, too, to which the best hearts are the most subject, as your own experience must have informed you. This monk, you say, thought he presented you to a virtuous man: this I have been hitherto; this I am still; and if I was less so, I should not love you, perhaps, at all. It is your misfortunes, and my virtues, that have united their force, and inspired me with my present resolutions: for it is to be generous, and to indulge my pity for you, that I suffer myself to love; to love you who reproach me for it; you, whom others will

love, but not like me; you, who would make them a return, though your fortune be a loser; and you, who repulse me, your best, nay, only friend, who am going to extricate you from all the anxious distracting cares, and all that reproach, which threaten your days; me, whose tenderness (and I may say it without vanity) is a present chance has made you; and me, whom Heaven, which disposes of all things to subserve its wise purposes, is making use of to change your condition.’

He had no sooner said these words, but Heaven, whom he presumed to make an accomplice in his guilt, seemed to punish him by the sudden arrival of Valville; who, as I have already said, knew Mrs. Du Tour. He came through the shop to the parlour, where he found my old gallant in the same posture in which, two or three hours before, he had been surprized by Mr. De Climal; that is, on his knee before me, with my hand in his, which he was kissing, and which I was endeavouring to snatch from him. In a word, a revenge could not have been more compleat.

I was the first who perceived Valville; when a gesture of surprize and astonishment made Mr. De Climal turn his head, and see him too.

But judge how he was struck at the sight! He seemed turned to stone; his mouth was open, as if fixed; he remained on his knee without motion, without presence of mind, without the use of speech. Never did confounded and abashed hypocrite make less mystery of his shame, or more plainly discover his guilt. None could have behaved with a worse grace under the weight of his iniquity, or confess more frankly his own baseness. But it is in vain I attempt to describe him, since I cannot give you a picture that comes up to the original.

For my part, as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I appeared more surprized than confused at this event, and was going to speak; when Valville, who at first cast a look full of disdain at me, and then coolly contemplated his uncle’s disorder, said, with an air of tranquillity and contempt— ‘ This is mighty pretty, Madam!—Your servant, Sir; I beg pardon for my intrusion.’ And then left us, casting

another glance at me, more contemptuous than the former; when Mr. De Climal rose up.

'What do you mean, Sir? What is very pretty?' cried I, rising with precipitation. 'Stop, Sir! Stop! you are mistaken! you wrong me! you do not do me justice!'

But my cries were in vain, since he did not return. 'Run after him, Sir,' said I then to his uncle, whose heart seemed still to be in a violent palpitation, and who was, with a trembling hand, pulling his cloak over his shoulders. 'Run, Sir! Would you have me made a victim to his scorn? What will he think of me? What will he take me for? Lord! how unhappy I am!'

This I said with the tears in my eyes; and so distracted were my thoughts, that I was going myself to call Valville back, who was already in the street: but his uncle stopped me. 'What are you going to do?' cried he. 'Stay, Miss, do not disturb yourself; I know what turn to give this affair: besides, what need you care what such a fool thinks of you? since you may, if you please, never see him any more.'

'How! what need I care!' replied I, in a rage. 'Not care! Does not he know Mrs. Du Tour? and will not he freely tell her his thoughts? Have not I had a conversation with him for above an hour? And will not he know me again whenever he sees me? May he not meet me every day? perhaps to-morrow. Will he not despise me? Will he not regard me as a lost, abandoned, and unworthy creature, purely on your account? Me, who have still retained the virtue which he imagines I have lost! who had rather lose my life than my innocence! And have nothing that I can call my own, but my honesty, and the secret satisfaction of not having deserved such reproach. No, Sir, I have reason to be afflicted, and in the utmost grief, that ever I knew you: it was the greatest misfortune that could happen to me. Let me go; I will, I am resolved, speak to your nephew, and let him know my innocence. It is not just that you should secure your reputation by the loss of mine. Why do you counterfeit the pious man if you are not

so? It is hard that I must be made a tool to support your hypocrisies!'

'You little ungrateful creature!' replied he, turning pale, 'is it thus you repay my kindness? What do you mean by your innocence? Where did you dream that I ever thought of attacking it? On the contrary, you have heard me say, that, though I had an inclination for you, I reproached myself, and was sorry for it; that it filled me with humility; that I looked upon it as a fault, for which I was self-condemned, and which I was ready to atone for, by turning it entirely to your advantage, without expecting any thing from you in return, but your grateful acknowledgments. Were not these my very expressions? And is there any thing in all this that ought to render me suspected of a crime, which my very soul abhors, and thus to blemish the purity of my honest intentions?'

'Well, Sir,' said I, 'since these were your designs, and you have still so much virtue; if you are, indeed, the upright man you profess to be; do not permit me to lose my reputation through an accident, which you alone was the cause of. Lead me to your nephew; take me to him directly; undeceive him, and save your honour as well as mine! You held my hand fast in yours; and, I believe, was even kissing it, in spite of my endeavours to draw it back: you were at my feet. And can you think he could take this for a proof of your piety and compassion? Will he not rather imagine you are my lover, and that I am your mistress? At least, ought you not to give yourself the trouble to undeceive him? You ought certainly to speak to him, and let him know my innocence; you are obliged to do it, out of regard to my character, and to prevent scandal: nor can you be silent without being highly guilty in the sight of that Being, who is truth and goodness itself. Then, Sir, you will find I shall have the most grateful heart in the world; that nobody will respect you more: I shall be entirely at your devotion, and shall give you all the affection of a child; all the confidence and regard that is due to one who will so justly deserve the dear name of a friend. And if, after this, you will

not

'not abandon me, expect from me all
 'that a modest and inflexible virtue
 'may innocently grant. Would you
 'gain my esteem and reverence, and
 'my most dutiful and affectionate re-
 'gard, delay not a moment; but carry
 'me immediately to Valville, and at
 'once save your reputation and mine.
 'Say to him—"You ought not, ne-
 'phew, to harbour an ill opinion of
 "this girl; she is a poor orphan; and,
 "on this account, I have taken her
 "into my care, and am resolved to fill
 "up the loss of her nearest relations,
 "by being myself a father to her:
 "and, though I was willing to seem
 "not to know her when with you, it
 "was only to disguise so remarkable an
 "act of piety." Say but this, and let
 'your conduct shew you are in earnest,
 'and I will go with you wherever you
 'will. If these are your dispositions,
 'you will the easier pardon all I have
 'said; since it proceeded not from in-
 'gratitude, which will ever be a stran-
 'ger to my breast, but from a thought-
 'less, sudden transport, occasioned by
 'the fear of my good name's being
 'lost, and my virtue in danger; that
 'virtue which has been my only sup-
 'port in my afflictions. Do this, I
 'say, and I will atone for all I have
 'said by the most humble submission
 'possible. We have nothing to do
 'but to stay till Mrs. Du Tour re-
 'turns home, before we go: but if you
 'will not consent to it, I declare I will
 'go by myself!'

'Get you gone, you little saucy
 'huffey!' returned he, like a man who
 had lost all sense of shame, and no
 longer valued my esteem, since he was
 willing I should despise him as he de-
 served. 'Get you gone! I do not
 'fear you! Do your worst! You are
 'not able to throw an odium upon
 'my character! But, do you hear?
 'I advise you to take care what you say,
 'or I will make you know what it is
 'to affront me! I will say no more: you
 'shall know how much is sometimes
 'lost for having dared to say too much.
 'Farewel; depend no more upon my
 'friendship; I withdraw my charity:
 'there are other persons in distress
 'more worthy of pity, and to whom
 'it is just I should give the preference.
 'You will still have something to make
 'you remember me: you may keep

'the cloaths, linen, and money; though,
 'indeed, you do not deserve them.'

'No, Sir!' said I, or rather cried I
 to him, 'I will not keep any of them;
 'you shall have them all again: and,
 'first, I begin with your money, which
 'I have happily about me. There it
 'is,' added I, throwing it on the table
 in a hasty, contemptuous manner, which
 well expressed the emotions of a young
 heart, at the same time proud, virtuous,
 and insolent; 'now, there only re-
 'mains the cloaths and linen, which I
 'shall presently bundle up for you to
 'take with you in your coach, Sir: and,
 'as I have some of your cloaths on,
 'for which I have as great an horror
 'as I have for you, I only desire time
 'to go into my chamber and undress
 'me, and I shall be with you presently;
 'and, pray, stay for them, or, I give
 'you my word, I will throw them out
 'of the window.'

You must observe, that, whilst I was
 talking in this manner, I was unpinn-
 ing my cloaths; and had presently
 pulled off my cap, because I no longer
 looked upon it as mine; so that in a
 moment I stood bare-headed before him,
 with my hair dishevelled.

This sight entirely disconcerted him.
 I was in a wild transport, regardless
 of every thing; I raised my voice; and
 there was nothing to be seen but dis-
 order and confusion, and a wild inde-
 corum, which alarmed him, and which
 he seemed to apprehend was in danger
 of degenerating into an insult upon
 him.

I insisted upon going into my room
 to pack up my cloaths: he held me fast,
 and would not let me go on account of
 my passion; his lips, pale and trem-
 bling, began to open; but what he said
 I could not perfectly hear; though, if I
 could, he seemed to speak with such
 confusion, that must make him inca-
 pable of expressing himself intelli-
 gibly. At last, he stammered out—"But,
 'Marianne! are you mad? Why all
 'this noise? Hush! how foolish you
 'make yourself? Come, be quiet!
 'Take care! Hush! Mrs. Du Tour
 'will come presently!'

On this she entered. 'Hey-day!'
 cried she, seeing me in this disorder,
 'what is the matter now? Is the girl
 'bewitched! What have you done with
 'your cap? Mercy on me! it is on the
 'ground,

‘ground, I think. Bless my heart! has any body been beating her?’

These questions she asked all in a breath; and with ten times more noise than we both made before.

‘No, no,’ said Mr. De Climal, who made haste to answer her, for fear I should begin first; ‘I will tell you what is the matter. It is nothing but a misunderstanding of hers that provoked me, for which I shall put a stop to my favours. I will pay you for the little time she has been with you; but I shall not be answerable for the time she shall stay after to-day.’

‘What!’ said Mrs. Du Tour, with an air of inquietude, ‘will not you continue to pay for the poor wretch’s board? How do you think I must keep her, then?’

‘Madam, pray do not make yourself uneasy about that; I shall not be at your expence: and God forbid I should ever more be at his,’ said I, in my turn, sitting down in an elbow-chair, without knowing what I did; and where I gave way to my grief, regardless of either of them. As for him, he stole away while I was speaking; and I remained only with Mrs. Du Tour, who seemed quite astonished; and, holding up her hands—‘What a rout is here made, indeed!’ cried she, sitting down. ‘You have made a fine piece of work on it, Marianne; have not ye? No more money! no more provision! no more maintenance! Now, are you satisfied, hey? What a pretty step you have taken! Do not you think you have? Aye, aye, cry now! cry, do! you may have your bellyfull of it! At last you are turned out of doors. What a foolish wench you are!’

‘Oh, let me alone, Madam! let me alone, I entreat you!’ said I. ‘You talk without knowing any thing of the matter.’—‘Not know any thing of the matter!’ returned she; ‘that is pretty, indeed! Do not I know you have nothing in the world; is not that knowing enough of the matter? Not know, gither! What does the girl mean by her not knowing? Where will you go now? It is this makes me uneasy; for I speak purely out of friendship for you, and nothing else; for, were I in circumstances to keep you, you would have no occasion to mind the loss of Mr. De Cli-

mal. “Ads-bobs!” I would say, “come, come, my girl; thou hast nothing, it is true; but I have more than I want: let him go, if he will; never mind him.” But, lack-a-day! what signifies good nature alone! The times are bad, and provisions are very dear; and one has enough to do to make both ends meet; and it is not without difficulty that we can do that.’

‘Be easy,’ answered I, with a deep sigh; ‘I assure you I will go to-morrow, let what will follow. I am not without money, and will give you what you demand for the expence I shall be to you till I leave your house.’

‘What a pity it is!’ answered she. ‘O but Marianne!’ returned she, quite softened, ‘how happened this sad quarrel? I have already, you know, preached to you, and instructed you how to manage him; I am afraid you did not follow my directions.’

‘Do not mention him any more,’ said I to her; ‘he is an unworthy wretch! He would have me leave your house, and lodge, at a great distance from hence, with one of his acquaintance; who probably is no better than himself; and whose wife was to have taken me away to-morrow morning. So, Madam, if I had not broke with him, but seemed to consent to every thing he said, as you advised me, I should not have staid longer with you.’

‘Hah, hah!’ cried she; ‘was that his intention? He wanted to take you from me to place you with some scrubs, I suppose. Really, that is mighty good! What a fusty old fellow it is! What a dotard! with his up-lifted eyes, and gloomy dismal devotion! Would not one take him, at first sight, to be only fit to be put in a niche for some saint? And yet, I find, he is as arrant a sinner as the worst of us. But why did he want to remove you? Was it because he could not see you here? Who would have hindered him? Was it not in his own power? He told me that he would take care of you, which was a very good work.’—‘So much the better,’ said I. ‘Do we use to interfere in works of charity? No, sure! None but God knows people’s consciences; and he will have us always think the best of our neighbours. What should he

‘he be afraid of? he might come and go when he pleased: and, since he said he was a good and charitable man, was it my place to contradict him, and give him the lye? Had you not a room to yourself? and should I have gone to have seen all you did there? What would he have had more? What maggot bit his old crown? Pray, what were his reasons for desiring you to change your lodging?’

‘You must know,’ returned I, with an air of negligence, ‘that, after my fall, I was carried to Mr. Valville’s; and, having told him where I lived; he fears he should come to see me here.’—‘Oh, there is the story then, at last!’ replied she: ‘I see the reason perfectly, and do not at all wonder at his acting thus; it is because he apprehends his piety will not pass current with his nephew, who doubtless would, one time or other, have taken occasion to ask him what he intends to do with you. But, Marianne,’ continued she, ‘has the young gentleman been here?’—‘Yes, Madam,’ said I; ‘he is but just gone, without entering into any particulars; and it was after his departure that Mr. De Climal shewed his resentment at my refusal to accompany him to-morrow to the new lodgings he had provided for me; and then reproached me as being guilty of the blackest ingratitude for daring to refuse him, after having received so many favours from him. For this reason I was resolved to return all his presents, even to the cap I had on; and this thought agitated me so much, that I put it off for that purpose, that he might take it with him.’

‘What a strange kind of route is here about nothing!’ cried she: ‘you had ill luck, indeed, to fall just by Valville’s house! Mercy on me! how came your foot to slip? You should have taken care how you walked, Marianne! See, now, what it is to be giddy! But how came you to tell him where you lived? for it was that only that brought him hither.’ I did not give much attention to what she said; and answered her only out of complaisance. She went on—‘In short, child, I do not know how to direct you; I see no remedy, not I.

Advise with yourself; for, after what is passed, you must make your choice, and think of something: the sooner you come to a resolution the better. I will have no bustle in my house: Toinon and I both love peace. It is none of your fault, indeed: but no matter for that; people always put a bad construction upon things; every body will pretend to be judges, though they know nothing of the matter; they all love to out with their nonsense; and then comes the tittle-tattle—“Who is he?” and “Who is she?” and “Where?” and “How?” and all that. You must needs think this cannot be very agreeable: besides, we are not related to you; if you were but a cousin, or ever so distant a relation, you know, it were another thing; but you are neither akin to us, nor any body else.’

‘You afflict me sensibly, Madam!’ returned I briskly: ‘have I not already told you I will go to-morrow? Would you then have me go to-day? It shall be just as you please.’

‘No, child, no!’ answered she; ‘do not mistake me; I am not so unreasonable: and, if you knew how much I pity you, I am sure you would not have any reason to complain of me. No; you shall lie here, and sup with us to-night, if you will take up with what we have in the house; I will not have any thing for that: and if I can be of service to you, through my acquaintance, pray, child, do not spare me. But I must give you one piece of advice; and that is, to sell the gown your old lover gave you: you cannot wear it with any face now; since you are poor, it is too good for you; and the linen, too, is so fine, that it cannot fail to make people ask you where you had it. Believe me, beauty, poverty, and finery, do not look well together in one of your age. I would advise you to keep only the cloaths you had when you came here, and sell the rest. I will buy them of you, if you will; though I do not care much whether I do or no: but I have a mind to buy a new suit; and, to oblige you, I will buy your gown for that purpose. I am a little more fat than you, but you are taller; and, as it is very full, I shall manage that, and easily make it serve. As to the linen, I will either pay for it,

‘it, or change it for other: but do as you please; I am very indifferent about it, and would not have it, if it was not to oblige you.’

‘No, Madam,’ said I, coldly; ‘I will sell nothing, because I have resolved, and even promised, to send all to Mr. De Climal.’

‘To him!’ replied she; ‘you are a fool then; I would see him hanged first! Give them him, gither! I would as soon give them to Old Nick! He should not see a rag of them any more. But you jest, sure! Was it not an alms? And what is given this way, you know, child, can never be recalled.’

She would not, very probably, have stopped here, though all she could say would have been to no purpose, if she had not been forced to it by an old woman’s coming in, who had some business with her. As soon as she left me, I went up into our chamber: ours, I say, because it was Toinon’s as well as mine.

As to my sentiments with regard to Mr. De Climal, I shall mention them no more: my gratitude was all that ever bound me to him, which now he had wiped out. I detested him, and looked upon him as a monster; and a monster, too, that was so entirely indifferent to me, that I did not at all regret his being so. However, I pleased myself with the thoughts of returning his presents, and never seeing him more.

Let us now come to what passed in my chamber. You imagine, I fancy, my first thoughts were taken up with the dismal situation I was in; but you are mistaken; this only regarded my life: but what engrossed my whole attention was of greater consequence; it was myself.

You smile, Madam; and, perhaps, think I make a distinction where, in reason and nature, there should be none: but, indeed, I do not; our lives are less dear to us than our passions. If we carefully observe what passes within us, we shall find that our lives are not necessary to our existence; that it is, in a manner, only by accident that we live; but that to be is natural to us: thus, for instance, when a man, grown desperate with the reflection of his misery, murders himself, he only thinks of leaving life to disengage himself

from the cares of it; and it is not himself he is weary of, but only the burden he bears.

If I have lengthened my recital with this reflection, I have only done it to justify what I said to you; that my thoughts were engaged upon a subject more important than life itself; and this was Valville.

You remember that this gentleman, when he surprized me with Mr. De Climal, cried out—‘This is mighty pretty, Madam!’ and you know, too, that I loved him: judge, then, how piercing was this short reflection!

In the first place, I had virtue; and while Valville thought so, he was my lover: a lover, Madam, that it was impossible to hate, even in circumstances that seemed to require it. ‘Perhaps he loves me no more!’ cried I; ‘he has already gained a victory over his passions! Ah! how unworthy he is of my affection! But for what is he to blame? Is not De Climal rich and old, whilst I am poor and destitute? Has he not seen him at my feet, a moment after we had mutually pretended not to know each other? What opinion can he have of me after this dark and mysterious conduct? Then, what have I to reproach him with? Though he loves me, can he help believing me guilty? Could he say less than he did? And is not he sorry that he has placed his affections upon an unworthy object, whom he is obliged to despise? Sure his disdain is the strongest proof of his own virtue, and that his intentions were honourable! But does he actually despise me? Does he accuse me of being guilty of every crime? Does he not hesitate a little to condemn me without hearing what I had to say in my own defence? And can I excuse such a man? Ought I to see him again? No! that would only declare my own weakness: did he only suspect me, did he only shew his resentment, or been highly provoked, I might, I ought to have borne it! But to despise, to disdain, and affront me! to go off abruptly, though I called him back, and besought him to hear me! nay, perhaps, has turned his passion into hate! Oh! why should I think of him any more? Why endeavour to justify myself to a man who is so basely deceived, through his own precipitate folly,

‘ folly, which would not permit him to stay to hear me vindicate my conduct? Ah, how little does he know me! Let what will become of him! The uncle is gone, let the nephew follow! The one is a vile and unworthy wretch; and the other believes that I am so.’

‘ But I have a bundle to make up,’ continued I, rising from a chair, where, seated in a pensive posture, I made this short soliloquy—‘ But why do I amuse myself thus, since I must go to-morrow? I must send away these cloaths to-day, as well as the money Mr. De Climal gave me:’ which lay upon the table till Mrs. Du Tour had made me take it up, and put it in my pocket.

I opened my drawers to take out my new linen. ‘ Yes, Valville, yes!’ said I, drawing it out; ‘ you will soon know me better, and begin to think of me as you ought.’ This idea flattered me in such a manner, that I gave way to the thought; and though, in justice, I should cheerfully have returned the cloaths to De Climal without any other motive, yet this of undeceiving this dear man so took up my soul, that it seemed as if this consideration had the greatest share. ‘ I will send,’ said I, ‘ the linen, the gown, and the money, with a letter, to him; and this will not fail to disabuse him, and make him regret my loss.’

He appeared to me to have a generous soul; and I applauded myself, and was extremely satisfied, at the uneasiness I foresaw I should give him for having offended me: and I could not help flattering myself, that, on many accounts, I had a title to respect. First, I had been very unhappy, and had something singular in my adventures, which demanded pity; and pity, you know, Madam, is a friend to love: then I was conscious of my own virtue, and the artless innocence of a frank and open heart. This he would easily discover to my advantage; and, besides, I could not be ignorant that I was thought handsome and naturally genteel. What could I desire more? Would not all this soften a generous lover, make him sigh for having too rashly suspected me, and revenge my cause upon his heart? I could not wish to succeed better than this; and, provided I afflicted Valville, and made

him sensible how much he had wronged me, I should have been content: and, this done, I would never more speak to him, nor give him an opportunity to see me. I found I loved him, and knew that he was sensible of it; and was even glad he was so; because, finding that, in spite of this, I had broke with him, he would easily see what share he had in the affair.

In the mean time, the bundle was making; and what will doubtless make you smile, was, that, in the midst of these lofty and courageous thoughts, I could not help considering the linen I was handling, and saying to myself, but so low that I could scarce hear it—‘ It is, however, well chosen; how white and fine it is! it is almost a pity to lose it!’

This small regret dishonoured a little the nobleness of my surrender; but what would you have? I might have dressed myself in this linen which I was sending away. Great actions are difficult; and what pleasure soever we take in them, we are apt to imagine, sometimes, we would willingly dispense with it, provided we may taste the pleasure of enjoying our inclinations. To behave with a true greatness of mind requires some pain; we must do as those who would appear tall; that is, stand upon the stretch: but we need only be as we are, to appear little. You see, Madam, I am a little severe upon myself. But to proceed.

There was now my cap to put up; and, as I entered the room, I had laid it in a chair near the door; but had quite forgot what I had done with it. A girl of my age, who is going to lose all her finery, may surely be allowed some little absence of mind on so important an occasion.

Now I thought of nothing but my gown, which was next to be bundled up; and, as I had it on, was, very likely, loth to pull it off. ‘ Is there nothing else left?’ said I. ‘ Is this all? Not there is the money.’ And this I took out of my pocket without the least reluctance; for I was not covetous, only a little vain; and, for this reason, parted with it with more courage than any of the rest.

At last, however, there remained no more than my gown. ‘ What shall I do next? Come, before I pull it off, let me take down the other,’ added I;

I

which

which was, without doubt, only to gain time. I then went to take it; but, in the small space there was between me and it, which was only two steps, my heart began to soften; my eyes, in a moment, grew full of tears, without my perceiving how they came so: I fetched a deep sigh; which was either for myself, for Valville, or my fine gown; I do not know which. But what is more certain, is, that, taking my old one down, I sighed again, sat down in a chair, and cried out—‘Oh, how unhappy am I! Good God! why didst thou take from me my father and mother?’

Perhaps this was not what I would have said; for, it may be, I only spoke of my parents to render my affection more commendable; for sometimes we even dissemble with ourselves, and are guilty of weaknesses which we are willing to hide from our own hearts, by disguising them under false names; so that it is not improbable but that the loss of my gaiety might draw these tears from me. However, after this short soliloquy, which would doubtless have ended in my stripping myself of all these borrowed ornaments, I accidentally cast my eyes upon my cap, that lay just by me.

‘Well,’ cried I, ‘I thought I had put every thing into the bundle; and there that cap lies still! What have I been doing? I have forgot to take a cap out of my drawers; and here I have stood all this while bare-headed! How anxious and perplexed am I! What a troublesome task have I upon my hands!’ And then, passing insensibly from one idea to another, Father St. Vincent came into my mind. ‘Alas, poor man!’ said I, ‘how much will he be astonished! What have I to tell him? I am resolved I will go to see him; and there is no time to lose. I ought to make haste on account of my sad situation, and refer sending away the bundle till the next day. How silly am I to make myself uneasy for these nasty cloaths!’ I called them nasty, to persuade myself I did not love them. ‘To-morrow morning will be a much better time than the present. Valville will be at home then; and it is very improbable he should be there now. I will let the bundle alone for the present, and finish it by-and-by, when I shall re-

turn from visiting the monk. My foot gives me very little pain; and I will take my time, and go to the convent.

‘Well, but what cap must I put on? What cap! why, this that is just by me; it is too much trouble to open my drawers to look for another, since I have this ready: and, besides, it is better than mine; and, therefore, it is even proper that I should put it on to undeceive the monk; who, on seeing how profuse Mr. De Climal had been of his favours, would easily judge that it was not charity that induced him to be at such expence.’ For I was resolved to relate my whole adventure to him, since he appeared to me a very honest man; and this cap, I imagined, would confirm what I said.

But, as for the gown I had on—‘What,’ said I, ‘must be done with that? Certainly I need not pull it off! It is fit he should see that too; for it will be an additional proof of the baseness of his designs.’ I then, without the least scruple, resolved to keep it on; since reason itself seemed to authorize my doing so. The imperceptible artifice of my little reasonings had carried me hitherto; and I began to take fresh courage.

I made haste to put on my cap; which done, I went down to go out. I found Mrs. Du Tour below with a neighbour; who called out—‘Where are you going, Marianne?’—‘To church,’ returned I. This was an equivocation, or rather a compleat falsehood; for though a church and a convent are almost the same thing, yet they convey two very different ideas. ‘So much the better, child!’ cried she; ‘so much the better! Go, and submit yourself to the holy will of God! My neighbour and I have been talking of you; and I have been telling her, that we will have a mass, on your account, to-morrow.’

While she was detaining me with this discourse, this neighbour, who had already seen me two or three times, fixed her eyes upon me, and considered me with a vulgar kind of curiosity; the result of which was, that, from time to time, she shrugged up her shoulders, and cried—‘Poor girl! I pity her with all my heart! There is nobody that sees her, but must think she comes of a good family.’ This kind of con-

cera

tern was neither to my taste nor advantage; and, as I could not thank them for it, I left immediately these two gossips to pursue their reflections by themselves.

From the departure of Mr. De Climal, till this moment, I had not thought like a reasonable being; I had only amused myself with my disdain for Mr. De Climal, whom I could not think on without the greatest contempt; with my complaints against Valville, whom, my heart told me, I still loved; in meditating projects of tenderness and pride against him; and in regretting the loss of my gaiety: but of my situation I had not taken a moment's thought; it did not once enter into my mind; nor had I felt the least concern about it.

But the uproar and confusion of the streets at once scattered all these trifling ideas, and made me enter into myself. The more I observed the places I passed through, and the continual motion of this prodigious city, the more it appeared a place of silence and solitude to me: a forest would have appeared less desert; I should have found myself there less alone, less a forlorn and solitary wanderer. Was it only my misfortune to be placed in an unfrequented wild, I might then, indeed, hope to escape: but how could I fly from that desert in which I found myself? the whole world being one to me, since I was not linked to it by any of those ties which are the bonds of society, those dear and social engagements, which unite persons to each other.

The crowd of people with which I was surrounded, talking to each other, the noise they made, the clatter of the coaches, and the sight of so many houses, all inhabited, served only to increase my affliction.

'Nothing that I see here,' said I to myself, 'concerns me. How happy are these people!' resumed I, after a moment's pause; 'they all have their distinct places of safety and retirement! The night will come, when they will be no longer here; they will all betake themselves to their respective homes: but, for me, I do not know where to go! Nobody will wait for me! nobody consider my pressing wants! I have a retreat for no longer than to-night; to-morrow I shall have none!'

This, however, was saying too much; for I had still some money left, with which I might have hired a room, till Heaven, perhaps, would have found out a way to relieve me; but a retreat for a few days may almost be called none at all.

I did not weep at all at that time; but I was not more easy than if I had. I collected matter for my grief from almost every object that presented itself; my soul instructed itself in every thing that could heighten and aggravate my misfortunes; and this was not a time for tears. We only set open the sluices of grief when our sorrows are risen to a proper height, and swell too high to be confined within their banks; but not while we are opening the channels of sorrow, and searching into the various causes we have to be afflicted. Accordingly, I soon after gave vent to my oppressed and aching heart.

I was dressed as I was in the morning; but my cloaths did not employ my thoughts; or, if they did, they gave me no pleasure. I drew the attention of many persons as I passed along; which I observed without any self-approbation: sometimes I heard them say—'See! what a charming creature!' But these reflections, though they were not ungrateful, gave me not a moment's delight; for I was then incapable of listening, with pleasure, even to a subject so sweet and entertaining to our whole sex.

Sometimes, too, I thought of Valville; but it was only to tell myself that it would be ridiculous to think of him any more; and, indeed, my situation repelled the ideas I had of him. How unbecoming a passion would love be in one of my circumstances! In an unhappy, miserable creature, like me, who wanders, unknown, over the earth, where I am ashamed to live; since I must be either the object of the contempt or compassion of others.

I arrived, at last, at the convent, in a situation of mind not to be expressed: I asked for Father St. Vincent; and they conducted me into an outer parlour, where, I was told, he was with another person. But, Madam, admire this stroke of fortune; can you imagine who that person was? It was Mr. De Climal! who, on seeing me, blushed and turned pale alternately; whilst I looked upon him with as great indifference as if I had never seen him before.

' Ah! is it you, Miss?' said the religious. ' Come, I am very glad to see you here at this time, though I did not expect it. You were the subject of our conversation.—Pray, Sir, keep your seat.'

' No, father,' replied Mr. de Climal, bowing to the religious; ' permit me to leave you: after what has happened, it must be indecent for me to stay any longer. I am not angry with Miss, I assure you, Sir: may Heaven forgive her, as I do, with all my heart! and so far from resenting the scandalous opinion she had conceived of me, I swear to you, father, that I am more disposed to serve her than ever; and that, with the greatest humility, I return thanks to Heaven for the affliction I have met with in the exercise of my charity to her! but, I believe, that neither prudence nor religion will permit me to see her more.'

This said, he saluted the father, and bowed to me too, with eyes modestly cast on the ground, while I held down my head; and he was going to retire, when the monk stopped him, by taking hold of his arm—' No, Sir; no,' said he; ' you must not go: I conjure you to hear me. Yes, your dispositions are most commendable; most edifying. You pardon her; you wish her well: oh, how wondrous good is this! but observe you do not carry this goodness to its utmost extent; since, notwithstanding all this, you abandon her in spite of the need she stands in of your assistance; in spite of her offence, which will render your succour so meritorious; in spite of that charity which you believe you still have for her, and the exercise of which you are going to dispense with; take care, Sir, and fear lest it should be extinguished in your pious breast. You thank God, you say, for the little affliction and mortification he has sent you through her imprudence and folly. Well, would you merit this mortification, which is a mercy; would you be truly worthy of it; redouble your care for this poor orphan, who will acknowledge her fault. You have told her you liked her; which her vanity, her fear, and even her virtue itself, might engage her to interpret to your disadvantage. —Is it not true, child? Do not you

think yourself to blame for having injured, by your unjust suspicions, this good gentleman, to whom you are under such great obligations; and who, very far from looking upon you with carnal eyes, has been induced, by his holy affections, by his sweet and pious exhortations, to engage you himself to fly from whatever might lead you astray? A thousand times blessed be the kind Providence that has conducted you here to-day!—It is to you, dear Sir, she is brought back; you see and are convinced of it.—Go, daughter, confess your fault; repent of the folly of your heart, and promise to make reparation by your future respect, confidence, and acknowledgment. ' Come forward,' added he, because I kept at a distance from Mr. De Climal.

' Oh, Sir!' cried I, addressing myself to the false devotee; ' is it I, then, that am guilty? Can you expect me to hear this with patience? God, from whom nothing can be concealed, will do us both justice: it is impossible for me to have been deceived; and you know it very well.' Here my heart was too full to let me proceed, and I stopped to wipe away my tears.

Mr. De Climal, as bold a hypocrite as he was, could not bear it; I saw the most perplexing embarrassment painted upon his countenance, and a confusion that he could not hide. He feared his looks would betray him, and that this disorder would induce the monk to suspect his character: this made him at once take the most effectual means to disguise his heart, which was to appear still with an ingenuous confusion, and frankly confess that he was so.

' She disconcerts me,' said he, with a modest disorder in his look and voice; ' I do not know what to answer. What insult she loads me with! Ah, father, assist me to support this new trial! This will be spread abroad! This poor child will tell it every where; she will not spare me!—Alas, child! you would do me a great piece of injustice; but God forgive you!—Adieu, father: talk to her; endeavour to make her banish all these unjust ideas, if it is possible. It is true, that I have expressed a great deal of tenderness for her; but she has mistaken the nature of my affection: it is her soul that I have



Stichard del.

Angus sculp.



‘ have loved, and it is her soul that I
‘ love still; and which, indeed, de-
‘ serves to be loved. Yes, father, Miss
‘ has virtue; I have found in her a
‘ thousand amiable qualities: and I
‘ recommend her to you, since it is no
‘ longer proper that I should concern
‘ myself with her affairs.’

After these words, he retired, bowing
only to the monk; who returned his
compliment with an air of uncertain-
ty, as if he knew not how to behave.
He waited upon him to the door of the
convent, and followed him with his
eyes till he was out of sight: at last, he
returned to me; and, with a great deal
of affection in his looks, began—
‘ Daughter,’ said he, ‘ you grieve me.
‘ I am far from being satisfied with
‘ your behaviour; you have neither
‘ prudence nor gratitude; you are too
‘ obstinate to believe any thing but
‘ what enters your foolish head: and
‘ see now what it is all come to. Oh,
‘ the good man! What a loss you will
‘ have of him! What is it that brought
‘ you here now? It will be to no pur-
‘ pose to address yourself to me any
‘ more; it will be entirely in vain.
‘ What good do you think I can do
‘ you? I have already done all I am
‘ able. If you have not profited by
‘ it, it is neither my fault, nor that
‘ good man’s, who I found out for you.
‘ He has treated you as if you were his
‘ own child, for he has told me all; he
‘ supplied you with cloaths, linen, mo-
‘ ney; he has furnished you with every
‘ thing; he has assured me that he paid
‘ for your board, and would have will-
‘ ingly still paid it; and even had a
‘ design of settling you in the world:
‘ but, because he did not approve of
‘ your seeing his nephew, who is a
‘ giddy, debauched young coxcomb,
‘ you imagine, out of spite, that this
‘ pious and holy man loves, and is
‘ jealous of you. Is not this very
‘ strange, very dreadful? He jealous!
‘ He love you! God will punish you,
‘ child, for the wicked thought. It
‘ sprung from the malice of your heart;
‘ and God will punish you for it; I
‘ tell you so!’

I wept while he spoke. ‘ Hear me!
‘ hear me!’ replied I, sobbing; ‘ I en-
‘ treat you to hear me!’

‘ Well, what do you say?’ returned
he. ‘ What business have you with
‘ that young man? Why are you so

‘ obstinately bent upon seeing him?
‘ What a monstrous conduct! How-
‘ ever, I might pass by this folly; but
‘ to carry your ill-humour and ran-
‘ cour so far as to be ungrateful and
‘ rude to a worthy gentleman, to whom
‘ you are under such obligations!
‘ What do you think will become of
‘ you? What a misfortune is it to have
‘ such a spirit as yours! Oh! indeed your
‘ behaviour vexes me. How genteelly
‘ are you dressed! Who would ima-
‘ gine you had no relations? And, if
‘ you had, and they were even rich,
‘ could you be better accommodated
‘ than you are? Perhaps not so well.
‘ And all this, it is likely, proceeds
‘ from him. O Heavens! what can
‘ you complain of? He has spared no
‘ cost—

‘ Oh, father, you are in the right!’
interrupted I; ‘ he has, indeed, spared
‘ no expence: but do not condemn me
‘ without hearing me. I hardly know
‘ his nephew; I saw him first by chance,
‘ and have never since been in his com-
‘ pany: then, how is it possible I
‘ should have entered into any engage-
‘ ments with him? Mr. De Climal has
‘ abused you; and has given you pre-
‘ tended reasons, very different from the
‘ real ones, in order to prejudice you
‘ against me. You mentioned my
‘ cloaths: they are, indeed, too fine;
‘ I was surprized to see them so; and so
‘ are you now. Come, father, come
‘ near; take notice of the fineness of
‘ this linen; I would not have had it
‘ so good; and was very unwilling to
‘ accept of it on account of his beha-
‘ viour before: I say, I even told him
‘ I could not accept of it; but he made
‘ a jest of my refusal, and answered—
‘ “ Go, look in your glass, and see if
‘ this linen is too fine for that beauti-
‘ ful face.” Was you in my place,
‘ father, what would you have thought
‘ of this discourse? Be sincere, and
‘ tell me, if Mr. De Climal is so de-
‘ vout, so pious, what business had he
‘ to take notice of my face? What was
‘ it to him whether I was beautiful or
‘ ugly? Why did he, with a merry
‘ air, call me his Dear Rogue in the
‘ coach; and add, that I should have
‘ a heart more sensible; and that he
‘ would leave me his to assist me in
‘ making it so? To what purpose could
‘ he say all this? When a person speaks
‘ of the heart to a girl, and of leaving
‘ her

her his own, can it be piety that teaches him to make use of such expressions? Does he kiss her——'

'A kiss, child!' interrupted the religious; - 'a kiss! you dreamed so; that could never be! and you cannot say it. Who can believe you? Go, child! you are mistaken! It was no such thing! It is impossible! A kiss! what a dream! Poor man! it was only a jolt of the coach, some sudden motion, which tossed his head against yours. This is all; to be sure it was nothing else: and this, in your passion, you took for a kiss! When we hate a person, we always put the worst construction upon every thing they do.'

'Ah, father! what reason could I have to hate him?' answered I. 'I had not, at that time, seen his nephew, who, he says, is the cause of his anger against me: I had not even seen him; and therefore could not, on his account, be prejudiced against his uncle. But supposing I was deceived with respect to the kiss, which you cannot believe Mr. De Climal gave me, he would not by his conduct have confirmed my suspicions; he would not have renewed them at Mrs. Du Tour's; he would neither have handled nor praised my hair in my chamber; where he was continually seizing my hand, putting it to his mouth, and making me such compliments that I could not hear without blushing.'

'What! what is this you tell me? Softly, child; softly!' returned he, with an air more surprized than incredulous. 'Your hair that he handled; that he praised! Mr. De Climal! Him! I cannot believe it. What could induce him to behave thus? It is true, he had much better not have done so. These are absences of mind that, I confess, do not look very decent; but, to be sure, he had no meaning in them. It was a foolish, inconsiderate action; but not a criminal one.'—'And my hand,' cried I, 'which he put to his mouth; was this, too, an absence of mind?'

'Oh! your hand!' replied he; 'your hand; I do not know how to reconcile that. There are a thousand people, you know, who take every body by the hand when they speak to them: and, perhaps, it is a custom that he

has got. I am sure I have been served so a hundred times.'

'Mighty well, father!' returned I; but, when you take a girl by the hand, you do not kiss it; you do not commend it's beauty; you do not kneel before her, and talk of love.'

'What! how dare you tell me such a monstrous falsehood? It is quite insufferable!' cried he. 'Hold thy tongue, thou little viper! It is false! I cannot bear to hear you! It is the devil that has inspired you with these thoughts! Yes, it is the devil, to be sure! Go! get out of my sight! I will hear no more! I do not believe a word of what you have told me; neither of the hair, your hand, nor his discourse: it is all a forgery! Oh, thou dangerous little creature! She makes me tremble! How invincible the reflection! to say, that Mr. De Climal, who leads a life of penitence and devotion, who is wholly given up to acts of piety and charity, should kneel before you, and talk of love!—Lord! what will this world come to?'

This he said, joining his hands, and lifting up his eyes, as if affrighted at my discourse; and as if resolved, too, to banish those disagreeable ideas, for fear he should be tempted to examine them.

'Indeed, father,' answered I, all in tears, and vexed at his prejudice, 'you treat me very ill. It is extremely painful for me to find myself used thus, and loaded with fresh injuries, where I come to seek for consolation and redress. You are related to the person who brought me to Paris, and who had the care of my education; you have told me yourself that you esteemed her much, and that her virtue has edified you; it was to you she made her confession at her death, at a time when it cannot be supposed she would speak against her conscience; you know what she said of me; I am sure you must easily remember it, since it is not long since she was taken from me; and I am not conscious to myself that I have done any thing that can give cause for such an ill opinion of me since that time, as you have now entertained: on the contrary, my innocence and inexperience have excited your compassion, as well as the dreadful situation you

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' saw me in; and is it possible that you
 ' can imagine, that I am instantly be-
 ' come the most vile, deceitful, and
 ' abandoned creature in the world?
 ' You seem ready to believe, that, in
 ' the grief and extremity I am in, a
 ' man, with whom I have only been
 ' one hour, and that by mere chance;
 ' and whom I shall never see more, has
 ' rendered me so fond and passionate,
 ' that I have lost all sense of goodness,
 ' all conscience; and that I have, at
 ' once, the courage and spirit to invent
 ' things which ought to make me
 ' tremble; to forge the most frightful
 ' falsties; and all this, too, against a
 ' virtuous and worthy man, who would
 ' assist me to live, who was able to do
 ' me so much good, and whose friend-
 ' ship it was my interest to preserve;
 ' but it is he, it is he who is the liber-
 ' tine; who, seeming devout and cha-
 ' ritable, gives me liberally in publick,
 ' in hopes of bribing my virtue, and
 ' rendering me in secret a sharer of his
 ' guilt and infamy.'

' O Heaven! how transported does
 ' she appear! But what is this she
 ' tells me? Who ever heard the like?'
 cried he, holding down his head, but
 without interrupting me, while I went
 on.

' Yes, father, this is his design;
 ' this the reason why he dressed me in
 ' such a manner: and if I would have
 ' consented to leave the place I was in,
 ' and suffer myself to be carried to a
 ' house magnificently furnished, where
 ' I should board with one of his ac-
 ' quaintance, who is, he says, a soli-
 ' citor, and who he was to inform that
 ' I was a relation of his just come out
 ' of the country, he would have been
 ' satisfied. This is his charity! this
 ' his virtue!'

' How!' cried the monk, interrupt-
 ' ing me; ' a solicitor, say you? Is he
 ' married?'

' Yes, father,' answered I, ' he is
 ' married. I was to live with this soli-
 ' citor, attended by masters who were
 ' to teach me to dance, sing, and play
 ' upon the spinnet; while all the fa-
 ' mily were to shew me such respect,
 ' that I should appear as their mistress.
 ' His wife was to take me away to-
 ' morrow, and carry me to her house;
 ' where, if I was willing to go, he
 ' would immediately present me with
 ' a bond to pay me five or six hundred

' livres annually, till something better
 ' could be provided for me. If I had
 ' not shewn that I abhorred his pro-
 ' posals, he would not have reproached
 ' me, as he has done, with the louis
 ' d'ors he has given me, which I will
 ' return; nor with the cloaths, which I
 ' am ashamed to wear, and of which
 ' I will make no advantage; God for-
 ' bid I should! He did not tell you, I
 ' suppose, that I threatened to ac-
 ' quaint you with his designs; or that
 ' I told him you were deceived in him,
 ' and thought him as pious as he seem-
 ' ed to be: to which he had the front
 ' to answer, that you would look upon
 ' it as nothing, as a mere trifle which
 ' may happen to every body, and per-
 ' haps to you; and that you could not
 ' secure yourself against love, because
 ' every good man is liable to this pas-
 ' sion, and most in danger of being
 ' captivated by it. Do you think, fa-
 ' ther, it is probable I could invent all
 ' this?'

' Good Saviour!' cried he, quite a-
 ' mazed; ' what a strange recital! what
 ' ought I to think of it? You stagger
 ' me, child! This solicitor puzzles
 ' and perplexes me; and seems to con-
 ' firm all you have said.—I cannot de-
 ' ny it, for I know him; I have seen
 ' them together,' said he, as if apart;
 ' and this poor child could never have
 ' found out that Mr. De Climal em-
 ' ployed him, and that he is married.—
 ' It is an ill-looking fellow, is not he?'
 added he, turning to me again.

' I cannot tell, father,' returned I;
 ' Mr. De Climal only mentioned him
 ' to me; for I have neither seen him
 ' nor his wife.'—' So much the bet-
 ' ter,' returned he; ' so much the bet-
 ' ter. Aye, aye, you was to go to
 ' live with them; I understand you.
 ' The husband is a man I never could
 ' like. But, child, how strange is
 ' your story! If it is true, who can we
 ' trust?'

' If it is true, father!' cried I.
 ' What inducement could I have to
 ' lye? Is it on his nephew's account
 ' you suspect my veracity? Oh, that I
 ' was but shut up in a convent, never
 ' to see him more!'

' Say you so, child? That is well
 ' said; nobody can speak better.'—' If
 ' you have any suspicion left, father,'
 added I, ' ask the linen-draper, where
 ' Mr. De Climal had placed me, what
 ' she

‘ she thinks of him; whether she does
 ‘ not look upon him as a cheat and a
 ‘ hypocrite? Ask his nephew, if he
 ‘ did not surprize him on his knee be-
 ‘ fore me, holding my hand and kissing
 ‘ it, which I could not snatch from
 ‘ him. This so offended the young
 ‘ gentleman, that he looked upon me
 ‘ as lost and ruined: and, in short,
 ‘ father, consider the confusion Mr.
 ‘ De Climal was in when I entered.
 ‘ Did not you take notice of his
 ‘ looks?’

‘ Yes, yes,’ said he; ‘ he blushed:
 ‘ you are in the right. I did not know
 ‘ what to think of it. But, can it be
 ‘ possible? I cannot get this solicitor
 ‘ out of my head. It is a terrible arti-
 ‘ cle; and his confusion, too, I like no
 ‘ more than that: the contract is ano-
 ‘ ther dark story. He was in great
 ‘ haste, sure! What occasion was there
 ‘ for the rich furniture; and so many
 ‘ masters? Who would he have you
 ‘ dance with? A pleasant kind of cha-
 ‘ rity, truly! I suppose it was to fit
 ‘ you for the masquerade. But is it
 ‘ Mr. De Climal that has done all
 ‘ this?—Lord, how much we need thy
 ‘ assistance! Alas! how depraved is
 ‘ human nature! The mind, and all the
 ‘ noble powers of the soul, are too
 ‘ often slaves to the passions, and re-
 ‘ bels to reason. How miserable is
 ‘ mankind, when this is the case! Mi-
 ‘ serable, indeed!

‘ But, child, think no more of it; I
 ‘ believe you do not deceive me; no,
 ‘ you are not capable of so much false-
 ‘ hood: but say no more; be discreet;
 ‘ charity demands you should be so.
 ‘ Do you mind? Never mention this
 ‘ strange adventure to any body: take
 ‘ care that you do not please the world,
 ‘ by repeating this scandalous affair.
 ‘ They will triumph; and, from his
 ‘ wickedness, take occasion to ridicule
 ‘ the true servants of God. Endea-
 ‘ vour even to think that your eyes and
 ‘ ears have been deceived: this is a
 ‘ disposition of mind, that will be very
 ‘ agreeable to God, and which will
 ‘ draw down his blessing upon you.
 ‘ Come, child, do not afflict yourself;
 ‘ take courage,’ cried he, observing
 ‘ my tears, which began to flow faster,
 ‘ because he seemed to sympathize with
 ‘ me. ‘ Continue to be wise and good;
 ‘ and Providence will take care of you.
 ‘ Fare you well! I have some business,

‘ and must leave you: but give me a
 ‘ direction to that tradeswoman’s where
 ‘ you live.’

‘ Alas, father!’ answered I, after
 ‘ having given it to him, ‘ this day is the
 ‘ last I am to be with her: he pays no
 ‘ longer for my board; and I am obliged
 ‘ to leave my lodging to-morrow; for
 ‘ she expects I should do so. If you
 ‘ abandon me, I shall have no where to
 ‘ fly to: you, father, are my only
 ‘ friend; you my only resource.’

‘ Me, my dear child! Alas! how I
 ‘ pity thee! I am poor, and can do
 ‘ thee no service; but God can do every
 ‘ thing for thee: do not be discou-
 ‘ raged; we shall see, child, we shall
 ‘ see, what is to be done for you; I
 ‘ will think of it. God, that knows
 ‘ how sensible I am of your affliction,
 ‘ perhaps will inspire me; for it all
 ‘ depends on him. I shall pray to him
 ‘ for directions; do you do so, too:
 ‘ tell him, that in his goodness alone
 ‘ you put your trust, and that all your
 ‘ hopes are in his mercy. I will be
 ‘ with you by nine in the morning,
 ‘ without fail; but be sure you do not
 ‘ go out before that time: it grows
 ‘ late, and I have business to do. A-
 ‘ dieu! Compose yourself: you are a
 ‘ good way from home, and it is time
 ‘ to be going. Heaven preserve you!
 ‘ Fare you well till to-morrow!’

We parted, without my being able
 to utter a single word; and I went away
 at least as uneasy as I was when I came
 to him. The pious consolations he
 had given me rendered my condition
 even more frightful than it had ever
 appeared to me before. I was not de-
 vout enough to relish them; and is it
 not strange that a young mind should
 believe that all hope is lost, and her
 condition desperate, when she is told
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 grave and serious idea, that disturbs
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 senses to dare to rise above them: this
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every where represented to the young and sprightly, as an enemy to all their joys; as inconsistent with gaiety and delight: and thus, our fancies having clothed her in all the dreary pomp of horror, we shun and fly from the imagined spectre.

As I was returning home, in a profound consternation, affrighted at the prospect that lay before me; and oppressed with the weight of my sorrow, I was stopped by a tumult in the street, at the door of a convent: the church was open; and, half persuaded by a sentiment of religion, which then entered my mind, and half induced to it by the desire of giving a look to my grief, and venting my sighs without restraint, as well as to hide my tears, which drew upon me the attention of many observers, I entered the church, which I found empty, and threw myself on my knees at a confessional. There I abandoned myself to my affliction, and smothered neither my sighs nor my groans. I lamented my misery in the natural language of an oppressed heart; and, as I did not expect to be heard, I cried out—'Why am I brought into the world? Miserable that I am! What can I do here? My God, thou hast placed me in this situation; thou knowest my misery; thou knowest my distress; do thou, then, relieve me. O thou common Father, thou compassionate Parent of universal nature! be a father to me, a poor miserable orphan! the most forlorn, the most wretched of all thy creatures: teach me to confide in thy goodness; and relieve me from all my distress!'

I was in the midst of my exclamations, at least I believe so, when a lady came in unperceived, whom I did not take notice of till she retired.

I found afterwards, that she was just arrived out of the country, and had given orders that her coach should wait at the gate of the convent, where some of her friends had desired her to deliver a letter to the prioress; and that, while a servant was gone with it to her, she stepped into the church, finding, as I did, the door open.

She was scarce entered, when my moving complaints reached her ears; she heard, perhaps, all I said; and saw me in a posture expressive of the deepest despair; while my thoughts

were so swallowed up with my calamities, that I even forgot where I was. My affliction, which appeared to her the most extreme, sensibly touched her; my youth, my shape, and, perhaps, too, my dress, contributed to interest her in my grief.

On these occasions, the eye recommends us to the heart; if you are unhappy, and make but a mean appearance, the most generous minds will be too apt to overlook you; or, at best, will interest themselves but coolly in your affairs: you will want that attraction which flatters their vanity; and nothing can assist you so much in rendering them generous towards you; nothing makes them relish the honour and pleasure of being so, as the seeing in you an air of distinction.

This lady examined me with attention; and would even have staid to see me turn my head, if she had not been told that the prioress waited for her in the parlour.

At the noise she made in retiring, I came to myself; and, as I heard somebody's steps, I was willing to see who it was: she expected it, and our eyes instantly met.

I could not see her without blushing, at being surprized in my lamentations; but, in spite of all my confusion, I observed she was pleased with my looks, and that my affliction touched her: this appeared visible in her countenance; and, in return, mine (if it told her my thoughts) expressed a sense of gratitude, at least, equal to my timidity; for souls are capable of this kind of intercourse.

I remained here about half a quarter of an hour longer; both to dry up my tears, and to revolve in my mind what I should do the next day, if the monk did not succeed in his designs. 'How much do I envy the lot of those girls in this convent!' said I: 'how happy are they!'

I was taken up with this thought, when the maid, who looked after the doors of the convent, came and told me, very civilly, that she was going to shut up the church. 'I shall go presently,' returned I, not daring to give her any more than a side look, for fear she should take notice that I had been weeping; but I forgot to take care of the tone in which I answered her, and this it was betrayed me. She

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‘ she thinks of him; whether she does not look upon him as a cheat and a hypocrite? Ask his nephew, if he did not surprize him on his knee before me, holding my hand and kissing it, which I could not snatch from him. This so offended the young gentleman, that he looked upon me as lost and ruined: and, in short, father, consider the confusion Mr. De Climal was in when I entered. Did not you take notice of his looks?’

‘ Yes, yes,’ said he; ‘ he blushed: you are in the right. I did not know what to think of it. But, can it be possible? I cannot get this solicitor out of my head. It is a terrible article; and his confusion, too, I like no more than that: the contract is another dark story. He was in great haste, sure! What occasion was there for the rich furniture; and so many masters? Who would he have you dance with? A pleasant kind of charity, truly! I suppose it was to fit you for the masquerade. But is it Mr. De Climal that has done all this?—Lord, how much we need thy assistance! Alas! how depraved is human nature! The mind, and all the noble powers of the soul, are too often slaves to the passions, and rebels to reason. How miserable is mankind, when this is the case! Miserable, indeed!’

‘ But, child, think no more of it; I believe you do not deceive me; no, you are not capable of so much falsehood: but say no more; be discreet; charity demands you should be so. Do you mind? Never mention this strange adventure to any body: take care that you do not please the world, by repeating this scandalous affair. They will triumph; and, from his wickedness, take occasion to ridicule the true servants of God. Endeavour even to think that your eyes and ears have been deceived: this is a disposition of mind, that will be very agreeable to God, and which will draw down his blessing upon you. Come, child, do not afflict yourself; take courage,’ cried he, observing my tears, which began to flow faster, because he seemed to sympathize with me. ‘ Continue to be wise and good; and Providence will take care of you. Fare you well! I have some business,

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‘ Me, my dear child! Alas! how I pity thee! I am poor, and can do thee no service; but God can do every thing for thee: do not be discouraged; we shall see, child, we shall see, what is to be done for you; I will think of it. God, that knows how sensible I am of your affliction, perhaps will inspire me; for it all depends on him. I shall pray to him for directions; do you do so, too: tell him, that in his goodness alone you put your trust, and that all your hopes are in his mercy. I will be with you by nine in the morning, without fail; but be sure you do not go out before that time: it grows late, and I have business to do. Adieu! Compose yourself: you are a good way from home, and it is time to be going. Heaven preserve you! Fare you well till to-morrow!’

We parted, without my being able to utter a single word; and I went away at least as uneasy as I was when I came to him. The pious consolations he had given me rendered my condition even more frightful than it had ever appeared to me before. I was not devout enough to relish them; and is it not strange that a young mind should believe that all hope is lost, and her condition desperate, when she is told that God alone can relieve her? It is a grave and serious idea, that disturbs and alarms her confidence in all human assistance; for our minds are generally too much attached to the objects of our senses to dare to rise above them: this makes us too often fly from ourselves, and dread the dull moments of serious thoughts and pious contemplation.—O Religion, how much do we wrong thy native amiableness! How do we despise the glorious privilege of being reasonable and immortal! Nor is it strange, since religion, the honour, the happiness of all intelligent minds, is almost every

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thought it so moving, and, besides, observed me so young, genteel, and agreeable, (as she told me afterwards) that she could not help saying to me—
 ‘ Alas, dear Miss! what is the matter?
 ‘ Pray, what disturbs you? Have you
 ‘ lost any thing of value? Perhaps you
 ‘ want to speak with some of our ladies. Pray, Miss, which of them
 ‘ would you see?’

I made no answer to these questions; but my eyes began again to flow. Our sex, Madam, are very apt to cry when we are told that we have been weeping; and this is a puerility that we cannot easily shake off.

‘ But, Miss, pray tell me what is the matter? I beg of you,’ continued she, ‘ tell me freely. Shall I go and tell any of our religious, that you desire to speak to them?’ Here I could not help reflecting on what she said. ‘ It is God, perhaps, who sends her to inspire me with that thought,’ said I to myself, quite moved with her tender importunity. ‘ Yes, Madam, I should be very glad to speak with the prioress, if she be at leisure.’

‘ Very well, Miss,’ returned she; ‘ if you please to follow me, I will conduct you to her parlour, and she will wait upon you in a minute. Come.’

I followed her up a few stairs, when she opened a door; and the first object which presented itself was the lady I have mentioned; whom I had never seen, but when she went out of the church, and who then looked upon me in a manner extremely obliging.

She appeared even charmed at seeing me again; and rose up, with a friendly air, to make room for me.

She was with the prioress of the convent; and I have already told you the cause of her visit. ‘ Madam,’ said the servant, ‘ this lady desires to speak with you.’

The prioress was a short person, but plump, fair, and double-chinned; and her complexion fresh and healthy: there are no such faces to be met with in the world; for the good plight of such a body does not at all resemble that of others. It is a constitution formed by ease, and more methodically, with more art, more ceremony, and a more refined self-love than ours. It is commonly either the constitution, the quantity of food, or a life of inactivity, that gives us this state of body; but

hers was obtained by the devout care which she exerted incessantly, in consulting the ease and welfare of her dear person; which was a proof that, notwithstanding her having renounced the pleasures of life, to think on a better, her heart was not only still fixed on this, but that she indulged a soft, indolent, and voluptuous habit; and not only enjoyed her health, but took as much pains to procure herself as many nice superfluities, as if she was always on the recovery of it. Thus this plight of body, nursed up in the convent, has a different appearance from ours, which comparatively looks profane; for it not only renders the face fat and plump, but gives it a solemn air of gravity; and communicates to the looks not cheerfulness and gaiety, but tranquillity and content.

At the first view, Madam, you perceive in these persons an outside courteous and affable, though they are inwardly cold and unconcerned: it is the mien, not the soul, that is affected and seems to grow tender; for they are like fine images, which, though they appear sensible, and express the passions with a striking beauty, yet have neither sentiment nor goodness. But I will proceed: perhaps I may attempt to finish her picture another time.

‘ Your servant, Miss,’ said the prioress, saluting me: ‘ may I know to whom I have the honour to speak?’ — ‘ The honour is mine, Madam,’ answered I, covered with shame; ‘ and if I had even told you who I am, I should not be at all the better known to you.’

‘ If I am not deceived, you are the person I just saw in the church,’ said the other lady, with a tender smile; ‘ and I think, too, I saw you weep; which sensibly affected me.’ — ‘ I am extremely obliged to you, Madam, for your concern,’ returned I, in a low and timorous voice, and then was silent. I was at a loss how to begin; for the reception I met with from the prioress, though extremely civil, had discouraged me. I immediately lost all my hopes without knowing why. The first sight of the prioress struck me; and made me at once imagine that her goodness was all superficial. ‘ She will condole, but not succour me,’ said I to myself; ‘ I shall have no as-

‘ assistance

‘sistance from her. Alas! I have nothing to hope for!’

Meanwhile, the ladies were standing, which made me blush, because my dress deceived them, and I was greatly below so much ceremony. ‘Do you desire to speak with me alone?’ said the prioress to me. ‘As you please,’ answered I; ‘but I should be very sorry to disturb the lady, or give you the least trouble: I will wait upon you another time.’

This I said, with an intention to escape from the embarrassment into which I had thrown myself, and to come no more.

‘No, Miss; no,’ said the lady to me, taking me by the hand, to make me come forward. ‘I beg you would stay; my visit is over, and I am going: so I shall leave you entirely at liberty. I have taken notice that you are very uneasy; and you therefore deserve every body’s concern: and if I should turn you away in this disposition, I should never forgive myself.’

‘Yes, Madam,’ said I, touched with her discourse, and all in tears, ‘it is true, I am very uneasy; I am extremely so: nobody has such cause for it as I; nobody has so much reason to complain, nor so worthy of compassion. You, Madam, shew a heart so noble, that I will make no difficulty of speaking before you: you need not retire, for you will not at all disturb me; on the contrary, it is happy for me that you are here; because you will help me to obtain of this lady what I am come to beg for on my knees;’ here I cast myself at her feet: ‘and that is, that she would be pleased to receive me into her house.’

‘Oh, my charming dear! how you move me!’ cried the prioress, stretching out her arms, as if to receive me, while the lady affectionately raised me up. ‘How happy am I, that you should make choice of my house! Indeed, as soon as I saw you, I foresaw that you were to live with us: your modesty struck me. “Is not this a predestinated person?” I thought within myself: for it is certain your vocation is wrote on your countenance.—Is it not true, Madam? Is it not as I say? How charming she is! What an air of wisdom!—O

my child! how am I transported! How you fill me with joy! Come, my angel, come.—I would lay any wager that she is an only child; and that they would marry her against her consent.—But tell me, my dear life; is it now that you would enter? We should, however, let your relations know of it. Do not you think so too? But to whom must we send?’

‘Alas, mother!’ returned I, ‘I can direct you to nobody.’ My confusion and my sighs made me stop here. ‘Well,’ said she, ‘what must we do, then?’—‘No; I can direct you to nobody,’ continued I: ‘you are quite mistaken, mother; I have not even the comfort of having any relation; at least, if I have any, I have never known them.’

‘Sweet Jesu!’ replied she, with something of a colder air, and less affection; ‘that is very dreadful, Miss! No relations! How can that be? Who, then, takes care of you? It is likely, then, you have no fortune. What is become of your father and mother?’

‘I was but two years old,’ said I, ‘when they were assassinated by robbers, who stopped a stage-coach in which I was with them: their domesticks shared the same unhappy fate, and only I was left alive. I was carried to the vicar of a neighbouring village; and, by him and his sister, a lady of the most unspotted virtue, was educated with the greatest tenderness. But, unhappily for me, after having brought me to Paris, she died, at a time when her brother was loaded with the heaviest misfortunes: her death plunged me into the deepest distress; I had no person who loved me upon earth, these two dear persons excepted; and all the prospect that lay before me was, to subsist upon the charity of others; a dismal situation, indeed! But it was the loss of this dear lady, the loss of her tender friendship, that most nearly afflicted me: not to mention the value and sincere respect I owed her brother, whom, perhaps, I shall never see more. I regretted their loss, not the support I received from them; and I would gladly have given my life to have saved hers. She died in the inn where we lodged:

' I was left there alone; and there I
 ' was robbed of almost all the little
 ' money she left me. A monk, her
 ' confessor, took me from thence, and
 ' put me, some days since, into the
 ' hands of a gentleman, whom I will
 ' not name: we thought him a man of
 ' strict piety and virtue; but we were
 ' both deceived, he was quite the re-
 ' verse. He placed me with Mrs. Du
 ' Tour, a linen-draper; but scarce was
 ' I there, before he discovered his wick-
 ' ed designs; when, to seduce me from
 ' the paths of virtue, he used all his
 ' art, and, at last, promised to make
 ' me a handsome settlement, and to
 ' provide for me with the greatest mag-
 ' nificence: but I had learned to chuse
 ' the keenest sufferings, rather than to
 ' deprive myself of the secret witness
 ' of an approving conscience. I would
 ' have welcomed poverty, want, and
 ' even slavery, with all its train of
 ' miseries, since, even then, I should
 ' have possessed a mind free from the
 ' restraints of vice and the sting of in-
 ' famy. I was shocked at his beha-
 ' viour, and astonished at his hypo-
 ' crisy and deceit: I endeavoured to
 ' make him ashamed of himself. " O
 ' Sir!" said I, " have you no sense of
 ' religion? What abominable thoughts
 ' do you entertain!" But I spoke in
 ' vain; my resolution to continue vir-
 ' tuous was so far from bringing him
 ' to himself, and making him repent,
 ' that it enraged him against me, and
 ' made him treat me as an ungrateful
 ' wretch: he threatened to punish me,
 ' if I discovered him; he reproached
 ' me with the money he had given me;
 ' with my linen, and the gown I have
 ' on. I shall send him back the whole
 ' as soon as I return to Mrs. Du
 ' Tour's, who has given me leave to
 ' stay till to-morrow: I shall not know
 ' where to apply for relief, if Father
 ' St. Vincent, from whom I am just
 ' come, and who innocently recom-
 ' mended me to this vile man, does
 ' not find a retreat for me to-morrow,
 ' as he has promised to endeavour to
 ' do. As I came from him, and was
 ' passing by, I stepped into your church
 ' to dry up my tears, which I could
 ' not conceal from those that passed by
 ' me: then, Madam, God inspired me
 ' with the thought of casting myself at
 ' your feet, and imploring your aid.'

Here I concluded my discourse, or

rather my little harangue, in which my
 grief supplied the place of art; which
 had its effect on the lady who was with
 us. I observed her wipe her eyes; but
 she made me no answer; she left that
 to the prioress, who had honoured my
 story with some motions of her hand,
 and gesticulations of her countenance,
 which she could not refuse me with de-
 cency: but I did not perceive that her
 heart gave any signs of being touched.

' Truly, your situation is very de-
 ' plorable, Miss, said she, (for I had
 ' lost all the tender epithets of ' Dear life!',
 ' and ' Charming angel!' all these en-
 ' dearments were suppressed;) ' but it is
 ' not quite desperate! You must see
 ' what Father St. Vincent can do for
 ' you,' replied she, with an air of com-
 ' passion. ' You say he is to find a place
 ' for you? It is much more easy for
 ' him to serve you than for me; I am
 ' confined, and do not know how to
 ' set about it. We see and know no-
 ' body here, except this gentlewoman,
 ' and some other ladies, who are some-
 ' times so kind as to pay us a visit: but
 ' we are very often whole weeks with-
 ' out being honoured with any com-
 ' pany at all: besides, our house is not
 ' rich; we are maintained by our
 ' boarders, whose number are greatly
 ' diminished of late; we are in debt
 ' too, and so ill provided for, that I had,
 ' the other day, the mortification to re-
 ' fuse a very promising young lady,
 ' who desired to be a lay sister, be-
 ' cause we can receive no more, though
 ' we want them much, on account of
 ' the expence. Thus, on all sides, you
 ' see our inability, which mortifies me
 ' extremely; for you afflict me, my
 ' poor girl, — (my poor girl! what a
 ' difference of stile! before it was ' My
 ' charming dear!') — ' indeed you af-
 ' flict me! But why do not you apply
 ' to the minister of your parish? Our
 ' society can only assist you with our
 ' prayers; it is not in a condition to
 ' receive you; and all that I can do for
 ' you is, to recommend you to the
 ' charity of the young ladies. I will
 ' make a collection for you, and remit
 ' it to you to-morrow.' A collection
 ' for an angel, what a charming pro-
 ' posal!

' No, mother, no!' returned I, with
 ' a sharp and resolute tone; ' I have not
 ' yet spent the remainder of the little
 ' sum that was left me by my dear
 ' friend;

friend; and I did not come with a design to beg alms. I believe that those who have a spirit cannot stoop so low, till it is necessary to do it to support life; and I am not yet reduced to that extremity; however, I thank you.

'Nor can I suffer one with such sentiments to be ever reduced to it,' said the lady, who had hitherto kept silence. 'Take courage, Miss; you may still make pretensions to one friend in the world: I will comfort you for the loss of her you still regret; and it shall not be my fault if I am not as dear to you as ever she has been.—Mother,' added she, addressing herself to the prioress, 'I will pay the young lady's board; you may admit her: mean while, as she is absolutely unknown to you, and as it is just that you should be satisfied who it is you receive, in order to remove all scruple from you, and to prevent my friendship for her being made a subject of ridicule, we need only send your servant to Mrs. Du Tour, the linen-draper; and her testimony in Miss's favour will justify both your conduct and mine.'

I immediately found, by this discourse, that she herself would be very glad to know a little more of the object of her friendship, and to be satisfied who it was she obliged: but, pray, observe the generous course she took to learn it; with what respect, care, and address, she concealed from me the little uncertainty she might reasonably be in as to the truth of what I had told her.

These instances of goodness are invaluable; and, of all the obligations a great and noble soul can confer upon us, this secret politeness of sentiment, these tender regards, are the most moving. I call them secret, because the heart that bestows them does not put them to the score of the other's gratitude: it thinks they are only perceptible to itself; it conceals them from you, and, as it were, buries the whole merit of them in oblivion. This is a height of goodness which is quite angelick.

For my part, I presently saw into her soul; for those persons who have a little of this nobleness of heart themselves are extremely quick-sighted in observing it in others, and easily take notice of every instance of it.

I seized with transport, though very respectfully, the hand of this charming lady; I kissed it long, and bathed it with the most tender and delicious tears I ever shed in my life: for the soul is conscious of its own dignity; and every thing that shews it an air of respect, penetrates and enchants it; for our pride is never ungrateful.

'Madam,' said I to her, 'do you consent that I write two or three words to Mrs. Du Tour by the servant? You shall see my letter; for, I think, in the circumstances in which I am placed, she may fear being deceived; and, being apprehensive of a trick, may not explain herself freely.'—'Yes; do, Miss,' answered she; 'you are in the right: pray write to her.—Mother, will you be so good as to give us a pen and ink?'—'With pleasure,' said the prioress, quite softened; and instantly gave us them through the grate: when I wrote the note; which was as follows.

MADAM,
THE person who bears this letter applies to you to be informed of what you know of my affairs. Be so good as to tell her with the utmost freedom, and without the least reserve, whatever relates to my behaviour and character, as well as the melancholy disasters of my life, and the manner in which I was introduced to you. I should be very much displeased, if a regard to me should induce you to suppress the most trifling particular; therefore, make no difficulty of speaking according to your conscience, without considering whether it will be of advantage to me or not. I am, Madam, your humble servant,

MARIANNE.

This done, I presented the paper to my kind benefactress; who, after having read it, smiling with an air that seemed to say this was a sufficient proof of my innocence, gave it through the grate to the prioress, saying—'I believe you will be of my opinion, that a person who can write in this manner has nothing to fear.'—'Very good!' replied the prioress, when she had read it; 'it is extremely good! nothing could be better expressed!' And immediately, whilst I was folding up

up the letter, rang the bell to call a servant.

As soon as she entered, she paid her respects to the lady; who said to her—
‘I have seen your sister in the country; she is very well pleased with the situation I have placed her in; and I have something to say to you,’ added she, taking her aside. I could not help fancying that I was the sister she was talking of, and that she was busy in giving her orders in which I was concerned; and two or three words dropped, such as—‘Yes, Madam; leave it to me;’ pronounced pretty loud by the servant, who incessantly looked at me, sufficiently proved it.

However, the girl took the note, went out, and returned in about an hour after. I shall pass over what was said between the lady, the prioress, and I, during this interval. But I forgot one circumstance; which is, that, before she entered the parlour, another servant came to tell the lady that a person desired to speak a word with her in the next room. Upon this, she stepped out, but did not stay above five or six minutes before she came in again; but scarce was she entered, when the maid appeared, who, probably, had but just left her; and who, with a well-boding gaiety, and something of the enthusiasm of friendship, addressed me in this manner.

‘O Holy Virgin! how much good have I just heard of you, Miss! But I guessed as much before.—Madam, you can hardly believe all they have told me! They say she has wit and good-nature; is wise, virtuous, affable, modest; in short, she is the best girl in the world! She is a treasure; yet, nevertheless, she is so unhappy, that Mrs. Du Tour and I have been crying together about her. She has neither father nor mother; nobody knows who she is: this is all the fault she has; and, if she had not feared God, she would not have been so unfortunate; witness, a very rich man that she dismissed, for good reasons, like a villain, as he is; but I will tell you that another time; I only mention the most material things. As to the rest, Madam, I did as you ordered me; I did not tell your name to Mrs. Du Tour; so she does not know who it was that wanted information.’

The lady blushed at this indiscretion of the servant, which informed me what was the subject of their conversation; and this blush was a new obligation, which I placed to her account.

‘Very well, child; that is sufficient,’ said she to her. ‘And you, Marianne, will not you enter into the convent to-day? Have you any thing to take from the linen-draper’s? Must you go thither again?’—‘Yes, Madam,’ replied I; ‘but I shall return in half an hour, if you will permit me to go.’

‘Do, Miss,’ said she; ‘and I will wait for you.’ I then went out; and, as the convent was not far from Mrs. Du Tour’s, I arrived there in a little time; though I still felt some pain in my foot.

When I entered, Mrs. Du Tour was chatting at her door with one of her neighbours: I gave her my thanks in the most obliging terms, and embraced her most affectionately; for I thought she deserved it.

‘Well, Marianne,’ cried she, ‘thank God you have had good luck! How did you bring it about? How did you manage it? And, pray, who is the lady that sent to me?’

‘Hold, Madam! I must be short; I am in extreme haste, and have not time to answer all your questions,’ said I. ‘I am going to undress myself, and put this gown into the bundle I have been making; which I must immediately finish, and which you will be so good as to send to Mr. De Climal’s nephew.’—‘Yes, yes,’ returned she; ‘Mr. De Valville; I know him; I serve him with linen.’—‘You are right; the very man,’ said I, going up stairs into my room.

As soon as I was there, with all possible haste, I pulled off the gown I had on; and, snatching up the old one, put it in the bundle. This was done instantly. There were an ink-stand and some sheets of paper upon the table; I took one, and wrote thus to Valville.

‘IT is but a few days that I have known Mr. De Climal your uncle, and am yet ignorant where he lives: on this account, I am at a loss how to direct these cloaths to him, which are his; and which I therefore desire you would send to him. He told

told me he gave them to me out of charity, (for I am poor) whilst I accepted them in that light; but, as this is not true, and he has deceived me, they are no longer mine; and I therefore return them back, as also some money which he forced me to accept of. I should not have had recourse to you on this occasion, if I had time to send to a monk called Father St. Vincent, who, to serve me, had recommended me to your uncle; and will teach you, when you will, to reproach yourself for the insult you have cast upon an afflicted, virtuous maid, and one that is, perhaps, your equal. I am, Sir, your, &c.

‘MARIANNE.’

What do you think, Madam, of my letter? I was mightily pleased with it, and thought it even exceeded my hopes, considering my youth and inexperience; but one must be very stupid, if, with some sentiments of honour, of love, and of pride too, we do not express ourselves a little more smartly than ordinary.

I had no sooner sealed up the letter, but I took the bundle, and carried it down stairs. I suppress here a particular account of a number of circumstances that you will easily guess at; such as packing up my old cloaths to go to the convent; my taking leave of Mrs. Du Tour, who promised my letter and bundle should be sent within an hour to Valville's; the repeated assurances we gave each other of our friendship; and the tears she almost shed on her part; for she did not quite cry, though I believed every minute she was going to do it; but I let fall some tears of sadness in going from her. Methought it seemed as if I was leaving a sort of relation, and even my native country too, without even time to think of this sudden change of circumstances: there was something too much for me in the rapidity of the events.

But, however childish this was, can you look upon my going with the thoughts of being for ever excluded from the sight of Valville as nothing? I had said, indeed, I would never see him more; but it was very hard to be thus taken at my word: I had promised, indeed, never to see him more, but not never to be able to see him; this is another matter, an affair of a

much more serious nature, and the heart will not bear to be used thus rudely; for what gives it a firmness and intrepidity in a case like mine, is the power of being weak; and this freedom I had lost by my change of circumstances; this made me sigh, and abated my courage.

I had told Mrs. Du Tour that I was going to a convent; but what the name of it was, I was entirely ignorant of, as well as the street it was in; but I knew my way: the porter followed me with my box of cloaths; and I imagined that, at his return, he would inform her; and if by chance she should see Valville, she might tell him; but I cannot say that I wished the might; it was only a reflection that I made on the way, which served to amuse me. ‘Well, but suppose he should know the place of my retreat?’ said I to myself. ‘What then! What is that to me? Nothing at all! Will he attempt to see me, or write to me? Oh, no, to be sure!’ said I: but, ‘Yes, sure!’ I should have said, if I had answered sincerely, and according to the agreeable probability that he would do so.

We soon arrived at the convent: I went in, but much worse dressed than when I went out. My benefactress asked me the reason; I told her I left all the cloaths she had seen before with Mrs. Du Tour, that she might return them to the gentleman I had mentioned, who had given them to me. ‘My dear child, you shall lose nothing by that,’ said she, embracing me: after which I entered, and came again to thank her through the grate of the parlour. She left me; and I became from that time a boarder.

I have many things to tell you relating to the convent. I soon became acquainted there with several persons: I was loved by some, and hated by others. But I shall give you a particular account of my abode here, which shall begin my Fourth Part; and shall finish this with an event which has been the cause of my entering again into the world.

Two or three days after I was here, my benefactress made me be dressed in as genteel a manner as if I had been her own daughter; and provided me with all the cloaths which would have been necessary for my appearing in that character. Judge of the sentiments with which

which her goodness inspired me: I never saw her but with transports of joy and tenderness!

They observed that I had a good voice, and understood something of musick; and she was desirous of perfecting me in it. The prioress had a niece, on whom she allowed a master of the harpsichord to attend; and he was appointed my master too. 'These are talents,' said my amiable lady, 'that will always be of service to you. If you take the veil, they will give you an air of distinction, and make you taken notice of: if you enter into the world, they will be looked upon as the most graceful and innocent accomplishments.'

She constantly came to see me every two or three days; and it was already three weeks that I had lived there in a situation of mind very difficult to describe. I endeavoured to enjoy a perfect tranquillity; but found, however, that I had it not in my power. I banished from my thoughts the intruding ideas that would hinder my enjoying a perfect repose; but in vain; my reflections and uneasiness returned together; and a secret folly, for which I continually reproached myself, tormented me incessantly.

Valville knew, without doubt, where I was placed; and yet I heard no more of him: my heart was at a loss how to account for such a conduct. If he had found the means to let me hear from him, he could have gained nothing by it; I had renounced him; but I did not intend by that, that he should renounce me too. What a fantastical sentiment!

One afternoon, as I was thinking of

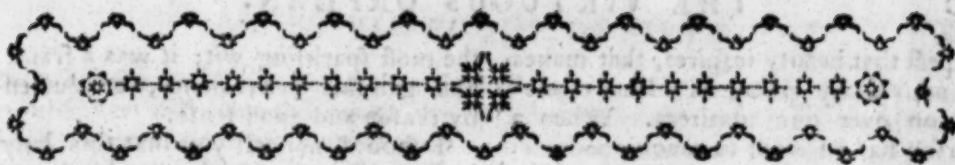
this, in spite of my endeavours to think no more of it, one came to tell me that a footman asked to speak to me. I fancied he came from my benefactress, and went into the parlour. I hardly looked at this pretended domestick, who shewed only one side of his face, and, with a trembling hand, presented me the letter. 'Who do you come from?' said I. 'You will see, Miss, by the letter,' said he, with some emotion in his voice, which my heart knew again even before I did; for I instantly felt myself moved by a kind of sympathy.

I cast a look at him as I received the letter, and saw his eyes fixed upon me. But what eyes were they! How much was I surprized! Our eyes were fixed upon each other, while we remained some time without uttering a word; and it was only our hearts that had spoke, when a servant entered, and told me my benefactress was coming up, and that her coach was in the court; but she did not name her: 'It is your good mamma,' said she; and then left us.

'Pray, Sir, retire!' cried I, in confusion, to Valville; for you see very well it was he; who only sighed, and left me.

I hid my letter while I waited for my generous friend, who appeared in an instant, with a lady, who had every qualification to render her perfectly amiable; who soon engaged my affections, and whom you will love too, when I have given you her picture; which I intend to insert in the Fourth Part, with that of the dear charming woman I called my mother.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PART IV.



I Have made you wait so long, Madam, for the foregoing parts of my life, that, I persuade myself, you will be surprized to hear from me again so soon. Your impatience is very obliging; and I intend to let you see I think so, by my extraordinary haste in sending you this Part soon after the last.

See, now, if my laziness is not of advantage to me? Perhaps you would not now have been pleased at my diligence; nor even have taken notice of it, had I been always so expeditious.

Sometimes even our faults are of service to us, and set us in a better light than if we never had them; because, whenever we mend, the contrast between what we were, and what we are now, is sure to heighten our real virtues, and give them a more distinguished lustre.

Do you remember Mr. De Beaufort? He was a perpetual grumbler, and of a most forbidding countenance: but, was he good-humoured for one quarter of an hour, he was more admired, and taken notice of, in that short duration, than he would have been in a year, had he been always agreeable; we then hardly ever knew a person of so sweet a disposition.

But I must begin my Fourth Part; for, perhaps, it is necessary for you to read it before you will be convinced that it is the Fourth. However, before I continue my history, I am to give you the portraiture of my benefactress, which I promised you, with that of the lady she brought with her; to both whom I

am under obligations worthy of an eternal acknowledgment.

Though I say I am going to give you the pictures of these two ladies, I only mean to give you the out-lines, and a kind of rough sketch; for it is impossible to paint them entire and perfectly like themselves. I am well acquainted with many persons whom I do not know how to describe; there is something in them which I cannot take sufficient hold of; that I only perceive for myself, but not for others; and which, if I was to attempt, would be very ill performed. These are objects of sentiment so extremely complex, and so nicely delicate, that they confuse me whilst I reflect upon them: I do not know where to take them, in order to express them in a manner capable of being comprehended.

Is it not the same with you? It seems to me, that my soul, on a vast variety of occasions, knows more than it can express, and that it has sensations of it's own very different from it's common ideas. But this thought will carry me too far; let us return to our ladies and their pictures: they will be very imperfect and short; at least, I am afraid so; and I tell you of it beforehand, that you may chuse either to read them, or pass them over.

My benefactress was about fifty years old: though she had been a fine woman in her youth, yet she had something so good and condescending in her look, that blunted her charms, and hindered their being so piercing as they would have been; for it is the awe and
L respect

respect that beauty inspires, that makes us adored, by giving us a kind of elevation over our admirers. When a person has an air of so much goodness, she appears less striking; we only think of her amiable character, but not at all of the graces of her body: it renders the whole person, indeed, more esteemed, but her beauty less admired; and we are more pleased with her company than curious in looking upon her.

Thus, I believe, it had been with this excellent lady; no notice was taken of her attractive charms, but only that she was the best woman in the world: for this reason, I have been told, she has had few lovers, but many friends, and those even amongst our sex; but this is not to be wondered at, since there were always seen in her an innocent inattention; a mien simple, condescending, and affable, which did no violence to the self-love of her companions, and made her rather resemble a confidant than a rival.

Her features were worthy to be praised, though they were not formed to captivate. Her eyes demanded more friendship than love. This dear lady had a shape justly proportioned; and which, if she had pleased, would have appeared perfectly genteel. But this was not what she aimed at; for she had no other motion than what was natural and necessary, and which was expressive of a soul full of innocence and truth.

As to her wit, I believe it never was said that she had any, though nobody could ever say she wanted it. Her conversation pleased every body, without having any thing in it remarkably shining. She said nothing that was either smart or weak; but her discourse was all sweet and sensible: was the subject of conversation the most indifferent to her, she still kept up her character, and thought or said nothing but what proceeded from that stock of goodness which was the basis of her actions.

But pray, Madam, do not imagine that this benevolent temper was a blind and sottish passion, the disposition of a weak and pusillanimous soul, which appears ridiculous even to the persons who profit by it. No, hers was a virtue; it was the sentiment of an excellent heart, that instantly took the impression of another's grief; it was a delicacy for the happiness of others, which had infinitely more charms than

the most sparkling wit; it was a frank and genuine benevolence, conducted by reason and good sense.

I should not tell you that this lady had a nobleness of soul; this, perhaps, would confound your ideas, as it is a character too commonly usurped to disguise and palliate ostentation. Her dispositions to goodness were more simple, more amiable, but less brilliant; and those persons, to whom it is commonly ascribed, have very often not the best hearts: they are so transported with the pleasure and the glory of their generosity, that they neglect numberless little duties. They love to be praised; whilst she, on the contrary, esteemed it too mean to make this the sole end of her actions. She never shewed her beneficence because of the honour that accompanies it, but because you had need of her assistance; her design was to remove your anxieties and give you repose, that she might share in your tranquillity.

Every testimony of gratitude gave her a sensible pleasure, because she looked upon it as a proof of your content; for, whenever she was loaded with many acknowledgments for her kindness, she thought you found the benefit of having received them; and thus she loved to think of them: for, whatever you said to her, it was only your joy and satisfaction that could be her recompence.

One thing I forgot, that is very singular; which is, that, though she never boasted of her own good actions, you might safely boast of yours before her without fear of her taking offence. The pleasure of hearing you say that you were good, or had been so, shut her eyes to your vanity, or else persuaded her that it was very allowable, and what she would contribute to augment as much as she could. 'Yes, you are in the right to esteem yourself; nothing is more just,' would she say.

With respect to those who value themselves without any merit, who pique themselves on their rank or riches, a sort of people insupportably burdensome to every body else, they did not at all disturb her; she did not love them, and that was all; she had only a kind of cool, tranquil, polite antipathy for them.

But the spreaders of slander and defamation

famation she could not bear; they fatigued her still more, because their fault was grating to her natural goodness; whilst the vain boaster only shocked her reason and the simplicity of her heart.

She pardoned great talkers; and would laugh heartily at the uneasiness they gave her, whilst they thought they had been entertaining her.

Did she find persons of an obstinate disposition, who refuse to hear reason, she heard them with patience, and was not at all the less their friend. 'Well,' she would say, 'they are honest people, however: they have their faults; and no person is exempt from them.' Every thing that did not proceed from a malevolent disposition, appeared a trifle to her. Her tender heart never abandoned any person to misery: neither the liar, whom she heartily pitied; nor the ungrateful, who is insensible of the most refined pleasure that fills the human breast. But she was truly cold to the malignant spirits; she would, however, assist them; but she always did it without that delight and relish which accompanied her other acts of beneficence. These were with her the truly wicked, and the only persons with whom she was at variance, and against whom she had a natural and invincible hatred.

A coquette, who would captivate every man, was much worse in her esteem than a woman deluded through excess of passion for one. Because she thought it a less crime for a person to be weak, than to render others so; and that it was better to want wisdom than principles, as a weak heart is preferable to an impertinent and corrupt one.

She had a greater attachment to the moral virtues, than to the peculiar duties of Christianity; regarded more the punctilious exercises of instrumental religion, than she complied with them; honoured more the very devout, than she thought of being so herself; loved God more than she feared him, and conceived of his justice and goodness in a manner almost peculiar to herself; and from the benevolent dispositions of her own tender heart, justly inferred what must be those in the tender Parent of mankind, who had fixed them there.

Such was this amiable, this charming lady, of whom I have still many

things to add; but I must omit them; I have already been too long: if you think so, remember that it is my benefactress, and that I am very excusable if I have a little forgot myself, and been lost in the pleasure I have taken in speaking of her.

There yet remains another description; and that is of the lady that came with her: but do not be afraid, I shall not trouble you with it at present; I ought to spare myself a little, for I suspect that it will not be short, nor indeed very easy; and therefore it is proper we should both take breath. I owe it to you, however, who will dispense with my promise of placing them together. I foresee that it will be in this Part; but, I assure you, not till near the conclusion; and, perhaps, you would not be sorry if you found I entirely omitted it: you may expect, at least, to find something very singular in it. You have just seen the picture of an excellent heart; but that which I have still to paint will be as good a one, though very different from it: for, as to her mind, it had all the solidity of the other sex mixed with the delicacy of ours.

But it is time to continue my narration. 'How do you do, child?' said my dear friend to me, as she entered the parlour. 'Here is a lady who is desirous to see you; for I have been saying something to her in your favour: and I shall be as much pleased as she at her knowing you, that she may love you as I do.—Well, Madam,' added she, addressing herself to her friend, 'there she is; how do you like her? Is it not true that Miss is genteel?'

'No, Madam,' replied the lady, with an air of friendship; 'no, she is not genteel: excuse me, Madam, your character is not just; you speak with the modesty of a mother. For my part, who am a stranger, I must tell you frankly what I think; and that is, that she is charming: and, indeed, I never saw a more amiable form, or an air more noble.'

I cast down my eyes at this flattering discourse, and could only answer with my blushes. They sat down, the conversation still turning upon me.—'Is there any thing in Miss's look which could presage the misfortunes she has suffered?' said Mrs. Dorbin, (this

was the lady's name;) 'but soon or late every one has troubles in this world; and hers are passed, I dare say.'

'I believe so, too,' answered I, modestly: 'since I have had the happiness to meet this lady, who has been so good as to interest herself in my welfare, I may reasonably hope that my happiness is begun.' At this my benefactress advancing, put her hand to the rails to take hold of mine, whilst I could only put two or three fingers through—'Yes, my dear,' said she. 'I love you, and you deserve it: from henceforward you shall have no inquietude, no care, to disturb you. What I have hitherto done for you is nothing; do not speak of it. I have already called you my daughter; imagine that you are so, and that I love you as much as if you were.'

This answer touched me; my eyes grew moist: I endeavoured to kiss her hand, of which she could only give me two or three fingers.

Upon this Mrs. Dorfin cried out—'What an amiable creature!—Do you know that I am a little jealous of you, Madam; for she loves you with so good a grace, that I must make pretensions to her love too: you are her mother; and I must be, at least, her friend.—Do not you consent to it, Miss?'

'Madam,' returned I, 'my respect forbids my saying yes; I durst not take that liberty: but if I should be so blessed, I should look upon this as one of the most happy days of my life.'—'You are in the right, child,' said my benefactress; 'and the greatest service I can do you, is, to desire this lady to give her word that she will grant you her friendship.—You promise it, Madam?' added she, speaking to Mrs. Dorfin; who, with an air of condescension, replied—'I give it her then, on condition that, next to you, she will love nobody in the world so much as me.'

'No, no!' said my mamma; 'you do not do yourself justice: I forbid her making the least difference between us; and, I dare say, she will obey me.' I still cast down my eyes; saying, very sincerely, that I was both confused and charmed.

Here my benefactress looked at her watch—'It is later than I thought it

was,' said she: 'I must go presently; I shall make you but a short visit at present, for I have many others to make. I am pretty much fatigued, and design to be at home betimes to-night; for I had not any rest all last night, I have been perplexed with so many different thoughts.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said I, 'I thought you seemed a little melancholy;' (and that was true;) 'and it made me uneasy. Pray, has any thing disturbed you?'

'Yes,' replied she: 'I have a son, who is a deserving young gentleman, and who has hitherto given me the highest satisfaction; but now he has very much displeased me. I was willing to have him married: a very advantageous match offered; the lady was rich, amiable, and of a good family; her relations approved of it, and were desirous to hasten the ceremony; and my son himself, a month ago, consented that the friends on both sides should meet to agree upon articles. He has been introduced to the young lady; has seen her more than once; but for some weeks has neglected coming to a conclusion: he seems to be grown quite indifferent to her. His conduct afflicts me extremely; especially as I am under a kind of engagement to a very considerable family, to whom I do not know how to excuse the shocking indifference he has lately expressed.'

'I cannot believe it will last long,' said Mrs. Dorfin; 'and, I repeat it to you again, your son is no fool: he has wit, good-sense, and honour. You know his tenderness, and the deference and respect he has always expressed for you; and, I am persuaded, you have nothing at all to fear. He shall dine with me to-morrow: he will hear what I have to say. Come, leave it to me; I will talk to him: for to say that the girl he found in returning from mass has made him averse to the marriage, I have already told you, is what I can never believe.'

'In returning from mass, Madam!' said I, a little astonished, because of the conformity this adventure had with mine.

'Yes, in returning from mass,' answered Mrs. Dorfin: 'they came from church

‘ church together; but there is no probability that they have seen each other since.’

‘ Oh, but they represent her so very beautiful! it is that alarms me,’ said my benefactress; ‘ and you know, when she was gone, the measures he took to find her out.’

‘ The measures he took!’ another motive for me to listen.

‘ O dear Madam, with what little reason do you disturb yourself!’ cried Mrs. Dorfin. ‘ She is a pretty girl, it is true; but what reason can you have to think that she has turned his head? for it cannot be questioned but she must be some tradesman’s daughter, dressed in her best cloaths because it was a holiday.’

‘ A holiday! Oh! is it then me?’ said I to myself, trembling, and not daring to ask any more questions.

‘ I would ask,’ continued Mrs. Dorfin, ‘ if a lady of distinction would have walked alone through the streets, without a footman, without any one to attend her, as you find she did? But, what is more, she herself seemed conscious that she was not suitable to your son; for she would neither tell him where she came from, where she was going, or where she lived: so, however enamoured you suppose him, where will he find her again? He has taken every step for that purpose, you say; his servants tell you that he made his valet run after the hackney-coach which carried her away;’ (Oh, how my heart beat here!) ‘ but is it possible for a man to keep up with a coach? This same valet, indeed, when you examined him, told you he ran after it, but at last lost sight of it.’

‘ So much the better,’ thought I here: ‘ it is no more me; the valet that followed me saw me set down at our door.’

‘ But the fellow has, perhaps, deceived you?’ continued Mrs. Dorfin. ‘ You are sensible he is in his master’s confidence.’

‘ Oh, that is very likely too!’ said I to myself; ‘ it is certainly me!’

‘ Well, we will suppose that he saw the coach stop,’ continued the lady, ‘ and that your son knows where this pretty creature lives, what can you conclude from it? that he has taken such a violent passion for her, that he would

sacrifice to her his fortune, and all the advantages of his birth? that he would forget who he is, and what he owes to you and himself? Is this your son? Can you recollect his ever being guilty of such a piece of extravagance? There is scarce room to fear his being so weak and thoughtless; you cannot suspect it. I will allow that the girl might be agreeable to him; that she might be formed to please; and a man of his age and condition might have a fancy to see how far such an adventure would carry him: this is all that can be in it; you may compose yourself. I will promise you we will marry him, if we have only the charms of this little adventurer to combat with. A formidable enemy indeed!’

‘ Little adventurer! what an ill-boding epithet! shall I never be able to disengage myself from this painful situation?’ said I to myself. However, had the ladies left off here, I should not have known what to hope or fear; but my benefactress presently cleared up every thing:

‘ I should have been of your opinion,’ returned she, with an air of inquietude, ‘ if I was not told that my son is grown peevish since this unhappy adventure; and it is certain I have found him entirely changed. You know he is naturally of a gay disposition; but now I never see him but he looks dull, perplexed, and thoughtful: his friends take notice of it; the chevalier, who used to be continually with him, is become a burden to him; his company fatigues him, and accordingly yesterday he was denied to him. Add to this, the running about of the valet I mentioned, who is sent out four times every day; and with whom, when he returns, he has always a long consultation in private. But this is not all: I forgot to tell you one thing; and that is, that I have been this morning to speak to the surgeon that was sent for to examine the young woman’s foot.’

This was a circumstance that at once struck me. At the article of the foot, figure to yourself the poor orphan humbled as low as possible. I do not know how I did to breathe for the terrible palpitation that seized my heart. ‘ Oh! is it then me?’ thought I. ‘ Methinks I am going out of the church; that I find

‘ I find myself in the street where I fell, dressed in those hateful cloaths Mr. De Climal had given me, adorned with all the trifles that had procured me the title of a smart lass in her holiday cloaths.’

What a situation was this for me, Madam! But what most humbled and afflicted me was, the reflection that the noble and distinguished air which Mrs. Dorfin, at her entrance, complimented me with, and which my benefactress acknowledged me possessed of, would no longer be of service to me when I should be known. Was it for me to presume to break a marriage like this? I might have the mien of a lady of distinction, provided I had no other fault but being unfortunate, and while my charms produced no disorder; but when beloved of Valville, and guilty of the uneasiness he gave his mother, I might well be reduced to a smart lass, an adventurer, and a little creature beneath their notice, who was no longer worthy their care, and who had been very bold to presume to wound the heart of a gentleman.

But let us listen to my dear mother, who proceeded; while some hints now-and-then escaped her that helped to revive my courage. She was speaking of the surgeon, and went on.

‘ He told me,’ continued she, ‘ that she was very young, but extremely amiable; that she had the air of a lady of the first quality; and that my son, in the whole of his behaviour, expressed a sincere respect for her: and it is this respect that disquiets me. I do not know how, though you would persuade me to it, to reconcile these things with the idea I form to myself of the daughter of some mean mechanick dressed up in all her finery. If he has any real love and esteem for her, it must be such as will be dangerous, and carry him very far. You must be sensible that this does not agree with her being a girl of no education, and without merit; and his tenderness convinces me that I shall have nothing at all to hope for from him: his having sense and honour are the very reasons that will prevent there being any remedy to cure the unfortunate passion.’

Now, put yourself in my place, and

pry consider the many melancholy considerations that at once crowded into my mind: but stay, however, there was one joined with them which was very agreeable. Did you take notice of that melancholy in which Valville was involved ever since the day we became acquainted? Did you observe the respect which the surgeon said he expressed for me? My heart, though full of trouble, had, amidst it's various perturbations, taken notice of these minute particulars: nor had the consequences, drawn from them by my dear friend, escaped my attention.

‘ If his passion is built upon a true esteem for her, his love is real,’ she had said; and I was immediately of her opinion: this consequence appeared very just, as well as agreeable. Here I felt a mixture of shame, inquietude, and pleasure: but the pleasure was excessive; this idea of being truly loved by Valville had so many charms in it, that it inspired me with sentiments quite noble and disinterested. Indeed, the heart is in so good a situation when thus delighted, that you will not much wonder at the part it made me take, which was a sufficient proof that Valville had reason to respect me.

I was nothing; nor did I possess any thing worthy of rendering me considerable: but those who have neither titles nor riches to boast of, have a soul; a soul superior to the glittering splendor of wealth and greatness; that can command a more just respect, a higher veneration; and that can support it's dignity in the midst of the bitterest afflictions. Observe how mine extricated me out of this perplexing situation.

After Mrs. Dorfin had replied to my benefactress, in answer to what she had just said, this last person, rising up in order to go, resumed—‘ Since he is to dine to-morrow with you, endeavour to dispose him to this marriage: and, as I cannot be satisfied with his adventure, I am resolved, at all hazards, to place somebody near him, or his footman, as a spy upon their actions; and I will have one of them followed wherever he goes: by this means, perhaps, I shall discover who this little creature is. Supposing that he has found her out, it is proper we should find her out too; for it cannot

'cannot be unuseful to know her.—
'Farewel, Marianne! I shall see you
'again in two or three days.'

'No,' said I to her, letting fall
some tears; 'no, Madam, it is all
'over: you must see me no more;
'you must abandon me to the misfor-
'tunes which follow me wherever I
'go; for God will not suffer me to en-
'joy a lasting repose!'

'What would you say, child? What
'do you mean? Why should I aban-
'don you?'

Here my tears ran in such abundance,
that I remained some time unable to
speak a word.

'Thou makest me very uneasy, my
'dear child. Why dost thou weep so?'
added she, presenting her hand as she
had done some minutes before: but I
durst no more give her mine. I drew
it back, covered with shame, with
words disjointed with my groans.
'Hold, Madam!' cried I; 'you do
'not know to whom you speak; nor
'who it is you express such goodness
'to. I believe it is I who am your
'enemy: it is I that am the cause of
'all your uneasiness!'

'How, Marianne!' replied she, as-
tonished: 'you she that Valville met
'and carried home?'—'Yes, Madam;
'it was I myself,' I returned: 'I am
'not ungrateful enough to hide it from
'you; this would be a frightful trea-
'chery, a monstrous baseness, after
'all the care you have taken of me.
'You see I have not merited so much
'kindness from you, since you would
'have been happier if you had never
'known me, or I had never been
'born: see what reason you have to a-
'bandon me. It is not natural that
'you should preserve the character of
'a mother to an orphan whom you
'know not, whilst she afflicts you;
'and since a sight of her has taught
'your son to disobey you. I am con-
'fused and ashamed to think how
'much you have loved me: you who
'should rather have hated and despised
'me. Alas! how much have you
'been deceived! I sincerely beg your
'pardon.'

My tears continued flowing, while
my benefactress made me no answer,
but looked upon me with an air of the
most moving tenderness, with the tears
standing in her eyes.

'Madam,' said her friend to her,
drying her eyes, 'indeed this child
'touches me extremely: what she has
'told you is admirable. What a
'great soul!'

Mrs. De Valville remained still si-
lent, regarding me attentively.

'Shall I tell you my thoughts, Ma-
'dam?' resumed immediately this
amiable lady. 'You have the most
'compassionate and the most generous
'heart: but I put myself in your
'place. After this event, you may,
'perhaps, shew some dislike against
'seeing her again; and may be against
'continuing her under your care.
'Will you give her to me? I will take
'care of her till this affair is finished:
'I do not intend to take her from you;
'she would lose too much by that. I
'will return her to you again as soon
'as the marriage shall be concluded.'

At this discourse I lifted up my eyes,
and gave her a look of humility and
gratitude; to which I joined a slight
inclination of my head: I say slight,
because I imagined I ought to thank
her with discretion. I had reason to
express myself sensible of her goodness,
but not to make her think that she gave
me any consolation, as, indeed, she did
not. I accompanied this with a sigh;
after which, Mrs. Dorlin, resuming
her discourse, said to my benefactress—
'Think of it, Madam, and consult
'with yourself.'

'Excuse me for a moment,' return-
ed Mrs. De Valville; 'I will answer
'you presently: let me first inform
'myself of one thing.—Marianne,'
said she, 'have you not heard of my
'son since you have been here?'—
'Alas, Madam!' answered I, 'do
'not examine me on that head; I am
'so unhappy, that I can only give you
'fresh cause for grief, and therefore
'make you more exasperated against
'me. It is just that you should de-
'prive me of your friendship, and
'leave an unhappy girl, who has the
'misfortune to be the obstacle of your
'desires. It would be of no service
'to you to increase your hatred, which,
'above all things, I desire to avoid:
'but, Madam, do not think I refuse
'to tell you the truth; I know very
'well that I am obliged to tell it you,
'if you desire it. This is the least part
'of what I owe you; but what with-

'holds

' holds me is, the pain it will give you; the aversion it will inspire you with, and all the affliction that your displeasure will occasion me.'

' No, child, no,' replied Mrs. De Valville: ' speak boldly, and fear nothing from me. Does my son know where you are? Has he been here?'

These questions redoubled my tears. I drew the letter I had received from Valville out of my pocket, which I had not unsealed, and gave it her with a trembling hand. ' I do not know,' said I, interrupted with sighs, ' how he discovered that I am here: but see what he has just given me himself!'

She took it with a sigh, opened it, ran it over, then cast her eyes upon her friend, who also fixed hers upon her. They both stood for some time looking upon each other, without speaking a word: I thought I even saw them shed some tears. At last, Mrs. Dorfin, shaking her head—' Ah, Madam!' said she, ' I asked you for Marianne; but I shall not have her; I find you will keep her yourself.'

' Yes, she is my child more than ever,' returned she, with a tenderness that would not permit her saying any more; and immediately presenting me her hand, I took hold of it as well as the grate would permit me, and kissed it on my knees for a long time with an inexpressible eagerness; and I was so softened, that I seemed almost suffocated with my tears. This was followed by a short silence, which was so affecting, that I cannot yet think of it without feeling myself moved from the bottom of my soul.

Mrs. Dorfin broke silence first. ' Is there no way for me to embrace her?' said this amiable lady. ' I never was so affected in my life as I am now. I do not know which of the two I love most; the mother or the daughter.'

' Well, Marianne,' said Mrs. De Valville, when the various agitations of our minds began to subside, ' you must never more, whilst I live, call yourself an orphan. But let us return to my son. Without doubt it was Mrs. Du Tour, the linen-drafter, that told him where you are.'

' Very likely,' returned I; ' I did not however, tell her, because I was ignorant of the name of the convent

when I entered; but the porter I made use of to bring my cloaths hither, plies near her house, and he might inform her: and then Mr. De Valville, who had me followed by his footman, till I was set down by the coach at Mrs. Du Tour's, has, without doubt, enquired of the good woman, who could not help telling him all she knew. This, I believe, is the way he found me out: for my part, I have done nothing to reproach myself with; and have not at all contributed to what has happened. And, as a proof of this, since I have been here, I have not heard his name mentioned till this afternoon, when he brought me that letter, which he could not have given me without a stratagem.'

I had no sooner spoke, but I thought that I ought rather to have concealed this last article, which I had mentioned without considering at all the consequence. This was engaging my benefactress to ask an explication; and the disguise of her son was a particular that I might, perhaps, have concealed, without a breach of that sincerity and truth for which I began to value myself; an indiscretion that my excessive ingenuity had drawn me into: however, the word was spoke; but I found Mrs. De Valville did not at all need an explanation; she knew at once what was meant by it.

' A stratagem!' returned she; ' I know what you mean; and I will tell you how. As I was stepping out of the coach, I saw, by chance, a young man in a livery, coming down from this parlour; methought he was so like my son, that I could not help being struck with the resemblance: I thought of telling you of it, Madam; for I looked upon it as a thing pretty singular, though I did not give much attention to it.—But now, Marianne, I find my son loves you, I do not doubt but, instead of a man that resembles him, it was he himself; was it not?'

' Yes, Madam,' returned I, after having hesitated a moment; ' scarce was he here before you arrived. I took his letter, without taking notice who it was that gave it me; and I should not have known him, but for a look he cast at me. I started with surprise:

surprize: we were told you were coming; and he retired with precipitation.'

'By what I know of his temper,' said Mrs. De Valville, speaking to her friend, 'Marianne must have made a prodigious impression upon his heart. See what it has made him resolve! What a surprizing effect! To take a livery!'

'Yes,' returned Mrs. Dorfin, 'this action certainly proves that he loves her passionately; but those are charms which conclude it much more strongly.'

'But how must we act with respect to this marriage, which he has almost broke off; this engagement which I have undertaken with his consent? Valville will, I am afraid, never conclude it. But more; I must tell you, that, possessed with such a passion as this appears to be, I am afraid he will marry this child. Oh! what must we do to cure him of this passion?'

'It would be hard, indeed, to teach him to overcome it,' returned Mrs. Dorfin; 'but I believe we may reduce it into the bounds of reason; and this we may certainly do with Miss's assistance. It is a happiness that she is the person we have to do with: we have now seen an instance of the greatness of her mind, which proves what her gratitude and tenderness for such a mother as you will render her capable of.'

'Now, to determine your son to fulfil his engagements, he can only be prevailed upon by your daughter; and this would be a procedure entirely worthy of herself: as she is the only obstacle, she should speak to him herself; for nobody else will be capable of making him hear reason.—I am persuaded, Madam, that he would obey you, if you insisted upon it; he respects you too much to be capable of rebelling against you; but you say you will not force him; and nothing can be more just than this resolution; for, by a contrary conduct, you would certainly render him unhappy; he would be made so out of complaisance and duty to you; and consequently consider you as the cause of a misery he might easily have avoided. On the contrary, Marianne, by a thousand reasons,

that will not admit of a reply, may possibly prevail with him to consent to his former engagements; she may persuade him, in as sweet and gentle terms as possible, and even with the appearance of regret, that he will love her in vain, and that she is not in a condition to return his affection; and, by this means, calm his heart, and convince him of the necessity he is under to marry the lady intended for him: thus he would be induced to marry her himself, and you would not appear to influence his choice. This is my opinion of the matter.'

'It is a very good thought,' returned Mrs. De Valville; 'I like your advice extremely: but I shall add one thing. Would it not be proper, in order to take away all hopes from him, that she should pretend to be desirous of taking the veil; and even to add, that her situation will not admit of her taking any other course?—But, Marianne,' said she, interrupting herself, 'I would not have you concerned at what I say; do not think I insinuate that you ought to quit the world: I am so far from it, that I could not consent to it without the most visible and remarkable proofs of your being desirous of it; since I should be apt to fear that your small fortune, your apprehensions of future want, or the fear of being a charge to me, would be your most prevailing inducement. I would not have you mistake me, I say; I have nothing but my son in view; and would only point out the means to bring him to my purpose, and help him to surmount a love which you too well justify; in which I know he would think himself happy, if permitted to cherish it; and with which, indeed, I myself should be charmed, if the maxims of the world did not restrain me from acquiescing with it. For, alas! what is it you want? neither beauty, with all its most pleasing graces, the most sparkling wit, nor the unaffected goodness of a great and upright soul. These are endowments the most extraordinary, the most precious; these the true riches, the noblest portion of a woman in marriage, and these you enjoy in the greatest profusion; but you have not twenty thousand livres a year; he would make no alliances in marrying you;

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'nor do we know your relations, who, perhaps, would be an honour to us. The greatest part of mankind, my dear, have a superficial way of thinking, and, consequently, very false ideas; they are dazzled with the splendor of riches, and their ears tickled with the sound of titles: and yet to these I must give an account of my actions; to these, who would never pardon the misfortunes you have suffered; which they would falsely term defects. Reason would certainly chuse you for his wife, but an extravagant custom rejects you: these particulars my friendship induces me to mention, that you might not look upon the assistance I expect from you to induce Valville to conquer his passion, as a painful subject of humiliation.'

'Oh, dear Madam, or rather, dear mother! since you are pleased to grant me leave to call you so, how good, how generous is this!' cried I, casting myself at her feet, 'to have so much regard and delicacy for a poor girl, unworthy such goodness, and whom any body else in the same circumstances would have treated with contempt, and loaded with indignities! What would have become of me, had not you taken me into your care? Without you, dear mother, I should, by this time, have had the confusion of begging my bread: and, notwithstanding this, you are afraid of humbling me! Sure there is not a heart like yours in the world!'

'Oh, my daughter!' cried she, in her turn, 'who could help being tender-hearted to thee? My dear child, you enchant me!—' O she enchants you at a very proper time,' said Mrs. Dorfin, with a tender smile: 'but, pray, put an end to this discourse; I cannot bear it; you soften me too much.'

'Let us return, then, to what we were saying,' replied my charming benefactress: 'since we have concluded that you speak to Valville, shall we wait till he returns to see her? or, to be more expeditious, would it not be better that she should write to him to come?'

'O by all means,' returned Mrs. Dorfin; 'let her write; but I am of opinion that she should know first what he says to her in that letter in

'your hand, which we have only read to ourselves. By that she will judge better how to regulate her conduct towards him.'—'Yes,' said I, with an air of frankness and simplicity, 'I ought to know what he thinks; especially since I wrote to him the day that I came hither, about an hour before I entered.'—'Aye! how so, Marianne?' interrupted Mrs. De Valville.

'I was obliged to it, Madam,' returned I. 'I sent to him a bundle, in which was a gown, some linen, and money; the presents I had received from the gentleman I have already mentioned; who, out of a seeming pity had placed me at Mrs. Du Tour's, but whose real designs were base and dishonourable. I wrote to Mr. De Valville, who knew where he lived, to desire him to be so good as to send him the parcel as from me.'

'Hah! by what chance,' said Mrs. De Valville, 'did my son know this gentleman?'

'Madam, you will be still more surprized,' returned I, 'when I tell you he knew him because he was his uncle.'—'What!' cried she, 'Mr. De Climal?'—'Yes, Madam, it was he himself,' replied I: 'it was to him the good monk I have mentioned carried me; and at your house I learned it was Mr. De Valville's uncle, because he entered soon after my fall had induced your son to have me carried in; and it was he, too, that young gentleman surprized at my feet at the linen-draper's, in the instant he was entertaining me with his love; and it was this discovery that made him propose to remove me from the neighbourhood of Mr. De Valville, that he might see me in secret without the dread of a discovery.'

'Just Heaven!' cried she, 'what do you tell me! What a weakness was this in my brother!—I beg, Madam,' said she to her friend, 'do not mention a word of what you have heard. If ever an adventure like this should come to be known, judge of the scandal it would be to my brother, who passes for a man of great piety; and who, I hope, has hitherto deserved it, however he has forgotten himself, and behaved ill in this instance. Poor man! what must he think of himself? How will he be able

able to reflect on this incident in his cool and secret moments? Well, let us leave him, and proceed to the thing in question: let us see my son's letter." Here she opened it again. But, said she, stopping short, and recollecting herself, "I have a scruple that has started in my mind. Shall we do well to read it to Marianne? Perhaps she loves Valville. There is a great deal of tenderness expressed in it; she may be touched with it; and it would only cost her more pain to render us the service we require from her.—Tell us, my dear child; is there any hazard? What must we think? Do you love my son?"

"That does not signify, Madam," answered I; "it will not hinder me from speaking to him as I ought."

"It does not signify! say you? You love him, then, child?" returned she, smiling. "Yes, Madam," said I; "it is true I do: I at first sight conceived an inclination for him, without knowing it was love; I did not think myself in danger of feeling that passion, but only indulged the pleasure of looking at him. I thought him amiable; and you know I could not be to blame in thinking him so, since I only did him justice. He is a young man of such a graceful appearance, so perfectly agreeable, and so like you, Madam, (for you know I loved you at first sight) that I could not help being charmed with him." At this, they both burst into a laughter. "I could never be weary of hearing her," said Mrs. Dorlin; "and I shall not be able to avoid seeing her: sure there is not her equal!"

"I think so, too," replied my benefactress; "but, however, I shall chide her, for having told my son that she loves him; for such a conduct is very imprudent."

"O dear, Madam! I never told him so; I never uttered a word like it. Dare a girl tell a man that she loves him? We may talk of such things amongst ourselves, because no ill-consequence can attend it: but he has not the least suspicion of it, unless he has guessed so; and if he has, it will avail him nothing. You shall see, Madam; I promise not to give you any uneasiness: it is true, he is

amiable; and one must be blind not to observe it. But what then! I assure you, I will behave as if he were entirely indifferent to me; for I should be very ungrateful to act otherwise."

"Oh, my child!" said my amiable friend; "it will be very difficult to bring thy heart to resolve to renounce him: the more I see thee, the more I despair of your ever being able to accomplish it. Let us try, however; see there, what he writes to thee."

The letter was short; and, as near as I can remember, these were the words.

"It is now three weeks, Madam, that I have sought you, and been dying with grief. I mention no more my love, it deserves no longer your attention; I would only throw myself at your feet: to shew you the affliction I am in for having offended you, I ask pardon; not with the hope of obtaining it, but to give you an opportunity of revenging yourself by refusing it me. You do not know how much you are able to punish me; but you ought to know it, and I only beg the consolation of telling it you."

This was pretty near the contents of the letter. It penetrated my soul; and my heart felt the force of every word, which I am persuaded Mrs. De Valville took notice of, for she watched my looks attentively. "My dear, the note is very moving, is it not?"—"I cannot deny it, Madam; for I durst not deceive you," returned I. "However, fear nothing; I shall not do my duty with the less courage."

"But," replied she, "what offence is it that he speaks of?"—"It is the ill opinion," returned I, "he had expressed of me, when he found Mr. De Climal at my feet; but since he received my letter, where I beg him to send the bundle of cloaths to his uncle, he sees he has been deceived, acknowledges my innocence, and is conscious of his having injured me."

"This," said Mrs. Dorlin, "is as strong a proof of his probity as his love. I am glad to see him do justice to Marianne's virtue; it is acting like an honest man: but the more he esteems your daughter, the greater will be the difficulty she will meet

with in bringing him to reason, and making him comply with our desires. Do not you think so?

'You are in the right,' answered my benefactress: 'but it is time to go home; let us conclude upon something. We have agreed that Marianne shall write to Valville.'—'A word or two,' said I, 'will be sufficient: and I will write before you, Madam; the pen and ink are in this parlour.'—'Very well, child; you are in the right: a line will be sufficient.' I immediately wrote as follows.

'I Could not speak to you this afternoon, Sir, though I have something to say to you.—

'But, Madam, when shall I desire him to come?' said I to Mrs. De Valville.

'At eleven o'clock in the morning,' returned she.

'And I shall be obliged to you,' added I, writing again, 'if you will come here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, when I shall wait for you. I am, &c.' And at the bottom, only

'MARIANNE.'

After I had directed this letter, I gave it my benefactress, who took the charge of sealing and sending it by one of the servants of the convent.

'Farewel, Marianne, till to-morrow,' said she, 'when I shall see you again.'—'My dear,' cried Mrs. Dorfin, with an engaging smile, 'think me your sincere friend: I shall see you again very soon.—I will have her come with you, Madam, and dine at my house; and if you do not bring her with you, I promise you I will come and fetch her myself.'—'We will both wait upon you the first opportunity,' replied Mrs. De Valville; 'after which, you shall have her as often as you please.'

I made no answer to this but a smile and a low curtsy; after which, they went away, and left me with a mind serene and full of tranquillity. Whoever had seen me would have imagined that I was dull and melancholy; but I was far from being so; I had only the appearance of this disorder, which was

the effect of that flood of softness which had just overwhelmed me.

I sighed, however, like a person whose mind was disturbed, and might perhaps be thought to have some reason for being so, on account of the disposition of my affairs; for I loved a man whom I must think on no more; and this solely was a reasonable subject of grief: but, on the other hand, he tenderly loved me in return; a reflection full of unnumbered charms. This alone was almost sufficient to dissipate my uneasiness; it was a true honour, essentially necessary to give me patience to support the rest: besides, I had just behaved with so much generosity, had acted so conformably to reason, and given such proof of a disinterested gratitude, that had drawn tears of admiration and pleasure from those two amiable ladies. I looked inward with complacency and delight; I approved the greatness of my own soul, and amused myself with those pleasing vanities, and the secret applause which sprung from every reflection: this dissipated the gloom, and presented all within bright and lovely.

But to proceed. He has told me since, that the freedom I took in writing to him had disquieted him extremely; and, indeed, this had but an ill appearance; there was nothing in it that had the air of an intrigue, and it appeared too innocent to promise any thing very favourable.

But, however this was, eleven o'clock was but just struck, when the abbess came herself to tell me Valville waited for me.

'Go, Marianne,' said she; 'Mrs. De Valville's son asks for you. She told me yesterday, after she left you, that she would send him to see you: he waits for you.'

My heart began to flutter when I heard he was there. 'I thank you, Madam,' said I; 'I am going.' I went immediately, but with a slow pace, to get time to recover and fortify myself. I was entering upon a painful scene, and feared I should want courage to go through it; I distrusted myself, and was apprehensive that my heart would betray me, and make me but poorly serve my benefactress.

I forgot to mention one article, Madam, which gave me, on reflection, another subject of self-approbation. I endeavoured

endeavoured to divest myself of every charm that it was possible for me to lay aside: I appeared in no other dress than what I commonly wore on mornings, which I put on as negligently as I could; my linen, though very fine, was the same I had lain in, and was consequently tumbled; my gown was a very indifferent one; it was very old, and what I seldom wore out of my chamber. Thus my age, and my natural agreeableness, were all that remained, without the assistance of the least art to set them off and recommend them: however, I flattered myself with the thought that of these I could not be stripped, which helped me to support the abandoning every other ornament; which was a sacrifice I freely made to the friendship of my dearest friend. She had not, indeed, desired me not to be dressed; but I was very sensible that it would not have pleased her, if she had found I had been so.

Thus clothed, I appeared before Valville, who was dressed, and appeared extremely genteel; but, with what a tender and respectful air! what a desire of pleasing shone in his eyes! He held a letter in his hand; which was mine, in which I had invited him to come.

‘I do not know,’ said he, shewing me the letter, which he kissed, ‘whether I ought to rejoice or be afflicted at the order I have here received from you; but I have not obeyed it without an inexpressible inquietude.’ This he spoke with a look expressive of the greatest fear and uncertainty.

‘Sir,’ returned I, extremely touched at this tender introduction to his discourse, ‘pray sit down.’ Here I hesitated, in order to recover myself, whilst he took a chair. ‘Yes, Sir,’ resumed I, with a trembling voice, ‘I want to talk with you.’—‘Well,’ Miss, returned he, trembling too, ‘what is the matter? What must I think of this interview? Your abbess, I believe, knows of my making you this visit?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ said I; ‘she herself, calling you by your name, came to tell me that you desired to speak with me.’—‘My name!’ cried he; ‘how can that be? I do not know her; nor have I ever seen her: you must have told her who I was; you have then had her consent for sending for me?’—‘No, Sir, I have not made her my confidante: all that she knew was,

‘that you were to be here; however, it was not I that informed her of it.’ But, Sir, I beg you would hear me: you would persuade me to think you love me, and I believe it is true that you do; but what design can you have in loving me?’

‘That of being only yours,’ returned he seriously, with a firm and resolute tone; ‘that of being united to you by all the ties of honour and religion: and if there are any engagements more strong and binding, I will enter into them with a proportionably greater pleasure. Your enquiry into my design gives me no pain; for I do not see, Miss, how it is possible for a man to love you with other views. My intentions will not bear a doubt: I have only to know if they are agreeable to you, and if I may hope to obtain what will be the happiness of my life?’

How affecting was this discourse, Madam! I perceived the tears flow to my eyes; a sigh escaped me, without being able to suppress it; but it was as low as possible: mean while I durst not lift up my eyes to give him one look.

‘Sir,’ said I, ‘you know not yet the misfortunes I have suffered from my infancy. I am ignorant to whom I owe my birth; I lost my parents without knowing them; and I have neither fortune nor relation: we are not made for each other; besides, there are insurmountable obstacles in our way.’

‘I understand you,’ returned he, with an air of despair and consternation: ‘your heart refuses to yield to my desires, and unite itself to mine.’

‘No, Sir, you are mistaken; that is far from being the case,’ cried I, without being able to proceed. ‘That is not the case, Miss!’ returned he; ‘why, then, do you mention obstacles?’

We were in this part of our conversation when my benefactress entered. Judge of Valville’s surprize.

‘What, my mother!’ cried he, rising:

‘Oh, Miss! all this was contrived.’—

‘Yes, my son,’ said she to him, with a tone full of the sweetest tenderness, ‘it was; I readily confess it; we would not endeavour to conceal it from you: I knew you were to be here, and we thought it proper I should meet you. But, my dear child,’ added she, addressing

addressing herself to me, 'have you informed Valville of every thing?'

'No, Madam,' said I, fortified by her presence, and animated by the affectionate manner in which she spoke to me; 'no; I have not had time: the gentleman is but just come, and our conversation hardly begun when you entered; but I will tell him every thing before you, Madam.'

'You see, Sir,' said I to Valville, who seemed surprized at the tender names we gave each other; 'you see in what manner Mrs. De Valville treats me: you ought to know how kind, how extremely kind, she has been to me, and what obligations I am under to her; obligations so great and numerous, that, were I to mention them, they would appear quite incredible; and you would be the first that would tell me that I should be unworthy to live, if I did not entreat you to think of me no more.'

Valville, at these words, held down his head, and sighed. 'Do you be judge,' resumed I; 'you need only consider who I am. I have already told you I lost my father and mother, who were assassinated on a journey when I was with them, and but two years old; and since that time, Sir, hear what has happened to me. My education was given me by a clergyman in the country, who fulfilled that task out of a noble compassion. His sister brought me to Paris; here she died, and left me alone without support: her confessor presented me to your uncle, who placed me at a linen-draper's; but after a few days abandoned me. I have already told you the reasons of his conduct, when I desired you to return his presents for me. I went to tell the monk my situation; and, in returning from him, I entered into the church that belongs to our convent, to dry up my tears, with which I was almost suffocated. My dear mother here came in after me; she saw me weep at a confessional; I excited her pity, and from that time became a boarder here: it is she that pays all my expences; who has bought me cloaths; who has furnished me with every thing, not only in the greatest plenty, but magnificence; and has accompanied these generous actions with such an engaging sweetness, such ten-

der and affectionate endearments, that I cannot call them to mind without melting into tears of gratitude and affection. She comes to see and discourse with me; she loves me, and treats me as if I was your sister; she has even made me forget that I am an orphan; and with reason too: I ought not to think I am so, since it is no longer true. Never had a daughter a better mother; nor experienced such happiness from that dear relation.' My benefactress and her son, at this part of my discourse, seemed moved even to tears.

'See the situation I am in,' continued I; 'see what I owe to Mrs. De Valville! You, I have been told, have sense and probity; I believe it true: speak, then, from your conscience, Sir, how would you advise me to act after what I have told you? You must think that those unhappy wretches who beg their bread are not so poor as I am: they have at least brothers and sisters, or some other relations; they have a country; they have a name to distinguish them from the rest of mankind, by which they are known amongst their acquaintance; but I have none even of these advantages; and therefore am more wretched and more poor than they.'

'Come, dear child, pray forbear; here is enough on this subject,' said Mrs. De Valville. 'No, mother, let me tell every thing.—I say nothing but the truth, Sir,' continued I; 'and yet, after all this, you ask for my heart; you desire to marry me: would it not be a fine present I should make you? would it not be a cruelty even to myself? Oh! what a heart should I give you? if not a wicked one, yet that gift would declare my want of judgment, my want of consideration and regard for you. It is true, I am agreeable to you; but you would not attach yourself to me, sure, for no other reason but because you think me handsome! You certainly believe I have a spotless character; and, if this is the case, how can you hope that I should ever consent to a love that would draw upon you the censures of every body; which would set you at variance with your family, with your friends, with every one who esteems you, and even with me too? For how severe must be your repentance;

‘pittance, when you would cease to love me; when you would find yourself married to a woman who is the subject of publick ridicule; whom nobody would see; and who would only bring upon you shame and misery! Is this nothing?’ added I, with a tenderness that made me weep. ‘But, obliged as I am to Mrs. De Valville, how wicked a creature must I be, should I marry you? If I was capable of it, would you ever think upon me but with horror? Should I not be the basest and most ungrateful creature upon earth, especially as I know your engagements to a lady of great merit? Do not be surprized, Sir; I am informed of every thing. My mother came to see me yesterday, as usual; she appeared sad and dejected: I asked her the cause; she informed me that her son had displeased her. I heard her with attention, without knowing that I was the cause of her uneasiness. She told me she had the greatest reason to be satisfied with your conduct, till you had seen a young girl—Here she related our history: and the girl who disturbs you; who induces you to break your word; who now afflicts my dear mother, and who has robbed her of the respect and tenderness of her son; I found to be me, Sir; me, the pensioner that she supports and loads with kindness! After this, Sir, see if, with honour, with probity, with a worthy, tender, and generous heart, which you have been accustomed to preserve; see, I say, if you can wish me to love you, and if you yourself could have the courage to love such a monster as I should be, could I listen to your passion? No, certainly. I find you are touched, Sir, with what I tell you: you weep; it is tenderness, surely, for my mother, and pity for me.—Oh, Madam! you shall be no longer full of sadness and inquietude: Mr. De Valville will suffer me to be no more the subject of your uneasiness; the subject of a pain that falls with double weight upon myself. I am sure he will no more interrupt the pleasure you take in succouring me; on the contrary, he will be sensible that he must share in it: he may love me still, but it must be a passion like yours. He will marry the lady in question; he will marry her on his

own account, because he owes it to himself; on yours, who have procured so advantageous a match, and one so proper to compleat his happiness; and on mine too, who entreat him to obey you, as the only proof he can give me that I have been ever truly dear to him. This is a satisfaction that he will not refuse to a girl that cannot be his, but will never be any body’s else; and who, for her part, will not scruple to tell him that, if she had been rich, and his equal, she has so good an opinion of his merit, she would chuse him before any other man in the world.—This is a consolation that I am willing to give you, Sir; and which I shall not regret, provided it restores your content and peace.’

Here I stopped, and wiped away the tears that began to flow in abundance; while Valville all this while held down his head; and, plunged in deep thought, was some time without answering me. Mrs. De Valville fixed her looks upon him while I spoke, with eyes swimming in tears: at last he broke silence, addressing himself to my benefactress.

‘You see, Madam, what is the object of my regard; put yourself in my place—Am I to blame to love her? Is it possible I should cease to do it? Can what she has just urged disengage my affections? O Madam, what a consummate virtue! But I must resign her; you will have me do it: she, too, desires it of me; and I will quit the dear invaluable treasure. I will marry another: I consent to be miserable; but I shall not be so long.’

Here his tears broke loose, and he no longer endeavoured to restrain them. Mrs. De Valville was touched with them, and wept as fast as he, without knowing what to say. We all three were silent, and nothing was heard but sighs.

‘Oh!’ cried I, agitated with love, grief, and a thousand confused emotions, not to be described; ‘oh, dear Madam, your grief is insupportable to me! Why did you meet us? You fill me full of despair; I cannot bear to see you thus.—Sir, you make my life quite insupportable!’—‘Why, my dear, do you complain?’ said Valville: ‘have I not already told you that I will resign you?’

‘Yes,

‘Yes, you will leave me!’ returned I: ‘but, though you say so, you afflict my mother; you deprive her of life; you threaten her with your being miserable. Is this the consolation, this the happiness, you give her? You ask what reason we have for complaint; what can you demand more than I have granted? If you are generous, if you are reasonable, ought you not to regulate your desires, and keep them in proper bounds? You cannot marry me; but you have this consolation, that I will never engage my affections to any other; and you will be always very dear to me, Sir: you will not lose me, nor shall I lose you; I shall be a nun, indeed; but it will be here at Paris, and we shall sometimes see each other. We have both the same mother: you shall be my brother, my benefactor, and my dearest friend; the only man I esteem, and whom I shall never forget.’

‘Oh, my dear mother!’ cried Valville again, throwing himself suddenly at her feet, ‘I beg pardon for the tears I see you shed, which I am so unhappy as to draw from you. Do with me what you please; you are the mistress of my affections: but you have undone me! Why did you bring me here to raise my admiration for this dear, justly dear creature, and then snatch me from her? Have pity on my condition; you tear my heart with the most cruel anguish. Take me away! Let us go! I had rather die than afflict you thus: but you, who feel so much tenderness for me, think for a moment what will become of me!’

‘Alas, my son! what would you have me say?’ returned the lady. ‘I pity thee, child; I excuse thee: you both touch me; and I confess to thee that I love Marianne as much as thou dost. Arise, my son; this has not succeeded according to my expectations; but it is not her fault: I forgive the love thou hast for her; and, if the world thought as I do, I should not be so much troubled, nor at a loss what to resolve.’

At these last words, which Valville at once put the most favourable construction upon, he cast himself again at her feet, from whence she had just raised him; and, taking one of her hands, kissed it for a long time, without speaking. ‘Well, Madam,’ said

I, ‘will you love me still? Will you not, after this, as the only remedy, abandon me?’

‘Heaven forbid, my dear child!’ returned she. ‘Why do you talk thus? Come, I desire you would compose yourself.—I am satisfied with you, my son,’ added she, with an air of goodness that transported me. ‘I will not press you to conclude the marriage in question, though it will displease a very worthy family; but I love thee better than them.’

‘You restore me to life!’ returned Valville; ‘I am the happiest of all sons!’ ‘But, Madam, what will you do with Marianne? Will not you permit me to see her sometimes?’—‘You ask more than I know how to answer,’ returned she: ‘let me think of it; we shall see.’—‘Consent at least that I love her,’ added he. ‘What would signify my refusing thee that?’ returned she. ‘Love her, child; love her, let what will happen.’

I had said some time before that I would take the veil; and was here, out of an excess of zeal, going to repeat it: but as my dear benefactress seemed to have forgot it, I suddenly reflected that I ought not to bring it to her remembrance. I had just exhausted my generosity, had used every argument I could think of to dissuade Valville from loving me; but as his mother had now permitted him to do so, as we had melted her heart into such softness, it was only for me to be silent. It would not have been proper for me to say—‘Madam, take care what you do.’ Such an excess of disinterestedness would neither have appeared reasonable nor natural; I therefore said not a word.

After a moment’s pause—‘What a dangerous little creature thou art, Marianne,’ said she, rising; ‘farewel.—Let us go,’ Sir, added she to her son, with an engaging sweetness, who was still kissing her hand, which he held in his, the reason of which she seemed perfectly to understand. ‘Yes, yes,’ added she, smiling, ‘I know what all this means. Do you coax your mother, child? I can fix upon nothing yet; I cannot bring myself to any resolution!—Adieu, child; it is late: I will return to see you very soon.’ I saluted her without making any answer; and, as I had been crying, I was wiping my eyes with

with my handkerchief—'Why do you cry?' said she: 'I have nothing to reproach thee with; I cannot be angry with thee for being amiable. Go, compose yourself.—Give me your hand, Valville.'

She immediately went down stairs, assisted by her son; who prudently only spoke to me with his eyes, and took no other leave but a low bow; which I returned with an air full of diffidence, like a person afraid of taking too much liberty, and of abusing that generous lady's indulgence.

Here I was left alone, much more agitated than I was when Mrs. De Valville left me the preceding night; since here was matter for many other quite different emotions. 'Love her, child; let what will happen,' my dear benefactress had said to her son; and then—'We shall see; I do not know what to resolve upon,' had she added: and from this I inferred, that she had ordered me to hope; which, indeed, I did; but called myself a fool to dare to hope on such slender grounds. On occasions like these we cannot help feeling a pretty deal of pain; for it is much better not to have the least glimpse of success, than to have one so faint as only to flatter the soul, to make it tremble with fear, and so fill it with the most painful uncertainty. 'Shall I be so happy as to marry Valville?' said I to myself: 'I cannot believe it possible.' But, however, I began to think I should be miserable if I did not. This was all the knowledge that my heart had gained from the uncertain discourse of Mrs. De Valville; I had learned a new way to torment myself.

I could not sleep that night, and hardly got any rest the two following; for I passed three days without hearing any thing of them; but, if I remember right, it was not without a little repining at my dear benefactress. 'What! can she determine nothing, then?' said I sometimes. 'Will she never come to a resolution?' And here, I believe, I could not help blaming her.

At last the fourth day appeared, and I heard nothing of her; but, about three in the afternoon, I was told that Valville asked for me: and I had immediately leave granted to see him; which, however, I did not accept. I felt I loved him infinitely more than I had ever done; I had an extreme desire to

see him, and the greatest curiosity imaginable to know if he had nothing new to tell me relating to our mutual passion: but, in spite of all this, I restrained myself; I refused to go to him, because I was sensible that if Mrs. De Valville should know it, it would add to her esteem. Thus my refusal was only a laudable piece of artifice. I then sent word to Valville to excuse my seeing him, except he came from his mother, and that I durst not presume to do it, since she had not previously informed me of his visit; as, indeed, she had not.

Valville durst not deceive me; and was wise enough to retire. This prudent piece of conduct cost me very dear. I began to repent it, when he sent me word he would come again the next day with his mother: this news was necessary to compose the painful perturbations of my mind.

The next day we were to have a ceremony at our convent, when a young religious was to take her vows. You know, Madam, on these occasions the nuns appear openly, and the curtain is drawn from the rails. Here was I seated when Mrs. De Valville entered the church, who, with her family, were invited by the young nun's relations. She came pretty late, and therefore went directly into the church. As I was ignorant of her being invited, I was agreeably surprized to see her coming up the aisle towards the rails, supported by an elderly gentleman of a good mien. A throng of other persons followed; but I did not take my eyes off this lady, who did not yet see me: at last, she took her seat with the gentleman by her side; then casting a look on those that followed, I perceived Mr. De Climal and Valville.

'What! Mr. De Climal!' said I to myself, with a mixture of astonishment and trouble. I could not help being sorry to see him there, though I knew not whether his presence would be of any consequence to me or not: I looked upon him as a wicked man, whom my presence was sufficient to disconcert. But this was nothing in comparison of the painful and mortifying circumstances that must attend his seeing me, which I foresaw would cover him with extreme confusion. I only waited for Mrs. De Valville's seeing me, to pay her my respects; which I

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knew that engaging lady would return with that easy, tender, and obliging freedom, which was almost peculiar to herself. But what would he think of this familiarity? What dreadful consequences, Madam, would he not infer from it? Imagine how detrimental it must appear to his reputation; and how much a villain who fears you, is himself to be feared. These ideas gave me a confused kind of agitation.

His nephew saw me first, and instantly saluted me with an undescribable air of gaiety and confidence, which seemed to preface that our affairs were in a happy situation. Mr. De Climal, who was looking another way, did not see him, for he was speaking to the gentleman that sat by Mrs. De Valville. This lady attended to what they were saying, and had not yet looked to the side where we were. At last she cast her eyes upon us, and perceived me.

This look was returned by a deep curtsy, which drew from her demonstrations of friendship; which she expressed by waving her hand, and an engaging smile of complacency. Her brother, who was pulling out of his pocket a kind of breviary, took notice of these signs, followed them with his eyes, and saw the little linen-dropper; who did not appear to have lost any thing by casting him off; and whose dress was such as not to allow her to regret the bundle of cloaths she had sent back.

This poor man, (for the time is coming when I must soften my expressions for him) this poor man, I say, to whom, by a kind of fatality, I was to be ever a subject of new alarms and embarrassments, lost all countenance at seeing me, and had not the confidence to look in my face.

I in my turn blushed too; but like an enemy bold and displeased, who had the advantage of a good conscience, and who could not but confound a guilty mind inferior to it's own. I doubted whether he would salute me or not; but I found he avoided it: and I imitated him out of haughtiness, prudence, and even a kind of pity for him; for I was at once actuated by all these various sensations.

I observed Mrs. De Valville took notice of it; and, I believe, saw his disorder, which the sight of Valville, too, augmented. The service began;

and we had a sermon, which, though a very fine one, was far from deserving the character of a good one: a flow of senseless periods streamed from the preacher's lips, while the trickling nonsense was dressed in all the flowers of rhetorick. The priest seemed mightily delighted with his own eloquence, and displayed the greatest vanity in declaiming against the vanity of all terrestrial objects; a vice very common amongst our clergy, who have less regard to the instruction of others than their own applause.

The ceremony being finished, Mrs. De Valville asked for me; and came to the parlour with her son, while Mr. De Climal retired. 'How do you do, my dear?' said she. 'I am only come to speak a word to you: my company wait for me below, except my brother, who is gone. Here is Valville, who loves you with the utmost tenderness: he continually persecutes me with his passion; and is perpetually on his knees before me, to obtain my consent to the accomplishment of his desires. He tells me I shall render him miserable if I oppose his happiness; that his passion is unsurmountable; that he must ever love and adore you, and make your felicity inseparable from his own. I must surrender; I cannot sincerely blame his choice. Thou art worthy of his affection; and that is enough for a man who loves thee, and who is rich: therefore love each other; I permit you to do it; any other mother, besides me, would not suffer this. According to the maxims of the world, my son acts a very foolish part; and I shall not be reckoned more wise to suffer him to do so: but on this, he says, depends the repose and all the comfort of his whole life; and it must be a heart very different from mine that could resist the force of such an argument. I am persuaded that Valville in this does not act contrary to true honour; that he only discards an established custom; and only injures his fortune by refusing to augment it: he assures me that he cannot live without thee; and I am sensible of all the merit he finds in thee. Nothing here oppose you but the prejudices of mankind; God nor reason does not do it.—It is your business, Sir,' added she, turning to her son: 'you are of a considerable family;

'mily; and, as we do not know that
'of Marianne, pride and avarice would
'not have you marry her; but you do
'not listen to them; you only attend
'to your love. For my part, I am
'neither proud nor interested enough
'to render me inexorable; and I only
'hear my tenderness: you force me to
'it by the fear of rendering you mi-
'serable. I must act either as thy ty-
'rant or thy mother; but I chuse, and
'shall always glory in being the latter.
'May Heaven bless the motives that
'induce me to give my consent! But,
'whatever happens, I should rather
'chuse to blame my indulgence, than
'an inflexibility, which will be of no
'advantage to thee; and which might,
'perhaps, be attended with the most
'fatal consequences.'

Valville, at this discourse, wept
with joy and gratitude. As for me, I
was so moved and penetrated, that it
was impossible for me to pronounce a
syllable; my hands trembled, and I
only expressed my thoughts by short
and frequent sighs.

'Thou sayest nothing, Marianne,'
said this amiable lady; 'but I under-
'stand thy silence; and, indeed, can-
'not help being sensible of the joy I
'give you both. Heaven might have
'destined me a daughter-in-law that
'would better please the world; but
'not one more agreeable to my own
'heart.'

Here I broke into a sudden transport.
'Oh, my mother!' cried I, 'you kill
'me with excess of kindness! I shall
'never have that gratitude and tender-
'ness such goodness demands!' My
tears forced me to stop here, unable to
proceed. I cast myself at her feet, and
put some of my fingers through the
rails to take hold of Mrs. De Valville's,
who presented hers; while Valville, lost
in joy, and as if beside himself, seized
both our hands, and kissed them alter-
nately.

'Hark ye, my dear children,' said
my charming benefactress, after having
looked for some time with transport on
her son, 'you must use some prudence
'on this occasion.—While you stay in
'this convent, my dear, you must not
'expect Valville's coming to see you
'alone. You have related your his-
'tory to the abbess; she, suspecting
'that my son loves you, and that I
'consent to it, may tell the nuns, and

'they again may speak of it to others:
'and this, if possible, I would avoid.
'It is not even proper, Marianne, that
'you should be long here; you shall
'stay but about three weeks or a month
'at farthest: mean time, I will look
'out for a convent, where they will
'know none of the accidents of your
'life; where I will place you under a
'feigned name, whilst I take measures
'to prepare the minds of the people
'for the marriage, to prevent it's sur-
'prising them. You ought, in the
'mean time, to have a little address,
'as well as patience; which you will
'readily consent to, since you have me
'for your confidante.'

Valville, upon this, was going to re-
new his thanks, and I the testimonies
of my respect and tenderness; but she
arose up—'You know they wait for
'me,' said she to her son. 'Conceal
'your joy; I will dispense with your
'shewing it to me: I am sensible of
'what you feel. Come, let us go.'

'But, Madam,' replied her son, 'you
'tell me that you will not permit me to
'see her without you: does not that
'imply that I shall wait upon you
'sometimes when you come here?'—
'Yes, yes,' returned she, 'to be sure;
'two or three times, perhaps, but not
'more: come, do you conduct me.
'There is a difficulty that I did not
'think of: it is, that as my brother
'knows Marianne, and where she is,
'perhaps we shall be obliged to marry
'you privately. You are his heir, son;
'and, for this reason, you should not
'disoblige him. It is true, that, after
'his adventure with Marianne, we
'may perhaps bring him over, and
'make him hear reason, and even con-
'sult with him what part you ought to
'take. He loves me, and has some
'confidence in me; I will take advan-
'tage of it, and endeavour to manage
'him.' After a tender adieu, she left
me, more charmed than I can find words
to describe.

I have already said, that, for three or
four nights, my inquietude would
hardly permit my taking any repose;
but now a contrary passion had the
same effect: nothing keeps us so much
awake as extreme joy, or the delightful
expectation of a great happiness; and,
since this was the case, judge if I was
in a disposition to take any rest.

Imagine what transports filled my

breast at the thought of marrying my dear Valville, and how my heart sprang with the rapturous thought; and then judge if, with these violent emotions, it was possible for me to enjoy any repose.

The two first days I was perfectly enchanted; then my satisfaction was dashed with a mixture of impatience. 'Yes, I shall marry Valville,' said I to myself; 'my dear benefactress has promised it me: but when will this happy moment arrive? I am to stay a month longer here, and then be placed in another convent, that measures may be taken to bring about this marriage: but will these measures draw out the time to a great length; or shall I be united to Valville shortly? I cannot tell what to think: no time is fixed for it; and it is possible they may change their minds.' And these thoughts extremely alleviated my satisfaction: sometimes I suffered almost as much pain as from a real chagrin. I would have skipped over this space of time, that appeared to creep on so slowly, and have joined the present instant with that from whence I was to date my felicity.

At last these various emotions began to dissipate: the soul accustoms itself to it's sensations; I began to be used to them, and grew familiar with my hopes and my inquietudes; I was then full of tranquillity. There had passed five or six days since I had seen my mother or her son; when, one morning, a letter was brought me from my benefactress, in which she informed me that she would come at one o'clock with Valville, to take me to dine with Mrs. Dorfin; and her note concluded with these words—

'And especially use all your art, and neglect nothing in point of dress: do you mind? I would have you put on all your charms.'

'And you shall be obeyed,' said I to myself, when I had read the letter. I had a design to dress me before I had read her orders for it; but this command flattered my vanity; and I was ready to indulge something of the coquette, and with the greatest alacrity I resolved to obey her.

By coquetry, I would here be only understood to mean, that I would employ all my skill in rendering myself as agreeable as possible; for the most per-

fect and exact decency in dress ought never to be dispensed with; and we should always endeavour to adorn ourselves modestly; since not only our natural prudence, but self-love demand it. When a woman shocks this native innocence, this essential delicacy of her sex, she loses the advantage of all her charms; her gross desire of pleasing is alone taken notice of; and those graces that would have been otherwise irresistible, do not reach the heart: she gives not that solid pleasure which arises from a passion founded on esteem; founded on virtue and conscious honour, 'which alone are truly fair.' In short, she only contributes to debauch and enervate the mind; and so far from rendering herself more amiable, makes herself more distasteful than the deformed and the ugly, who have a greater regard to decency. It is true that, with a wise and chaste behaviour, she will hear fewer encomiums on her beauty, fewer protestations of love; but her virtue will fill her admirers with awe, and an affection that fills the lover with diffidence: and though fewer would applaud her charms to her face, more would feel the effects of them, and would mention them if they durst.

This reflection has flowed from my pen before I was aware; but happily it is short, and I hope it will not displease you. To proceed.

Eleven o'clock was struck, and it was time for me to dress, in order to render myself compleatly agreeable, and assume the most engaging air; and as I had so good a design, I did not fear succeeding in it. This order, methought, was a proof that Mrs. De Valville persisted in giving me the heart of her son: if she had hesitated upon it, she would not have exposed him thus to all my charms.

These were my thoughts while dressing; and the exquisite pleasure I felt in reflecting that he would be sensible of the graces I put on, gave a fresh lustre to my countenance, and more fire and vivacity to my eyes. At last I was ready; the clock struck one: and while I waited for my benefactress, I amused myself with walking backwards and forwards in my room; and, from time to time, looking in my glass to retouch my head-dress, which, though very well before, I could not help endeavouring

deavouring to add something improving.

At last my door opened; and I was told Mrs. De Valville waited for me: I went down, and met her son at the gate of the convent; who conducted me to the coach, where I found my benefactress.

I must not forget to tell you that I passed by some of our lay-sisters as I went down from my chamber; who appeared surprized to see me look so well. 'O dear Miss! how extremely handsome you are!' cried they, with a genuine simplicity that might be depended upon.

I perceived Valville was ready to entertain me with the same discourse; but he refrained, because a servant was present; and only expressed himself by gently squeezing my hand, which I returned by a look expressive of more sweetness than timidity.

'Mr. De Climal is not well,' said he in the way; 'he has had a slight fever these two or three days.'—'I am sorry for it,' returned I; 'I bear him no ill-will: I hope it will not be attended with any bad consequence.' Here we got to the coach. 'Come, my dear Marianne,' said my benefactress, 'let us make haste, for it is very late. You look incomparably well to-day,' said she, as soon as I was seated. 'Yes, Madam,' said Valville, smiling, 'it is impossible to avoid being ravished at the sight of so many graces as are united in this charming girl!'

'But, Marianne,' returned Mrs. De Valville, 'you know we are going to dine with Mrs. Dorfin; and there will be a pretty deal of company; we have therefore resolved that I should introduce you as the daughter of one of my best friends, who died in the country, and has recommended you to my care: remember this, child. I should have loved thy mother, had I known her; and I now think of her as a friend I have lost.'

'Dear Madam,' returned I, extremely touched, 'forgive my want of expression to thank you as I ought; your goodness has daily augmented, since I have had the happiness to be known to you; every word you have spoken has been a fresh benefit, and has laid me under a new obligation to you.'

'Indeed,' said Valville, 'as there is no mother like ours, so it is not strange that we cannot tell her how much we love her.'—'Yes,' returned she merrily, 'I believe you love me very well; but you coax me a little, too.'

'I am going to introduce you, child,' said she, addressing herself to me, 'into the most choice and valuable company; they are all persons of wit and good sense: I will not direct you how to behave; you are unacquainted with the world, it is true, but that will not be any disadvantage to you; and I can carry you to no place where you will be less in danger of criticism on this account; for these persons ridicule nothing but what is really ridiculous. So, my dear, do not be diffident; I am sure you will not be disagreeable to them.'

We then arrived at Mrs. Dorfin's: we went in, and found three or four persons with her. 'Ah! you have brought her at last,' said she to Mrs. De Valville, on seeing me. 'Come, Miss; come, let me embrace you: I am glad to see you; we will now sit down to dinner; we only waited for you.'

However ignorant and unexperienced I was on these occasions, as Mrs. De Valville had observed, I had something of a natural taste, and a kind of penetration, which made me discover and dive into the hearts of these gentlemen. It was not their wit that gave me this knowledge; though it is certain they had more of it than common; and I heard them say many excellent things; but their address and manner enabled me to form a right judgment of them; they delivered themselves in a natural and familiar way, without the least mixture of art or stiffness; and their conversation was as free and easy as if they had been discoursing on the most familiar subjects. They had a delicacy of sentiment which appeared unacquired, and entirely natural to them: they did not seem to think they spoke better than others; they had only greater minds, and by that means they discoursed more elegantly, and more to the purpose. Here was nothing like an ambition of shining; though they shone in all they said: such a conversation, so excellent, so delicate, though so simple and natural,

ral, could not fail of charming me, and striking me with admiration. All was just and suitable; all sweet, facetious, gay, and sprightly. I had formed a very different idea of the polite world; I had represented it to myself as full of little frivolous rules, numberless insignificant punctilios, and of grave and important trifles difficult to learn; and which, however ridiculous in themselves, we must be acquainted with, upon pain of being a subject of publick censure. But, far from this, here was nothing that corresponded with these ideas; nothing that could embarrass me; nothing that could make me afraid to speak: nothing, on the contrary, that did not encourage me to bear a part in the conversation with freedom. Their wit supplied me with words, and helped me to express myself when I spoke obscurely; they then pursued the thought, expressed it for me, and gave me all the honour of it.

In short, they made me perfectly easy; and I, who had imagined that there was so much mystery in being polite, and had looked upon it as a science which was totally unknown to me, and of which I had no notion, was surprized to see that there was nothing very particular in it; nothing that appeared strange to me; but only something engaging, amiable, and extremely obliging: and, methought, this politeness is what every great mind finds in itself as soon as it sees it in others.

But we are at Mrs. Dorfin's, as well as at the last pages of this Part of my life. It was here I promised to introduce the portraiture of this lady: I have said it will be long, too; but I cannot tell whether it will or no. Perhaps it will be short, for I am very weary: these descriptions cost me a good deal of pains. But here it is, however.

This accomplished lady was much younger than my benefactress; she had a mixture of majesty and sweetness, joined with an open and most expressive countenance, in which all her thoughts were painted in the strongest colours; a countenance which was full of unnumbered charms, and a thousand beauties which want a name.

This, Madam, is part of her picture; but the description is not minute

enough to be worth your notice: for to say she was an admirable beauty, is saying very little to the purpose, since this was not the first idea that occurred on seeing her. We are struck with something more, which I must endeavour to describe.

Let us personate beauty, then; and suppose that, weary of being for ever charming, she endeavours to conceal the little graces that sport about her, and resolves to taste the calm satisfaction of barely pleasing; she tempers her beauty without losing it, and captivates still, though without design: such a one would exactly resemble Mrs. Dorfin; and this is the idea I would convey of this amiable lady.

But this is not all; I have here only mentioned her person: add to it a soul which sparkles in her countenance, and renders visible all its sensations; that spreads and diffuses over it the same spirit, delicacy, life, seriousness, gaiety, and mirth, which it by turns enjoys itself; and from hence judge of all the various accidents of force, of gracefulness, of delicacy, and all the rapid expressions that were visible in her countenance.

It is commonly thought, that our souls are more capacious or narrow, more penetrating, or confused and clouded, according to the configuration of the organs to which it is united; and, if this be true, nature must surely have given Mrs. Dorfin a most favourable organization; for never was a mind more active and sprightly, or more solid and judicious, than hers.

Most women of wit have an unnatural and affected way of expressing it, which renders it distasteful. One speaks in a careless indifferent manner, in order to make us think that her fine genius does not need the aid of reflection, and that all she says escapes her without thought; another speaks with a cold, grave, and decisive tone, to give herself an air of importance; another says only fine things, which she delivers in a manner finer still than all she says; and another will fall into a ridiculous gaiety, and act the flirt: but Mrs. Dorfin never behaved with any of these little womanish arts; the subject of her discourse regulated the tone of her voice; she did not think she had any kind of wit; but she had that

source

source from which it necessarily proceeds; a pleasing vivacity, mixed with solidity and good sense, which was agreeably expressed according to the various exigencies that required it; for her understanding was of no sex; it comprehended the strength, the solidity, the delicacy, the gaiety, of both.

Every one has a desire of pleasing; which, when kept within due bounds, is both just and natural: the fair are apt to indulge it too much, and to place great part of their happiness upon it. They too commonly make use of every trifling artifice to engage the attention; and every action says, 'Pray look at me.' But the amiable Mrs. Dorbin was a stranger to all these grimaces: she had a natural pride and self-complacency, which would not permit her to stoop to them, nor reap any advantage that might be drawn from them; but if ever she forgot herself in this point, none knew it but herself. In general, she had rather be thought sensible than charming; she

did not confound her ideas of the perfections of her mind with the graces of her person; for if her fine sense was admired, she always thought it was herself that you honoured; but you only complimented her form, when you said she was amiable.

Such were her sentiments: but, though she always experienced the highest satisfaction when her company seemed delighted with her conversation, yet she would have blushed had she given you room to think she used any arts to render her person admired; for she left to you the care of finding out her charms, without stooping to discover them herself.

But I am too much fatigued to proceed; besides, I grow sleepy: I am now to paint one of the best hearts in the world, though a very singular one; but I am not in a condition to undertake it at present; I shall therefore refer it to the Fifth Part; where I shall continue my life in the convent.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE



THE
VIR TU O U S O R P H A N .

PART V.



HERE, Madam, is the Fifth Part of my life: I have been so expeditious since you received the Fourth, that I begin to think I may boast, with a good grace, of my diligence; but as this would be giving myself airs, which, perhaps, I should very ill support, I think it becomes me more modestly to decline the merit of it. You have thought me very lazy; and not without reason: continue to think so still; and then, if I should happen to be expeditious, (if you do not flatter me) you will be agreeably surprized.

You remember that my benefactress, Valville, and I, dined at Mrs. Dorfin's, and that I was attempting to draw her picture, but left it unfinished. I shall now go on with it.

I have already given you a description of her person and wit; I now come to the dispositions of her heart. Mrs. De Valville you thought extremely amiable; but Mrs. Dorfin's soul, as I have already informed you, was not at all inferior to hers, though, in many respects, widely different from it: but, for fear you should not readily understand wherein this difference consists, you will permit me to begin by a reflection.

You may remember I painted Mrs. De Valville as a person of a great deal of natural sweetness, united to a good share of intelligence and plain sense; but her wit, though far from being despicable, had nothing in it shining and remarkable enough to attract our admiration and applause: but I am

now speaking of a lady who possessed the most sparkling wit, and the most perfect delicacy of sentiment.

Let us suppose the most generous and best person in the world, with the most refined soul, and the most penetrating wit; I believe this person would not appear so charmingly beneficent as another of exactly the same dispositions, but a more moderate share of those other accomplishments: the reason is, we are apt to attribute to her good sense those actions which spring from the heart.

Most men, when they receive an obligation, would have the author of it insensible of the greatness of the favour conferred: such a disposition flatters their ingratitude, and soothes that unnatural delicacy which makes the sense of being obliged painful to the mind. Persons of this disposition would have a benefactor good, without sufficiently knowing the value and extent of that goodness. The more penetration he has, the more they are humbled: he sees too clearly for them. The mind, full of it's self-sufficiency, is elated, and would fain enjoy an independency unknown to nature and reason: and, though every order of mankind, from the highest to the lowest, like an up-lifted chain, have a necessary dependance on each other, yet they blush at the thought of being obliged. Here they are afraid of appearing ungrateful, because they are sensible that the least degree of it will be taken notice of: but, in the other case, having nothing to fear, the pleasure of receiving is doubled, and the delight of an
acknowledg-

acknowledgment is almost equal to that calm and sweet satisfaction which accompanies generosity.

The one knows that she has been of service to you; but she enters not minutely enough into her favours, and half of her goodness escapes her own notice; and, as she takes away from your acknowledgment, she proportionably spares your confusion: and this so charms the receiver, that he thinks her a thousand times more obliging than the other; though she has no other additional merit than the having one qualification less.

Such were the characters of these engaging ladies. Here I hoped to end my reflection; but another thought occurs, which I must add to render it complete. I hope you will excuse me, and think it needs no apology.

From whence comes it that almost all men are guilty of this preposterous kind of delicacy? Must we derive it's source from the real grandeur of our souls? Is it an indignity to be obliged to stoop to any of our own species? or is the title of Benefactor fit for the Deity alone? This is far from being the case. We are full of mutual wants, and have a natural dependence on each other; which calls for reciprocal acts of kindness and compassion: we are formed with a tender sense of the sufferings of others, which so strongly prompts us to acts of beneficence, that we cannot refrain from relieving a worthy object without a considerable deal of pain and self-denial. This is the settled constitution of nature, which we can never be able to alter: let us act, then, conformably to the situation in which we are placed; and, if it is true that we have any real innate dignity of soul, let us draw from our present station a rule of action worthy of ourselves.

You say, he that obliges you has an advantage over you; would you preserve this superiority, be ungrateful, and you are only an atom in comparison to him; but would you become his equal, you have nothing to do but to indulge a grateful sense of the favours you receive: this is your best revenge. If he grows proud and assuming upon the favours he has conferred, humble him in your turn, and place yourself modestly above him by your acknowledgments: I say modestly; for if your gratitude has the least tincture of vain-

glory and ostentation, the least appearance of an uneasy desire of humbling him, you miss your aim, and you only resemble two pigmies, disputing which is the least.

I have now done, Madam: I beg pardon for being so tedious; and return to Mrs. Dorfin. As you were so pleased with the picture which I have drawn of my benefactress, I thought my reflections here would not be misplaced, to prevent your reading with prejudice a description of another person, who possessed the same benevolence, with a mind much superior; a circumstance which I have already observed, is a disadvantage to her good temper; and in order to shew in what manner her extraordinary wit and fine sense will necessarily constitute a considerable difference in the apparent value of their good actions.

Mrs. De Valville, with all her stock of goodness, did generally no more for you than what you barely sought for; and rendered you precisely the favours you dared to ask: I say dared, because we have seldom the courage fully to expose our necessities; for we commonly act in these cases with a reserve which prevents our setting them in a true light. Thus your timorousness would be of disservice to you before Mrs. De Valville; for she would search no farther into your circumstances than you desired to have her: her acts of beneficence were conducted according to her conception of your wants; and the bounds of her understanding were the bounds of her goodness.

With Mrs. Dorfin it was quite the reverse; she penetrated into whatever you durst not discover: this disposition at once warmed and instructed her heart, and instantly inspired her with that degree of goodness which was suitable to your necessities; nay, she was apt to imagine your wants to be greater than you yourself thought them; and consequently conferred more favours on you than you would ever have asked; for her attention, wit, and penetration, were all employed to serve you.

She never appeared weary of this delightful employment; it was never her that was fatigued; but rather she, out of an excess of concern for your happiness, that teased you: she would press you to open your mind with the greatest freedom;

freedom; inform you of something to your advantage, which perhaps never would have occurred to your thoughts; remind you of something else; and, with an air of sweetness, chide you for what you had forgot. In short, your business instantly became hers; and her tender concern so interested her in your affairs, that her generosity seemed to subside, as if her care had sprung from something selfish and mercenary, and you was almost in danger of thinking her zeal for your interest troublesome.

Instead of one piece of service that you would have thought this charming lady had conferred, you oftentimes would find yourself surrounded with obligations, and surprized to find yourself indebted to her for favours that you could not have foreseen; and that, in the same affair, she had provided for the future as well as for the present. She saw every thing, and made use of the minutest occasion to assist you: she became every day more serviceable, and thought herself under a necessity of increasing her kindness and condescension in proportion as she obliged you.

Many persons, when they confer an act of beneficence, set an excessive value upon it, grow vain-glorious, and say to themselves—'Sure he must be extremely grateful; for I have been of particular service to him!'

Mrs. Dorfin, on the contrary, would say—'I have served him often, and have thereby accustomed him to believe that I shall be always ready to do so; I must not, therefore, lose this good opinion which he has entertained, and which is so agreeable to me, but must keep it alive by a continual endeavour to deserve it.'

Thus she acted as if she had been the obliged, and you had merited her acknowledgments: because she had served you once, she thought she always ought to do it; and this conclusion was accompanied with such an exquisite pleasure, as sufficiently recompensed all her favours.

Your boldness in renewing your requests was to her a kind of obligation; her sublime self-love knew no delight equal to such a confidence in her goodness; and the oftener you gave her the satisfaction of acting like herself, the more you charmed her, the more you created her according to her wishes. How amiable, how divinely charming,

do such dispositions render us! what an honour are they to human nature! and how nearly do they make us resemble superior intelligences, both in the rectitude of our natures and the purity of our pleasures!

A mind which desires no greater reward for dissipating anxiety and care, and diffusing over the soul joy and tranquillity, but the sublime delight of preserving this harmonious disposition of the passions, and of sympathizing in those sweet satisfactions which it has spread through the grateful heart; a mind, I say, of this noble disposition, of this elevated dignity, tastes the sweetest and most refined delights that can swell the human breast. But to proceed.

Persons of wit seldom know how to accommodate themselves to those who want it, or who have less than themselves; they are at a loss, and do not know what to say in such a conversation: but Mrs. Dorfin, who had much more than many who are allowed to have a great deal, did not even think of taking notice whether any in company had it or not; she did not expect they should have more than nature and improvement had given them; and she herself then seemed to have no more than they. Mrs. Dorfin did not, out of an affected complaisance, stoop to bring herself upon a level with others; and, though she condescended at all times, and upon every occasion, she had no other merit in it than in being born with a mind naturally of a sensible and philosophick cast, which would not permit her to relish the ridiculous pleasure of despising another's wit; and which never made use of its own capacity in searching the extent of yours, but only in bringing itself down insensibly to it.

Mrs. Dorfin did not at all reflect that she condescended to stoop to you, nor could you think that she did; yet you would always find that she gave life to the conversation, diffused cheerfulness and good-humour around her, and inspired with wit and vivacity those persons who, in other company, seemed most to want those amiable qualifications.

On the other hand, persons of the finest genius were ambitious of appearing in the most engaging light before her; not because they thought it necessary to shine in order to secure her esteem;

esteem; but, charmed with her fine sense, and the delicacy of her sentiments, they thought it an honour which the world would take notice of, to be able to attract a peculiar regard from her, and to gain her approbation.

The ladies, too, exerted themselves before her; not to try the extent of her wit, for that they were sufficiently acquainted with, but to make her a witness of theirs: while she gave them a full liberty of displaying their talents; and seldom interrupted them, but to give that praise which she so well knew how to bestow. Her discourse at once improved and delighted the mind, inspired with confidence the diffident and timorous, and made all her company, how various soever their dispositions were, both easy to themselves and agreeable to each other.

But how peculiar to great minds is this pleasing affability! Go into what house you please, where there are persons of various abilities and employments; suppose you, at the same time, find there a soldier, a courtier, a lawyer, an ecclesiastick, a professor of the sciences, and a man of letters; and, while these are only masters of their particular professions, let them remain ever so long together, they maintain their characters distinctly, would never be united, and are as perfect strangers to each other as if they were all of a different nation, and separately speak a different language; and, thus ill-placed, they are a kind of spectacle to each other. You find a troublesome and ridiculous kind of subordination amongst them, which the pride and arrogance of some, and the timidity of others, create and maintain: one bluntly interrogates the rest; another assumes a pedantick and affected gravity; and a third modestly waits till he is spoke to. This person is for deciding every thing, though he knows not what he says; and that, though he is in the right, dares not speak his sentiments: they none of them lose sight of what they are; but all adjust their discourse and countenances to their respective circumstances. What a miserable and painful discord!

At Mrs. Dorlin's there was nothing like this to be seen, for she had the secret of curing persons of this unsociable disposition: ranks and circumstances were there instantly forgot; nor was it remembered whether they were persons

of great or small importance. It was men conversing with men amongst whom the best arguments only could prevail: like superior spirits of an equal dignity, though of different capacities, all united in a free conversation; they are regardless of the titles chance had formerly given them here below; and are sensible that those fortuitous events which here distinguished them, ought not to puff up the one, nor humble the other. Thus it was at Mrs. Dorlin's; where all were inspired with a reasonable and philosophick way of thinking.

But yet, on the other hand, she did not refuse to conform to popular prejudices, and voluntarily complied with some things which the vanity of mankind had introduced; for she took care to cultivate an acquaintance and friendship with the great and powerful. This, she thought, policy demanded; and it would be, therefore, imprudent to neglect it, since they would contribute to support you in the high opinion of others.

I told you that, perhaps, I should be very long in this character; you see, Madam, I have kept my word. I will mention only one article more before I have done with it: I must omit a great many particulars, lest you should think me tedious. A general character may be drawn in a few words; but an exact enumeration of particulars has no end. To proceed, then, to the last article.

This most amiable lady, to this excellent heart, and distinguished sense, had farther a great, courageous, and resolute mind; a soul superior to all events, and whose dignity would not suffer it to bend or be depressed under any human accident; that found it's resources where others would have been most at a loss; that might be afflicted, but never cast down, never involved in inextricable perplexities. We admired her behaviour more in her afflictions than we thought of lamenting her: she always preserved, in the midst of the greatest troubles, a countenance grave and serene; and a decent gaiety amidst the greatest subjects of joy. I have seen her in both these circumstances, and never could find that they deprived her of her presence of mind, the sweetness of her manners, or the tranquillity of her conversation with her friends; for she was entirely yours, though she

had reason to have all her thoughts wholly employed about herself: and I have sometimes been so surprized at this, that, notwithstanding my tenderness for her, I could not help letting my affection give way to my admiration.

I have seen her in a long and dangerous illness, in which she seemed to languish under the remedies applied for her relief; when, though her paleness sufficiently told her disorder, her countenance was so composed and serene, that you would not have discovered it by her looks or behaviour. If you enquired how she did, she would only say that she was ill: if you did not ask her, she would talk to you about your own affairs, or calmly bear a part in the conversation.

Her servants adored her; they thought their interest inseparable from hers: whatever she lost, the loss was equally theirs; and, for the same reason, their attachment to her made them regard her riches as their own. When she was afflicted, they were so too; and when she rejoiced, they sympathized also in her satisfaction. By this you may judge how dear she was to them; and how engaging must be her behaviour, thus to enchant and tame persons, whom a grovelling education too commonly renders selfish and mercenary; and to inspire with friendship a set of persons, the best of whom can hardly prevail upon themselves to pardon the servitude we require, the ease and indolence we enjoy, and the faults they do not fail to observe in our conduct.

Mrs. Dorlin was extremely generous; but the œconomy of her servants repaired the effects of that goodness, which she often exerted without bounds.

But where will this subject carry me? I fear you are displeased with my prolixity: remember, Madam, it is a delightful employment to do justice to those we love; but I sincerely beg pardon for indulging this pleasure at the expence of your patience.

Where did I break off? I remember I was at Mrs. Dorlin's. I suppress her caresses, and the obliging manner in which she entertained me; as well as all those gallant and agreeable things the gentlemen expressed who dined with us.

At last, some new company coming in, my benefactress took that opportu-

nity to retire: Valville and I followed her; and her friend waited upon us to embrace me; when, after compliments on both sides, we departed for the convent; whither Mrs. De Valville waited upon me.

All this while I have made no mention of Valville: he continually fixed his eyes upon me; which I sometimes returned with a tender look, as if by stealth. Whilst the discourse was directed to me, he seemed thoughtful, as if in pain for my answer; and then looked on the rest, to see if they were pleased with my sentiments; which happened pretty often; and, though their compliments proceeded from their goodness, I could not help flattering myself that there was some justice in them. I confess that, at first, I was out of countenance, and my discourse sufficiently proved it; but this presently wore off; and I acted my part very well afterwards, even in the opinion of Mrs. De Valville; who, as we were in the coach, said merrily—'Well, child, does the company we have been in please you? It appears to me that you were very agreeable to them: we shall make something of you in time.'—'Aye, aye,' said Valville, in the same tone; 'there is room to hope that Miss Marianne will render herself agreeable to them one time or other.'—'I do not know what may happen,' answered I, laughing; 'but, if I do not, it shall never be for want of endeavours on my side.—It is you, Madam, must take care you do not repent chusing me for a daughter.' We entertained each other with this kind of raillery till we came to the convent.

'Will it be long before we shall see her again?' said Valville to my benefactress, as he presented me his hand to help me out of the coach. 'I believe not,' returned she; 'we may perhaps dine once more at Mrs. Dorlin's, as she seemed pleased with our company; but do not be impatient. Come, hand Marianne in.'

On this he rung the bell; the door opened; and Valville had only time to say, with a sigh—'You are now, my charmer, going to shut yourself up; and in a moment I shall be a recluse. Altho' enough, in the midst of the busy world, it is you alone will employ my thoughts.—What is the world to me?' returned I.—'I know none but

‘but you and my dear mother! nor do I desire to know any other.’

He appeared moved at this discourse; and, whilst they were opening the door, had the dexterity to press my hand to his lips without being discovered by Mrs. De Valville, who waited for him in her coach; at least, he believed she did not see him, because he was not willing she should do so: and I reasoned much after the same manner. Mean time I drew back my hand, but not till he had done with it; for we are always too late in such cases.

In fine, I went in with a mind gay and thoughtful, and he retired. I fancied that those who are left behind on these occasions are more uneasy than they who leave them. His going, I thought, would divert and dissipate the pain of parting; and even the motion of his body, as well as the objects around, would help to recreate him; whilst I, on the contrary, had every thing around me that would indulge a gloomy, pensive disposition; especially as this retreat was a convent, a place from whence love is banished, and where every thing that passes is so foreign to the tender dispositions of the heart; and a cloister renders such separations more serious and affecting than any other place.

On the other hand, I had great reason for gaiety and consolation; since Valville loved me, and was permitted to do it, I risked nothing in returning his passion; and we seemed destined for each other. What an agreeable subject of contemplation! Besides, Mrs. De Valville’s behaviour to me, as well as the rest of her conduct, had informed me that I had nothing to do but to preserve my patience, and take courage.

Valville was no sooner gone than I went up into my chamber; where I began to undress me, and put on my dishabille, against supper-time; but, on second thoughts, I deferred it till I had been at the refectory.

Amongst the boarders there was one pretty near my own age, and who was agreeable enough to make her think herself a great beauty; but her high value for her dear person rendered her whole conduct ridiculous. Nothing was the object of her contemplation but her own face, the charms of which were the subject of every reflection; she

was never weary of this idea; and all her actions discovered a mind extremely vain, and full of the most consummate affectation. Whenever she looked at any body, she did it only to shew her large eyes; which she rendered fierce or soft according to her desire either to command respect or to please. But she seldom put on these looks of mildness; for she was more fond of commanding than appearing with a graceful tenderness; because she was a lady of quality, and therefore expected a great deference should be paid her.

You remember, Madam, the discourse I had with the abbess, when I presented myself to her before Mrs. De Valville; and I then mentioned the misfortunes of my life, and that my benefactress was so touched with them, that she forgot to desire her to keep them secret when she took me under her care, and placed me with her; for few people attend to every thing at once. I, however, had thought of it within two hours after I had entered her house, and most humbly entreated her not to divulge what I had told her. ‘Alas, my dear child!’ cried she, ‘I shall be very far from it; fear nothing: do you think I do not know the consequence of such things?’ But whether I was then too late with my request, or that desiring her to say nothing had rendered my secret burdensome to her, and more difficult to keep, and had only served to heighten the temptation to discover it, it was scarcely nine o’clock the next day before I was the common talk, and my history had run through the whole convent. I observed every where the nuns whispering to each other, and rudely staring at me wherever I went. I soon knew the cause; but, unable to help myself, I cast down my eyes, and seemed to take no notice of it. However, there was hardly one amongst them that did not express a great deal of friendship for me by their caresses, which I think at first they did out of a curiosity of hearing me speak. A girl like me, when she enters a convent, is at first a kind of spectacle; and the whole discourse, for some time, consists of such impertinent questions as these—‘Is she tall? Is she little? What sort of an air has she? What does she say? How is she dressed? Is she handsome?’ In short, to this inquisitive disposition, nothing that she has

has appears insignificant, nor too trifling not to engage their attention. This extravagant curiosity commonly terminates in their conceiving a higher opinion of her if she is amiable, or a much worse if she is not so, than she really deserves; and this is the common effect of those dispositions which prompt us to look upon persons of whom we are told extraordinary things.

However, I soon found their curiosity was of the greatest service to me. All the nuns loved me; but never told me what they had learned of my misfortunes: but their commendations of my person, and that air of sweetness and modesty they complimented me with, were uttered with such a lamentable tone, that you would have thought they were weeping over me. This was the effect of that knowledge which they, out of tenderness to me, were not willing to discover any other way; but which was as intelligible as if they had said—'Poor little orphan, how deplorable is your situation, thus to be reduced to live on the charity of others!'

But let me proceed to what makes me here mention these particulars. This young boarder, so puffed up with her own charms, was the only person who treated me with contempt; and who had not, indeed, condescended to speak to me. Scarce could she resolve to return, with a slight inclination of her head, the low curtsies which I constantly made her whenever we met; and it was easily seen that even this was attended with reluctance.

One day, as she was taking a turn in the garden with some of our companions, I happened to pass by her, as I was talking with a nun; when, casting a negligent look at me, I heard her say, with the tone and air of a princess—'Yes, the thing is genteel enough: it is a lady, I think, who has the charity to pay her board. Do not you think she resembles my Jenny?' This was a servant she had to wait upon her; and who, indeed, favoured me a little, but in a bad likeness. I observed that those that were with her made her no answer; whilst I blushed very much, and the tears came into my eyes. The nun with whom I was walking was a lady of admirable good sense, and had conceived a particular regard for me; which I returned with an un-

dissembled friendship; she shook her head at this speech, and said nothing.

I could not forbear saying, with a sigh—'Oh, how cruel, how barbarously cruel, are some persons!' For it would have been to no purpose to conceal my uneasiness, since I found every one in the house was acquainted with my circumstances.

'Do not mind her, Miss,' said the nun, taking hold of my hand with a look of friendship; 'you have advantages which greatly revenge you of this haughty, impertinent creature: you would have greater reason to be vain than she, though you had not had more sense, and a better understanding, to set you above her. Do not envy her any of the advantages she enjoys; for, indeed, it is she only that has reason to be jealous.'

'You are very obliging, mother,' returned I, with a look of acknowledgment. 'Alas! you speak of my having sense and understanding; I should be far from blushing at my misfortunes if every body had as much sense and understanding as you.'

This treatment I was exposed to from this haughty lady, who could not forgive my being, perhaps, as handsome as herself. However, I went into the refectory, dressed as I was, and even glad that I was so, that I might have an opportunity of disconcerting my jealous rival, of whom I chanced to think as I was going thither; and who would, I thought, make a comparison between her form and mine, that would contribute more than a little to her mortification; for there were but two or three in the house that had ever seen me completely dressed before, and they but once.

I have already told you that I was not hated in the convent; my friendly and engaging behaviour had drawn upon me the good-will of every body, except the lady just mentioned, and made them love to praise and do me justice. I had no sooner entered, than the eyes of every one were fixed upon me: they expressed a general surprise, which was very agreeable, as it seemed attended with an air of pleasure and friendship. They, from time to time, regarded my rival, to examine the mien she assumed on this occasion, and to see if her looks did not confess that she thought

thought herself out-done; for they had taken notice of her jealousy.

She had no sooner seen me, than I observed she smiled with an air of contempt, and held down her head; a behaviour she probably thought most proper to support her cause, and maintain her vanity.

When supper was over, all the boarders went into the garden, and I amongst the rest: we were followed by some of the nuns, amongst whom was one I have already mentioned under the character of my friend. We were no sooner there, but my companions came up to me. One asked where I had been, that she had not seen me to-day; another took notice of my gown, and admired it's beauty; while another seemed delighted with the fineness of my head-dress, and observed that it became me extremely. I had many remarks made upon these trifles, which were expressed with a great deal of good nature. Mean while, my friend the nun came up to us; and maliciously addressing herself to the lady that looked upon me with such contempt—'Is it not true, Miss,' said she, 'that this would be a lovely victim to offer up to Heaven? What a fine sacrifice would it be if this charming young lady should renounce the world, and become a nun?'

'Lard, mother! the creature is well enough,' returned she: 'for my part, I believe it is her design; I think it is the best step such as she can take!' Then turning to me, 'Marianne,' continued she, 'your gown is mighty fine, and every thing, I think, is answerable to it. Was you ever so fine before? Why, it must cost a good deal of money! The lady that takes care of you is mighty generous! What age is she of? Is she old? Does she think of securing to you something to live on? for she cannot live for ever; and it would be a pity should she not put you in a condition to be always as well dressed; one is soon used to it; and I advise you to tell her so.'

The general silence which this discourse occasioned, and which, in part, proceeded from the astonishment it had cast the young ladies into, disconcerted me extremely. I remained speechless and confused, at seeing the amazement the others were in, and could not help

shedding some tears before I was able to answer her.

During my silence, the nun replied to her sharply—'What do you mean, Madam, by this fine discourse? What business have you to interfere in this lady's concerns? I find I must inform you, that your assuming behaviour humbles nobody here but yourself. We are not ignorant, Miss, of the base motive of those haughty airs you give yourself. My lady, your mother, when she placed you here, informed us that an insufferable pride was your favourite vice; warned us of the effects of it; and entreated us, if possible, to cure you of it; and, I will assure you, my endeavours shall not be wanting for that purpose: and I desire, when you speak to Miss, that, for the future, you call her no more Marianne, as you have just done, since she always uses you with respect; and there is none but you amongst us who take the liberty to use her otherwise. You have no right to dispense with the obligations of that decency and politeness which ought always to be observed amongst us.—But what reason have you, Miss, to be afflicted?' continued she, looking at me with compassion and friendship in her eyes. 'Why do you weep? Is there any thing to be ashamed of in the misfortunes that have stripped you of your parents? It must be a very base and wicked mind that could take occasion from the calamities of others, (to which we are all liable) to use us ill; especially one like you, so well born, and so genteelly educated: for, if we may judge of the condition of people from the opinion their behaviour inspires, this lady here, who thinks herself so much your superior, would not degrade herself at all by looking upon you at least as her equal as to birth, and would be extremely happy if she was so with regard to your amiable character.'

'No, mother!' returned I, with a mixture of kindness and trouble in my looks; 'I have nothing; God has taken every thing from me: and I ought to believe myself the lowest of mankind. But I had much rather be as I am, than to have all those advantages Miss has above me, and be capable

'pable of insulting the afflicted.' This discourse, and the tears that were mingled with it, touched the hearts of all my companions, and made them interest themselves in my uneasiness.

'Lard! who thought of insulting her!' cried the young jealous lady, blushing with shame and spite. 'What hurt is there, pray, in advising her to take care of herself? There needs a mighty deal of ceremony to be used with such as she!'

Nobody made any answer to this. My friend the nun had already turned her back, and drew to our side the greatest number of the boarders, who followed us; while only two or three staid with my enemy, amongst whom one was her relation, and another her friend.

This little adventure, which I thought might be instructive to those young ladies to whom you may give this to read, caused me to redouble my modesty and politeness to my companions; who, in their turn, encreased their friendship for me. But let me proceed with my history.

Mrs. De Valville came to see me the third day after our dining with Mrs. Dorfin; and some days after this, I received, at nine in the morning, a second note, which desired me to get ready by one o'clock, to pay a second visit at Mrs. Dorfin's, with a new order to dress myself; which was followed with a perfect obedience. At the time appointed, I was told she waited for me: it was eight days since I had seen Valville; and I confess that I thought it very long. I hoped to find him at the gate of the convent as I had done the first time; I did not at all question his being there: but I was mistaken. Mrs. De Valville had prudently judged it proper to leave him behind her, and I was only received by a footman, who conducted me to her coach. I was immediately stunned; my gaiety left me in a moment. I dissembled, however; and advanced, secretly discouraged, though I would willingly have concealed it from my benefactress: but my face was not made to dissemble; my mien betrayed me; she perceived my trouble in my countenance; for, in spite of my endeavours to hide it, I approached her with such a disordered air, that she could not help smiling as soon as she saw me. This smile a little re-

vived my courage, for I thought it a good sign. 'Come in, child,' said she. I placed myself; and we drove away.

'There wants somebody here,' cried she, laughing; 'does not there?'—'Who is that, Madam?' said I, seeming to know nothing of the matter. 'Who, child!' replied she. 'Sure you know better than I, though I am his mother!'—'O it is Mr. De Valville!' returned I: 'but I thought we should find him at Mrs. Dorfin's.'—'No, no,' said she; 'it is better than that: he waits for us at one of his friends, from whence we shall take him in our way; I was not willing to bring him here; but you shall see him by-and-by.'

In short, we soon stopped: I had perceived a lacquey, at a distance, standing at a gentleman's door, and had observed that he disappeared in an instant, and was run, without doubt, to inform his master, who had probably ordered him to wait for us; and who, indeed, was coming to us as soon as we arrived. How sweet is the pleasure when, after a painful absence, we see one we love! How delightful is it to find the dear agreeable object again! I at once thought, at seeing him at the door, that he had taken some measures to hasten his seeing me a minute or two; and how valuable is a minute, how vastly precious, to those that love! and how pleased was my heart to think he had taken care to forward our mutual joy, by that single minute!

'What! my son here already!' cried Mrs. De Valville: 'you are willing to improve every moment.'—'See what it is to have a mother,' returned he, in the same tone, 'whose tenderness makes her divine all that passes in our hearts.'—'Hold your tongue,' said she, smiling; 'suppress this sort of language: let your tender discourses alone, if you please, till I am gone.'—'You cast down your eyes,' added she, addressing herself to me; 'I shall teach you better manners: I saw you turn pale, Miss, because he was not with me; your mother's company was not enough for you.'

'O Madam! do not be displeased with her,' returned Valville, casting a glance at me full of tenderness. 'Would it be agreeable to you, that she should be insensible of the ab-

sence

sence of a man to whom you intend to marry her? If you will turn away your head, Madam, I have a great desire to kiss her hand, to thank her for it.' Here he seized my hand, but I snatched it from him hastily; at the same time hitting him a tap over the fingers: and immediately taking hold of my benefactress's hand, I kissed it with an emotion expressive of the greatest delight and affection. 'O ye little hypocrite!' returned she, squeezing mine, 'you both abuse the respect you owe me: come, be quiet; let us talk of other things.—Have you seen my brother, son? How did he do this morning?'—'A little better, Madam,' returned he; 'but continues sleepy, as he was yesterday.'—'This drowsiness disturbs me,' said Mrs. De Valville; 'we must not stay so long as we did the other day: I must go betimes to see my brother.'

We were at this part of our discourse, when the coach stopped at Mrs. Dorfin's: we found very good company there, for it was the same I had seen before, with the addition of two others, who did not appear superfluous, and whose obliging behaviour, and curious way of looking at me, seemed to say that they waited to see me, and had been entertained with some discourse to my advantage.

We dined; and they made me talk more than I had done the time before: Mrs. Dorfin, according to custom, loaded me with caresses. But you will dispense with a detail of what passed, and let me proceed.

About an hour after we were risen from table, Mrs. De Valville was told that one of her servants wanted to speak to her: it was to tell her that Mr. De Climal was in danger; and that they were endeavouring to bring him out of an apoplectick fit, into which he had fallen two hours before.

She entered the room in a terrible fright; and, with the tears in her eyes, told us this melancholy news, took leave of the company, left me at the convent, and halted to visit the sick gentleman with Valville, who appeared touched with the condition of his uncle; as well as uneasy at the hasty and abrupt manner in which he was snatched from the pleasure he seemed to enjoy in my company. I was even more

disturbed than he, which I let him see by my looks; and I went quite melancholy to shut up myself in my chamber, where I indulged, and gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections.

'If Mr. De Climal dies now,' said I to myself, 'Valville, who is already rich, will be still much more so; and oh! how do I know but this new acquisition of wealth may be of prejudice to me! Is it possible that the heir to such an immense fortune should marry me? Will it not make Mrs. De Valville herself disown that surprising and almost incredible goodness she has shewn in approving our love? Will she resign her son, that may now make the greatest alliances, and dignify his family with honours and titles? Will not this be a temptation to her? Sure here was sufficient room to be alarmed!

A moment after, I reasoned thus—'Valville, I am sure, has a great deal of tenderness for me; his affection has made him refuse all the advantages that might result from his marrying one of his equals: but will it fortify him against the ambition of making an alliance with a family much greater, and more powerful, than his own? Will he resist the allurements of honour, and the noble employments that they may procure him? Will his love be proof against all this? There are degrees of generosity superior to the reach of the most generous minds: hearts capable of sustaining themselves under such trying proofs are so very rare, that it is almost too much to hope meeting with one sufficiently courageous to bear them; and that mind must be looked upon as deserving the epithet of great, that cannot be overcome by any temptation beneath the greatest.'

I had, however, no reason to fear on this account; for it was not ambition that could rob me of the heart of my dear Valville: yet, nevertheless, I was extremely disturbed, and my inquietude deprived me of all repose.

I was going to arise the next day, when I saw a nun enter my chamber, who told me that the abbess desired me to dress as quick as possible; and that this was the result of a letter she had just received from Mrs. De Valville;

in which she desired her to permit me to go immediately. 'And there is even,' added she, 'a coach waiting for you in the court.'

This was another subject of perplexity; my heart beat, and my mind was filled with the most uneasy perturbations. 'Send for me so early!' said I to myself. 'Oh! what has happened? What does she threaten me with? I have no other resource here than the protection of Mrs. De Valville,' (for I durst not then call her mother;) 'and will she take that away? Am I going to lose her? One can be sure of nothing in such circumstances as mine: nobody is obliged to support me; my whole reliance is upon a generous lady, who may, when she pleases, withhold her favours, and abandon me to misery, without giving me cause to complain of her; and, to effect this, she need only listen to the ill report of a hypocrite; this alone might sufficiently disgust and enrage her against me.' These thoughts I revolved in my mind whilst I was dressing myself. The unhappy easily conceive an ill opinion of their condition, because they put little trust in the blessings which offer themselves.

In fine, I was soon ready; I went out dressed very negligently, and stepped into the coach: I imagined they were carrying me to Mrs. De Valville's, but I was quite mistaken; the coach stopped at Mr. De Climal's. I at first knew the house again; for you know it was not very long since I was there: but judge what was my surprize! I at once thought all were lost. 'Now I see what is done,' said I to myself; 'I see that I am ruined: this wicked man has recovered, and will revenge himself. I expect to be loaded with a thousand calumnies that he has invented against me: he will give every thing what turn he pleases; he passes for a good man; and, in spite of all my efforts to vindicate myself, and make my innocence appear, he will impose upon my benefactors, and make her believe all his horrid falsehoods. Oh, my God! how wicked is this abandoned wretch!'

And, indeed, there was reason to fear what I apprehended: the menaces he gave me, when I left Mrs. Du Tour; the scene that passed between us before

the monk, to whom I had been to make my complaints, and before whom I had been obliged to vindicate myself against whatever the most villainous and intrepid hypocrisy could suggest to his advantage and my prejudice; the marks of friendship Mrs. De Valville had expressed, when he saw her salute me at a distance; the fear that I should reveal, or had already revealed, his baseness to that lady, to whom he was sensible I was known; all this added to my being obliged to go to him, without being previously acquainted with the visit I was to make, which had the appearance of something sinister in it, was enough to make me imagine that I was going to suffer some new affronts, and receive fresh cause of inquietude from him.

'Who knows but he may say that it was I who tempted him, in order to engage him to serve me?' said I. But this account would be very different from that he told Father St. Vincent; he there only accused me of being willing to believe that he loved me; and this good monk, who heard us both, will not, sure, refuse his testimony to a poor creature unjustly loaded with such black calumnies! Thus I reasoned; when I saw myself in the court of Mr. De Climal's house; and stepped out of the coach in a fit of trembling suited to the dreadful scene for which I was preparing myself.

As I entered the hall, I observed two stair-cases; and asked a footman which I was to ascend: he told me that on the right-hand, down which I instantly saw Valville coming to meet me with precipitation.

Astonished to see him there, I stopped, without knowing what I did, and endeavoured to examine his mien, and with what air he regarded me: he appeared sad and dejected, but in a manner that intimated nothing against me; and he addressed me with the most tender air. 'Come, Miss,' said he, with a look all love and softness; and, taking me by the hand—'Come, my dear, no time is to be lost; my uncle is dying, and desires first to speak with you.'—'Me, Sir!' returned I, breathing more freely, for the manner of his speaking to me had revived and given me courage, and made his dying

ing uncle appear less dangerous. I could not think it probable that a man would fill up his last moments with guilt.

'Me, Sir!' cried I again. 'What does he wait for me for? What would he have with me?'—'We do not know that,' returned he; 'but this morning he asked my mother, if she was particularly acquainted with the young woman that she saluted in the convent some days ago? My mother replied, that she was; and even told him, in few words, in what manner you became a boarder in the convent, without concealing that it was she who placed you there. Upon this,—"You can prevail with her, then, to come here," answered he; "and I desire she may be sent for; I must see her, for I have something to say to her before I die;" and my mother, in answer to his request, wrote to the abbess, to permit you to come. This, Miss, is all I am able to tell you.'

'Alas!' returned I, 'his desire of seeing me has very much disturbed me; I imagined that he had some ill intention against me.'—'You were mistaken,' replied he; 'he appears, at least, to have dispositions very far from it.' This passed as we were going up stairs. 'My mother,' added he, 'desired me to inform you of this before you saw Mr. De Climal.'

Here we were at the chamber-door: I have already told you I began to take courage; but the sight of his chamber, into which I was going to enter, made me relapse into my former uneasiness. It was a strange visit I was going to pay; and there were a variety of little reasons that contributed to render it painful.

How very disagreeable was it to me to appear before a man who, in my opinion, could not help being humbled at seeing me! His age, his hypocrisy, and the base means he made use of to delude my youth and innocent simplicity, would contribute to confound and abash him in the agonies of death: and, though expiring, he must be confused at the thought of seeing me, whom he was going to leave a living witness of his infamy.

The first person I saw was Father St. Vincent, sitting at his pillow; and next

him sat Mrs. De Valville, with her back towards me.

At the sight of this monk, whom I surprized, at least as much as he did me, my inquietudes returned; I feared that our meeting there presaged no good, and that there was too much reason for all my former suspicions.

He, on his side, had not learned the name of my benefactress, and Mr. De Climal had said nothing to him of this project; he therefore did not know what to think on seeing me in the midst of this gentleman's family, introduced by Valville, whom he saw enter with me; and who, out of regard to his uncle, kept a respectful distance, as not being willing to let him know that we entered together.

At the noise we made when coming in—'Who is that?' cried Mr. De Climal. 'It is the young person, brother, that you desired to see,' said Mrs. De Valville. 'Come near, Marianne,' added she immediately.

This discourse made me tremble from head to foot: I came near, however, with my eyes cast down; I durst not lift them upon this dying man, and was at a loss to know how to do it.

'Ah, Miss! is it you then?' said he, with a feeble and troubled voice: 'I am obliged to you for coming; pray sit down.' I took a chair, still silent, with down-cast looks, and had yet seen only the bed; but, a moment after, I lifted up my eyes a little higher, then higher still, till at last I saw half his face, and soon after saw it entire; but this was only for an instant; for I was afraid he would take notice of my observing him, which might throw him into some confusion, and mortify him too much: but this is certain, I observed not the least appearance of malice in his countenance.

'Where is my nephew?' said Mr. De Climal. 'I am here, Sir,' returned Valville, who modestly advanced to shew himself. 'Stay here,' said he—'And you, father,' added he, addressing himself to the monk, 'do you be so kind as to stay.' But not mentioning Mrs. De Valville, who took notice of the exception his silence made to her, said to him—'Brother, I am going to give some orders;' and immediately retired into another chamber. 'As you please, sister,' returned he,

as she went out. This retreat, which Mr. De Climal seemed to wish for, contributed to prove that I had nothing dreadful to fear; for, if he had resolved to say any thing to my prejudice, he would have detained my benefactress, whose presence would have been necessary to such a scene: and my mind was only filled with an extreme curiosity to know in what all this ceremony would terminate. Mrs. De Valville's going was followed by a short silence; when, after a deep sigh, he began—

‘I desired you, father,’ said he, turning to us, ‘to be here this morning; but I have not yet told you the reasons that induced me to send for you: I was desirous, too, that my nephew should be present; and he ought to be so, because this young lady is chiefly concerned.’

Here he stopped to take breath, whilst I blushed and trembled; and he went on thus—‘It was you, father, who introduced her to me; she was in a situation that greatly exposed her; you came to me to seek some assistance for her; you fixed upon me to give it her; you thought me an honest and upright man: but, father, you were deceived; I was not worthy of your confidence.’

As the monk seemed desirous to stop him by a motion he made for that purpose—‘Oh, father!’ resumed he, addressing himself to him, ‘in the name of that Being whose justice I would soften and disarm, do not oppose the resolution I have taken to set myself in a true light! You know the esteem, and, perhaps, the veneration, with which you have sincerely honoured me; you know the reputation I have publicly enjoyed; that I have been revered as a man of virtue and piety; and that I have enjoyed the advantages due to goodness alone: but, alas! I have not deserved them; I was only in shew and appearance what I now sincerely, and from the bottom of my soul, wish I had been in reality. The recompences of virtue which I have received, I now look on as a theft that I have committed; an insult on that Divine Goodness I only seemed to imitate. Suffer me, then, to expiate my guilt, if possible, by a confession of that base, that hypocritical behaviour, that has deceived

‘you and the world: and let me take that shame and humiliation to myself I have deserved; let me inspire all that horror that I should formerly have raised in every breast, had the black marks of my secret guilt been discovered. Yes, father,’ resumed he, after a moment's pause, with eyes bathed in tears, and with the most moving tone; ‘this was the man whom you came to entrust with this young lady: you made application to a vile, a wicked wretch; and all these good actions you have seen me engaged in are so many crimes, which enhance my guilt; masks under which I have committed the blackest, the most infamous, actions.’

‘Enough, Sir; here is enough!’ returned Father St. Vincent. ‘Come, let us praise God for the sentiments with which he inspires you. What obligations have we to adore his goodness! How great, how incomprehensible his mercy! How infinite his favours!—Yes, Sir, you are very guilty; you have reason to renounce our esteem, and the favourable opinion the world has conceived of you; to despise yourself, and be covered with shame: but we are not at a confession; therefore compose yourself. It is not the sinner, the man involved in guilt and misery, that we esteem and value; but the man whom God regards and pities, and on whom he pours the plenitude of his mercies. May we end our lives in the same pious disposition as you do! Mention no more your crimes; you have said enough on this subject; for, if your repentance is sincere, that Being who delights in mercy will forgive you.’

The good religious accompanied this discourse with his tears, in which Valville and I joined.

‘I have not yet said all, father,’ returned Mr. De Climal. ‘No, Sir, no!’ replied the monk; ‘pray have done; you need not go any farther; satisfy yourself with what you have already said; for the rest would be superfluous, and would be, perhaps, a piece of indulgence: it is sometimes sweet and comfortable to abandon one's self to a disposition like yours.—Well, Sir, deprive yourself of this consolation; mortify the desire you have of

owning

owning more of your faults: God will accept both of what you have said, and what you desire to say.

'Ah, father!' cried the sick gentleman, 'pray do not stop me; it would be a comfort to me to be able to bury my guilt in eternal silence; for I am far from tasting the sweet satisfaction you describe; God will not grant me so great a favour, who have merited nothing but indignation; it is enough if he gives me strength to support the deserved confusion with which I am covered. Yes, Sir, this confession of my villainy loads me with shame; every word of it tortures me; and I thank God for enabling me thus to sacrifice my detested pride! Permit me, then, to improve a shame that punishes me. O that I were able, if possible, to proportion my humiliation to my guilt, and the falsity of those virtues with which I have been honoured! I am sorry I have been obliged to send Mrs. De Valville away; for I ought to have blushed before a sister who is not yet, perhaps, undeceived: I know she would have interrupted me; her affection and too great tenderness would not have permitted her to hear what I had to say. But do you, father, repeat it to her: this I desire, as an instance of your piety and regard for me.'

'This young lady, no doubt, told you the truth, in the recital she made of my behaviour to her; and, indeed, my whole design in relieving her was only in order to seduce her: thinking that her misfortunes had depressed her mind, and taken from her the courage of daring to remain virtuous amidst such complicated distress, I offered to secure her something to live upon, on condition that she would become unworthy of life. I made use of these base artifices in order to beat down and trample upon her young, and, I hoped, unfortified virtue; to pollute a soul truly amiable. But, father, I have said enough, since I have given a sufficient view into the shameful baseness of my designs; designs which now fill me with horror, which affright and terrify me, and give a double gloom to the dreary prospect that lies before me; new terrors more insupportable than all the agonies of death!—I beg pardon, Miss; and conjure you, if possible, to for-

get this wicked adventure, and never stain your chaste mind with the remembrance of my imprudence and folly. Accept of this acknowledgment as a reparation for a crime that has justly offended both God and you. When I left you, I had the baseness to reproach you with the small presents which you returned me; I insulted you with the dismal situation to which I abandoned you; and threatened you with revenge if you dared to complain of me.'

I gave way to my tears, while he was making me this generous and christian satisfaction; and was so touched, that I could not smother my sighs. Valville and the monk wiped their eyes, and remained silent. After a short pause, he resumed—'You know, Miss, I then offered you a contract to pay you annually five or six hundred livres? I have now, in my will, given you twelve hundred. You refused, with horror, the six hundred livres, when I proposed them as the recompence of a crime; accept now freely of the twelve hundred, as a reward for your virtue and prudence: it is just that I should afford you, in my repentance, a greater assistance than I offered you when involved in guilt. My nephew there is my chief heir; he is generous; and, I am persuaded, he will not at all regret what I have left you.'

'Ah, dear Sir!' cried Valville, with the tears in his eyes, and a look expressive of the highest satisfaction; 'this is an action laudable indeed, and entirely worthy of yourself! All that afflicts me is, that you do not do this in perfect health: as for me, I shall regret nothing but you, and the loss of that tenderness you express for me; which I would gladly preserve at the expence of the richest treasures; and, if God would grant my request, I should only desire the satisfaction of seeing you live as long as myself.'

'And I, Sir,' cried I, in my turn, with a deep sigh, 'am so sensible of your kindness, that I am at a loss to know how to express myself. I assure you, were I poorer than I am, the present that you make me would not console me for your loss; which I shall always look upon as a new misfortune. I see, Sir, that, if your life was preserved, you would be a sincere

‘ sincere friend to me; and I should
 ‘ esteem that an incomparably greater
 ‘ advantage than what you so gene-
 ‘ rously leave me.’

My tears here stopped my voice, and he appeared sensibly touched at my discourse. ‘ What you say, Miss,’ returned he, after some moments silence, ‘ answers the good opinion which I
 ‘ have always entertained of your heart;
 ‘ and, indeed, if God would prolong
 ‘ my life, I should endeavour to de-
 ‘ serve the opinion you now entertain
 ‘ of me. I feel myself decay, and am
 ‘ entering upon a state unknown, from
 ‘ which there is no return: but it is
 ‘ not for me to presume to give you in-
 ‘ structions for the conduct of your
 ‘ future life, since they would not pro-
 ‘ ceed from a mouth sufficiently pure;
 ‘ but, since you think that in me you
 ‘ lose a sincere friend, I may be per-
 ‘ mitted, under that character, to men-
 ‘ tion one thing. I have tempted you
 ‘ to forfeit your innocence; and it is
 ‘ not owing to the want of any endea-
 ‘ vours on my side that you have not
 ‘ been betrayed into a crime that would
 ‘ have destroyed all your peace, all
 ‘ just ground for inward complacency,
 ‘ and that amiable rectitude of heart
 ‘ which will ever render you an orna-
 ‘ ment to your sex, and dear to all the
 ‘ lovers of virtue. Let me entreat you,
 ‘ I say, to supplicate that Being in my
 ‘ behalf whom I have offended in of-
 ‘ fending you; express your forgive-
 ‘ ness by petitioning his; and shew
 ‘ that I have left no taint upon your
 ‘ mind, by continually adhering to
 ‘ those principles which have supported
 ‘ you under my attacks: be virtuous,
 ‘ in spite of all opposition, and you will
 ‘ find, that “ to be good is to be hap-
 ‘ py;” it will raise you above many of
 ‘ the miseries of life; give you charms
 ‘ that time will not be able to efface;
 ‘ and render you for ever lovely, for
 ‘ ever blessed! Adieu, Miss! — A-
 ‘ diou, father!’ added he, addressing
 ‘ himself to the monk; ‘ I recommend
 ‘ her to your care.—You see, nephew,
 ‘ why I have detained you; you have
 ‘ seen me at her feet, and may have
 ‘ suspected that it was agreeable to her:
 ‘ she, you find, is innocent; and I
 ‘ thought myself obliged to let you
 ‘ know it.’

He stopped here, and we were going

to retire; when he said — ‘ Nephews,
 ‘ pray go to my sister, and desire her to
 ‘ come in.’ And then addressing him-
 ‘ self to me — ‘ Miss,’ said he, ‘ Mrs.
 ‘ De Valville has told me how she came
 ‘ to know you: in the recital that you
 ‘ made her of your sufferings, and un-
 ‘ happy situation, you might naturally
 ‘ introduce into your mournful story
 ‘ an account of the fresh injuries you
 ‘ had received from me; tell me free-
 ‘ ly, did not you inform her of it? Did
 ‘ you name me?’

‘ I will tell you the truth, Sir,’ re-
 ‘ turned I, a little embarrassed at his
 ‘ question. ‘ When I left Father St.
 ‘ Vincent, I entered into the parlour
 ‘ of the convent to beg assistance of the
 ‘ abbess: Mrs. De Valville, who was
 ‘ there, observed my despair; was mov-
 ‘ ed at my tears; and pressed me to tell
 ‘ her what afflicted me. I did not
 ‘ think of prejudicing you; I had no-
 ‘ thing else to do but to raise her com-
 ‘ passion; and, for that end, it was
 ‘ sufficient to relate my misfortunes:
 ‘ however, I did not mention your
 ‘ name at that time; not that I omit-
 ‘ ted it out of regard for you, but be-
 ‘ cause I thought it unnecessary; and
 ‘ she would never have known more,
 ‘ if, some days after, speaking of the
 ‘ cloaths I sent back, I had not, by
 ‘ chance, named Mr. De Valville, to
 ‘ whom I sent them, as the nephew of
 ‘ the person who had given them to
 ‘ me. Thus, Sir, you see how un-
 ‘ happily she came to know it; and I
 ‘ am very sorry for my imprudence;
 ‘ I protest I had no malice in it: I
 ‘ might, indeed, deceive you; but I
 ‘ am too nearly affected, and too grate-
 ‘ ful, to hide any thing from you.’

‘ Well,’ said he, addressing himself
 ‘ to Father St. Vincent, ‘ my sister then
 ‘ knows it! I did not think it: this is
 ‘ a new increase of shame for me be-
 ‘ fore I die; a confusion, father, that
 ‘ I am extremely sensible of! — Miss,’
 ‘ added he, ‘ I thank you for it; pray,
 ‘ do not reproach yourself with it on
 ‘ any account; it is a piece of service
 ‘ you have done me: my sister knows
 ‘ me; and I am going to blush before
 ‘ her.’

Here I could hardly forbear making
 my grief be heard. My benefactress
 entered with Valville; and was sur-
 prized at my tears and sighs, which
 her

her brother took notice of. 'Come, sister,' said he, 'I should have desired you to stay here, had I not apprehended your tenderness would have prevented what I had to say. I know you would not have been able to bear it: however, Father St. Vincent will be so good as to repeat it to you; and, thank God! you know the principal part of it already. This young lady has given you a just opinion of me. Father St. Vincent trusted her to my care; but she could not have fallen into worse hands: I resign her into yours. To that friendship you appeared to have for her, add all the tenderness you have for me; of which she is much more worthy. That share in your heart, which I have enjoyed, is a blessing I would leave her, and which will recompense the little honour and virtue she found in mine.'

'Ah, dear, dear brother, pray forbear!' returned Mrs. De Valville, who wept almost as much as I; 'pray, let me entreat you to forbear: I am not able to hear more. Yes, I will take care of Marianne: she will always be dear to me; you need not doubt it. You give her a right to command my heart, which is disposed to be eternally hers. But come, let us hear no more; you see the grief into which you have cast us all: pray, consider, you are not in a condition to talk so much; it fatigues you. Pray, how do you find yourself?'

'Like one that must live no longer!' said he. 'I am going, sister!—Adieu, father! Remember me in your prayers; you know the need I have of them!'

Scarcely had he finished these last words, when he fainted away; and we thought him expiring. Two physicians were called, who were waiting in another room; the monk retired immediately; and Valville and I were desired to leave the chamber, while they endeavoured to assist him. Mrs. De Valville being resolved not to go, we went into the parlour, where we found an intimate friend of Mr. De Climal's, and two ladies related to the family, going into the sick gentleman's room. Valville prevented them, by telling them his uncle was senseless, and that they must stay and wait the event; so

that none went in but a clergyman, his confessor, who entered as he was talking to them.

Valville, who was sitting by me in the parlour, told me privately who these three persons were; I mean Mr. De Climal's friend, and the two ladies his relations; one of whom was the mother, and the other the daughter. The friend was a gentleman, grave and polite; he was a magistrate, and about sixty years old. The mother of the young lady might be about fifty or fifty-five: she was short; but this deficiency was made up in her circumference, which was large enough; she was of a dark complexion, and very ordinary; had a face large and bloated; with small black eyes, which at first appeared lively, but indeed were only curious and busy; always in motion, incessantly prying and seeking out something to amuse an empty, indolent mind, that has nothing in itself to entertain it; for some minds are inactive merely for want of ideas; it is this renders them so greedy of foreign objects, chiefly because they retain no impressions; and every thing, as it were, runs through their minds, and immediately vanishes; they are always prying, ever listening, but never thinking of any thing.

Such was the woman I am speaking of: however, I did not form so perfect an idea of her all at once; my reflections, though mature enough, could not extend so far; yet, notwithstanding, I then formed a very disagreeable idea of her character.

She no sooner saw me, but her eyes rushed upon me, and instantly ran over me; I say rushed, at the hazard of speaking improperly, to describe the greedy curiosity with which she examined me. Such glances as these are excessively troublesome; they quite confounded me; and I saw no other remedy for them, but, in my turn, to stare upon her in the same manner; this frequently succeeds with some persons, and frees people from a trouble like that which then disturbed me. She then, indeed, took off her eyes; but it was only for a moment, and then returned more earnestly than before. Sometimes she examined my countenance; sometimes my shape engaged her attention; then my cap; then my gown. I happened to cough; this redoubled

doubled her attention to observe how I coughed: I drew my handkerchief out of my pocket; this was a very interesting spectacle for her; a new object of curiosity.

As Valville sat pretty near her, she suddenly turned to speak to him; and asked—'Who is this young lady?' I heard her; for persons of her disposition never talk so low as they think they do: they are so inconsiderate, that they will not allow themselves time to be discreet. 'She is the daughter of a country lady, one of my mother's most intimate friends,' returned Valville, very negligently. 'Hah, hah! a country lady!' cried she. 'Is her mother in town?'—'No,' replied he again: 'this lady is in a convent in town.'—'Hah! in a convent! What! has she a mind to be a nun? And what convent is it?'—'Upon my word,' said he, 'I do not know the name of it.'—'Perhaps she has some relation there,' pursued she: 'she is very pretty; very pretty, indeed,' added she, interweaving each word with an earnest examination of my person and dress. At last, she grew tired of me, and sat herself to survey the magistrate; who, however, she was no stranger to; but whose silence and melancholy appeared to her worthy of consideration.

'It is very shocking, Sir,' said she to him immediately, 'that the gentleman should be dying already; he was very well a few days ago: who would have thought it? it is but ten days since we dined together.—But tell me, Mr. De Valville, is he very ill? He has a good constitution; I hope he will recover it. What do you think of it? How long has he been sick? I have been in the country; and, truly, I did not hear of it before yesterday. Is it true that he is speechless, and has lost his senses?'—'Yes, Madam,' returned Valville; 'it is but too true.'—'Mrs. De Valville, I suppose, is here?' replied she. 'Poor woman! she must be very disconsolate; is not she? They were very fond of each other! He is a mighty worthy man; and all the family must be sensible of his loss. Here is my girl has cried all day long for him; and I, too, indeed.' The young lady really looked very much dejected, but said not a word. Our eyes met sometimes as if by stealth; and she

seemed to have as much friendship for me in her looks, as she might have discovered for her in mine. I fancied she liked me; and, for my part, I was charmed with her, and had great reason to be so.

Nothing could appear more engaging than this lady; nothing more charming than the sweetness and smiling vivacity of her looks; she had a form embellished with every thing lovely; an air graceful, delicate, easy; every charm triumphed in her face, and adorned her person with unalterable beauties. Her shape was perfectly genteel and finished; her behaviour engaging, natural, and attended with something inexpressibly pleasing. She was but eighteen; and youth never appeared a greater ornament.

I heard it said, Madam, the other day, of a young lady, that she was in the spring of beauty: the term spring brought her I am speaking of to my mind; and, I dare lay a wager, it was some such blooming charms that gave birth to the expression; for I never read of Flora or Hebe, but I think of Miss De Fare, for this was her name.

She had a form tall, free, and sprightly; and an air and walk so light, that you would have thought she weighed nothing: in short, she was surrounded with the graces in all their various characters; had something so noble and attractive; and that nobleness appeared so easy, unaffected, and natural, that it required no attention to sustain it; it appeared independent of art, which neither gaiety nor sorrow were able to alter, and which seemed an essential attribute of the person itself.

Miss De Fare had not a very strong constitution; but her indispositions gave her an air more tender than sickly. She would have been glad to have had a little more fat; but I do not think she would have been any gainer by it; at least no face could appear better without it: for I am certain it could have added but one charm; but must have taken from it many others more engaging and poignant.

Notwithstanding the delicacy and sprightliness of her wit, she voluntarily held her tongue in company; she thought much, spoke little; and was so attentive, that nothing escaped her notice. I hardly ever heard her say any thing but what was pertinent, judicious,

cious, and agreeable. When with her friends, she expressed herself with the frankness of persons of the most blunt disposition, though with all the delicacy of the most polite.

One could not help observing in her conversation a sagacity of sentiment, which was discovered in all she said; and which was expressed with the utmost life and spirit: her ideas appeared great and sublime; her soul noble and generous. But you will know her character much better by what I shall mention hereafter.

We had been there a considerable time, when Mrs. De Valville came from her brother, and told us that he was much better, and had perfectly recovered his senses. 'He asked me,' added she, addressing herself to me, 'if you were here still, Miss; and desired me not to send you back to your convent before you had dined with us.'—'You both do me too much honour,' returned I: 'I shall do what you please, Madam.'

'I wish he knew that I am here,' said the magistrate, his friend; 'for I have an extreme desire to see him, if possible.'—'And I, too,' said the lady: 'would it not be proper to let him know it? If he is better, he will not, perhaps, be sorry to see us.—What do you think of it, Madam? The physicians, then, have greater hopes of his recovery; I am sincerely glad to hear it.'—'Alas, no, Madam! we have no such flattering prospect!' returned Mrs. De Valville: 'he is not quite so bad, and that is all; but I will go to him immediately, to know if your coming in will be attended with any inconvenience.' She scarce had left us, when we saw her returning with the physicians from the chamber. 'Gentlemen,' said she, 'may this gentleman and these two ladies go in to see my brother? Is he in a condition fit to receive them?'—'He is weak still,' returned one of them; 'and he wants rest: it would be much better to stay two or three hours first.'

'Oh, to be sure! we will wait,' then, said the magistrate: 'I will return in the afternoon.'—'It will not be worth your while to go,' replied Mrs. De Valville; 'you had much better stay dinner here.'—'No, Madam,' said she; 'I am very much

'obliged' to you; but cannot stay: I have some business to do.'

'As for me,' cried the lady, 'I have none; and I think it best to stay.—Am not I in the right, Madam?—Well, gentlemen,' continued she, 'tell us, then, what you think of Mr. De Climal? It runs in my head that he will recover; will not he? Do not you think his illness might proceed from some disorder in his breast? Six months ago he had a cold, which lasted a great while: I desired him to take care of it; but he neglected it a little. Is his fever high?'

'It is not the fever that we are most afraid of, Madam,' said the other physician: 'we can give no certain judgment yet; but we think him in a very dangerous condition.'

After this discourse they left us; the magistrate followed; and Mrs. De Fare and Miss, Mrs. De Valville, her son, and I, staid in the parlour.

It was pretty late, when a servant came to tell us dinner was ready. Mrs. De Valville went for a moment into her brother's room, and was told that he had dropped asleep; on which she immediately returned with the priest, who said he would return again after dinner; and we sat down to table something less disturbed than we had been in the morning.

I do not question, Madam, but this particular detail has been disagreeable to you; but I could not pass it over, as it is necessary to introduce some more interesting events. I sat at table by Miss De Fare; and I imagined, by her graceful behaviour, that she was glad of this occasion to commence an acquaintance with me. We anticipated the pleasures of friendship by a variety of those little kindnesses which a mutual inclination suggests to two persons who take a delight in each other. We looked upon each other with the sweetest complacency; and, as love has its rights too, I sometimes cast a tender regard at Valville; who, on his side, according to custom, had his eyes almost continually fixed upon me.

I believe Miss De Fare took notice of our regards. 'Miss,' said she to me very low, whilst her mother and Mrs. De Valville were talking together, 'I would not be mistaken; but I do not think you will leave Paris.'

Q

'I do

‘ I do not know what you mean, Miss,’ returned I in the same tone, (and really I did not understand her at all;) ‘ but I fancy I may, without any risque, venture to affirm that your thoughts are always just. Will you please to tell me your meaning?’

‘ It is,’ returned she, whispering, ‘ that, as my lady your mother is one of Mrs. De Valville’s dearest friends, you may, perhaps, marry my cousin; tell me, now, am not I in the right?’

It was not very easy to answer her; the question discomposed and alarmed me: I blushed; and then was afraid she would take notice of it, and that this would betray a secret which would do me too much honour. In fine, I do not know what answer I should have returned, if her mother had not extricated me out of this perplexity. It was then happy for me, that she was one of those women who observe every thing, and will be informed of every thing too. She perceived that we were talking to each other—‘ What is that, daughter? What subject are you upon? You smile, and Miss blushes.’ (For nothing escaped her.) ‘ May we know what you are saying?’—‘ I shall make no secret of it,’ returned she. ‘ I should be charmed to have Miss stay at Paris; and I was saying that I wished she might marry Mr. De Valville.’

‘ Hah, hah!’ cried she, ‘ that is very good! I have been just thinking so myself: besides, I have observed that neither of them seem as if they would be sorry for it; but how do we know but it is their design! it looks very like it.’

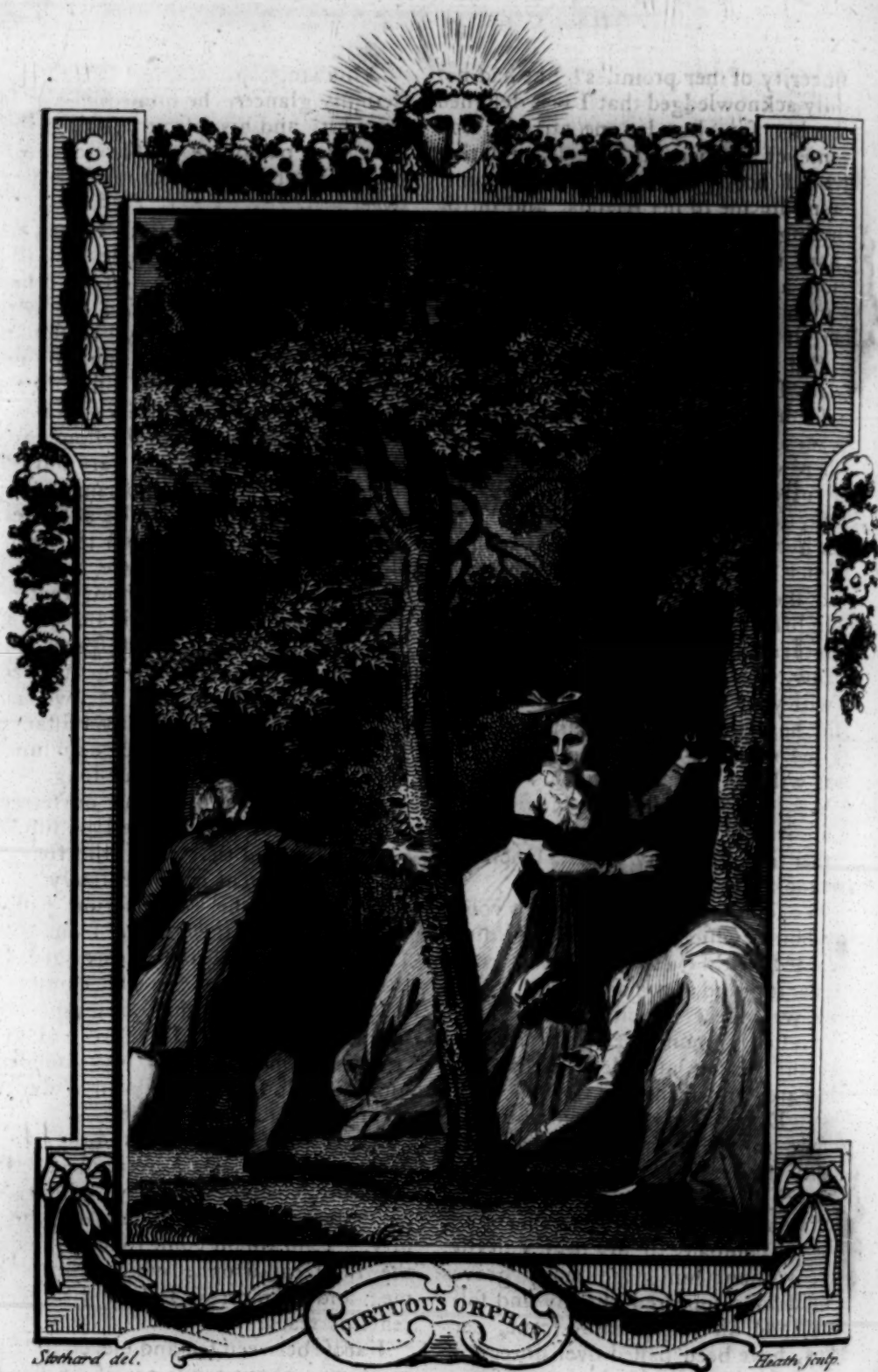
‘ And why not?’ said Mrs. De Valville, who apparently saw no hazard in taking our part in these circumstances, and with a generosity of mind with which I feel myself transported whenever I reflect on it; and which I never think of without tears of gratitude and affection: who, I say, by an admirable generosity of mind, to give us infallible proofs of her goodness, gladly seized this opportunity to prepare them for our marriage. ‘ And why not?’ said she, with a look full of goodness; ‘ my son will have no reason to complain, if it should happen so.’—‘ O Madam, every body must be of your opinion,’ replied Mrs. De Fare: ‘ we ought to congra-

tulate him upon his happiness; and I shall make him my compliments upon it beforehand. I will assure you I think nobody can be more agreeably united.’—‘ And I am sure I shall envy nobody’s lot,’ returned Valville, with an air free and easy; whilst I bowed to thank her for her civility, without saying any thing; for I thought I ought to be silent, and give my benefactress an opportunity of speaking for me; before whom I imagined that, on this occasion, I ought to preserve a modest and respectful silence. I could not, however, avoid giving her a look full of tenderness and gratitude. And, though this conversation was carried on in jest, Mrs. De Fare did not doubt but that I should marry Valville.

‘ I must take my leave as soon as I have seen Mr. De Climal; and then we will conduct your daughter-in-law to her convent,’ said she to Mrs. De Valville. ‘ But hold; I have thought of something better than that; I shall not lie to-night in town; I must return to my country-house, which, you know, is but about a mile from hence; I think, if you can spare Miss, you may write or send to the convent, that they may not wait for her, and we will take her with us. These ladies ought to become a little better acquainted; and, I am sure, you will give them both a very sensible pleasure.’

Miss De Fare entered into the conversation; and joined her entreaties to those of her mother with such success, that Mrs. De Valville told them she consented to it, and that I was my own mistress. ‘ It is true,’ said she; ‘ you have no servant with you, but you will find enough at Mr. De Fare’s. Go, I will call at your convent; and to-morrow, if my brother’s illness will permit me to leave him, I will come about five in the evening, to bring you back; or else send for you.’—‘ Since I have your permission, Madam,’ said I, ‘ I will make no difficulty of going.’

Here we arose from table. Valville appeared charmed at the little party we had just made and interested in our favour; and I easily perceived the rising joy which spread over his face, and sufficiently expressed his inward satisfaction. What convincing proofs my dear benefactress had given us of the sincerity



Stothard del.

Heath, sculp.

Plate IV.

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sincerity of her promises! She had not only acknowledged that I was designed for her son, but let me already reap some of the benefits that dear relation would shortly entitle me to, by recommending me to her friends, and introducing me into the world under that character. Was it possible to behave more agreeably, than thus to put it in a manner out of her power to disengage herself!

But let us leave Mr. De Climal's. Mrs. De Fare could not obtain leave to see him, because he was inclined to doze, and was willing to take some rest: when we were ready to go, Valville artfully dropped, in his discourse to this lady, some hints which obliged her to ask him to follow us, and sup with us at her house. 'The weather, Sir,' said she, 'is extremely fine and delightful; and you may, if you please, return to-night; or stay till to-morrow, if you like it better.'—'But will you, Madam, permit me to go?' said he, laughing, addressing himself to his mother, whose approbation he was willing to gain to all his actions. 'Yes, son,' said she; 'go, if you desire it; for I shall not leave my brother till it is pretty late.' Upon this we took our leave, and parted.

We soon arrived at this lady's country-house; which was a stately building, adorned with every thing that could render it grand and magnificent. Valville was there almost as soon as we. We rested a moment; and then went into the garden, attended only by Miss De Fare, and spent our time in walking. Every thing here contributed to inspire me with satisfaction and delight; the walks, the fountains, and painted alcoves, were very beautiful: but what rendered all these charming, was the company of my dear Valville; for, without him, the shady groves would have appeared gloomy and solitary, and all this pleasing scene, perhaps, have been passed over unregarded. I freely enjoyed the conversation of a man whom I loved with the tenderest affection; of a man who adored me, and who had the liberty of telling me so, and discoursing on his agreeable passion; a privilege I had not yet enjoyed without restraint; and I had an opportunity of making him a modest return, which I did not fail to do. He talked; I answered him with my looks;

and his language was not more tender than my glances: he immediately perceived it; and his discourse grew insensibly more passionate, and consequently the innocent language of my eyes more sweet.

How enchanting, how agreeable, my situation! On the one side Valville, who almost idolized me; on the other, Miss De Fare, who loaded me with caresses, and sought every occasion to inspire me with friendship; and, on my own side, a heart full of sensibility for both. We all three walked into a wood which surrounded the house and garden, and left Mrs. De Fare busy in receiving two persons who came to sup with her: and, as Valville's tenderness frequently interrupted this amiable lady's conversation, we, out of a frolick, ran away from him, that we might have him at a distance; and threw at him handfuls of leaves and boughs that we snatched from the trees and hedges. He pursued us; we ran; he seized me: she came to my assistance; and my soul gave itself up to an innocent joy too exquisite to last long.

We were thus diverting ourselves, when a servant came to tell us supper was ready, and they only staid for us; on which we went in immediately.

At supper, the conversation passed upon the news they heard from Mr. De Fare, who was in the army: at last, they spoke of me; and the company loaded me with the most obliging compliments; for Mrs. De Fare had already informed them of my intended nuptials, and congratulated Valville on his approaching happiness.

The supper being over, and the company gone, Mrs. De Fare invited Valville to stay till the next day, which he consented to without much importunity. I am almost come to touch upon the fatal catastrophe which threatens me; and to-morrow I shall shed torrents of tears.

I arose between ten and eleven in the morning; about a quarter of an hour after Mrs. De Fare's woman came to dress me: however new this kind of service was to me, I let her assist me with as good a grace, and as much freedom, as if it had been familiar to me. I ought to support my rank, and behave consistent with my present circumstances: this I was instantly sensible of. I had a natural taste; or, if

you will, a vanity inexpressibly delicate, which taught me at once how to behave, and which gave this servant no room to think me a novice.

Scarce had she done dressing me, when I heard the voice of Miss De Fare, who was coming to me, and was talking with another person who was with her: I imagined it was Valville; and was thinking to meet her, but she did not give me time, but instantly came in. But, oh, Madam! guess with whom. I was immediately shocked as if I had been struck with thunder. How inexpressible was my surprise and consternation, when I saw it was the linen-draper with whom I had lived as a shop-maid!

Miss De Fare ran to embrace me with an air of gaiety; but this fatal object, this unwelcome Mrs. Du Tour, had already struck my eyes, and turned me into a statue: I received her embrace without motion, and with a countenance more pale than death; and was so overwhelmed with surprise, that I knew not where I was. 'Ah, my dear! what is the matter? Why do not you speak to me?' cried Miss De Fare, astonished at my silence and want of motion.

'Ods my life! Sure I am dim-sighted!—Is it you, Marianne?' cried Mrs. Du Tour. 'Even so; the same, positively! How folks meet! I came here to shew some linen to some of your neighbours, who sent for me; and so, as I was about to return home, says I—"I will even call at Madam De Fare's, to see if she wants any thing." You found me in her chamber, and so then brought me here, where I found her: sure, it was my good angel that inspired me with the thought of coming to your house!' Here she cast her arms about my neck. 'What good fortune have you had? How pretty and well-dressed you are! Really I am glad to see you so spruce and fine. La! how it becomes you! I think, indeed, you have a waiting-woman. Pray, tell me how all this came to pass? It is very wonderful! How, my dear girl, did it happen?'

To this discourse I was unable to utter a word; I was quite abashed and stupid with surprise.

Here Valville came in, smiling, with an air of gaiety; but he no sooner saw

Mrs. Du Tour but he blushed, changed countenance, and stood immovable as well as I: you will judge that he might easily foresee the fatal consequence of this adventure; and all this passed in much less time than I can relate it to you.

'Softly, Mrs. Du Tour, softly!' cried the young lady; 'you are mistaken, surely! you do not know who you speak to: it is not that Marianne you mean.'—'Not her!' said the linen-draper; 'not her! Why, you may as well tell me I am not Mrs. Du Tour! Marry, ask her yourself if I am-in the wrong.—Well, why don't you speak, child? Is it not true that you are she? Did not you lodge a few days with me, to learn my business? Was it not Mr. De Climal that put you to board with me? and did not he abandon you one holiday? "the better day, the better deed;" and did not care a fig what became of you?—Lack-a-day! how the poor orphan cried about it! Why, I found her with her hair hanging about her ears, like a mad person; her cap and every thing littered about! La! how I pitted the poor thing!'

'Pray take care what you say, Madam!' said Miss De Fare, quite astonished: 'I tell you it cannot be.'—'Well, I do not say that it can be,' continued Mrs. Du Tour; 'but I say that it is, and that it is as well: and I will tell you more than that; it was to Mr. De Valville that I sent the bundle of cloaths Mr. De Climal had given her; and, besides, I have another token; I have still a handkerchief that she left behind her at my house; it is not worth much, indeed; but, however, it is hers, and I have nothing to do with it; I have had it washed, though it was hardly worth it. However, one word is as good as a hundred; and, as I am none of those that are given to talk, and such as that, look ye, I tell you, once for all, that it is Marianne; that is the name she went by when she was with me; and, if it is not her name still, she must have changed it; for I never knew she had any other, nor she neither: it was a country parson's sister who gave it her; for, poor girl! she does not know herself who she is: she told me of it; and I cannot see what reason

reason there is to make such a mighty secret of it. Heaven knows, I respect the girl, and would not do her an injury for the world. Surely I may be allowed to know folks again when I see them, as well as another; especially my own shopmaid: pray, where is the difficulty of that? But, marry-come-up! if she is grown proud, and above owning her old acquaintance, what care I! I cannot answer for that; I only rub up her memory a little: I have nothing to say against her; I always thought her very honest and good; and I am sure nobody can speak more handsomely of her than I do, if she were a dutchess.

At these last words, Mrs. De Fare's woman simpered, and left us with an ill-natured pleasure in her looks: as for me, I was ready to faint; my knees trembled, and I sunk into an elbow-chair that stood near me, where I was only able to weep and cast forth the most bitter sighs. Miss De Fare held down her head, and said nothing. Valville, who had not yet opened his mouth, at last drew near to Mrs. Du Tour; and, taking her by the hand—'Madam,' said he, 'let me persuade you to retire immediately: I conjure you do me this favour, dear Mrs. Du Tour; oblige me in this, and you shall lose nothing by it. Be seen no more here; be discreet: and expect from me, in return, all the service I can render you.'

'Lack-a-day! with all my heart,' returned she; 'I am very sorry that I have said any thing to displease you: but I thought no harm; what would you have of me? I am no witch. Put yourself in my place.'—'Well, well, Madam, you are in the right,' said he, interrupting her; 'but, pray, be gone: go, I entreat you.'—'Your servant, Sir,' returned she; 'I beg pardon.—Miss, your servant,' added she, turning to Miss De Fare.—'Adieu, Marianne! Farewel, child! I wish you no more harm than I do myself. Good luck attend you!—But, Miss, if you would look at what I have got, perhaps you may take something of me,' added she, addressing herself to Miss De Fare. 'No, no, I tell you; I shall buy all you have, and pay you for it to-morrow,'

returned Valville, pushing her back, till at last she left us.

My tears and sighs continued; I durst not lift up my eyes, and was oppressed with the severest affliction.

'Mr. De Valville,' said Miss De Fare, who had for some time been silent, and had attended to all that passed, 'pray explain to me what all this means?'

'Oh, dear cousin!' returned he, throwing himself at her feet, 'in the name of all that is most dear to you, save my life: it is nothing less I beg of you. I conjure you, by all the goodness and generosity of your heart, not to abandon me: it is true, the lady was a few days at this linen-draper's; she lost her father and mother in her infancy. It is believed that they were foreigners: it is an undoubted matter of fact that they were assassinated in a stage-coach, with a number of their domesticks. Their retinue only proved they were persons of quality: this lady was drawn from under the body of her mother; was educated by a clergyman in the country; brought up to Paris by his sister, who died there, and left her quite destitute. A monk presented her to my uncle: I came to know her by chance; and I love and adore her. If I lose her, I lose my life: I have already told you that her parents travelled with servants of both sexes. She is a lady of quality; nobody has ever doubted it: her person, her graceful behaviour, and her amiable character, are additional proofs of it. Perhaps her extraction is superior to mine: perhaps, if it was known, I should be too much honoured with her tenderness. My mother knows all I have told you; and much more that I have not time to relate: she is ravished with her; she placed her in a convent; she consents that I should love her; she consents that I should marry her; and you deserve to be acquainted with it too. You have a soul too great to render you capable of making an ill use of the fatal accident which conceals her birth: you cannot look upon that misfortune as a crime; a misfortune, accompanied with such circumstances as I have related, ought not to deprive a lady, so lovely, of the rank to which

‘ which it plainly appears she was born; nor of the regard and respect she merits from every honest, every worthy person. Preserve, then, your esteem and friendship for her: preserve me my wife; preserve to yourself a friend worthy a place in your affections; a friend, whose innate goodness and unspotted honour will ever render her invaluable; a soul which you will make eternally yours, besides mine, whose gratitude shall know no bounds. But it is not enough not to divulge our secret: you had here a servant just now who heard all; we must gain her over to our party, and we must be expeditious.’

‘ That is what I was thinking of,’ said Miss De Fare, who interrupted him to ring the bell. ‘ Compose yourself, Sir; I shall remedy that immediately: trust all to me, and fear nothing. Your story has moved me even to tears: I have always had a very high esteem for you; but you have now given me a thousand times more. I look upon Mrs. De Valville’s conduct, on this occasion, as quite admirable and worthy of herself: I cannot tell you how much I love her for it, or how much her conduct touches me; nor shall my heart ever be outdone by hers in generosity and affection.—My dear friend,’ added she, turning to me with a look full of tenderness, ‘ wipe away your tears, and let us think of nothing but of being united by a friendship which will last as long as ourselves.’ Here she presented me her hand; I took hold of it, kissed it, and bathed it with my tears, with a supplicating air, mingled with grati-

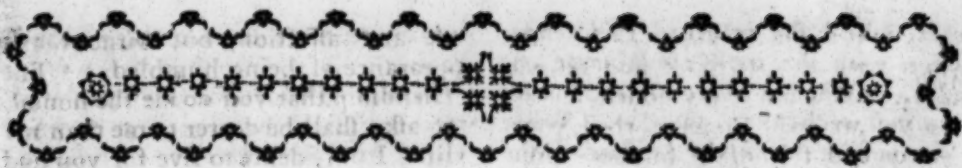
tude and affection, but without any appearance of being humbled. ‘ The friendship that you do me the honour to ask, shall be dearer to me than my life: I only desire to live for you and Valville,’ replied I, intermingled with sighs which my tenderness forced from me.

I was unable to say more; Miss De Fare wept as she embraced me; and was surprized in that posture by the servant I have mentioned, who was come to know why she had rung the bell.

‘ Come hither, Favier,’ said she, in a commanding tone; ‘ you have an affection for me; at least, I think so; but, however, you have seen what has passed between Du Tour and us. Observe what I say; I will certainly ruin you, one time or other, if ever you mention a single word of it: but, on the other hand, I promise to make your fortune, as a reward of your silence.’—‘ And I promise, on that condition,’ said Valville, ‘ she shall partake of mine.’

Favier, with blushes that she could not conceal, assured us she would hold her tongue; but it was too late, she had already disburdened herself of the secret: but it is time to break off. I must make you wait till you receive the Sixth Part, before you see the events her indiscretion occasioned. I soon began to be looked on as a person of some consequence; and people of the highest rank were brought over to oppose my happiness, and to endeavour to crush my hopes. I intended, before I had gone thus far, to have given you the history of my friend the nun; but I find I must defer it.

END OF THE FIFTH PART.



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART VI.



YOU see here, Madam, the Sixth Part of my life. Does not my being so extraordinarily expeditious a little surprize you? You have not yet, I fancy, quite read over the Fifth. How lazy is this! Come, Madam, endeavour to follow me; and read, at least, as fast as I write.

You tell me you have obliged many of your friends by giving them my adventures to read. Some, you say, were quite charmed with my reflections; and others would have been as well pleased without them. I am at present pretty much in the same disposition as the latter; and shall, perhaps, give less reason for these persons to think me tedious. My nun will not be quite so impertinent as I have been; and, you may depend upon it, I will follow her example.

But I should consider, that my charging myself with impertinence is paying but an ill compliment to those worthy persons who approve and admire my reflections; for if they have been mere idle trifling, they certainly were highly to blame to be so delighted with them, and were so far without true taste; and it may be thought that, in deference to their superior judgment, I ought to retract what I have said, and not be quite so severe upon myself. But I would not have you mistake me, Madam, when I call myself an impertinent; between you and I, it is only in jest; besides, a little complaisance for those that think me so. You do me a great deal of honour in approving my manner of writ-

ing, and desiring me to continue my reflections; and I am highly sensible of your goodness in being so lavish of your compliments on that occasion. But those who desire me to keep to a bare recital of facts, give me a great deal of pleasure: my self-love declares for you; but my laziness openly declares for them. However, I think, upon the whole, it will be a commendable piece of ambition to endeavour to please you both: I shall therefore not quite leave reflecting, though I shall do it seldomer, and endeavour to reduce these starts of fancy into as little compass as possible.

We broke off at the discourse Miss De Fare and Valville addressed to Favier; and I have told you that the precaution they took proved to no purpose. You remember Favier retired before Mrs. Du Tour left the room, and she had not disappeared above a quarter of an hour before her return; but that quarter of an hour she had employed against me. She had no sooner left my chamber, but she hastened to Mrs. De Fare's, to whom she related all she had heard. She durst not, indeed, confess that she had done so; Miss De Fare spoke to her in a tone which made her tremble, and prevented her being sincere enough to confess it. I observed that she coloured, as I have already said; and, notwithstanding my own confusion, I could not help dreading that that was the cause she left us in a manner that shewed she was very much disconcerted, and Miss De Fare began again to endeavour to console me: I held her hand, which I bathed with my tears;

tears, whilst she returned this tender action with the most affectionate caresses. 'Oh, my dearest friend! why do you weep thus?' said she. 'What can you fear? I am persuaded she will not mention a word; we have just engaged her by the most powerful motives to be silent. I have told her that her indiscretion will ruin her; that her silence will make her fortune; and, after the threatenings with which I have intimidated her, after the rewards I have promised her, can you imagine that she will dare to open her mouth to your prejudice? Is there the least appearance that she will ever betray us? Compose yourself then; give me this mark of your friendship and confidence; or shall I believe that I am the cause of your tears? Shall I think that you blush at having me a witness of what is passed; and that you suspect my having some sentiments that will humble you? Can you thus injure my friendship, which unites me to you by the strongest ties, and makes me love you dearer than ever; that makes me interest myself in your affairs; and increases my regard for you in proportion to your affliction? I must believe this is the case; and, if it be, what greater reason can I have to complain of your injustice? How injurious, how disobliging, is this to a heart like mine!'

This discourse redoubled my tenderness, and consequently my tears: I had not the power to speak; but I pressed her hand between mine, and kissed it a thousand times as an expression of my gratitude.

'Pray, my dear Marianne, forbear,' said Valville; 'somebody may come in: Mrs. De Fare herself may surprise us; and what must she think if she finds you in this condition? What reason can we give her for it? And why do you afflict yourself so? It can have no ill consequence, take my word for it,' added he, casting himself at my feet, with a more passionate air, and more affection in his looks, than, methought, I had ever discovered: whilst my regards, which I successively cast on the friend and the lover, expressed how sensible I was of their kindness, in thus endeavouring to give me the sweetest consolation; when

we heard some steps coming near the room.

It was Mrs. De Fare, who entered a moment after: her daughter and Valville placed themselves on each side me; and I had just time to wipe away my tears before she appeared; but every impression of those emotions with which I had been agitated, remained still on my countenance; there might be seen there an air of grief and consternation, which I could not remove.

'Pretend to be sick!' said Miss De Fare, hastily; 'and we will say that you were suddenly taken ill.' Scarce had she said these words before we saw her mother: I only saluted her with a bow, because of the sudden illness we had agreed I should affect; and which, indeed, was true enough. She looked at me without saluting me.

'What! is she indisposed?' said she to Valville, with an unconcerned and uncivil air. 'Yes, Madam,' returned he; 'we have had some difficulty to recover the lady from a fainting fit with which she was seized.'—'She is still extremely weak,' added Miss De Fare, who seemed much surprised at the little ceremony her mother used in speaking of me. 'But,' returned the lady, in the same unconcerned tone, without ever calling me Miss, 'if she has a mind, we will send her back to Paris.'—'I will lend her my coach,' Madam, said Valville, roughly: 'we do not want your coach; she shall return in mine, which is come for me.'—'You are in the right,' said she; 'it is equal to me.'—'What now, mother!' cried her daughter: 'I did not think she was to go so soon; I think she should stay a little longer.'—'No, Miss!' said I then, in my turn, leaning upon Valville's arm to arise; 'no; let me go; I give you a thousand thanks for your care of me: but, indeed, I had better retire, since I find I cannot stay here much longer. Let us go down, Sir; I shall be glad to take a little air till your coach is ready.'—'But, mother,' said Miss De Fare again, 'pray consider a little; should we let the lady return home alone in the coach? And, since she is absolutely resolved to leave us, should not we wait upon her? or, at least, I should have one of your maids with me to conduct her to the convent, or to

‘to Mrs. De Valville’s, who committed her to your care; or else there will be none to accompany her but my cousin; and, you know, that would not be very proper?’—‘No,’ returned her mother, smiling. ‘But,’ Mr. De Valville, added she, smiling, ‘I expect company; and, as neither my daughter nor I can go, will not one of my maids do? She may have her that dressed her: it is but a step to Paris. Will not that do, child?’ said she, turning to me.

Valville, enraged at her blunt and rude behaviour, made no answer. ‘I want nobody, Madam,’ said I, fully persuaded that the woman she offered me had told her every thing; ‘I have no need of any body.’ This I said as I was leaving the room with Valville; while Miss De Fare cast down her eyes with an air of astonishment that was not to the honour of her mother.

‘Madam,’ said Valville to Mrs. De Fare, with a tone sharp and slighting, ‘the lady shall take my coach; you have offered her yours; you need only lend it me to follow her: the condition she is in disturbs me; so that if any thing happens, I shall be near enough to give her some assistance.’

‘What need you leave us?’ said she, smiling; ‘I do not see any necessity for that, since I offer to send one of my servants with her. Perhaps she may like better to say: you know that, at five, Mrs. De Valville is to come and take her away in her coach; and as she is indisposed, and I have company, she may dine in her chamber here.’

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘the expedient is commodious enough; but I do not think it can be agreeable to her.’

‘Your seriousness is very diverting,’ returned she; ‘but, however, if there is no way to keep you, my coach is at your service.—Bourguignon,’ added she, immediately speaking to a footman, who passed by the chamber-door, ‘order them to put the horses to the coach. I think I see company coming.—Farewel, Sir! but it is very ill-natured of you to leave us.—My pretty child, your servant! you will soon recover.—Make her stay breakfast before she goes.’ On this, she took her leave of us: then, turning to Miss De Fare—‘Come, daughter,’

said she, ‘come, I want to speak to you.’

‘Presently, Madam; I am coming,’ returned she, looking upon Valville and I with a sad and melancholy countenance. ‘I do not know what to make of this behaviour; it does not at all resemble what passed last night. What can be the cause? Has that impudent wretch already told her? I can hardly believe it!’

‘You need not doubt it,’ returned Valville, who had given orders for the coach: ‘but no matter; Mrs. De Fare knows how much my mother interests herself in all that concerns this lady; and whatever she has been informed of, it cannot make her dispense with the regard and polite behaviour she ought always to preserve for her. Besides, what advantage can she propose to herself by behaving ill to a person for whom she sees both my mother and I have such a sincere respect? Might not this linen draper, whose discourse she has heard repeated to her, be mistaken, and take this lady for another? Has Miss answered her a word? Has she confirmed what has been said? It is true, she wept; but that was, perhaps, only because she feared her doing her an injury; it was surprize, or timidity: and all this is very possible in a person of her age, who sees herself accosted with so much rudeness.—It is not to you, cousin, that I have made use of this address; you know with what confidence I have delivered myself into your power: I would only say, that Mrs. De Fare ought, at least, to suspend her judgment, and not retort upon the word of her woman, who may have heard things wrong; who may have added to what she has heard; and who has only learned it from another woman; who, as I have already said, may have been deceived by a resemblance; and, even supposing she could not be deceived, it is an affair of such consequence as requires her to take some pains to clear it up, and put it beyond all doubt; and especially as there may be an infinite number of circumstances which may change considerably the face of things; as, in particular, those I have mentioned to you; and make it appear that this lady has reason to resent her treatment; but which can give

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‘her no right to treat her as she has done.’

You cannot imagine, Madam, with what spirit and concern Valville uttered this; nor with what tenderness for me he expressed all he said.

‘If Mrs. De Fare had your great mind; if she had your way of thinking, Miss,’ added he; ‘I should readily have confessed every thing to her; but I forbore to do it: it would be a confidence, you will permit me to say, which would not be fit to repose in a mind like hers. However, Miss, she loves you; you have some power over her: endeavour to prevail upon her to be silent; tell her that my mother begs it of her as a favour, and that she cannot refuse it without declaring herself our common enemy, and raising such a personal quarrel as will never be made up. In short, my dear cousin, tell her how much you are interested in our happiness; and what uneasiness she will give you if she does not keep it secret.’

‘Do not disturb yourself at all, Sir,’ returned Miss De Fare; ‘she shall be silent, I will promise you; I am going to throw myself on my knees to beg it of her; and I hope I shall not do it in vain.’ But this was expressed with such a tone as shewed she wished, rather than hoped, for success.

Whilst they were discoursing thus, I sighed, and was under the greatest consternation. ‘There is no remedy!’ cried I sometimes; ‘all is lost!’ And, indeed, who would not have thought that this event would have broke off our marriage, and have raised insuperable obstacles to it?

‘If Mrs. De Valville should surmount them all,’ said I to myself sometimes; ‘if she has resolution enough to do it; can I have the confidence to abuse her goodness, to expose her to all the blame, all the reproach, which she will draw upon herself from her whole family? Can that be any happiness to me which must terminate in being a subject of shame and repentance to her?’

This is what passed in my mind on a supposition even that Mrs. De Valville could not be overcome, and that she would inflexibly adhere to her attachment to me, notwithstanding all the ignominy with which I should be

loaded, if this adventure should become publick, as to all appearance it would.

The two coaches arrived in the court: Miss De Fare embraced me; she held me for a long time in her arms, from whence I could hardly disengage myself; and I got into Valville’s coach with the tears in my eyes; turned out, as it were, with contempt and scorn, from a house in which I had been treated the day before with the utmost respect.

The coach drove away; Valville followed me in the other: we were sometimes a-breast, and then we talked to each other; he affected a gaiety which he was far from having; and, as soon as his coach was pretty near to mine—‘Do you think still of what has passed?’ said he to me very low, and putting out his head. ‘For my part,’ added he, ‘nothing makes me uneasy, but the trouble it gives you.’—‘No, no, Sir!’ returned I; ‘you are not so indifferent as you pretend to be: you know it is an affair of consequence; and the less you are sensible of it, the more it merits my concern.’—‘We cannot continue the conversation,’ returned he; ‘but would you enter into your convent directly? Do not you think you should see my mother first?’

‘No! I had better not,’ said I: ‘you know the condition in which we left Mr. De Climal. Mrs. De Valville is now, perhaps, overwhelmed with affliction; so I think it better to go immediately to the convent.’

‘I think,’ said Valville, ‘I see my mother’s coach at a distance.’ He was not deceived; Mrs. De Valville had sent it much sooner than she had promised, to inform her son that Mr. De Climal was dead.

He received this news with a visible concern; and it affected me extremely: the last actions of his life had rendered him dear to me; and I wept very sincerely.

I then got out of Valville’s coach, to whom I left it: he sent back Mrs. De Fare’s, and I stepped into Mrs. De Valville’s, and ordered the coachman to drive me to the convent; where I arrived very much dejected, a variety of displeasing reflections revolving in my mind.

I was three days without seeing any body from Mrs. De Valville: the fourth, in the morning, a servant came to tell me

me that she had been indisposed, but that I should see her the next day; and, just as I was leaving this domestick, he drew secretly a letter out of his pocket, which Valville had ordered him to deliver to me, and which I went to read in my chamber.

'I have not told my mother the accident that happened to you at Mrs. De Fare's,' said he; 'perhaps that lady will be discreet, if it be only to oblige her daughter, who will use all her interest to prevail upon her to be so: and, with these hopes, I thought I ought to hide from my mother an adventure which she had much better be ignorant of, if possible; since the discovery would only serve to disquiet and make her uneasy. She tells me she will see you to-morrow. I have spoke to Mrs. Du Tour, and engaged her in our interest: nothing has yet been divulged; pray take care, on your side, not to mention a syllable of it to my mother.' This was pretty near the substance of his letter; which I read, shaking my head at the article which recommended me to be silent.

'I cannot be of your opinion,' said I to myself: 'it would not be generous in me to conceal any thing that concerns her to whom I am under such vast obligations; it would be a kind of treachery and deceit which Mrs. De Valville ought never to find me guilty of, as well as a breach of our mutual confidence; and I cannot resolve upon so ungrateful a piece of dissimulation; I think I ought to declare all to her, whatever it cost me.'

Though these were my thoughts, I was not, however, yet determined how to act; that unfriendly reserve Valville advised me to make use of to my dear benefactress was very contrary to my apparent duty to her; so that I remained till the next day very much disturbed, and without taking any resolution upon it. At three in the afternoon I was told Mrs. De Valville was come; and I went to her into the parlour with an emotion which sprung from several motives.

'Shall I be silent?' said I to myself, as I went. 'It is certainly the safest way, though not the most honest: I cannot help thinking it base and ungenerous. Shall I speak? Surely it is the most worthy and noble

'resolution I can take; but, at the same time, it is the most dangerous.' My case, however, was very urgent; I ought immediately to have fixed upon something. But I was in Mrs. De Valville's presence before I had come to any determination.

It is sometimes difficult to chuse between our inclinations and our duty. On the one hand, I was in danger of robbing my heart of it's dearest treasure, the affections of Valville, and all that happiness I should experience in being united to a man I loved so tenderly. I did not at all think of his riches, or of the rank to which he would raise me. When we love sincerely, our hearts are only taken up with that all-powerful passion; it absorbs every other consideration; and any thing else, however important, would not have made me hesitate a moment. My dear benefactress had a right to be informed of a thing in which she herself was so much concerned, and which might possibly be attended with many inconveniences.

'My dear,' said she, as soon as she saw me, 'I have brought you a deed of twelve hundred livres a year that belongs to you: it has all requisite forms, take my word for it; my brother has left it you. My son, who is his heir, will lose nothing by it; since he is to marry you, he will have it again: but no matter, take it; it is yours; and I had rather a great deal he should receive it from you than his uncle.' How charming was this beginning!

'Dear Madam,' cried I, with a grateful tenderness in my looks, 'what touches me the nearest in this is, your manner of treating me! How many are the obligations I am under to you! Is there any thing of equal value with the tenderness with which you honour me? You know, my dear mother, I love Mr. De Valville; but still my heart is more yours than his; my gratitude to you is dearer to me than my love!' Here I began to weep. 'Thy gratitude, my dear,' said she, 'gives me a great deal of pleasure; but I shall never desire any other from thee than such as a daughter owes to a tender mother: such is the gratitude I expect from thee. Remember it is not a stranger, but my daughter, that I love: thou wilt

'soon be perfectly so; and, I confess, I now wish it more than thou dost. I grow old; I have just lost the only brother I had left: I find I become every day more indifferent to this life; and all the happiness I propose to myself here is, to have thee near me; and, indeed, child, I cannot tell how to live without thee!'

My tears began again to flow at this moving discourse. 'In a few days I shall take thee away from hence,' added she; 'for I have already provided a place for thee in another convent. Are you satisfied with Mrs. De Fare? I have not seen her since you were at my brother's: she came to visit me yesterday; but I was indisposed, and saw no company. Was there any thing more said upon thy marriage with Valville?'

'No, mamma; there was very little said of it,' returned I, confused and penetrated with so many marks of her tenderness; 'and I cannot presume to hope they will speak of it any more in such an agreeable manner as they have done.'—'How! what do you mean?' replied she. 'Why do you talk so? Do you suspect my coachman's discretion? It was not in his power, child, to betray us!—'Has Mr. De Valville then told you nothing, Madam?' returned I. 'No!' said she; 'what has happened, pray?—'All my hopes are lost! I am undone, Madam! Mrs. De Fare knows who I am!' replied I. 'Hah! who told her?' cried she. 'How did she come to know it?'—'By the most unhappy accident in the world!' returned I. 'The linen-draper, with whom I was some days, unfortunately came thither to offer some goods to sale; and there she found me.'—'I am very sorry for it,' said she; 'nothing could have happened worse! But did she know thee? Pray, child, make haste to tell me what passed!'—'O yes! she knew me immediately,' returned I; 'she embraced me with that familiarity which she thought she had a title to; appeared surprized to see me so well dressed; called me nothing but Marianne; and, when she was told that she was mistaken, and took me for another person, she insisted upon the contrary; and, to support what she said, mentioned a great many circumstances which must en-

tirely discourage you; hinder you from concluding our marriage, and deprive me of the happiness of having you, indeed, for my mother! This happened in my room; Miss De Fare was present; she, indeed, has a mind perfectly great and generous; and to her Mr. De Valville related every thing: she has shewn me neither less respect nor friendship; on the contrary, she has promised to keep it an eternal secret, and neglected nothing in order to console me. But I am born to be so unhappy, Madam, that her generosity can be of no service to me.'—'Is that all? Do not afflict yourself so,' interrupted she: 'if it is only known to Miss De Fare, I am easy, and all is well; we may safely confide in her; and you were to blame to say Mrs. De Fare knows it. I dare say her daughter will never mention it to her; and she is the only woman I should have been afraid of.'—'But, alas! mamma,' returned I, 'Mrs. De Fare does know it; her woman was in the room, and heard all that the linen-draper said, and has repeated every thing to her; and what persuades us to believe so, is, that that lady, who came into the room presently after, did not treat me with such respect as she had done the day before; her behaviour was quite changed. Dear Madam, I am obliged to confess this to you; I could not be so perfidious as to hide it. You have been so kind as to say that I am the daughter of one of your most intimate friends in the country: but you can no longer make use of that expedient; Mrs. De Fare knows that I am only a poor orphan; or, at least, that I do not know who brought me into the world; and that it was out of mere charity that Mr. De Climal placed me with Mrs. Du Tour. This is what you must regulate your designs by, and what I thought my duty to inform you of. Mr. De Valville has not told you of it; but the reason is, because he loves me, and fears that this will make you withdraw your consent to our nuptials. You must pardon him; he is your son; and this is a liberty that he has a greater right to take with you, because nobody is so nearly concerned in this adventure as himself: he would suffer most, indeed, as he would

‘ would be my husband; but I, who
 ‘ would reap all the advantages of it,
 ‘ ought not to be prevailed upon to
 ‘ obtain it by any means which will be
 ‘ prejudicial to you. I, whom you have
 ‘ loaded with benefits, and who owe
 ‘ the title of your daughter to the
 ‘ boundless goodness and generosity of
 ‘ your heart, have not the same privi-
 ‘ leges as Mr. De Valville; I imagine
 ‘ it would be unpardonable in me to
 ‘ use any deceit with you, and to con-
 ‘ ceal from you a circumstance which,
 ‘ to all appearance, will dissuade you
 ‘ from the resolution of marrying us:
 ‘ a happiness too great for me rea-
 ‘ sonably to expect.

Mrs. De Valville, while I spokethus, looked upon me with an eager attention, into the motives of which I could not penetrate: she seemed as if lost in thought; and, by the air with which she fixed her eyes on me, she seemed rather to examine than listen to me. I resumed.

‘ You were desirous of taking such
 ‘ measures as would have prevented
 ‘ my being known; but now those pre-
 ‘ cautions are useless. Probably Mrs.
 ‘ De Fare will tell every thing, in spite
 ‘ of all that her daughter can say to
 ‘ conjure her to forbear. See, dear
 ‘ Madam, what would be the case of
 ‘ your daughter-in-law if I should
 ‘ marry Valville! I shall never be com-
 ‘ forted for the loss of that happiness
 ‘ you have so much reason to deprive
 ‘ me of; but I should find less com-
 ‘ fort still were I able to deceive you.’

Mrs. De Valville was some moments without answering me; she appeared more thoughtful than sad: at last, after a sigh, she said—‘ My dear child, you
 ‘ both afflict and charm me; I must
 ‘ confess that thy ill-fortune is very
 ‘ obstinate. Is there no way to engage
 ‘ Mrs. Du Tour to say she was mis-
 ‘ taken, without my appearing in it?
 ‘ Pray tell me what answer you made
 ‘ her?’—‘ None at all, Madam,’ re-
 ‘ turned I; ‘ I was unable to speak; my
 ‘ tears stopped my voice; while Miss
 ‘ De Fare continued telling her that
 ‘ she did not know me.’—‘ Poor child!’
 ‘ returned Mrs. De Valville; ‘ no, no! I
 ‘ knew nothing of all this; my son
 ‘ would have been far from informing
 ‘ me of it: and, as you say, he is very
 ‘ excusable; and, perhaps, he has even
 ‘ desired you not to mention it to me?’

—‘ Yes, Madam,’ returned I; ‘ he
 ‘ loves me, you know; and that is his
 ‘ excuse: it was but yesterday that he
 ‘ desired me to be silent.’—‘ How, yes-
 ‘ terday!’ cried she; ‘ did he come to
 ‘ see you then?’—‘ No, Madam,’ re-
 ‘ turned I; ‘ but he wrote to me: I beg
 ‘ you would not let him know that I
 ‘ told you of it. The footman you
 ‘ sent yesterday brought me this short
 ‘ letter from him:’ and I immediately
 ‘ gave it her; and she read it.

‘ I cannot blame my son,’ said she,
 ‘ after she had read it: ‘ but thou art a
 ‘ surprizing girl; and he has reason to
 ‘ love thee. Here,’ added she, giving
 ‘ me the letter; ‘ if men were wise enough
 ‘ to value persons according to their
 ‘ real worth, there would not be one
 ‘ who would not envy his conquest:
 ‘ our pride makes us pique ourselves
 ‘ upon what is little and despicable in
 ‘ comparison of what thou dost now.
 ‘ Thou wast never more worthy of the
 ‘ consent I have given to Valville’s
 ‘ love; and I cannot recal it—my dear,
 ‘ I can never recal it: whatever it cost
 ‘ me, I am resolved to keep my word.
 ‘ I will have thee live with me; thou
 ‘ shalt be my comfort and the happi-
 ‘ ness of my declining life: thou hast
 ‘ given me a distaste to all other girls
 ‘ which can be offered him; none but
 ‘ thee can be tolerable to me. Leave
 ‘ the management of every thing to me.
 ‘ If Mrs. De Fare, who, indeed, is one
 ‘ of the most weak and silly women I
 ‘ ever knew; if she, I say, has divulged
 ‘ nothing yet, which is hardly to be
 ‘ believed in a person of her character;
 ‘ I will write to her to-night in such a
 ‘ manner as shall engage her to be
 ‘ silent: however, as she is only very
 ‘ weak, not ill-natured, I will pay her
 ‘ a visit, and relate your whole history
 ‘ to her. She is of an inquisitive dis-
 ‘ position; she loves to be made a con-
 ‘ fidante: I will make her ours; and
 ‘ so much oblige her by it, that she
 ‘ will be the first to commend my at-
 ‘ tachment to thee; and will conceive
 ‘ as high an opinion of thy extraction
 ‘ as I do. And, supposing she has al-
 ‘ ready been indiscreet, you have no
 ‘ reason to make yourself uneasy about
 ‘ it; we may think of an expedient to
 ‘ remedy it: I need only shelter myself
 ‘ from publick censure, and give them
 ‘ no apparent reason to cast the blame
 ‘ upon me. Valville is young, and
 ‘ much

' much in love; and thou art extremely amiable, and capable of captivating the hearts of the most wise and prudent: if, then, my son marries thee, and the world can be convinced it was against my consent, he alone will be blamed; and his youth, and your beauty, will plead his excuse. It is pretty well known I am good-natured: I shall not fail to appear very angry; but, at last, I shall be reconciled, and forgive all. You know what I mean, Marianne,' added she, smiling.

So much goodness deprived me of the power of answering her in any other language but that of extasy: I seized her hand, with which she happened to be holding one of the bars of the grate. I wept for joy: transported with gratitude and tenderness, I seemed besides myself. 'My dear, my kind, and indulgent mother,' cried I, 'how ravishing, how transporting, is this instance of your affection! O why have I but one heart! Is it possible that there is a mind on earth so generous, so disinterested?'

These raptures, though without the least connection, better expressed the undescribable transport of my mind that was overflowing with the warmest, the delightfulest sensations, than the most pathetick eloquence; and which my dear benefactress returned, with a look lively and penetrating; and, with an engaging smile—'My dear Marianne,' said she, 'could you think that that laudable sincerity which makes you so very charming, could prejudice you in the opinion of a mother like me? Come, my dear, calm your transports.'—'Dear Madam,' returned I, as soon as I was a little more calm, 'is it possible, without knowing you, to form an idea of such goodness, such generous sentiments, as yours? If I was not accustomed to such surprizing marks of your regard for me, I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses.'—'Come, come, child; enough,' said she; 'take care of this parchment, here:' (this was the deed she had been speaking of) 'thou knowest not that, according to the date of this donation, the first quarter is due, and that I have brought it with me. Here it is,' added she, pulling a purse of louis d'ors out of her pocket,

et, which she forced me to take, though I refused it, and insisted upon her keeping it for me. 'It will be much safer in your hands than in mine,' said I: 'what should I do with it? Do you let me want any thing? Have I not every thing in abundance? I have yet the money by me which you gave me yourself, as well as that I received on the death of the lady who brought me up.'—'Pray, take it, however,' returned she; 'it is your own; and it is time you should be used to have money.'

We then heard the parlour-door open; on which I put the purse in my pocket; and immediately after entered the abbess of the convent. 'I heard you were here,' said she to Mrs. De Valville, with a whining tone, (for I had told her of Mr. De Climal's death;) 'and I am come to have the honour of your company a moment: I intended to have sent to your house this afternoon, as I told Miss.' In fine, they had a short, but very serious conversation; which concluded, Mrs. De Valville arose—'It will be some time before I see you again, Marianne,' said she; 'farewell!' Then, saluting the abbess, she left me, with a mind serene, and full of the highest satisfaction. What had I to fear? By what means could my happiness be wrested from me? Could there be a greater disaster than that I had just suffered, and from which I was come off victorious? No, certainly; for since Mrs. De Valville's kindness to me, had been proof against the most powerful motives that were possible to cool her affection, and make her averse to our marriage, methought I could defy my adverse stars to hurt me. Her goodness had exhausted the source of all my troubles, and nothing could disappoint my joy, but the death of my mother, her son, or myself. I swam in delight; and said to myself—'All my disasters are finished!' Methought that, as my first misfortunes were excessive, my happiness began in the same manner. 'I have not lost,' said I, 'perhaps, more happiness than I now recover: the mother, to whom I owe my life, would not have appeared more tender than that mother who has adopted me her daughter, nor would have left me a greater name than that I shall now receive.'

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Mrs. De Valville kept her word; ten or twelve days passed without my seeing her; but she sent almost every day to the convent; and I received two or three letters from Valville, who had his mother's consent to write to me. It would be needless to repeat them all to you; besides, some of them were so long that you might think them tedious. Here follows only what I can remember of the first.

‘YOU have betrayed me, dear Miss, to my mother; but I will punish you for it; for, instead of one or two letters, which I might, perhaps, have wrote to you, you may expect to receive a great many: in short, as many as I please. I desired you to mention neither the impertinence of Mrs. Du Tour, nor the ridiculous behaviour of Mrs. De Fare; but you were resolved to take no notice of my entreaties. You have a little stubborn heart, that is resolved to outdo me in frankness and generosity; but do you think you have injured me? Not at all: for, though I have not a heart so noble as yours, yet my mother is resolved to appear not less disinterested and generous; so, if I may claim any honour from her virtues, things are pretty equal between us. But stay till we are married; and then we shall find whether you have a greater mind than I: mean time, give me leave to boast, that I outdo you in tenderness. “Valville,” said my mother to me, “my daughter’s behaviour is incomparable; you recommended her to be secret, which I do not blame you for at all; but she has concealed nothing from me: I am charmed with her open and unreserved confidence, and love her a thousand times, if possible, better than ever I did. Confess, my son, she quite outdoes you.”

The rest of the letter was filled up with tender endearments; but this is all I remember of it. But to proceed. Ten or twelve days had passed since I heard from Mrs. De Valville; when, about ten in the morning, I was told that a relation of my mamma’s enquired for me, and was waiting in the parlour. As they had not told me whether she was old or young, I imagined it was Miss De Fare, who, ex-

cepting her mother, was the only relation of Mrs. De Valville’s that I knew; and I went down, fully persuaded it could be none but her: but I was quite mistaken; instead of her, I saw a tall, meagre, spare woman; her aspect was long and disagreeable, which rendered her mien cold and forbidding; her arms were long and flat, to which hung two lean and shrivelled hands, with fingers of an extraordinary length. I started at the sight of this apparition; imagined they had been mistaken, and thought it was another Marianne she wanted; for it was by the name of Marianne only that she enquired for me. ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘I do not remember that I ever had the honour to know you; and it is probable it is not me that you asked for.’—‘You must excuse me,’ replied she; ‘but, to be more certain, I tell you, that the Marianne I want is a young orphan girl, who, they say, knows neither her relations nor her family; she was some days apprentice to a linen-draper, called Mrs. Du Tour; and, a few days ago, was carried by Mrs. De Fare to her country-house: she is Mrs. De Valville’s pensioner. Are not you she?’—‘Yes, Madam,’ returned I: ‘whatever is your intention in asking for me, I readily acknowledge that I am the person you describe, and have too much honour and sincerity ever to deny it.’—‘Well said,’ replied she; ‘you are very pretty: but, let me tell you, you carry your ambition a little too high. Farewel, my girl! this is all I wanted to know.’ And then, without any farther compliment, she opened the parlour-door to go out.

Astonished at this singular behaviour, I stood at first immovable; and then, recollecting myself, I called her back. ‘Madam,’ cried I, ‘what do you mean by this visit? Are you a relation of Mrs. De Valville, as you said?’—‘Yes, my jewel,’ said she; ‘a near relation; and one that has a little more sense than she!’—‘I do not know your designs, Madam,’ replied I; ‘but it would be very ungenerous to come here to surprize and circumvent me!’ To this she made no answer, but went down.

‘What can this mean?’ cried I to myself. ‘What can be the intention of a visit so extraordinary? Is there some

‘some new storm gathering over me? Well, I cannot help it: there is something so mysterious in this, that I cannot penetrate it!’ On this, I returned to my chamber, in order to inform Mrs. De Valville of this new and unexpected accident; not that I thought there could be any crime in concealing it from her; for of what ill consequences could it be? I saw none: but, however indifferent it appeared to me, I should have reproached myself, if I had not made her my confidante. In short, I wrote to my benefactress immediately, and acquainted her with every particular; and the same day received an answer. ‘By the description of the lady you mentioned,’ returned she, in a short letter, ‘I guess who you mean; and to-morrow, in the afternoon, I will call to see you, and tell you who it is: make yourself easy.’ And, indeed, I was so; but this tranquillity was soon interrupted; and the calm and placid disposition of my mind changed into the most piercing grief and tormenting anxiety.

Between ten and eleven the next morning, a lay-sister entered my room; she was sent by the abbess to tell me that one of Mrs. De Valville’s maids was come to take me away in a coach, and that I must make haste to dress me: as nothing could be more positive, I instantly obeyed; and, in a short time, was ready, and went down stairs.

The maid, above-mentioned, was walking in the court, and appeared at the door as soon as it was opened to me. She was a woman of an agreeable appearance, pretty well dressed, with a behaviour suitable to her condition, and extremely ceremonious. I did not think I had the least reason to distrust her being Mrs. De Valville’s maid; I saw the coach she came in, which I thought was my mamma’s: it was, indeed, a little different from that I had always seen; but it was very natural to imagine she had more than one. ‘Madam,’ said the maid, after a dozen curtsies, ‘I am come to fetch you, for Mrs. De Valville waits for you.’—‘Is she going to dine abroad,’ said I, ‘and has a mind to take me with her? It is very early.’—‘No, Madam; it is not to go any where, I believe: I—I—I fancy, Madam, it is only to spend the day with you,

‘Madam,’ replied she, after hesitating a little, like a person that knew not what to answer; but that embarrassment was so short, that I did not take much notice of it, till it was too late. ‘Come, mistress,’ said I, ‘let us go;’ and stepped directly into the coach: I then observed that the coachman was a stranger to me, and that there was no footman.

The maid first placed herself opposite to me; but we were scarcely out of the court before she said—‘I cannot ride easy this way; you will give me leave to sit with you.’ I did not answer a word, though I thought her behaviour was instantly become very familiar. ‘Why,’ thought I, ‘does this woman take this liberty with me, who appear to be so much above her, and whom she ought to regard as her mistress’s friend? I am persuaded that this would not be agreeable to Mrs. De Valville.’ After this reflection, there arose in my mind another; I observed the coachman had not the same livery as my mother’s: then entered my mind the surprizing visit that had been made me by the relation of Mrs. De Valville. These considerations were attended with some inquietude.

‘What coachman is this?’ said I; ‘I never saw him at your mistress’s.’—‘It is not hers,’ returned she; ‘he belongs to a lady who is come to see her, that lent her her coach to fetch you from the convent.’ All this while we were driving on at a great rate; but I observed, I did not see the street in which Mrs. De Valville lived, which I knew very well. My inquietude augmented extremely, and my heart began to be in a painful palpitation; but yet I concealed my trouble, and accused myself of a ridiculous distrust. ‘Shall we be soon there?’ said I. ‘What way is the coachman carrying us?’—‘The shortest way,’ ‘Madam,’ said she; ‘we shall be at home in a minute.’ I looked every way, but in vain; I could see nothing of the street in which my dear benefactress lived: and, while I was in this consternation, the coach suddenly entered a large gate which belonged to a convent. ‘Oh!’ cried I, terribly alarmed, ‘where have you brought me? Mrs. De Valville does not live here! You have deceived me.’ And immediately

mediately I heard the gate shut upon me, and the coach stopped in the middle of the court. My conductress said not a word; I changed colour; and doubted no longer that I had been deceived and imposed upon. 'You wretch!' cried I to the woman, 'where am I? What is your design?'—'No noise!' returned she: 'you will not be hurt; I shall leave you in a good place, you see. You are here by virtue of a superior authority; and might have been brought away in a manner that would have made more noise; but it was thought proper to do it more privately, and I was sent to deceive you, as I have done.'

While she spoke thus, they opened the door of the cloister, and I saw two or three nuns, who, with a smiling and friendly air, waited for my coming out of the coach to conduct me into the convent. 'Come, my dear, come,' cried they; 'do not disturb yourself: you will not be sorry for being amongst us.' One of the lay-sisters came to the coach, where, with my head hanging down, I was shedding a torrent of tears. 'Come, Miss, will not you step down?' said she, presenting me her hand. 'Pray, help the lady,' added she to the woman who brought me thither. On which I got down: my grief almost deprived me of life; they were obliged to support me; and immediately delivered me into the hands of the nuns, pale, stunned, and weak, who conducted me to a neat room, where they placed me in an easy chair that stood by the table. There I remained silent, bathed in tears, and in a state of weakness and inactivity nearly resembling a swoon: my eyes were closed; and those young ladies spoke to me, exhorted me to take courage, and not to abandon myself to a fruitless grief; to which I was unable to make any answer but that of sighs and groans.

At last, I lifted up my head, and cast upon them an eager and distracted look: when one of the nuns, taking hold of my hand, and pressing it between hers—'Come, Miss, endeavour to recover yourself,' said she; 'do not suffer yourself to be alarmed with imaginary evils. Is it so great a misfortune to be brought hither, where every thing will conspire to make you easy and happy? We do

not know the subject of your afflictions; but, whatever it is, it can give no sufficient cause for you thus to depress your mind, and sink under such immoderate, such extravagant sorrow: you are not brought here to be deprived of life, but to live in a house where you will find more sweet repose and consolation than you can imagine, and where every thing will conspire to make life desirable. You will, perhaps, one day thank the Supreme Disposer of all things for what now appears so dreadful, so insupportable, to you. Come, endeavour to be patient, to be easy and calm. Are you not a Christian? Why, then, my dear daughter, do you carry your grief to despair? O Heavens! can any thing happen to us here below that will excuse our offending our Creator, and make us, without guilt, censure his superintending care? Why so many groans, so many tears? You may be sure nobody has any intention against you, that you ought to be afraid of. We were told a thousand advantageous things of you before we saw you: you were represented to be a lady of the best sense; let your conduct now shew that what they said of you was true. Your countenance shews that you have a mild and gentle disposition; and I assure you we are so prepossessed in your favour, that there is not one of us but loves you already: we all remarked to each other, that the sight of you inspired us with friendship; and, if the lady abbess had not been indisposed, and in bed, she herself would have received you, for she is in the utmost impatience to see you. Do not, then, disappoint the good opinion that you have taught us to form of you: we are entirely innocent of your affliction; we only were desired to receive you; and we do it with hearts sensible of your charms, and full of a tender concern for your uneasiness.'

'Madam,' returned I, with a sigh, 'I do not accuse you with any thing; I return you—and these ladies—a thousand thanks for the obliging thoughts you entertain of me.' These few words were pronounced in a most plaintive and tender air. In our grief, the moving accents that flow

from us are peculiarly affecting, and their force almost irresistible. The nuns interested themselves in my concern, and all of them wept.

They then proposed my going to dinner; and insisted upon my eating something. I excused myself. 'It is unnecessary,' said I; 'I thank you, but I cannot eat.' However, it was presently determined that I should, at least, taste a little soup, which was brought me, with a light dinner, and a handsome dessert of fruit. I at first refused to touch it; but the nuns were so pressing, and their entreaties and behaviour so very obliging, that I could not, at last, avoid eating a little soup, and tasting the rest of the provisions, though I complied with some reluctance, and after a great many refusals.

At last they left me; and I grew a little more calm, though I saw no reason for consolation. The source of our tears is not inexhaustible: I had received a little nourishment; was affectionately caressed; and the dreadful consternation and despair to which I had just abandoned myself, insensibly abated; and my grief gave place to a melancholy sadness; my tears were stopped, and I fell into a deep and painful musing. 'From whence comes this sudden and unexpected misfortune?' said I to myself. 'What will my dear benefactress think of it? What will she do to find me again? Is not that ill-looking relation, that came to see me in the convent, the cause of every thing? But what methods have they taken to ruin me! What can be their design? Will my dear mamma succour me? And, supposing this, yet how will she be able to discover where I am? Will not Valville, my dear Valville! be prevailed upon to lose me for ever? Will not they bring him over to their party, and draw him in to consent to abandon me? Has not Mrs. De Valville consented to it? or will not she yield to the force of their reasons, and be prevailed upon to desert me, and withdraw her generous protection? They will never see me more: persons of the greatest authority intermeddle with my affairs; my history will become public. Oh! there will be no more a

Valville for me; perhaps, no more a mother!

Thus did I entertain myself with my own melancholy ideas. The bell had called all the nuns who received me to the choir; and only one of the lay-sisters staid to keep me company; and was saying her chaplet, while I was making these painful reflections, which I sometimes softened with more sweet and comfortable thoughts. 'Can my mamma,' said I, 'who loves me so affectionately; whose heart is so tender and generous; who has hitherto been so immovable, and has given me so many instances of her firmness and intrepidity; is it possible she can ever change? What did she not say to encourage me the last time she saw me? "I must finish my days with thee: I cannot live without thee, my child." And then Valville has a mind so sincere, so noble, so tender! Alas! to what distress am I exposed! What will this end in?'

These ideas passed successively in my mind, and were accompanied with the most deep and bitter sighs; while the lay-sister went on with her chaplet, sometimes shrugging up her shoulders, with an air expressive of pity and compassion; and sometimes interrupting her prayers to put up an ejaculation for me. 'Lord help us!' cried she. 'God give you the comfort you want!—Do thou, blessed God, dissipate her anxiety, and dispel every care from her mind!'

The nuns returned. 'Well, how do you do, my dear?' said one of them, addressing herself to me. 'Are you more composed and easy? Come, you have not seen our garden, which is a very fine one: the abbess desired us to shew it you; will you take a turn, Miss? Walking will divert and recreate your mind; we have the finest walks that can be imagined: then we will go and see the abbess, who is just up.'—As you please, ladies,' returned I; and then followed them. We walked about three quarters of an hour, after which we went to the abbess's apartment: but those nuns staid hardly a minute with me; they slipped out, one after another, till there were none left but the abbess and I.

This lady was of a great family, and seemed to have been a very agreeable woman.

woman. I never saw so much serenity and cheerfulness, mixed with an air of gravity and solemnity: and though she was in years, one did not readily observe it; for her countenance was one of those that appear rather ancient than old; one would think that time spares them; that their years do not lie heavy upon them, but slide away, and leave none but soft and slight wrinkles on their brows. She had an air of dignity, and a kind of monastick reserve; was tall, and remarkably neat: and, to form a just idea of her, you must imagine a person that appears with such a singular plainness and simplicity, as seems expressive of the disposition of her heart; and is a kind of image of it's purity, peace, satisfaction, and the sagacity of her thoughts.

As soon as I was alone with this lady, she desired me to sit down; and I took a chair—'They were much in the right,' added she, smiling, 'who told me, that at first sight you prejudice every body in your favour; and there is the greatest reason to believe that, with so much sweetness, you have a mind perfectly reasonable and considerate. All my nuns are charmed with you. Pray, how do you like being here?'—'I should like it very well, Madam,' replied I, 'had I been brought here without compulsion, and by my own choice; but I cannot help being astonished at such a surprising and unexpected proceeding, and being very uneasy to know the reason of it.'—'But do not you guess the reason?' returned she. 'Do not you suspect the cause?'—'No, Madam,' cried I; 'I have never injured any body.'—'Well, I will then inform you why it was done,' replied she; 'or, at least, what they told me was the cause, and what I am charged to let you know. There is a certain gentleman of fortune, that is, of one of the most considerable families, who is desirous of marrying you; all his relations are alarmed at it; and, in order to prevent it, they have thought proper to remove you from his sight; not because you want virtue and prudence; for in this they do you justice, and it is not on this account they oppose you: the only thing alledged against you, is your unknown extraction; every particular whereof is but too well known to you. Con-

sider, dear daughter, that you have a set of powerful relations, who will never suffer a marriage like this. Was merit a sufficient qualification, you would have reason to hope that you would be more agreeable to them than any other: but the world is not contented with that; however worthy you are of a general esteem, it would not prevent their being less ashamed at seeing you enter into their alliance; your good qualities would not render your husband at all more excusable; they would never forgive his taking a wife like you; and he would be, in the esteem of the publick, entirely ruined. I must confess, that it is a sad thing that the world should think thus; but, if we consider, we shall find they are not so much to blame as we may at first imagine. The difference of conditions is a most necessary thing in life, and absolutely requisite to keep up that harmonious irregularity which springs from the various dependences of mankind upon each other; and it could no longer subsist, all order would cease, if such unequal, and, without exaggeration, I may say, such monstrous marriages as yours, child, were tolerated; for, between you and I, let me remind you, in order to help you to hear reason, that you ought to reflect a little on the situation in which Providence has permitted you to be placed; and how very contemptible are your circumstances; and, at the same time, consider who it is that proposes to marry you; and then, pray, put yourself in their place: these reflections are all I desire of you.'

'Ah, Madam! I beg you would spare me here,' returned I, in that free and resolute tone we sometimes use when under the most violent grief: 'I assure you it is a subject on which I have no more reflections to make; no new humiliations to undergo. I know too well what I am: I have made no secret of my misfortunes; I have mentioned them to every one who has known me. I told my history to Mr. De Valville, who is the gentleman you speak of; I told it to my dear benefactress his mother; I have represented to her the various miseries of my life, in the strongest and most lively colours; and in a way most proper to discourage her: I have

drawn before her the most dreadful picture of my circumstances; and have not, Madam, left the least particular of it unmentioned. The disaster after that happened to me from my very cradle, which was the fatal cause of my being now destitute of every relation, and unknown to my family; the compassion with which I inspired the hearts of some strangers, on a road where both my father and mother lay murdered before them; the charity and compassion that excited them to take me with them; the education that was given me by two pious persons, and the indigence and distress to which I was reduced at their death; the succour, or, if you will, the alms, I received from a gentleman who is dead too; for it is thus I have represented it, the better to describe my indigence, and make Mr. De Valville ashamed of his passion. What could they have desired more? I have not spared myself. I have, perhaps, said more than was strictly true, for fear they should think too favourably of me. There is not, perhaps, a person upon earth who would have had the cruelty to treat me so ill as I have done myself; and, after all I have so frankly acknowledged, it is not for me to search into the reasons why Mrs. De Valville and her son did not abandon me; it is sufficient to say that, so far from deceiving them, I have endeavoured to set myself in a light more mean and distressed than can be imagined; consequently nothing can be objected to me on that point, since I never could be degraded lower; and repetitions of the same things could only serve to make a girl, so unhappy, so afflicted, and so much to be pitied, sink under the excess of her grief. You, Madam, who are an abbess, and therefore make the strictest profession of religion, can only look upon me with humanity and compassion; and surely should refuse to join in the persecution I undergo from persons that impute to me, as a crime, a love of which it is not my fault if I have not cured Mr. De Valville. If men are puffed up with pride, it is not for a lady of your charitable and pious disposition to soothe and flatter their vanity; and if I have great merit, as you are pleased to

say, (which I am neither bold nor conceited enough to believe) you must think I want no accomplishment. Mr. De Valville, who is a gentleman that knows the world, desires no more. His mother, a lady universally loved and esteemed, who has a rank to keep up as well as those who would injure me, and who is no more fond of disgrace than they, is not ashamed to love me; nor less difficult to be pleased than her son; the mother and the son think both alike: ought I, then, to oppose them? ought I to refuse what they offer me, especially when I have given them my heart? and when it is neither their wealth nor their superior stations, but only their tenderness, I value, which is infinitely dearer to me than every thing else. Besides, are they not their own masters? Do not they know what they do? Am not I sensible that they do me too much honour? I can be taught nothing on that point, Madam; therefore let us mention it no more. Be only so kind as to tell me now, who are the persons that brought me hither; what they mean by this extraordinary step; and what pretence they have for treating me to-day with so much violence?

My dear child, returned the abbess, with a look of friendship and concern, was I in Mrs. De Valville's place, I believe I should think as she does. I even approve of your reasons; but do not mention that I say so. Upon this I took her hand and kissed it. She seemed, methought, to be pleased and touched with this sudden emotion; and, after a moment's pause, resumed—I have been very far from having any intention to increase your uneasiness; I have only spoken thus because I was desired to do it before you came hither. I did not imagine you to be what you are; you are far superior to the ideas I before had formed of you: I expected to find you had beauty, and, perhaps, some wit; but I did not think of finding either the solidity of judgment, the charms, and much less the character, which I begin to conceive an opinion of. You are worthy of Mrs. De Valville's tenderness; and her complaisance for the sentiments of her son is, indeed, truly noble. I do not know that lady; but her conduct

' duct towards you gives me a high
 ' opinion of her; for she cannot but
 ' be a lady of the greatest merit. I
 ' beg you would not mention what I
 ' tell you. I must repeat this request,'
 added she, seeing me weep out of gra-
 ' titude; ' but let me proceed to the rest.
 ' You are brought here by virtue of a
 ' superior authority; and what I am
 ' charged to propose to you is, to de-
 ' termine either to stay in our house;
 ' that is, to take the veil; or to consent
 ' to another marriage. I confess that
 ' I sincerely wish the first may be agree-
 ' able to you: I wish it as much for
 ' your sake as my own; for mine, be-
 ' cause the receiving a person like you
 ' would give me a great deal of plea-
 ' sure; for yours, because you are
 ' lovely; and, in this world, such beau-
 ' ty as yours always exposes a person,
 ' though perfectly virtuous, in propor-
 ' tion as it is dangerous to the repose
 ' of others. But here you would dwell
 ' in perfect security; happy yourself,
 ' and without any danger of interrupt-
 ' ing the felicity of any man. What
 ' greater advantage can you ever derive
 ' from your charms, than to consecrate
 ' them to Him who gave them you;
 ' from whom you will never meet with
 ' that infidelity and contempt which
 ' you have reason to fear from men,
 ' and even from your husband himself?
 ' Beauty is often the cause of the cruel-
 ' lest misfortunes, the greatest cala-
 ' mities, that attend human nature; and
 ' even the destruction of soul and bo-
 ' dy. You think, perhaps, I talk like
 ' a nun, and that I am going to preach
 ' to you: very far from it; what I say,
 ' is only the voice of reason, the lan-
 ' guage of truth, and which the daily
 ' experience of mankind in all ages
 ' will justify. But this I only say out
 ' of my zeal for your happiness. These
 ' are the two things I have promised to
 ' propose to you; and to-night they will
 ' come to know your answer. Consult
 ' with yourself, my dear child; think
 ' what answer I must make for you:
 ' for they desire you would explain
 ' yourself on each of these points, on
 ' pain of being removed to-morrow
 ' morning far from Paris. Tell me,
 ' then, will you be a nun? or had you
 ' rather be married?'

' Alas, mother, I can consent to
 ' neither!' replied I. ' I am not in a
 ' state in which it can be my duty to

' consecrate myself to the service of
 ' Heaven, in the manner they propose;
 ' nor can you yourself advise me to of-
 ' fer a heart full of tenderness, full of
 ' the softest passions for a human ob-
 ' ject, to the perpetual contemplation
 ' of the Deity alone: it now entertains
 ' no views, but such as are innocent
 ' and lawful; but they would cease to
 ' be so as soon as I had taken the veil.
 ' Heaven preserve me from entering into
 ' such engagements as will be impos-
 ' sible for me ever to fulfil! As I am
 ' not happy enough to be able to give
 ' my consent to it with a pure con-
 ' science, so I am not desperate enough
 ' to think, without horror, of delibe-
 ' rately offending my Almighty Friend,
 ' by such an audacious piece of mock-
 ' ery, such an abominable mixture of
 ' impiety and presumption. As for
 ' the marriage they propose, the same
 ' reasons, I am persuaded, will hold
 ' good, and ever influence me so far as
 ' not to permit me to consent to it:
 ' however, let them give me time to
 ' consider of it.'—' They will give
 ' you none,' interrupted the abbess:
 ' this is an affair they are resolved to
 ' conclude with the utmost haste; you
 ' must either consent to be married in a
 ' very few days, or submit to leave
 ' Paris, and be carried I do not know
 ' whither. And I would advise you
 ' to promise to marry the man they
 ' propose to you, on condition they will
 ' permit you to see him first, that you
 ' may have an opportunity of being
 ' satisfied how you like him; and of
 ' being informed what it is natural you
 ' should desire to know of his extrac-
 ' tion, circumstances, and character;
 ' and that you be granted the privilege
 ' of speaking with those who would
 ' persuade you to accept of him for your
 ' husband. These are things which I
 ' think they cannot refuse you, how-
 ' ever desirous they are of dispatching
 ' the affair. By this means you will
 ' gain time; and who knows what may
 ' happen during that interval?'—' You
 ' are in the right,' Madam, I return-
 ' ed with a deep sigh; ' but, alas! this
 ' is a very small resource; however, I
 ' consent, provided they grant what
 ' you have just mentioned: perhaps
 ' some favourable event may unravel
 ' their design, and deliver me from the
 ' persecutions I suffer.'

Here a nun entered, and told the ab-
 bess

ness that she was expected in the parlour. 'May be it is on your account, daughter,' said she; 'I suspect it is your answer they are come for: but let it be what it will, I shall soon return. Pray, my dear, believe I am very much your friend; and I hope you do not doubt it.' On this she left me, and I returned into the room where I had dined; which I entered with my heart dejected and oppressed with grief. Nobody, I am sure, could have known me again: my mind was disordered, and I was almost ready to sink under the discouraging prospect that lay before me. I was very near an hour in this state of mind, when I heard my door open. They came in: I looked to see who it was, or rather stared; and, stupid with pondering on my misery, I remained silent. They spoke; but I heard them not. 'What! what would you have?' was all they could draw from me: at last, they repeated so often that the abbess wanted me, that I arose up and went to her.

'I was not deceived,' said she, as soon as she saw me at a distance coming towards her; 'it was on your account I was called: and I have an extreme good opinion of your affairs, and do not doubt but they will conclude very happily. I said you had accepted of the marriage; and tomorrow, about noon, they will send a coach to carry you to a house where you will see your intended husband, and the persons who propose him to you. I have used my utmost endeavours to procure you the reception you deserve, and that regard which I hope they will have for you: put your trust, my dear, in that Being whose providence is able to over-rule all events, and make the most cloudy, the most gloomy, scene to brighten up, and give place to a pleasing return of peace and joy; blessings to which these misfortunes will add a double relish. Have recourse to him, and he will not abandon you. I should freely have offered to inform Mrs. De Valville that you are here; but, how agreeable soever it would be to me to oblige you, it is a service I am not permitted to render you: they have made me promise not to intermeddle in your affairs; I have given

them my word that I will not; and I am very sorry for it.'

A nun, who then entered, interrupted our discourse. I went into the garden, something less dejected than when I came in. I distinguished my ideas a little more clearly. I laid down some rules for my conduct in the house to which I was to be carried the next day. I meditated upon what I should say; and I found my reasons so irresistible, that I thought it impossible but they must acknowledge their force, if they would but condescend to hear me. It is true, the little schemes we draw beforehand, in such cases, are often useless; since it is the various and almost infinite turns which are given to things, that ought to direct what should be our words, and what our actions: but these sort of preparations are not altogether useless; they amuse and comfort us; we delude the time that would otherwise be spent in anxious inquietude, by flattering ourselves with the thoughts of gaining our cause while we are pleading it; and this is very natural to us. A variety of other thoughts crowded into my mind. 'There is some distance,' said I to myself, 'from this convent to the house whither they are to carry me. Oh, Heaven! if thou wouldst but permit Valville, or his mother, to meet the coach I shall be in, they would not fail to make the coachman stop: and if those who conduct me will not suffer them to do it, I will cry out and struggle, and make such a noise, that my mother or my lover may easily follow me, and know whither I am carried.' What wild thoughts enter our minds on such occasions! There is no chimera, however agreeable or dreadful, which will not readily find a place in our imaginations. 'But supposing I should meet my mother or her son,' thought I again, 'am I sure they would not shut their eyes, and seem not to know me? Have not they consented to my being carried away? May not their relations, by their remonstrances, entreaties, and reproaches, have prevailed upon them to retract their word? The maxims and customs of the world are much against me; great sentiments are difficult to support; and the pride of mankind loads me with contempt, and is offended at my misery.'

‘fery.’ On this I renewed my tears, and a moment after flattered myself again. But I had like to have forgot one article; which was, that at night, when I entered my chamber, after having taken a turn in the garden, I saw my box (for I had yet no other furniture) in a chair, which they had brought from the other convent. You cannot easily conceive with what new trouble this unexpected object struck me; I do not think my being carried away gave me so great a consternation, or so perfectly shocked me. ‘Well,’ cried I, ‘are they then so much in earnest?’ I had not yet reflected that I wanted my cloaths; and, had I thought of it, I should have gone through any extremity rather than have asked for them. However, I no sooner saw them but I imagined that there was no remedy for my misfortunes. ‘What! even my cloaths are brought here! There is, then,’ I cried, ‘no resource!’ You would have thought, had you seen me, that every thing else was nothing in comparison of this: the frightful box cleared up every thing, sunk my courage, and made me lose all my hopes. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘every thing is determined; every body is united against me; this is bidding an eternal adieu: and it is certain that my dear benefactress and her son have joined the party.’

Pray, Madam, do not enquire why I formed this rash and positive consequence, since twenty pages would hardly be sufficient to explain it to you: it was not my reason, but only my grief, that drew these conclusions. In such a situation of mind as I was then in, things of the smallest importance, at the first sight, appear dreadful, and fill the heart with uneasiness; and a soul previously disposed to fear, always considers them in that light. They had sent me my cloaths, and would therefore break off all correspondence with me, and never see me more. How very natural was this conclusion for one in my unhappy circumstances, oppressed with the keenest grief, and ready to catch at any thing that would plunge me deeper in despair? But had I been capable of reasoning coolly, I should at once have perceived that it was a thing of no consequence. As I was removed from one house to another, my cloaths, to be sure, ought to follow me: and

thus I should have reasoned, had I been capable of reasoning at all.

However, I passed a very uneasy night; and my heart beat with the most violent palpitation all the next morning. The coach which the abbess had mentioned, was in the court exactly at the time proposed: I was told it waited for me. I went down trembling; and the first object that presented, on opening the door, was the woman who had seduced me from my own convent, and brought me to this. I saluted her with an air of indifference, and stepped into the coach. ‘Good-morrow, Miss Marianne,’ said she: ‘you do not much care for seeing me; I assure you I an’t at all in fault; so I am not to be blamed. However, I don’t think you have any reason to be displeased at all this: I wish I was in your place. Indeed, I am neither so young nor so handsome as you; and that is all the difference between us.’—‘Do you know, then, any thing of my affairs?’ returned I. ‘Aye, a little,’ said she; ‘I have heard a word dropped here and there: they say you have a mind to marry a man of a great family, and a swingeing fortune. An’t it true?’—‘It is something like it,’ said I. ‘Well,’ continued she, ‘unless you have taken a fancy to the young gentleman, I don’t think you have any great reason to complain. They say you have neither father nor mother; and that nobody knows who you are, nor where you came from: and, between you and I, what can any body come to in such circumstances? I think one could only expect to be a beggar about the streets; a great many in your case are so: however, you are neither better nor worse for that. It is true, they take from you a sweetheart who is too great a gentleman ever to be your husband; but, to make you amends, they give you another, a clever young fellow, on my word! and such a one as any good tradesman’s daughter might jump at. I am sure I shall never meet with such a one, though I have got a father and mother, and an uncle and aunt, and cozens, and all the relations in the ’verfal world: you are vastly lucky; and, for certain, must have been wrapped in your mother’s smock. I’d have you to think I don’t

‘don’t speak more than I know; for I have seen your husband that is to be, and a proper handsome young man he is; I believe he is about seven or eight and twenty years old; I don’t know how rich he is; but he has great folks for his friends, and such as that; and, if he has nothing now, he will certainly come to preferment. I don’t say but he may be happy with you; and be as well for you as if he had made you a settlement.’—‘But do not you know,’ interrupted I, ‘whether you are carrying me, and who I am to speak to?’—‘Yes,’ replied she, ‘they are very great folks; you will be in good hands: we are going to Mrs. De ****’s; she is a relation of your first lover.’

You will be surprized, Madam, to hear that the lady she mentioned was no less a person than the prime-minister’s wife; and that I was to appear before him: you will judge by this how powerful were the enemies I had to deal with; and that the least glimpse of hope disappeared, and left me nothing to enable me to support my misfortunes.

I told you that I flattered myself with fancying Mrs. De Valville and her son might perhaps meet me in the way: but had this improbable circumstance happened, it could have been of no service to me; for I was no sooner in the coach but the maid drew the curtains before the glasses; a precaution which she had probably received orders to take; so that it was impossible for me either to see or be seen. We soon arrived, and stopped at a back-door, which opened into a large garden, which we went through; at the end thereof she desired me to sit on a bench, in a private alley near the house, till she returned to let me know whether it was time for me to appear. Scarce had I sat half a quarter of an hour alone, when I saw coming towards me a woman of above forty-five or fifty years old, who seemed to belong to the family; and who, addressing me with the air of a low second-hand politeness, said—‘Do not be impatient, Madam: Mr. De **** is engaged in a private conversation with some persons; and you shall be called for as soon as he has done.’ Then from an alley that opened into that where I was seated, came a young man of about twenty-eight or thirty

years old, with a person pretty agreeable, and dressed in a plain but neat manner; who bowed, and seemed going to retire; when the woman, calling him back—‘Sir! Sir!’ said she; ‘I have not time to stay with this lady; pray, keep her company till she is called: I believe it will be no disagreeable commission for you.’—‘I am very sensible of it,’ returned he; ‘and am very much obliged to you for it;’ drawing near, with an air more courteous than gallant. ‘Now, Madam, I will leave you,’ said she; ‘this gentleman is, at least, one of your friends, or else I would not go; his company, I am sure, will be more agreeable to you than mine.’ This said, she left us. ‘What can all this mean?’ said I to myself: ‘there is something mysterious in this!’ The young man appeared at first pretty much confused, and out of countenance: he sat down by me, after another bow; which I returned with the utmost coldness.

‘It is charming weather,’ said he; ‘this alley is quite delightful; it is as pleasant here as in the country.’—‘Yes!’ returned I; and then the conversation dropped; for I was not in a disposition to go on with it. He seemed, at first, at a loss how to resume it; and the only way he could think of was, to pull out his snuff-box, and present it to me open. ‘Do not you take snuff, Miss?’ said he. ‘No, Sir,’ returned I: then followed another silence; and he did not know what to say. The monosyllables I made use of in my answers, gave him no assistance, and did not at all help to keep up the conversation. I coughed. ‘Have you got a cold, Miss?’ said he. ‘This weather is very apt to give people colds: yesterday it was cool, and today it is pretty hot. These variations of the weather are not at all healthful.’—‘Very true, Sir,’ said I. ‘For my part,’ returned he, ‘I am not subject to these colds: let the weather be what it will, my lungs are never affected; nothing hurts me.’—‘That is well,’ replied I. ‘As for you, Miss,’ resumed he, ‘whether you have a cold or no, you look as healthy as possible; and are as handsome as any body I ever saw.’—‘You are very obliging, Sir,’ returned I. ‘It is very true, indeed, Miss,’ replied he: ‘Paris is very large; but there





‘there are certainly very few who can boast of having a form like yours, nor of being possessed of so many charms.’—‘Sir, these are compliments,’ said I, ‘that I do not merit; I make no pretensions to beauty: and, if you please, you may chuse some other topick.’—‘I only mention what I cannot help being a witness of,’ replied he; ‘and there is nobody, if in my place, that would not say as much, and more too: you ought not to be displeased at a discourse which is impossible for you to hinder, any more than you can help giving occasion for it; unless you would hide yourself from the world; and that would be a great pity, for it is certain there is not a lady more worthy to be admired. And, for my part, I esteem myself very happy in having seen you; and should even be much more so, if this favourable opportunity should procure me the felicity of seeing you again, and offering you my service.’—‘To me, Sir!’ cried I, with some amazement, ‘who have met you here only by chance; and who, according to all appearance, shall never see you again?’—‘Why will you never see me again?’ returned he. ‘It shall be just as you will; it entirely depends upon you: if my person is not altogether disagreeable to you, I foresee this meeting will be followed by many others. You may, if you please, render this an eternal acquaintance: there is nothing that I wish so much for; and it is a sincere inclination I have for you, prompts me to tell you so. True, I have not had the happiness to see you till this moment; nor have I, till now, seen so much beauty: and, since we are upon this subject, I will take the liberty to assure you, that the utmost of my wishes center in my desire of rendering myself agreeable to you, and arriving at the possession of so many unexpected charms.’—‘How, Sir!’ returned I, not willing to make any reply to such awkward and uncouth declarations of love; ‘did not you expect to meet with so many charms? What! did you know you should find me here, then?’—‘Yes, Madam,’ replied he: ‘to keep you no longer in suspense, I am the man Mrs. Kitty mentioned in the coach, as she has since told me.’—‘What,

‘Sir! you,’ cried I, ‘the husband proposed for me!’—‘Yes, Madam,’ said he; ‘you see I was in the right, when I said our acquaintance would last a great while, if it were not your fault. That is the reason that I walked in the garden, and was left here with you, in order to procure me an opportunity of conversing with you: they told me I should see a very amiable young lady; but you far exceed their description; and I find I shall be induced to marry out of a most tender passion, where I only expected to do it out of interest and convenience. Yes, Miss, indeed I love you; I am charmed with your perfections: and it was this passion that made me appear so perplexed at seeing you first. Though I have been in company with a great many ladies, I never was in love before; but you are more handsome than all the others together: and it is your place now to consider whether you accept of me or not. As for the rest, Miss, you may enquire about my temper and character; I am sure you will hear a good account of them; for I am neither a gamester nor a debauchee: I value myself upon being a sober, regular man; and, though I am a bachelor, my chief view is to get preferment; and I shall not be worse when I am married, for a wife and family make a man a good economist. As to my present circumstances, they are not, indeed, very considerable: my father was fond of his pleasures, and lived a little too fast; and that, you know, is not the way to enrich a family. Besides, I have a brother and sister; I am the eldest, indeed; but yet there are three portions to be paid instead of one: however, I shall have something in hand on account of our marriage; but this I do not lay any great stress upon. The chief point is, that I am now in the possession of a very good place, and have the promise of a better, which will be given me as soon as our marriage-contract shall be signed: not to mention what I have saved these three years past out of the perquisites of a small employment, which will soon be changed for one much more considerable and profitable. So you see, by means of the great friends I have, we shall soon be

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‘in very easy circumstances: but Mr. De ****, the prime-minister, will inform you more particularly of this himself; for I tell you nothing, my dear, but what is true,’ added he, taking hold of my hand, in order to kiss it. Here, Madam, my pride took the alarm, and my heart could not help swelling a little. ‘Softly, Sir!’ said I, withdrawing my hand with a disgust that I was unable to dissemble; ‘pray, do not be so forward; I cannot admit of any freedoms: we have not yet settled matters. Who are you, pray, Sir?’—‘Who am I, Miss!’ returned he, vexed and confused: ‘I have the honour to be the son of the minister’s lady’s nurse; we sucked the same milk, and so she is my foster-sister. I am no less a person, I assure you! My mother has a pension from her; my sister is really her head-chambermaid: she loves us all; and is desirous of making my fortune. This is the person you speak to, Miss. Can there be any thing in this that shocks you? Does not the proposal please you?’—‘I have no thoughts of marrying yet, Sir,’ said I. ‘Perhaps the reason is because I am not agreeable to you.’—‘No, Sir,’ replied I; ‘if I ever marry any one, I must, at least, love him first; and I do not find that I love you yet: I do not know what I may do.’—‘So much the worse; it is my misfortune,’ said he: ‘but I would not have you think it would be any difficulty for me to get a wife; it is not quite eight days since I had one recommended to me, who will have a good deal of money when her aunt dies; and has, besides, a father and mother.’—‘And I, Sir,’ I returned, ‘am an orphan; and you would do me too much honour.’—‘I do not say that, Miss,’ replied he; ‘nor did I ever think so: but, truly, I never thought you would have shewn such contempt for me; I imagined you would have considered a little better on it, on account of your present circumstances, which are dreadful enough, and not very favourable to your being settled in the world. Excuse me for being so plain with you; I mention it purely out of friendship: you must be sensible that there are some opportunities in life which we ought not to let slip; especially when we meet with peo-

ple not over-scrupulous in these points, and so little difficult as I. With respect to marriage, there is hardly any body but is desirous of entering into a family: I am willing to dispense with it; and this, I think, ought to be considered.’—‘Sir,’ returned I, with a gesture full of indignation, ‘you entertain me with very pretty discourse; nor is your love less polite! Pray, leave that subject.’—‘Mightywell, Madam! As you please,’ returned he, rising: ‘I shall be neither better nor worse; and, begging your pardon, you have no reason for being so proud. If it be not you, I cannot help it; it must be another: they thought this was doing you rather a very great favour, than any harm. You have beauty, indeed, which I do not at all dispute, and which has happened to hit my fancy; but, for all that, I do not know who will be the greatest loser: I should have made no difficulty of marrying you, though you have nothing; I should have loved and esteemed you not at all the less for it. But, since it does not please you, I will take my leave of you, Miss; and remain your very humble servant!’—‘Your servant, Sir!’ said I. Upon this, he took two or three steps, as if going; and then, coming up to me again—‘But, Miss,’ said he, ‘I consider you are alone; and if my company will be of any service to you, till you are called for, I shall do myself the honour to offer it you.’—‘I give you many thanks,’ I replied, with the tears in my eyes; not because he was going to leave me, but to see myself exposed to such mortifying adventures. ‘I hope, Miss, I am not the cause of those tears,’ added he: ‘I have said nothing that could possibly make you uneasy.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ I replied; ‘I do not at all complain of you: you need not give yourself the trouble to stay; for here comes the person that brought me hither.’ And, indeed, I saw Mrs. Catharine coming to us. I believe he did not care to have her a witness of the indifferent reception I had given to his love; for he immediately retired through another alley, that he might not meet her.

‘Hey-day! what, has Mr. Villot left you?’ said she. ‘Have you dismissed him?’—‘No,’ returned I; ‘we part-

ed, because we saw you coming; and had nothing farther to say to each other.' — 'Well, Mrs. Marianne,' replied she, 'how do you like him? Is not he a clever, genteel spark? You find I did not impose upon you. You could not expect to have done better, had you never been in such wretched circumstances: but come, let us be going,' added she; 'they wait for us.' I then followed her, with a mind extremely disturbed, and a heart filled with the keenest anguish. We crossed several spacious rooms, and came at last to a large hall, where a company of footmen were waiting. At the same time, I observed two gentlemen discoursing at a window; one of whom appeared to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and had a presence extremely noble; the other was a little older, and had the air of an officer. 'Stay a moment,' said the woman who conducted me, 'while I go to tell them that you are here.' She then went into another room, and returned a minute after: but, during this short interval, the young gentlemen had broke off their conversation, and turned to look upon me with an extreme attention; which, notwithstanding the acutest torment of mind, and most sensible distress, I could not help taking notice of: when I heard the youngest say to the other; with a tone of admiration and surprize—'Did you ever see any thing so lovely?' At this, I cast down my eyes, and turned away my head. This was a little accidental comfort, which I could not help tasting, though it did not divert my melancholy; like a sweet flower whose agreeable odour salutes us as we pass along; which, though it refreshes the senses, leaves the mind as it found it. In whatever afflictions we are plunged, our vanity almost always performs it's office; it hardly ever lies dormant; it is so natural to our sex, and so foreign to whatever else concerns us, that it remains the same, and supports itself amidst every affliction.

The maid returned, and desired me to walk in; on which the gentlemen followed me. I found there five or six ladies, and four gentlemen, two of whom belonged to the law, another to the army, and the fourth, the maid told me, was the prime-minister him-

self. His age rendered him venerable; he was tall, and well made; had a majestic mien; and a countenance that immediately inspired every one with confidence; calmed the troubled mind, and was a kind of pledge of the goodness that reigned within, and the justice that with an impartial hand he always distributed: time had not made him look old, nor given him the infirmities which embitter the decline of life; it had only spread over his looks an inexpressible something, that immediately filled the mind with a respectful awe. It was a countenance that was so agreeable to look upon, that one forgot his age, and was pleased to feel the veneration it inspired: even his healthful ruddy complexion had something extremely venerable in it; and appeared less the effect of temperance, than the fruit of wisdom, and the happiness of a serene and tranquil mind. The mildness of his sentiments shone in his face, and his soul painted there it's own honest, plain, and amiable portrait. The charms of virtue and integrity have no age; they never decay; but are the most splendid ornaments of every station. Such was the minister before whom I appeared: he had, in his manner of governing, a merit peculiar to himself, which had been hitherto unknown.

We have had some ministers whose names our historians have rendered immortal; they were, indeed, great men; but, during their administration, their first care was always to gain the affections of the people, to render them attentive to their actions, and to make themselves esteemed as the deepest politicians; they were always thought to be surrounded with impenetrable mysteries, and were pleased to find great things were expected from them; and that, in the most difficult and intricate affairs, it was thought they would manage with a masterly hand, even before they had undertaken to do it: this was an opinion which flattered their vanity; an artifice which their great successes rendered very excusable.

On the contrary, our minister governed according to the maxims of the truly wise: his conduct was mild, simple, without ostentation; and, with respect to himself, entirely disinterested: he thought of being useful, never of being loaded with praises; he did great actions from the single consideration of

the good of his country, and not from the glory that attended them. Contented and satisfied with his own skill and abilities, he did not raise the expectations of the multitude before-hand, or seek their applause afterwards by industriously publishing his success: he did not distinguish his most noble and praise-worthy actions from the most common and trivial part of his conduct; and, whatever labour and toil they cost him in private, in public they were much the same. A genius void of all pageantry set bounds to his conduct, while it hid the capacity that managed every thing, that exerted itself for the public good, regardless of his own; for when that was secured, the other he knew must be established on the most solid basis, and he share in the general happiness. The multitude reaped the fruit of his labour with more satisfaction than surprize; and persons of reflection alone formed a right judgment of the simplicity and plainness of his conduct. Thus to surmount difficulties almost unsurmountable; to remedy inconveniences almost remediless; to procure a glory, an advantage, a benefit to his country; to tame an enemy that attacked him, whom his natural mildness, the intricacies of the time, or the modesty of his administration, had emboldened: all these things he performed in that discreet, smooth, plain, and easy manner, with which he did every thing else. His measures were so secret, so still and imperceptible, and he was so little ambitious of gaining the esteem he merited, that one might forget to praise him, though all his actions were laudable. He was like a father, by whose industry and care his children are contented, happy, and in good esteem: he boasts not to them of all the pains they cost him, because he does not desire their encomiums; while they, on their side, do not observe the trouble he gives himself on their account, and make him no other return than that of their sincere affection. When this is the character of a minister, he must be looked upon with veneration and the highest respect: he is no amusement for persons of a prying, inquisitive disposition; but only inspires his fellow-subjects with confidence and tranquillity. As to foreigners, they looked upon him as a man who loved justice, and from whom they

could expect to gain nothing by deviating from it. He taught them to regulate their ambition, and to fear nothing from his. Happy is the king who has so sincere a friend, and who knows how to value him as he ought! and happy the people who have so noble, so disinterested, a patriot!

I believe, Madam, you cannot forbear smiling to hear me talk so like a politician: but if I have been too large in this part of his character, you will excuse me; since I only tell you what every body then said of him. But to return: we are now in his presence.

Among all the persons that surrounded me, some seemed to look upon me out of curiosity, while others did it with a sneer, and an air of disdain: these last I soon found were Valville's relations. I forgot to tell you, that the son of the lady's nurse, my destined husband, was there, who stood by the door with a servile and timorous countenance.

I was at first very much disconcerted at the sight of so much company, but soon recovered myself, and resumed my presence of mind. Amidst such extreme discouragements we are apt to fear nothing; besides, I was conscious of my own innocence, and that they alone were guilty in unjustly persecuting me: I loved Valville; they wrested him from me; and, methought, I had nothing more to fear. The most formidable authority loses all its awe and veneration when it is made to oppress the innocent.

The minister looked upon me with a smile of affability: 'She is perfectly amiable! and Valville is very excusable,' said he, addressing himself to one of the ladies, who was his wife. 'Yes, she is very pretty; she would do well enough for a mistress,' replied another lady, in a malicious and ill-natured tone. At this discourse I only gave her a look full of contempt. 'Come, softly!' said the minister to her; then addressing himself to me—'Come near, Miss,' added he: 'they say Mr. de Valville loves you; is it true that he intends to marry you?'—'At least he told me so, Sir,' said I. At this two or three of the ladies burst into a loud and scornful laughter: I again only cast a cold and careless glance at them; while Mr. De **** made a sign with his hand to engage them





them to be silent. 'You are an orphan, and know not who you are,' resumed he. 'That is very true, Sir,' returned I. 'Well,' added he, 'do yourself justice, then; and resolve to think no more of this marriage: I can never consent to it; but I will make it up to you, and take you under my care. There is a young man, who is a very suitable match for you: he is an honest lad; and I shall take care to promote him. I would have you marry him; I hope you consent to it.'—'I do not design to marry at all, Sir,' returned I; 'and I entreat you would not press me any more to it: this, Sir, is my final resolution.'—'Well, I will give you four and twenty hours to think of it,' said he: 'they shall take you back to the convent; and I will send again for you to-morrow. Do not be refractory; for you must see Mr. de Valville no more; I will take care of that.'—'I shall never alter my mind, Sir,' said I; 'I can never think of marrying a man that has reproached me with my misfortunes: so you may now resolve what to do with me; for it will be to no purpose to make me come hither again.'

Scarce had I finished these last words, when word was brought that Valville and his mother were coming, and who immediately entered the room. Judge of their surprize and mine. 'What, my daughter! thou here!' cried Mrs. De Valville. 'O mother!' cried Valville, with his eyes sparkling with joy; 'it is she herself!'

Their relations had not the least suspicion of their coming; and therefore had not provided against it: the only precaution they had taken was, to finish my affair in the morning, a time least subject to visits; besides, they had imagined that Mrs. De Valville would be at a loss to know how to get intelligence of me, and thought she was entirely ignorant of the minister's having any share in my adventure. But, Madam, you will easily call to mind the visit I had received two or three days before from a certain thin, tall, meagre lady; and you know I immediately informed my benefactress of this extraordinary visit; that I had given her a picture of the lady; and that she had wrote me word that she knew the per-

son it represented: and this guided her in her search after me.

It was very plain that my history was divulged, and that that lady had been acquainted with it: she was proud, and of a malignant spirit; and the short discourse that she had with me at the convent sufficiently discovered her ill intentions. To all appearance it must be she who had exasperated her relations, and engaged them to remove me, in order to secure them from the affront Mrs. De Valville was about to throw upon them, by making me one of the family; and, indeed, my sudden disappearing could be attributed to nothing else but the result of a scheme they had concerted together against me: but, had they alone been concerned, it is probable they would have taken another method, and have endeavoured to have prevented my happiness by the stiller methods of artifice and address; and would not have dared to have taken such arbitrary and violent steps, unless they had been supported by authority. Thus my benefactress reasoned. As a coach had been sent for me, she enquired what was the coachman's livery; and what sort of a woman it was that pretended to have been sent by her to take me away. One of the servants of the convent had seen both the coachman and the above-mentioned woman, and had taken such notice of them, as to be able to give a particular description of each. She had no sooner described the features of the latter, but my mamma recollected that she had seen such a person at Mr. De ****'s; and that she belonged to his wife, who was one of their relations: as to the coachman's livery, the nun told them it was a yellow silk-lace upon a brown cloth; which they knew belonged to another relation, a magistrate, whom they visited almost every day. From this they inferred, that not only the whole family were concerned, but that they were supported by the prime-minister himself; since Mrs. De **** had sent one of her maids for me.

Mrs. De Valville came to see me the same day I was taken away; but, though she found I was carried off, she could not learn any of the above particulars till the day after; because the servant, who was the only person from whom she could expect to get any intelligence,

was

was absent, on several commissions for the house.

My dear mamma no sooner heard that I was conveyed away, but she was seized with the most violent grief and uneasiness; and, as the abbess told me afterwards, behaved like a tender mother who had lost an only daughter: she at first fainted away; and they no sooner brought her to herself, than she gave way to tears, and lamented my loss in the most moving language.

'I confess, Madam, I love her,' said she to the abbess, who repeated it to me again; 'I am most tenderly attached to her; and it must have been impossible for me to have avoided it: she has a heart, a soul, a manner of thinking, which would astonish you! You know my dear child possesses nothing; and you cannot imagine how noble, how generous, how disinterested, I have found her! I esteem her even more than I love her; I have seen such instances of the greatness of her soul, as have moved even the bottom of my heart. It is me, my person, she loves; and not the succour I give her. Is not this admirable in a situation like hers? I believe she would die rather than displease me: she carries this to a scrupulous nicety; and, if I should cease to love her, I am persuaded she would no longer have the courage to receive any thing from me. What I tell you is strictly true: but, alas! I have lost her! How must I find her again? What have my unworthy relations done with her? Where have they carried her?'—But, Madam, why have they taken her away from you?' returned the abbess. 'Why should they be concerned at your bounty and love for her? What interest can they have in being an obstacle to it?'—'Alas, Madam!' said she, 'it is because my son is not proud enough to despise her; it is because he has sense enough to do her justice; and a mind capable of knowing her worth: they are afraid he should love her too much; and that I love her enough to consent that he should indulge his passion for her. I have not time to tell you by what accident he came to know her; but see the cause of the persecution she suffers from them. An unhappy event has let them into the whole secret, through the indis-

cretion of one of my relations; who is one of the filliciest women I ever knew, and who never could forbear indulging a wretched itch of talking. It is not, indeed, without reason that they mistrust my tenderness for her; for there is not a gentleman of good sense to whom I should not think I had given an invaluable treasure, had I married him to this dear, this lovely girl.'

How extremely kind was this! how frank and unreserved her expressions! She discovers all; she now endeavours to conceal nothing: she, who had hitherto required from me so much circumspection, so much reserve and prudence, is now so overcome by her affection and sensibility, that she herself forgets to be silent, and is the first that reveals our secret; it burst from her troubled heart! How amiable that trouble, which all my love for her, great as it has been, was never able sufficiently to repay! and which I cannot now think on without melting into tears of the most affectionate gratitude. Yes, Madam, I am now all in tears; and can scarcely proceed. O how vast are the obligations I am under to her! But, alas! this dear, this admirable woman, is no more! and that charming tenderness subsists no where but in my breast!

When the abbess told me these particulars, my dear mamma so perfectly took up my thoughts, that I quite lost sight of Valville; whom his mother was hardly able to comfort, and who waited in the coach, overwhelmed with grief, while she was examining the servant. She had no sooner had this information, than (though extremely indisposed) she hastened, with her son, to Mr. De ****, fully persuaded that there he should hear some news of me. The minister's wife was not only a relation, but one of her most dear and intimate friends; and therefore she was persuaded that she could not be brought to assist in the plot without a great deal of reluctance; and did not at all doubt but she should bring her over to her party. The servants, who had no orders to prevent her entering, upon her enquiring for Mrs. De ****, immediately told her where she was; and both Valville and my mamma, as I have said, entered the room without any interruption.

At the sight of my mamma, Mr. De **** smiled with an air of affability; though, at the same time, I thought he looked a little disconcerted. As to the relations, they saluted her with the utmost gravity, cast upon her a cold and critical look, and then turned away their heads with a visible discontent. Valville seemed to devour them with his eyes; but was obliged to be silent, for it was only on that condition that his mother had consented to take him with her: all the rest of the company appeared attentive and curious; and, indeed, the opening scene promised something very interesting. Mrs. De **** broke silence first. 'Your servant, Madam,' said she to my mamma. 'Indeed we did not expect to see you here: and I am very much afraid you are going to be very angry with me.'—'Why so, Madam?' cried immediately the long, meagre relation, (for I have forgot her name, and have only retained the singularity of her figure) 'why should she be angry with you?' added she, with a tone even more sour and disagreeable than her looks. 'Can we disoblige her in doing her service, and preventing her incurring the reproaches of her whole family?'—'You may think what you please, Madam, of my actions,' returned my benefactress, with an air of indifference; 'but I shall never alter my conduct upon the judgment you form of it: we are of characters too different to be ever of the same opinion; I approve of your sentiments no more than you do mine; and as I do not ask your advice, I do not expect that you should give it.'

Here Valville was as red as fire; his eyes sparkled; and, by his quick breathing, I easily perceived that his heart fluttered, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he contained himself.

'Sir,' continued Mrs. De Valville, addressing herself to the minister, 'it was your lady I intended to wait upon this morning—and here I have found the subject of my visit,' added she, turning towards me. 'I have been informed that one of Mrs. De ****'s women made use of my name to take her from the convent where I had placed her; and I hope she will tell me her reasons for it; for I confess I do not

know what to make of such an extraordinary proceeding. Have you all been willing to divert yourselves with my uneasiness? What can be the intention of those who have contrived to rob me of this young person, in whose happiness I interest myself? I am sure, Sir, this project is not your lady's: I cannot be so unjust as not to distinguish her from those persons, who at least must have been at some pains to make her consent to have any share in it. Nor do I accuse you, Sir: you were both, I do not doubt, prevailed upon by the misrepresentations of others. But what pretence could they make use of? Upon what foundation could they undertake such a ridiculous enterprise? With what crime do they charge this young lady?'—'Lady!' interrupted the ill-natured relation, with a satirical air; 'lady! I think I have heard her called Marianne, or Mrs. what do you call her; for as nobody knows her origin, we cannot tell who she is, unless we could conjure. But, perhaps, you have a mind to compliment her a little because she is tolerably genteel.'

Valville, at this discourse, could refrain no longer; he looked upon her with a scornful and bitter smile, which went to her heart. 'My little cousin,' said she to him, 'I know what I say is not agreeable to you; but I think you ought to forbear laughing at it.'—'How now! my great cousin,' returned he; 'if I think it pleasant, why should not I laugh at it?'

'Pray hold your tongue, son!' said Mrs. De Valville immediately. 'As to you, Madam, I desire you would let me speak after my own manner, and as I think proper. If this lady has any thing to do with you, you are at liberty to call her what you please: for my part, I do not scruple to call her Miss, or Lady; and yet, whenever I please, I shall call her Marianne; and this is a liberty I can take without trespassing upon that regard which I think is her due. The care I take of her gives me a right which you cannot pretend to; but it will never induce me to treat her with that contemptuous familiarity which you think yourself authorized to do: every body has a peculiar manner of thinking; and therefore I do not wonder

der that our thoughts are so opposite. I shall never be capable of insulting the distressed, for no other reason but because they are so. I readily grant that Providence has hid from us the knowledge of her family; she has reason to lament her misfortunes, but not to be humbled for them. The one is not a natural consequence of the other; reason and humanity (not to mention religion) must engage us to treat persons in her circumstances with the utmost tenderness; it is repugnant to our natures, repugnant to the soft influences of humanity in our breasts, to trample upon those whom Providence has brought low: an air of disdain must sit upon us with a very ill grace, while we make our pride cancel all that is humane, all that is noble, from our minds; and we basely take refuge in a more than brutal insensibility. Such misfortunes as hers ought to be regarded, by the generous and good, as an equivalent for want of pedigree: but, Madam, since you know her history, you must have been informed, that there is such probable evidence, as arises almost to a certainty, that her father and mother, who were murdered, with their attendants, when she was but two years old, were foreigners of the greatest distinction. This was the opinion that was entertained of them at that time. You know they had two footmen and a chambermaid; that Miss, whose rich cloaths shewed she could belong to nobody but a person of quality, so remarkably resembled the lady who was assassinated, from whose cold embrace she was taken, that it could not be doubted that she was her daughter. These particulars have been certified by a virtuous person, who then took her to her charge, brought her up, and on her death-bed related every circumstance to a monk, called Father St. Vincent; who is ready to repeat the whole.

Here the disinterested part of the company (I mean those that were not of the family) appeared very much moved; and even some of the relations who were less obstinate than the rest, seemed sensibly affected; particularly Mrs. De ***: and a gentle murmur was raised, which I easily perceived was caused by

their beginning to conceive a most favourable opinion of me.

'You see, Madam,' continued my benefactress, 'that all these presumptions are in her favour, and sufficiently justify my giving her the title of Miss or young lady; and prove that I could not have refused them her without using her ill: I do not pay her a mere compliment, but a piece of that justice she has a claim to; and which nothing but the most pitiful and abject pride can make any one refuse to a person of her character. I am sorry you force me to say, before her, that her person, which even to you appears agreeable, is, indeed, her least distinguishing accomplishment; and I assure you, that by her wit, the amiable qualities of her mind, and by the nobleness of her proceeding, she has proved herself to be as much a lady as any other person of what rank soever. You must confess that these are considerations which demand some regard. Her education, though simple, has been virtuous; and has laid a foundation for that greatness of sentiment, and inward rectitude, which are the brightest ornaments of the most splendid, the most exalted, stations. And if there be any truth in our opinion, that virtue runs in the blood, the sublimity of her ideas, and the delicacy of her soul, set her in a rank vastly superior to most of our quality.'

'Ah, doubtless!' said Valville; who had here room to slide in a word; 'had the world thought proper to bestow the title of Lady upon none but those whose real merit gave them a claim to it, how many of our modern quality would dwindle into plain Molly and Kitty: but, happily, they have had neither their fathers nor their mothers killed; and we know what they are.' The company could not help laughing at this agreeable railery. When Mrs. De Valville, after desiring him not to interrupt her, went on.

'However,' resumed she, 'I protect her; I have been of some service to her, and design to continue to be so while she stands in need of my assistance: and there are no virtuous minds who would not be ready to envy the sweet delight I take in expressing

‘ pressing my affection for her, and with
 ‘ themselves in my place, that they
 ‘ might experience the same satisfac-
 ‘ tion. This appears to me a most
 ‘ laudable action, an action that car-
 ‘ ries it’s own reward with it; and un-
 ‘ less it be a crime against the state, for
 ‘ the rich to compassionate those who
 ‘ are most worthy to be rescued from
 ‘ their misfortunes, I do not know
 ‘ what I can be charged with: and,
 ‘ since it has not yet been proved to
 ‘ be one, I must demand a reason, Sir,
 ‘ for the audacious attempt made a-
 ‘ gainst me, and for the scandalous
 ‘ methods they have made use of to
 ‘ impose upon you and your lady. I
 ‘ am come, Sir, to claim a girl I love;
 ‘ who is exceeding dear to me; and
 ‘ whom you would love as much as I,
 ‘ did you know her as well.’

She stopped here; all the company held their peace; whilst I, with eyes full of tears, gave her a look which expressed all the tender emotions of my soul, and which moved every one but that inexorable relation I have not named, who still shewed the same unrelenting mien she did at first.

When, after a few moment’s pause, — ‘ Love her, Madam! love her!’ said she, shaking her head; ‘ who hinders you? But do not forget that you have relations, whose honour you ought not to sully: this is all we desire of you.’

‘ Pshaw, Madam! you do not know what you say!’ cried my mamma, pretty warmly. ‘ You cannot, surely, think, that either you, or any one else, have a right to make me alter my conduct in this affair: I am neither under your tuition, nor theirs. I freely grant you all the privilege of giving me your advice, but will never suffer myself to be reprimanded. You, Madam, suppose them to act and speak; but I am persuaded none of them would own what you are pleased to make them say.’ — ‘ You must excuse me, Madam; you must excuse me,’ cried the harpy; ‘ we are not ignorant of your designs, and are justly incensed at them! In short, your son loves this little thing too much; and, what is worse, you suffer it!’ — ‘ And if, indeed, I did suffer him to love her,’ returned Mrs. De Valville, coolly, ‘ who is there

that can hinder him? Who else should call him to account? Nay, I should have a very ill opinion of my son’s judgment and character, if he had not the highest esteem for this little thing, as you are pleased to call her; and who, as little as she is, will be thought, perhaps, so only by those who are superior to her in nothing but their pride.’

The minister, who had attended to this dialogue, smiling all the while, with his eyes fixed on the floor, at these words, began, in order to prevent any more replies. ‘ You are in the right, Madam,’ said he to Mrs. De Valville; ‘ I cannot help approving your kindness to this amiable young lady. You are generous; her misfortunes render her worthy your care: her countenance has something expressive of those engaging virtues, those noble accomplishments, she is possessed of. But it is not the care you take of her, nor the good opinion you have of her, that alarm us; the only thing that makes us uneasy, is, a report that Mr. De Valville has not only the highest esteem for her, which is very reasonable, but the greatest tenderness, which this young lady’s beauty renders highly probable: in fine, they talk of a marriage being about to be concluded, which your affection for her, they say, makes you so far forget yourself as to consent to; and this it is that displeases your relations.’ — ‘ And those relations have reason to be displeased at it!’ interrupted the ill-natured kinswoman. ‘ Pray, Madam, let me speak,’ said the minister, with a calm and serious tone: ‘ this lady deserves to hear reason.’

‘ I confess,’ resumed he, ‘ that, from what you have told us, it is very probable that this young beauty is of noble extraction; but the melancholy catastrophe you have mentioned has cast over it a veil of obscurity which has something shocking in it. If this marriage should ever be consummated, you would be reproached with her misfortunes, since they are such as our customs will not suffer us to overlook. I would pay her the same respect as you do; and would not refuse her the titles of Miss and Lady, which,

‘to all appearance, are her due; titles which her sad misfortunes give her an additional claim to: but this thought proceeds from a sentiment of generosity, of which we shall find very few capable; it is like a present we would make, which every body else will think themselves at liberty to refuse. Though they would be to blame, they would not think so: they would tell you, that you have nothing certain to build your conjectures upon; to which you will have nothing to reply; nothing to justify you in their opinion: I do not question but you will freely consent to remove all their suspicions; and I have found a very easy way for you to do it; I have thought of providing for this young lady in an advantageous and agreeable manner, by marrying her to a young man of honest parents, whose fortune I will augment, and with whom she may live in a very honourable situation. I sent for the lady, to propose this marriage to her; which, creditable and honourable as it is, she refuses; on this, I thought proper to use her with a little severity; I have even threatened to remove her from Paris. Nevertheless, she inflexibly keeps her resolutions. Join with me, Madam: your services have given you an authority over her; pray, endeavour to bring her to hear reason. There is the young man we are talking of,’ added he, shewing her Mr. Villot; who, though pretty genteel, had then the air of an insignificant fellow of no consequence, whose only business was to cringe and obey; to whom it did not belong to have any spirit, and whom one might order to retire without doing him an injury. Just such a person was, then, this pretended lover: I did not see any thing like a modest bashfulness in his looks; for they only discovered the most servile and abject submission. The minister resumed—

‘He is an agreeable, good-tempered young man, and will live with this lady, as with a person to whom he will owe the fortune I shall, on her account, bestow upon him; and this I have recommended him never to forget.’ To this, Mr. De Villot made no other answer, but by bowing

almost to the ground. ‘Do not you approve, Madam, of this proceeding?’ continued Mr. De****. ‘She shall stay at Paris; and, as you love her, she shall never be out of your sight.’

At this, my benefactress cast her eyes upon Mr. De Villot, who thanked her for it with another bow; though the manner in which you say she viewed him required no acknowledgment.

‘Alas!’ returned she, shaking her head, ‘this union, I am persuaded, would not be very agreeable; and I can hardly think that Marianne will ever approve of it. Sir, I flatter myself that I have, as you say, an ascendant over her; but I must confess, that I can never make use of it on this occasion; it would be making her pay too dear for the services I have rendered her: let her decide the question; she is her own mistress.—Come, Miss; do you consent to this proposal?’

‘I have already expressed myself on this subject, Madam,’ returned I, with a melancholy, respectful, and resolute tone: ‘I have said I had rather remain as I am; and have not yet changed my mind. My misfortunes are very great; but what adds to them very much is, my being born with a heart very unsuitable to my circumstances, and which it is impossible for me to overcome. With this heart I could never bring myself to love the young man: I should never accustom myself to him; but look upon him as one that nature never designed for me. This thought would ever dwell upon my mind; I should reproach myself with it; but should not be able to remove it from thence; by this means, I should render him unhappy, and banish all repose from my own breast. Besides, I should never forgive the disagreeable life a husband would be constrained to lead with me, who would love me, perhaps, whilst he would be the object of my utmost reluctance; and who might have been happy in enjoying the tenderness of another woman, had he not been burdened with me. Pray, then, let this marriage be mentioned no more: however, I thank you, Sir, for thinking
‘of

‘ of it for me; but, indeed, I shall never be able to prevail upon myself to consent to it.’

‘ Tell us, then, what is your resolution?’ returned Mr. De ****. ‘ Had you rather be a nun? You shall chuse that convent which is most agreeable to you. Come, think what condition will make you easy. You would not, I dare say, suffer Mrs. De Valville to be teased any longer upon your account. Take your choice.’

‘ No, no,’ said my enemy; ‘ no-

‘ thing will please her; she is beloved; and she will be married too: every thing is agreed upon; the little creature will not bate an inch of it; she knows what she is doing.—This lady, they say, calls her, already, her daughter!’ Mr. De ****, at this discourse, immediately silenced her by a gesture of displeasure and impatience.

I am forced, Madam, to break off; and must make you wait for the rest till you receive the Seventh Part.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

PART VII.

DO you remember, Madam, that it was so long before you received the Second Part of my history, that you began to suspect I did not intend to send it: the Third was so late, that you thought you should receive no more; and though the Fourth was more expeditious, yet you charged me with laziness; the Fifth preceded your expectations; the Sixth followed it so close, that it surprized you; and here you see the Seventh. Pray, tell me what opinion this gives you of my character? Am I idle? my diligence proves the contrary. Am I diligent? my former sloth insists upon the negative. What am I, then, in this respect? I am what, in general, we all of us are: I am what fancy and humour render me; sometimes worthy of praise, and sometimes of blame. Is not all the world the same? I have confided in the virtues of mankind; and, from their vices, have imagined what would be their actions; but have been often deceived. I have had reason to think they would shew their generosity, and they appeared mean-spirited and covetous: I have thought them covetous, and they proved generous. Formerly, you could not endure the sight of a book; and now you are ever reading: perhaps, in a short time, you will leave your books; and I relapse into my former indolence.

However, let me go on with my history; we are at the ill-natured manner in which my enemy interrupted Mr. De Valville; to which I returned—

‘ You are quite mistaken, indeed, Madam,’ said I: ‘ you may make yourself entirely easy; for you have no reason to be under any apprehensions. It is true, Mrs. De Valville has the goodness to be a mother to me;’ (here I could not smother my sighs) ‘ and I am obliged, unless I would be the most ungrateful creature upon earth, to love and respect her as much as if she was the mother who brought me into life: I owe her the same dutiful submission, the same reverence, and, I think sometimes, even much more; for, though I am not her child, she treats me as if I was. I am not related to her; and she might, therefore, without fear of censure, have left me in the distress in which she found me involved; or, however, have satisfied herself with shewing a common compassion for me, and letting me know that I had some share in her esteem: but her goodness, her care, her tenderness, are inexpressible. I can neither think of them, nor look upon her, without melting into tears of love and gratitude; without telling her that my heart, my life, are hers; without wishing I had a thousand lives, which, if she stood in need of them, I would freely give to save hers: and, I thank God, I have now an opportunity of making this publick declaration; it is an infinite satisfaction, the greatest I could ever experience, to be able thus to give a loose to the transports of my affection, and all that zeal and admiration with which my heart overflows.—’

flows.—Yes, Madam, I am only a stranger, an unhappy orphan, whom God, the Universal Parent, seemed to have abandoned to all imaginable evils: but now, though I should be told I was the daughter of a queen, and was invited to accept of a crown, I would refuse it, rather than be separated from her; I could not live without her.—I love none with such a tender affection as I do you, my dearest friend: you are the only tie I have on earth; you, who have received me so charitably; you, whose generosity leads you to love me, notwithstanding the efforts of those who would make you blush for it, and though the world despises me.

Here, through the tears I was shedding, I took notice that several of the company turned away their heads to wipe their eyes. The minister looked downwards, and endeavoured to conceal his being touched: Valville stood as if immovable, regarding me with a passionate air, as if I took up all his thoughts; and my mother let her tears freely flow, without endeavouring to conceal them. ‘Thou hast not said all, Marianne,’ said she, giving me her hand without any ceremony, which I freely kissed: ‘proceed; but say no more of me, since it moves thee so much.’

‘You told me, Sir,’ resumed I, ‘that you would remove me far from Paris, if I refused to marry this young man: do so, if you please. But I have one thing to say, which ought to free you from your apprehensions of my marrying Mr. De Valville; and that is, I give you my word it will never be concluded. It is true, Sir, I did not assure you of it before Mrs. De Valville arrived; but I hope you will excuse me when I tell you, that I did not think it would be generous in me to renounce Mr. De Valville while menaces were used to compel me to it. I thought it would be a piece of baseness and ingratitude to shew such want of resolution, after he has had the courage to love me with such sincerity and tenderness, in spite of the discouraging situation in which he found me, and which has only served to increase his affection. This, Sir, was my motive. If I had promised that I would see him no more, he would have had reason to believe that

I had not the least esteem for him, since I should have refused to have been persecuted for his sake: on the contrary, my intention was, that he should know his generous heart had conquered mine; and I am not ashamed to confess it. This, perhaps, may be the last time I shall see him; and I therefore take hold of it to acquit myself of what I owe him; and to let both Mrs. De Valville and him know, that, what fear and menaces could not compel me to, I do now out of gratitude to them both.—No, Madam—no, Mr. De Valville—you are both too dear to me: I can never be the cause of the reproaches you would suffer; nor of the shame, they say, you might draw upon yourselves. The world disdains, it rejects me; and, as we shall never be able to correct it’s prejudices, we must humour them. You think it is unjust; but it does not become me to think so too; I should be too much a gainer by that: I will only say you are generous; and I will never abuse the affection that makes you scorn it’s customs. The blame that would fall upon you, would cost me my life; and, if I did not prevent it, I should be unworthy of your goodness. Alas! how greatly would you then think yourself deceived! You would then reflect, that I had not the disinterested character your affection now flatters me with: this is the only way to preserve your esteem. Mr. De Climal has been so kind as to leave me something to live upon; and that is sufficient for a girl, who, in quitting you, leaves all that is dear behind her; all the charms, all the sweets, of life: and, after this, will have nothing more worthy her care; no other loss worth regretting. I will immure myself in a convent for life; where I shall see nobody but my dear mamma, whom I beg not to deprive me of her company too suddenly, and that she would be so kind as to see me sometimes.—These, Sir, are my designs; and, if you suspect my sincerity, send me far from hence according to your first intentions.’

A torrent of tears concluded my discourse. Valville, pale and dejected, seemed unable to support his trouble: his mother was going to answer me; when the minister prevented her, by turning

turning suddenly to her relations. 'Ladies,' said he to them, with a lively air of satisfaction, 'what answer can be made to what we have heard? For my part, I can make none; and I declare, that I will interfere no more in it. Would you have me oppose the esteem Mrs. De Valville has for virtue, which we all ought to approve? Would you have me endeavour to strip it of its charms? You and I have no such thoughts; and therefore authority has nothing to do here.' And then turning to his lady's nurse's son—'Retire, Villot,' said he. 'Madam, I return you your daughter, and all the power you have over her: you have been to her a mother; nor could she have found a better; she is worthy of all your care and tenderness.—Go, Miss; forget what is passed, and let it be as if it had never been: let not your being ignorant of your birth disturb you; though the nobleness of your extraction is unknown, that of your mind is beyond all dispute; and, were I to chuse, I should prefer the latter.'

Here he was going to withdraw; but, seized with a sudden transport, I threw myself at his feet with a rapidity more eloquent and more expressive than all I could have said; nor could I utter a word to thank him for the gracious sentiments he had expressed in my favour: he raised me immediately, with an air that shewed that this action agreeably surprized and moved him.

'Rise, my lovely child!' said he; 'you owe me nothing; I only do you justice.' Then addressing himself to the ladies—'She will not be satisfied till she makes us all love her,' added he; 'and I do not see how we can avoid it.—Take her with you, Madam,' said he to my mamma; 'carry her back: you must take care of your son, if he loves her; for, after the amiable qualities we have seen in her, I would neither answer for him nor any one else. You must, after all, do as you think proper; for it is your own business.'—'Without doubt,' said Mrs. De ****; 'I am very sorry we have given Mrs. De Valville this trouble to-day; I did all I could to prevent it.'—'Well, ladies,' returned the haughty kinswoman, 'I think you have nothing to do now but to congratulate your cousin: pray embrace

her before-hand; you will run no risque in it; for she will soon be one of the family. As for me, I hope you will dispense with it, notwithstanding the incomparable nobleness of her heart: I am not, indeed, apt to be wrought upon by such romantic virtues.—Adieu, my little adventurer! you are now, it seems, only a lady of quality, they say: but you will not stop here; we shall be very happy if you do not persuade them to believe, by-and-by, that you are a princess.' Instead of answering her, I advanced towards my mother, took hold of her hand, kissed it, and bathed it with tears of joy. The ill-natured relation arose up in a rage; and, as she was going, asked the two ladies if they would not follow her. On this they arose, more out of complaisance to her than enmity to me: it was very visible that they did not at all approve of her behaviour; and only went for fear of disoblighing her. One of them, as she was going, whispered to Mrs. De Valville—'She brought us with her,' said she; 'and would never forgive us if we staid behind her.' Valville, who was now come to himself, could not look at her without laughing: the ill success of her enterprise had disarmed his resentment. 'Does your coach wait for you, Madam?' said he; 'or shall we set you down?'—'Let me alone,' cried she; 'your satisfaction excites my pity.' She then saluted Mrs. De ****; and, without casting her eyes on Mrs. De Valville, went out with the above-mentioned ladies.

She was no sooner gone, than the rest of the company assembled about me; and every one paid me some obliging compliment. 'I cannot help reproaching myself,' said the minister's lady to my mamma, 'for entering into their intrigue; I am vexed that they were able to tease me into it; we could not not be more in the wrong than we were.—Is it not true, ladies!—Pray, do not mention it any more; we are quite ashamed of it!' replied they. 'How amiable she is! we have nothing so sweetly charming in all Paris!—Nor, perhaps, so truly valuable!' returned Mrs. De ****; 'I cannot tell how to express the inquietude I was in during the whole dialogue: and I confess I never was better

• better pleased with Mr. De ****; • for what he has just said is extremely • equitable.—‘I confess,’ said one of the gentlemen I had seen in the anti-chamber, ‘that I should have been in • a great deal of pain if we had had • any other judge but Mr. De ****; • but his known justice would not suf- • fer me to doubt a moment.’—‘For my • part, I ought to beg his pardon for • my fears,’ said Valville, who had hitherto listened with an air of inward satisfaction; at which they all smiled. It grew late; and my mamma took her leave of the minister’s lady, who embraced her in the most friendly manner, as if she intended to make her forget the assistance she had given to her enemies. She then did me the honour to embrace me too; a favour I received with all possible respect: and then we retired.

Scarce were we got into the anti-chamber, when we met Mrs. Catharine, who told us she was sent by the minister to wait upon us to the last convent, to desire them to return my cloaths, which they might not be willing to do if we went without her; unless Mrs. De Valville chose to defer going thither till another time. I did not know the way thither; besides, we were willing to conclude this affair directly, and therefore readily consented to her offer: the woman then followed us, and stepped into the coach. She had immediately lost that familiar behaviour she had before assumed; she seemed ashamed of the difference there was between us: every one has her own little pride; we were no longer companions; and that gave her a visible confusion. My joy was too exquisite to permit me to increase her disorder; and my triumph too sweet to suffer me to amuse myself with an ill-natured vanity: besides, I never had a heart capable of desiring to give another pain. Our conversation was very much reserved all the way, on account of her company. Something, however, that passed, made her tell us that Mrs. De Fare was the cause of this uproar; though she would not consent to join with the rest of the relations against me: she had not spoken with a design to prejudice me; but only to give herself the pleasure of being indiscreet, and revealing a thing she thought surprizing.

We soon arrived at the convent;

when I stepped down with the servant. ‘There is no occasion for me to appear,’ said my mamma; ‘and I think it sufficient for this young woman to go alone to demand your cloaths, without taking notice that we are here.’—‘Permit me to go, Madam,’ said I: ‘the kindness the abbess has expressed for me, requires that I should return her my thanks; which cannot be dispensed with without the appearance of ingratitude.’—‘You are in the right, child; I did not know that,’ returned she: ‘go; but make haste; tell her that I wait for you, and that I am so fatigued, that I cannot possibly come down; be as speedy as you can; you may come to see her another time.’ Not to be tedious, I entered the convent, and had my box returned to me. The nuns I had seen before, came to congratulate me on the success of my adventure: the abbess gave me fresh testimonies of the most sincere affection; she wished I would pass the rest of the day with her; but I could not comply with her request. ‘My mamma,’ said I, ‘is at the gate of your convent in her coach: she would have seen you if she had not been indisposed; she desires to be excused; and I am obliged to leave you.’—‘What! that tender mother whom I esteem so much?’ cried she. ‘Is she here? How glad should I be to see her! Go, Miss, and endeavour to persuade her to come in for a moment: if I could go out, I would wait upon her myself; but, if it is too late, tell her that I entreat her to do me the honour to come another time with you.’ Here she dismissed me; a servant carried my box of cloaths to the coach; and then we parted. My mamma told me I should dine with her, and not return to the other convent till the evening. ‘You must be a little longer in that house,’ said she, ‘if it be only on account of what has happened, and the uneasiness I have expressed there on your account.’ Meanwhile the coach was going on, and presently stopped in the court of Mrs. De Valville’s house; when she dismissed Mrs. De ****’s servant, walked in, and went up stairs.

The housekeeper who pulled off my stocking after my fall in returning from church, was no longer in the family; and the valet that had followed me in the

the hackney-coach to Mrs. Du Tour's, and brought me letters from Valville to the convent, I found was sick; so none of the servants knew who I was. The reason why I mention this is, while I was going up stairs with my mother, I had a reflection which exceedingly damped my joy: methought I was going to meet the above-mentioned housekeeper, and some of the footmen, who would infallibly know me again. 'Ha! the girl that was brought here who had hurt her foot,' thought I, they would say as soon as they saw me: 'the little linen-draper whom we took for a lady, who was carried to Mrs. Du Tour's.' This reflection mortified me; and I was afraid Valville, too, would be a little ashamed of me; though his love might make him regardless of their censure: but, happily, we were not exposed to this disagreeable scene; and I was at leisure to taste the pleasure of being with my mother, with as high a satisfaction as if I had been in my own house. 'Now, my dear,' said she, 'let me embrace thee without restraint: what a happy turn have our affairs taken! They suspect, they foresee, our designs; but do not disapprove them. The prime-minister has dispensed with your promise in returning you to me; and, thank Heaven! they will no longer be surprized at any thing that passes. Thou hast said, my dear, the tenderest things of me this morning; but, indeed, the uneasiness I have suffered on thy account makes me deserve them. Thou hast had a great deal of affliction too; is it not true? Didst thou reflect on what I should suffer? What were thy thoughts of thy mamma?'

She had seated herself in an easy-chair, and I sat by her, before she addressed me in this manner; when I gave myself over to a sudden transport of gratitude; I threw myself at her feet, kissed her hand, and lifted up my eyes swimming with tenderness and gratitude. 'My dear mother,' said I, 'Mr. De Valville is very dear to me; I have publicly acknowledged it: but that cannot prevent my telling you, that you are a thousand times more in my thoughts than he. It is my mother that has engrossed my soul; it was her affection; her goodness—what will she do! what will she not do! was all the language of

my soul. I could not tell whether you would succeed in extricating me from my difficulties; but my most earnest wishes were, that my dear mother might not be afflicted at the thought of never seeing me more: I desired a hundred times more your tenderness than my own deliverance; and would rather have endured all than have been abandoned by you. I was full of these thoughts; so extremely agitated by them, that I could not help having some inquietude, which I now reproach myself with; but which lasted only for a moment. I thought of Mr. De Valville too; and found that I could not bear his forsaking me without being filled with an affliction too great to be expressed. But your affection, Madam, was my principal concern: your heart was still more necessary for the repose of mine, than his seemed to be. How kind has been your behaviour! How many obligations have you conferred upon me! And how sweet is the reflection of being dear to those we love!

Mrs. De Valville listened to me with a smile of complacency. 'Arise, my dear,' said she at last; 'you make me forget that I am to blame you for your imprudence yesterday morning. I wonder you should let yourself be carried away by a woman entirely unknown to you; who came to fetch you without a note from me; and in a coach, too, which was not mine. Where were your wits, not to take notice of all this, especially after the suspicious visit you had received the day before from the skeleton you so well described? Did not her manners intimate some design against you? And should not they have given you some distrust? You are a little giddy-brained creature! And, pray, while you stay in the convent, remember I would not have you leave it without that woman who is just gone out of the room,' (she spoke of her chambermaid) 'or a letter from me, when I do not go for you myself; do you mind?'

She had no sooner said this, than the dinner was brought in. Valville and I ate very little: my mamma took notice of it; and, with a smile, said—'Your joy, I fancy, takes away your stomachs.' 'Yes, Madam,' returned Valville, in the same agree-

able tone; 'we cannot give up our minds to many things at once.' When dinner was over, Mrs De Valville went into her own room, and we followed her. She then went into a small closet, and called me. I went to her. 'Give me thy hand,' said she to me; let us see if this ring will fit thee.' It was set with a very large and beautiful brilliant. 'I see a picture,' returned I, while she was trying it on, 'that I should value more than all the rings and jewels in the universe. Let us make an exchange, Madam,' added I: 'give me the picture, and I will return you the ring.'—'Have patience, child,' replied she; 'it shall be placed in your room, when you take possession of it; and that will be very soon. Where do you put your money, Marianne?' she rejoined: 'I think you have never a purse. Here is one neatly wrought,' said she, opening a drawer, and taking it out, 'make use of this.'—'I thank you, Madam,' returned I: 'but where must I put all the love, the respect, the gratitude, I have for you? Methinks I have more than can be contained in the narrow limits of my heart.' At this she smiled. Valville, who stood at the closet-door, was almost in raptures at hearing us talk to each other with this sweet and easy familiarity. 'Do you know, Madam, what we must do?' said he: 'let us put your daughter as soon as possible in possession of the room where you design to hang your picture; she will be more able to support the love she has for you, by being at hand to pour it when she pleases into your bosom.'—'That we are going to talk on presently,' returned Mrs. De Valville. 'Come, I will shew her the apartment which was mine while your father lived.'

We then went into a large antichamber, which I had seen before, in which there was a door opposite to that of the room we left, which opened into an apartment more spacious, and better furnished, than Mrs. De Valville's; and which, as well as hers, had the prospect of a fine garden. 'Well, my dear,' said she, smiling, 'how do you like this room? Will not your time pass sluggishly here, and make you regret your dear convent?' Trans-

ported with the most ravishing joy, I burst into tears; and, casting myself into her arms—'O dear Madam!' returned I in an affectionate tone, 'what charms are here for me! How delightful will it be to be always so near you!' I had scarce finished these words, when the porter's whistle informed us we were going to be troubled with company*. Mrs. De Valville was concerned at our being interrupted: she went to her apartment, and I followed her. Two ladies presently entered the room, who were entirely unknown to me, as I was to them; they, perhaps, thought me a relation of the family; and came to pay us one of those indifferent visits which consists in trifling away an idle hour, exchanging a few troublesome compliments, and then parting with a perfect indifference to each other. I shall only observe, that one of these two ladies talked very little, and had hardly any share in the conversation; she bridled her head, threw herself into a variety of different attitudes, and seemed wholly taken up with the charms of her dear incomparable person. It is true, she would have been very agreeable, if she had taken less pains to shew that she was so; but her vanity spoiled all, and stripped her of every natural beauty. There are many like her, who would appear extremely amiable, if they could but forget a little that they are so. Every action, every gesture, in this person, was only designed to make her be taken notice of, and to fill her beholders with admiration. This was the height of her ambition; and she seemed to live for nothing else. I believe she thought me pretty agreeable, because she only regarded me with a side-glance, full of an affected negligence; and hardly seemed to take notice that I was there, as if she would have it thought that she saw nothing in me but what was common, and below her regard. But one thing, however, betrayed her; her eyes were incessantly fixed on Valville, to observe which of the two he took most notice of, she or I; and shewed that she feared he would give me the preference.

The other lady was a good deal older; and was of a very grave, and yet very trifling disposition: she spoke, with the

* It is a custom in France, when persons of quality receive a visit, for the porter at the door to whistle to give the servants notice of it.

utmost seriousness and dignity, of a coach that was making for her; of an entertainment she had given; of a visit she had made; of a story she had from a certain marchioness; and then what an ingenious repartee she made the other day to Mrs. What-do-you-call-her, who, because she is rich, frequently forgets herself, and pretumes not to make a proper difference between herself and women of a certain distinction. These, and a thousand other subjects, equally trifling and vain, were the topics of her conversation: during which we had several other visits no less tedious and impertinent; so that it was late before we could disengage ourselves from them; and it grew time for me to be carried back to my convent. My mamma hastened my going, because she was weary, and wanted to take some repose. We soon arrived at the convent, where we saw the abbess in her parlour; and my mother, in a few words, told her the conclusion of my adventure: and, after promising to come to see me again the next day, or the day after, she retired.

About twelve o'clock, the second day, Mrs. De Valville came to fetch me, according to her promise. I dined with her and Valville; and our marriage was the subject of the conversation. At the same time they told me that Valville was endeavouring to get a considerable post, which he would soon be invested with; that it would not be above three weeks at farthest before he obtained it; and that it was resolved we should be married as soon as that affair should be concluded. Nothing could be more positive. Valville discovered a mind full of joy; and my satisfaction was so excessive, that it took away my speech, and I could only express it by the grateful looks I cast at my mamma. 'This is not all,' said she; 'I intend to set out this evening, for eight or ten days, to my country-seat; where I shall rest myself from the fatigues I have undergone since my brother's death; and I design to take thee along with me, whilst my son goes to pass some time at Versailles, where his affairs call him.'—'What! ten or twelve days with you at once! How delightful is the thought!' returned I. 'But pray, Madam, do not change your mind.'—'Never fear it, child,' said she; and imme-

diately went into her closet to write to the abbess, that she would take me with her into the country: the letter was sent directly, and we set out two hours after.

Our journey was not very long, her seat being only three leagues from Paris. Valville stole away from Versailles two or three times to see us there; he did not take possession of his post so soon as he imagined; several unforeseen difficulties drew out this affair to a considerable length, though we expected it would be concluded every day: in short, we returned from the country; and my mamma placed me again in the convent, where she did not think I should stay above a week. However, a month passed away; in which time I went sometimes to dine with her, and sometimes with Mrs. Dorcin.

During this interval Valville appeared as tender and passionate as ever; but more gay than usual: in a word, his love seemed not to decrease, though he had more patience under the incidents that prolonged the conclusion of his affairs. The last time she carried me to my convent, Valville desired my mamma to let him attend us: his company had been that day very charming; methought he had never before loved me so much; nor expressed it in a more graceful, gallant, and lively manner. But so much the worse; his wit and gallantry were ill omens of my approaching uneasiness: his love, probably, was then less serious and violent; and he told me agreeable things only to disguise the sentiments of his heart, which began to lose its tenderness. However, he desired to attend us. Mrs. De Valville at first refused it; but afterwards consented to it. 'Well,' said she, 'I grant you leave, on condition that you stay in the coach, and do not shew yourself, while I step in for a moment to speak to the abbess.' From this piece of complaisance sprang the most poignant grief I think I had ever before experienced.

A lady of great distinction had brought her daughter, the evening before, to our convent; whom she intended to place there as a boarder, till she returned from a voyage she was going to make to England, to take possession of an estate that had fallen to her by the death of her mother. This

lady's husband died in France not long before: he was an English lord, whose zeal for his king had induced him, like many others, to leave his country. His widow, whose jointure had been her only resource, was going to sell it, together with her new estate, with a design to return to France, where she chose to reside. She had then made an agreement with the abbess, that her daughter should enter the next day into the convent, and had just brought her when we arrived; so that we found her coach in the court. We had but just stepped out of ours, when we saw those two ladies coming down from the parlour, where they had had a short conversation with the abbess. They had already opened the door of the convent to receive the young lady; who, casting her eyes into the convent, and on the nuns who waited to receive her; and then turning and casting a look upon her mother, who was all in tears; she suddenly fainted away between her arms. The mother, almost as weak as the daughter, would have been unable to prevent her falling down the last pair of stairs which they were going to descend, if a footman, who belonged to her, had not made haste to support them both.

This accident, of which Mrs. De Valville and I were spectators, made us cry out, and run to help them, and assist the footman, who had much ado to support them, and prevent their both falling down stairs together. 'Help, ladies! quick! I entreat you: I believe my daughter is dying!' cried the mother, all in tears, with the tone of a person in distress. The nuns, who were at the door of the convent, called the servant, who came running, and opened the door of a little room where she lay, and which happily was near the stair-case of the parlour. Here they endeavoured to carry the young lady: we entered it, with her mother, whom Mrs. De Valville supported, who we feared would follow her daughter.

Valville, touched at this moving spectacle, part of which he had seen, as well as we, from the coach, forgot that he ought not to have appeared; and, without allowing himself time for reflection, ran into this little room. They had laid the young lady on the servant's bed; and she and I were un-

lacing her, to facilitate her respiration when he came in. Her head lay upon the pillow; one of her arms hung out of the bed, and the other was extended upon her side: and both, I must confess, were of an admirable form. Her eyes, though closed, had a particular charm; and I never saw any thing so moving as her countenance, on which death was painted: but it was an image which was only affecting, but not at all frightful. At this sight one would rather have chose to say that she does not live, than that she is dead. I am at a loss how to give you an idea of the impression she made upon me, any other way than by desiring you to distinguish these two expressions, which, though at first they appear to signify the same thing, have, nevertheless, a very different signification: she seemed then to be deprived of life, without having the deformity of death. In short, with that beautiful face thus reclined, with those delicate features, whose fading charms it were impossible not to lament; which, though we imagine them to be gone, are far from being so, since they take a nearer way to soften the heart, and inspire with tender pity; with those beautiful eyes, gracefully closed; there cannot be imagined an object more interesting, nor a situation more proper to affect the soul.

Valville was behind us, and had his eyes fixed upon her; I looked at him several times without his perceiving it: she took up all his thoughts. I was a little surprized to see it; but went no farther, and inferred nothing from it. Mrs. De Valville felt in her pocket for a smelling-bottle, which contained a spirit that was esteemed of the greatest efficacy in cases like this, but she had left it at home. Valville, who had one of them, suddenly approached, and made way through us with precipitation; and, putting one knee to the ground, tried to make her snuff up some of the spirit, and poured some into her mouth: this, added to our endeavours, brought her to herself, and made her half open her eyes, which she cast with a languid glance upon Valville; when he cried, with a tone which I thought as tender and affectionate as it was singular—'Come, Miss, take some more; snuff it up again.' And then, with a gesture that



Plate V.

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that was doubtless involuntary, took one of her hands, which he pressed between his; but which I immediately took from him, without knowing why. 'Softly, Sir!' said I; 'we should not disturb her too much.' He did not seem to hear me: but all this seemed, on both sides, as only the effect of that embarrassing our uneasiness and eager desire of assisting her occasioned. He was going to apply his smelling-bottle again to her nose, when she sighed; opened her eyes quite; lift up her hand I held in mine, and let it fall upon Valville's arm; who took hold of it, and still continued on his knee before her. 'Lord!' cried she, 'where am I?' Valville held her hand still; and I thought he pressed it, and did not seem to think of rising. The lady at last recovered her spirits; fixed her eyes upon Valville; and gently drew away her hand, without taking her eyes from him: and, as by the bottle he held in his hand, she guessed that he had contributed to her recovery—'I am very much obliged to you, Sir,' said she. 'Where is my mamma? Is she here still?'

That lady was at her bed's-head in a chair, in which they had placed her, and had hitherto been only able to sigh and weep. 'I am here, daughter,' replied she. 'O my dear Varthon! how you have frightened me! Here are ladies to whom you are very much obliged; as well as to this gentleman.'

Valville still continued in the same posture; I repeat it to you, because I began to be uneasy at it. The young lady returned perfectly to herself, looked around her upon us, and fixed her eyes again upon him; and then, perceiving the disorder she was in, and that she was unlaced, appeared confused, and out of countenance, and put her hand upon her stays. 'Will not you arise, Sir?' said I to Valville: 'all is over; the young lady has no longer any need of your assistance.'—'That is true,' returned he, with some disorder, and without ceasing to look at her. 'I would fain get up,' said she, leaning upon her mother, who helped her as well as she could. 'I was going to give her my hand, when Valville prevented me, and offered her his with an eager precipitation.'

So much earnestness and assiduity on his side did not at all please me; but I

could give no reason why I disapproved of it. This little uneasiness made me act thus, without knowing what I did. How should I have known the motive? And, to all appearance, Valville behaved as innocently as myself. However, something extraordinary passed in his mind; for you have seen the rude manner in which I spoke to him two or three times, without his taking notice of it: he was not so surprized at it as he would have been at another time; or else he bore it as one who was conscious that he deserved it, and that I only did him justice. But to proceed.

The nuns were still waiting till the lady should be ready to go into the convent. She thanked Mrs. De Valville and I, with a very good grace, and a modest air, for the service we had rendered her: but I imagined that she seemed a little more embarrassed in the compliments she paid Mr. De Valville, and cast down her eyes when she spoke to him. 'Come, Madam,' added she, to her mother; 'to-morrow is the day of your departure: you have no time to lose; and I must enter the convent.' On this they embraced, not without shedding many tears. I suppress the polite compliments that passed between Mrs. De Valville and the English lady: this last related, in a few words, the reasons which obliged her to leave her daughter in the convent. 'My dear,' said my mamma, seeing them embrace for the last time, 'since you will have the honour of having this young lady's company, endeavour to gain her friendship, and forget nothing that may contribute to comfort her.'—'This is extremely kind,' said the English lady; 'it encourages me, in my turn, to take the liberty to recommend her to you.' To which Mrs. De Valville replied, that she begged leave to take her daughter to her house when she should come for me; which was accepted by the other with all imaginable tokens of gratitude.

Valville said not a word to all this: I observed his eyes oftener fixed upon the young lady than upon me; which, though it did not please me, I attributed only to the impulse of curiosity. How was it possible to suspect him who had loved me so tenderly; and had, the same day, given me such delightful proofs of his passion? who was so dear

to

to me; whom I had often told so; and who seemed charmed at being sure of it? Sure, did I say? perhaps he was too much so. Some minds, filled with a false and unmanly delicacy, relax in their tenderness as soon as they know they have gained ours. The desire of pleasing is attended with infinite charms, and prompts them to a behaviour that is accompanied with a real satisfaction; but as soon as they have found the way to our hearts, they are unemployed, and they neglect the person they think they have conquered.

However, the young lady, in return to the affection Mrs. De Valville recommended me to have for her, came very gracefully to me, threw her arms about my neck, and asked my friendship. This action, which was performed in the most frank and amiable manner, exceedingly moved me: I should not, perhaps, have behaved thus to her; though she did not appear unworthy of being loved; but my heart did not speak for her; or, to talk more intelligibly, I found a fund of coldness and indifference there, which I should have found some difficulty to overcome, though it could not withstand her caresses. I returned them with all the sensibility of which I was capable, and interested myself sincerely in her concerns: she, at last, tore herself from the embraces of her mother, and retired into the convent; when I called to let her know that I would be with her as soon as we had seen the abbess, with whom Mrs. De Valville desired to have a short conversation.

Her mother stepped into the coach, bathed in tears; and the next day set out for England. Mrs. De Valville went, for a moment, to speak to the abbess; saw me enter into the convent; and went to rejoin Valville, who had placed himself in the coach, where he waited for her. He left us just as we were going into the parlour to speak with the abbess, when I thought he did not seem less tender than usual: there was only one thing wanting; and that was, he forgot to ask his mother when he should see me again; and this forgetfulness I called to mind about a quarter of an hour after I had been in the convent. But our minds had been disconcerted; the young lady's accident had confused our ideas, and en-

grossed all our thoughts: besides, had not my mother said that she would return the next day, or the day after, and was not that sufficient? Thus I excused him; and blamed myself for being so foolish as to remark such a trifling instance of forgetfulness.

I was received by the abbess, the nuns of my acquaintance, and the boarders, in the most obliging manner: I have already told you they loved me, and that was very true; and especially the nun who had so agreeably vindicated me, and mortified the pride of the haughty boarder I have mentioned. After I had thanked them for the joy they expressed at my return, I ran to my new companion, whom I found in a deep melancholy, leaning upon a table in a thoughtful posture: she arose as soon as she perceived me, and came forward to embrace me, with all the marks of an extreme pleasure. It would have been difficult not to love her: her behaviour was simple, engaging, and tender; and, in fine, she had a heart in every respect like her manners. This is an eulogium which I cannot refuse her in spite of all the uneasiness she cost me. I soon conceived the most tender inclination for her; and hers for me, she said, began as soon as she saw me; when she could receive no other consolation but what sprang from the thought of having me for her companion.

'Promise me that you will love me, and that we shall be inseparable,' added she, squeezing my hand, and with a tone and look whose sweetness penetrated my soul and constrained my belief; so that we tied the strictest knot of friendship, and our interests became inseparable. She was like a foreigner in a strange country, (though she was born in France) since she was separated from all her friends. Her father was dead; her mother was gone to England, and, possibly, might die there, and this be an eternal adieu; and the next day might let her know she was an orphan. I was one: but, though my misfortunes far exceeded those she had reason to apprehend, yet she was in danger of experiencing some part of them, and of being in a condition nearly resembling mine. This reflection attached me nearer to her; and I seemed to find in her a per-

son more really my companion than any other. She poured her grief into my bosom; we softened each other; and, in that effusion of tender and generous sentiments, to which our hearts abandoned themselves, she entertained me with the misfortunes of her family; and I, in return, related mine: but I did it to my own advantage; not, indeed, out of vanity; it was only the pure effect of the disposition of my mind. My story became interesting: I expressed myself in a language sublime and pathetick; I spoke like a victim of fortune, or the heroine of a romance; who, though she may say nothing but what is true, adorns that truth with every thing that can render it moving. Thus I appeared like a noble unfortunate: in a word, I deceived her in nothing; nor was I capable of that, but only represented things in words suited to the disposition of my mind, which was tender and elevated by a crowd of affecting ideas. The agreeable Miss Varthon listened to me with concern; she sighed with me, and mingled her tears with mine.

I gave her the history of my infancy; the character of my dear friends the vicar and his sister, with her arrival at Paris; and treated them with the same dignity as my own adventures: then I represented the situation I was in after her death, in the most melting language. I mentioned Father St. Vincent: Mr. De Climal I did not name; my respect and tenderness for his memory prevented me, though I told the injury he had done me, his repentance, and the reparation he had made me; even Mrs. Du Tour, with whom he placed me; Mrs. De Valville, to whom I gave no other name than that of a lady I had met with. I did not omit my fall in coming from church; nor the amiable young gentleman of a noble family, to whose house I had been carried; and should, perhaps, in the sequel of my history, have told her that this was the same who had assisted her; that the lady she had just seen was his mother; and that I was upon the point of marrying her son, had we not been interrupted by a lay-sister, who entered the room to tell us that supper was on the table, which made me break off at Mrs. De Valville's entering the church: so that this young lady could apply no-

thing that I had said to any of the persons she had seen with me.

We then went to supper. Miss Varthon, during this repast, complained of a violent pain in her head, which increasing, obliged her to rise from table, and to return into her room, whether I followed her; but, as she had need of repose, after an embrace, I retired; without having had any of the incidents which attended her fainting in my mind.

I arose next morning, earlier than ordinary, in order to wait upon her; when I found they were going to bleed her: alarmed at this sight, which I thought a presage of an approaching fit of illness, I burst into tears; she squeezed my hand, and endeavoured to remove my fears. 'It is nothing at all, my dear friend,' said she; 'it is only a slight indisposition, proceeding from my mind's being too much agitated yesterday, which has caused a little fever; that is all.' She was in the right; the bleeding calmed her disorder; the next day she found herself better: and this little indisposition, of which I had been so sensible, served only as a proof of my affection for her, and to increase hers for me, which the condition I fell into myself put to a harder trial.

She was but just up the next day, when I went into her room to fetch my work, which lay upon her table; but I was seized with such a dizziness as made me call for help. There were none in the room but herself and the nun my friend: they both immediately hastened to my relief. My dizziness went off, and I sat down; but it returned from time to time: I then found a difficulty of breathing; then a heaviness upon my senses; and at last an almost total privation of them. The nun felt my pulse, and appeared uneasy; but said nothing that might alarm me: she proposed I should be put to bed; and Miss Varthon and she carried me into my room. I would fain have resisted my disorder, and have persuaded myself that nothing ailed me; but I could hold it out no longer: they put me to bed; and I desired them to leave me.

They had scarce left the room, when a letter was brought me from Mrs. De Valville: it contained only two lines; which were as follow:

'I have

‘ I Have not been able to see thee these two days: do not be uneasy, my dear; to-morrow, about noon, I will come and take thee with me.’

‘ Is there no other note, sister?’ said I to the nun who brought it. I asked this, because I imagined Valville might have wrote me a letter, since he had so good an opportunity for sending it. ‘ No,’ returned she; ‘ this is all the maid received of the footman, who waits for an answer. Have you any thing to say to him, Miss?’—‘ Yes; pray, reach me a pen and ink,’ said I: and, as ill as I was, I made the following reply.

‘ I Return you a thousand thanks, dear mamma, for your kindness in letting me hear from you. I find myself a little indisposed, and am just put to bed: but I hope this disorder will be of no ill consequence; and that to-morrow I shall be ready for you. Accept of my humble duty.’

I could not possibly have wrote any more; and, two hours after, I had a high fever, and was light-headed; when it soon encreased to such a degree that my life was despaired of: I grew quite raving, and knew neither Miss Varthon, my friend the nun, nor even my mother, who was permitted to come to see me, and whom I only distinguished from the rest by the earnestness with which I looked upon her, without speaking at all. I remained in pretty near the same condition for four days together; during which time I neither knew where I was, nor who spoke to me; and had been let blood without being sensible of it. The fifth day the fever abated; I came to myself; and the first sign I gave of it was, that, seeing Mrs. De Valville at the bed’s head, I cried out—‘ Ah, mamma!’ She was then reaching out her arm towards me, and was going to embrace me: I drew my hand out of bed to seize hers; put it to my mouth; and, for a long time, held it there, as if it had been glewed to my lips. I saw Miss Varthon, and some nuns, about my bed; and observed that the former seemed overwhelmed with sadness. ‘ I must have been very

ill,’ said I, in a low and faint voice; ‘ and, without doubt, have given you all a great deal of trouble.’—‘ Yes, daughter,’ replied Mrs. De Valville; ‘ there is nobody here that have not given you proofs of their goodness: but, thank God! you are now out of danger.’ Miss Varthon came near, and pressed my hand between hers with an air of the sincerest friendship; and said some tender things to me, which I only answered with a smile, and a look which shewed my gratitude. Two days after I was entirely out of danger; my fever had quite left me; but my weakness lasted a great while. Mrs. De Valville, who had been only permitted to see me on account of the great danger I had been in, appeared no more when that was over.

But I had like to have forgot one thing; and that is, that the next day after I began to recover, I reflected that I might probably have a relapse, which might be fatal to me: I thought, too, on the deed of gift Mr. De Climac had left me. ‘ To whom will it be long?’ said I. ‘ It will probably be lost to the family: and justice, as well as gratitude, demand that I should restore it to them.’ While these thoughts employed my mind, there was nobody in the room with me but a lay-sister: Miss Varthon had just left me; the nuns were in the choir; and I found myself at liberty. ‘ Sister,’ said I, ‘ my life, a few days ago, was despaired of; my fever is now, indeed, abated; but we cannot be sure that it will not return with the same, or even a greater, violence: however, I desire you would raise me up a little, and give me pen, ink, and paper, that I may write a line or two, which is absolutely necessary.’—‘ Pray, Miss, consider a little,’ returned she. ‘ Why do you talk so? You seem to be inclined to make your will. You ought not to indulge such thoughts; but rather to thank God for your recovery.’—‘ Pray, sister,’ said I, interrupting her, ‘ do not refuse me; I will only write a line or two: I shall have done in an instant.’ At last, she gave them me; and I wrote as follows.

‘ I Give to Mrs. De Valville, to whom I am indebted for all I have, the deed of gift which Mr. De

' De Climal, her brother, lately deceased, had the charity to leave me: I return also, to the same lady, every thing I am possessed of, to dispose of as she pleases.

' MARIANNE.'

I put this paper under my pillow, with an intention to give it into my mother's hands the next time she came; and it had not been wrote above a quarter of an hour before she entered the room. 'Well, daughter, how do you do?' said she, feeling my pulse. 'I think you are better than you were yesterday. Come, I hope you are in a fair way to do well: you only want to recover your strength.' I then took the paper, and slipped it into her hand. 'What dost thou give me here?' cried she. 'Let us see.' She opened, and read it; but could not help laughing. 'What a mad thing thou art, child!' said she: 'thou makest me thy executrix, and art in better health than myself.' She had some reason for saying so, for she was very much altered. 'Come, child; to all appearance, you will have no occasion to make your will this great while: it will be time enough to do that long after I have left this life,' added she, tearing the paper, and throwing it into the chimney. 'Keep what you have for my grand-children; I hope thou wilt have no other heirs.'—'Why, mamma, do you talk of leaving me? I had rather die now, than live to survive you.'—'Hold your tongue,' returned she. 'Is it not natural to suppose I should go before you? Is it not according to the course of nature that I should do so? The extravagance of your paper makes me mention it. Come, let us think of living; and do you make haste to recover, lest Valville should fall sick too. Such a long absence, I am sure, must be insupportable to him.' We were talking thus, when Miss Varthon and the physician entered. The latter thought me quite out of danger, though I was very weak; so that my mother came no more, and was satisfied with sending to know how I did.

Mrs. De Valville had always, during her visits, caressed Miss Varthon in the most friendly and obliging manner; and it was agreed, that, as soon as I

was fit to go abroad, we should go together to dine with her.

The next day, when Miss Varthon was in my room, she was told a person from Mrs. De Valville desired to speak with her. 'I fancy it is about you,' said she, as she left me to go to the parlour; nor did I doubt that I was really the subject of the message. You must observe that I had not resumed the sequel of my adventures since the day I had told her part of them; and that she was entirely ignorant of my love to Valville, and my being designed for his wife: she was indisposed the first day after she entered the convent; my illness had seized me two days after; and it had, therefore, been impossible for me to give her the continuation of my story.

'So, Miss,' said she, as she entered my room, with an air of gaiety; 'you did not tell me that the agreeable young gentleman who joined with you in recovering me from my fit was Mrs. De Valville's son. Did you know that it was he who waited for me in the parlour?'—'Who?' 'Mr. De Valville!' returned I, with some surprize. 'Pray, what did he want with you? You have been a great while together.'—'About a quarter of an hour,' returned she. 'He told me he came from his mother, to know how you did. He was commissioned to give her compliments to me; and has been pleased to pay me a polite visit.'—'He was in the right!' returned I, in a thoughtful and reserved air. 'Has not he given you a letter for me? Did not Mrs. De Valville write to me?'—'No,' said she, 'there is no letter at all.'

Here some of the boarders, who were my friends, entered, and obliged us to change the conversation. I was surprized that Valville, who, in less interesting circumstances, had embraced every opportunity of writing to me, and had so often added a few lines to my mother's letters, did not, on this occasion, give me the same marks of his regard. 'In the height of my disorder,' said I to myself, 'his letters might have been unseasonable: but, after I have been thought to be on the brink of death, he ought, surely, to congratulate my returning to life, and join with me in

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‘ thanking Heaven for my recovery; but he neglects it, and gives me not the least tokens of his joy. If he thinks it improper, in the languishing state I am in at present, to send me a separate letter, he might desire his mother to write me one, to give him an opportunity to add some lines to it by his own hand: but he thinks of nothing. This negligence disturbs me: it is not behaving like himself. What is become of my dear Valville?’ continued I. ‘ Surely this is no longer his heart, which has hitherto been so soft, so passionate, and tender!’ In short, his behaviour sincerely grieved me; and I could not help being offended at it.

‘ I have refused, till to-day,’ said Miss Varthon to me, while our companions were talking to each other, ‘ to go and dine with a lady who is an intimate friend of my mother’s, and to whom she has recommended me. You are too weak to go with me; and I am not willing to leave you: but this morning, before I entered your room, I sent her word, by a footman who came from her, that I would wait upon her to-morrow. But, however,’ added she, ‘ if you wish me to stay with you, I will send to excuse myself. Come; shall I stay? I assure you I had rather be with you.’—‘ No,’ returned I, taking hold of her hand in an affectionate manner; ‘ pray, go: you must comply with the desire she has of seeing you. Only be so kind as to return half an hour sooner than otherwise you would do, and I shall be very well satisfied.’—‘ But I should not be so,’ returned she; ‘ you must give me leave to shorten the visit a little more: I do not care to be uneasy so long together as you would have me.’

Let us pass, then, to the next day. Miss Varthon went to her mother’s friend; whose coach came to fetch her so very early, that she was quite out of humour at being obliged to leave me so soon: however, she returned much later than I expected. ‘ I have not been able to leave them,’ said she; ‘ they kept me in spite of myself.’ And nothing could be more probable. Some days after she went thither again, and repeated her visits very often: she could not avoid it, she said, unless she would break with the lady; and I did

not at all doubt it; but methought she always returned with a look more thoughtful and absent than ordinary. I told her my opinion: but she said I was mistaken; and I took no more notice of it. I then began to be able to leave my bed, though I was still very weak. My mother sent every day to the convent to enquire after my health; she even wrote to me once or twice; but I did not receive a line from Valville. ‘ My son,’ said she, ‘ is very impatient to see thee again; he is disturbed at thy being so long on thy recovery; he intended to have added some lines to this note; I have waited for him to do it; but he is not returned home yet, and must defer giving himself that satisfaction till another time.’ This was all the news I could hear of him. I was so shocked and so angry at it, that, in the replies I returned to my mamma, I ceased making any mention of him. In my last, I told her I had strength enough to carry me to the parlour, if she would be so good as to come and see me the next day. ‘ My only illness now is, that I do not see my dear mamma,’ added I: ‘ make haste then, dear Madam, I entreat you, to compleat my recovery.’ I did not at all doubt of her coming; which she did not fail to do: but we neither of us foresaw the grief and extreme trouble in which she found me the next day.

That evening Miss Varthon and I were alone, and took a turn or two in my room. ‘ You fancied, some days ago, that I seemed a little thoughtful,’ said she; ‘ and I think that to-day you seem very much so. You have something in your mind that disturbs you; and I am much deceived if you had not just been crying yesterday morning before I entered your room. I desire to know, my dear companion, what it is that troubles you? In the situation I am in, I can be of no service to you; but your uneasiness disturbs me, and makes me fear some ill consequence of it. Remember that you have been very ill; and that to give yourself up to melancholy, is not the way to recover your health. Our friendship requires that I should say this; but I will go no farther.’—‘ Dear Miss,’ said I, ‘ I assure you I have no intention to hide my uneasiness from you; my heart has no se-

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'cret which it would conceal from my
 ' friend. I have not long been con-
 ' vinced that I have had sufficient cause
 ' to be disturbed; and I should not
 ' have let this evening pass without
 ' trusting you with it: I cannot refuse
 ' myself this consolation. Yes, my
 ' dear,' replied I, after a short pause,
 and fetching a deep sigh; 'I have, in-
 ' deed, reason for being troubled: I
 ' have already related to you the greatest
 ' part of my history; your illness pre-
 ' vented my giving you the sequel;
 ' and here it is in a few words. Mrs.
 ' DeValville is that lady whom, if you
 ' remember, I told you I met in the
 ' convent: you have been witness of
 ' her behaviour towards me; every
 ' body would take her for my mother;
 ' and, from the first moment she saw
 ' me, she has constantly treated me in
 ' the same manner. But this is not
 ' all; that Mr. De Valville, who came
 ' the other day to see you——' 'How!
 ' Mr. De Valville! is he against you?'
 said she, interrupting me. 'Is he dis-
 ' pleased with his mother's friendship
 ' for you?'—'No; pray hear me,' said
 I: 'that is not the case. Mr. De Val-
 ' ville is the same young gentleman I
 ' have also told you of, to whose house
 ' I was carried after my fall, and who
 ' from that moment conceived a most
 ' violent passion for me; a passion so
 ' tender, that I cannot doubt of it's
 ' being real. — Mrs. De Valville knows
 ' of our mutual affection; knows that
 ' he would marry me; and, notwith-
 ' standing my misfortunes, has herself
 ' consented to it: but for some reasons
 ' it has been retarded, and perhaps it
 ' will never now be concluded; at least,
 ' Valville's conduct makes me despair
 ' of it.' Miss Varthon interrupted me
 no more: she listened with a pensive
 air, cast down her eyes, and did not
 even look at me. 'You know from
 ' what dangers I have escaped,' con-
 tinued I; 'I have but just been saved
 ' from death. Before my illness, his
 ' mother hardly ever wrote the least
 ' note to me but he sent me one with
 ' it, or added a few lines to hers: and
 ' yet this same man, whom I have been
 ' accustomed to see so tender, so affec-
 ' tionate; he who has thought of losing
 ' me, and who ought to be so alarmed
 ' at the state I was in; he whom I could
 ' scarce believe able to support his
 ' fears on my account, and who ought

' to have been transported with joy at
 ' seeing me out of danger; can you
 ' believe it, Miss? has not let me hear
 ' from him; has not wrote me a single
 ' word; he who has loved me so ten-
 ' derly—not one short note! Is this
 ' natural? What would he have me
 ' think of it? And what would you
 ' think, if you were in my place?'
 Here I paused for a moment, and stood
 still: Miss Varthon continued silent
 too; but she always left me a little be-
 hind her, continued mute, and avoided
 turning her head towards me. 'Not
 ' one letter,' resumed I; 'he who had
 ' been so prodigal of them on less im-
 ' portant occasions. Once more I say,
 ' can you think it possible? Have I lost
 ' his heart, instead of that life which I
 ' had much rather have parted with?'
 'Oh, how am I troubled! But tell me,
 ' Miss—a thought arises suddenly in
 ' my mind—may not he be sick? May
 ' not Mrs. De Valville, who knows
 ' that I love him, hide it from me?
 ' She has a sincere affection for me,
 ' and may be afraid of afflicting me:
 ' have not you had the same kindness
 ' for me? Did not you pretend a visit
 ' from Mr. De Valville only to hinder
 ' my suspecting the truth? For it ap-
 ' pears impossible to me that he should
 ' be guilty of such negligence; and I
 ' assure you, I should be less afflicted
 ' to hear of his being ill. He is young,
 ' Miss, and may recover; but, if he is
 ' inconstant, there can be no remedy.
 ' This last motive of inquietude is
 ' more sharp and cruel than the other.
 ' I entreat you, then, to confess his
 ' disorder; you will compose my mind:
 ' be so kind as to tell me; I shall be
 ' discreet.'

She made no answer; her silence
 made me grow impatient; I took hold
 of her arm, and seated myself before
 her, to oblige her to answer me. But
 judge of my astonishment, when, in-
 stead of a reply, I heard some sighs,
 and saw her countenance bathed in
 tears. 'Oh, Miss!' cried I, turning
 pale, 'why do you weep? What mean
 ' those tears?' I asked what my heart
 began already to presage: my eyes
 were opened; every thing that had
 passed during her fit rushed into my
 mind. She stood near an easy-chair,
 into which she threw herself: I sat by
 her, and wept too. 'Come, Miss, you
 ' need make use of no disguise with

‘me,’ said I; ‘I believe I understand you. Where have you seen Mr. De Valville? Unkind, unworthy man! is it possible that he loves me no more?’—‘Alas! my dear Marianne,’ returned she; ‘O that I had but been acquainted with this before!’—‘Well,’ rejoined I, ‘speak freely; have you robbed me of his heart?’—‘Say, rather, that I have lost my own!’ replied she. ‘What! he loves you, then; and you return his passion? How unhappy am I!’—‘We have both reason to complain,’ returned she. ‘He has not mentioned you to me. I confess I love him; but I will never see him again.’—‘He will love me no more!’ cried I, shedding a flood of tears; ‘he will love me no more! Oh! where am I? and what shall I do?’—‘Alas! Mrs. De Valville, I shall not then be your daughter! In vain you have been so generous to me!’—‘What! you, Mr. De Valville, you unfaithful to Marianne! you who have loved her with such a transporting tenderness! you abandon her!’—‘Is it you, Miss, that take him from me? you who have had the cruelty to contribute to my recovery! Oh, that you had rather let me die! How is it possible to survive his loss? I have given my heart to both; and, in return, you both give me death! Oh, I shall never support a life of such torture!’—‘Pray, do not reproach me,’ returned she, in a moving tone; ‘I am not capable of a perfidious action: I will tell you every thing; he deceived me!’—‘He deceived you!’ interrupted I, in my turn. ‘Ah, Miss! why did you listen to him? Why did you love him? Why did you encourage his passion? Your mamma was but just gone, and left you overwhelmed with grief; how, then, had you the courage to love? Besides, you knew he was not my brother: you had seen us together; he is amiable, and I am young; and was it difficult to imagine that we might love? What is your excuse? But, pray, tell me where you have seen him? What methods did you take to deprive me of his tenderness? Never, sure, had any man so much as he: never will he find one so tender as me! He will regret his forsaking me; but I shall be no more! He will remember how much I loved him; he will lament my death: you

will have the grief to see it; you will reproach yourself with having betrayed me, and never enjoy any solid happiness.’—‘Have I betrayed you?’ returned she. ‘Ah, my dear Marianne! is it possible I should confess that I love him, if I had not been myself deceived? But it is I that must be the victim of his infidelity. Endeavour to calm your mind, so as to hear me for a moment. You have a soul too great to suffer you to be unjust, though you seem to be so: judge of me by my sincerity. I had never seen him before my fainting at parting with my mamma. As soon as I returned to myself, the first object that struck me was Valville on his knee before me; he had my hand in his: I do not know whether you observed the looks he cast upon me; but, weak as I was, I could not help taking notice of them. He is amiable; you acknowledge it yourself; and I thought so too: his eyes were fixed upon me till I entered the convent; and, unhappily, I could not help taking notice of it. I knew not who he was; and what you told me of your history could give me no light into it. It is true, I sometimes had him in my thoughts; but it was only as one that I imagined I should never see more. I was told, some days after, that a person they did not name desired to speak to me from Mrs. De Valville. I was then with you: I went down, and found it was he that waited for me. I blushed at seeing him: he appeared embarrassed; and his embarrassment gave me some confusion. He asked, with a smile, if I knew him, and had not forgot that I had ever seen him: he told me that my fainting made him tremble, and that he was never so moved in his life as at the condition in which he had seen me; that it had been ever since present before him; that his heart was struck with it; and then begged my pardon for the freedom with which he explained himself on that subject.’

Whilst she was speaking thus, she did not perceive that her words went to my heart: she heard neither my sighs nor my groans; she wept too much herself to give any attention to them; and, cruel as her recital was, my heart attended to it, and could not renounce the

the pangs it felt at every word she uttered. "For my part," she resumed, "I was so moved at his discourse, that I was unable to stop him. He did not tell me, however, that he loved me; but I was very sensible that this was what he would intimate: and it was said in a manner which it would have been unreasonable to have been offended at."

"Theld that lovely hand in mine," added he. "You no sooner opened your eyes, but you saw me at your feet; and it was with the greatest difficulty I arose from thence: I must still prostrate myself before you, whenever I behold your charms."—"Oh! he casts himself at your feet?" cried I. "He prostrates himself before you, even whilst I am dying! I am then entirely banished from his heart: he never said any thing so tender to me!"—"I cannot recollect what answer I made him," returned she: "all that I remember, is, that I concluded with telling him that I must retire, and that I had suffered his conversation too long; when he excused himself with such an air of submission and respect as soon appeased me. I arose up, and was going to leave him; when he turned his discourse on my mamma, and of the great desire Mrs. De Valville had to see me at her house. He mentioned, too, the Marchioness of Kilnaire, whom, he said, we were both acquainted with; and at this lady's house I have been three or four times since your recovery. He added, that he was to sup that evening with one of her relations. In fine, when I was going to leave him, "I had like to have forgot," said he, "a letter which my mother desired me to deliver to you." He blushed at giving it me. I took it, as I sincerely thought it came from Mrs. De Valville; but he was no sooner gone, than I found it was his own. I opened it in my coming back

to you, with an intention to let you see it: however, I did not; and you will see the reason that hindered me." She then drew the letter out of her pocket, gave it me open, and desired me to read it. I took it with a trembling hand; and durst not, at first, look upon those characters which had before often filled me with delight: at last, however, I cast a look upon it, and wet it with my tears. "He writes," cried I; "but it is not to me! it is no longer to the unhappy Mariannel!" I was so penetrated with this reflection, it stuck so close to my heart, that for a long time I breathed nothing but sighs, and was unable to begin to read it. It was pretty short; and ran thus—

"SINCE the day of your melancholy accident, Miss, I have not been myself. I foresaw that, in coming here to-day, my respect for you would hinder me from telling you what an impression you have made upon my mind: but I have foreseen, too, that my timid and troubled countenance would acquaint you with it. You have seen me tremble before you. I fear this letter will offend you; but my heart will not be bolder than it was when I was in your presence; it trembles still. You have doubtless conceived an affection for Miss Marianne; and it is very likely that, at your leaving the parlor, you will go and make her the confidante of your surprise, and perhaps of your indignation, on my account: but I beg you would forbear; you would wrong me in the opinion of my mother, from whom your friend conceals nothing. I shall give you, another time, a reason for my request. Dear Miss, my secret has escaped me! I adore you. I had not dared to tell you so, if you had not known it."

"I shall reserve, Madam, the sequel of this adventure, for the Eighth Part."

END OF THE SEVENTH PART.



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART VIII.



Could not forbear laughing very heartily, Madam, at your anger against my perfidious lover. Could any thing be more diverting? You desire to know when you may expect the sequel of my adventures; and say you wait for it with the utmost impatience. But I must not mention a word more of Valville: you cannot bear the very thought of him. I fancy that, instead of the life of your friend, you have insensibly brought yourself to believe you were reading a romance; and, this granted, there must be some reason for the violence of your indignation. What! an unfaithful, romantick hero! Sure never was heard such a prodigy! It is an established rule, that they all of them ought to be true; and it is on this account only that we interest ourselves in their concerns: besides, nothing is more easy than to render them so; it costs no more pains; and fiction alone is at the expence of the whole. But infidelity is uncommon no where but in this visionary, romantick world. I am here representing things as they really are; as the instability of all human things render them; and not the adventures of the brain, which may be framed as we please: not a fictitious heart, but the heart of a man, a Frenchman, and one that now really exists; a contemporary of the lovers of the present age. This, Madam, I say, is the sum of his character: he had only these three trifling difficulties to overcome towards being as constant as your most

renowned heroes; and pray, do not lose sight of this. I would have you look upon him with the eye of an unconcerned spectator. We have all of us some faults mingled with our perfections; and no man is entirely exempt from them. You, at first, thought him charming, and now think him quite hateful; but you will soon conceive a more favourable opinion of him.

Valville, who, the first moment he saw me, loved me with a tenderness as lively as it was sudden; a passion commonly of a short duration, and much like those early fruits which are frequently blasted before they arrive to maturity; Valville, I say, notwithstanding his volatile disposition, was, even then, a very honest man, but was born with a mind extremely susceptible of soft impressions: he meets with a dying beauty who touches him, and snatches me from his heart; but he has not left me for ever; he is only cloyed with the pleasure of loving me, because he at first enjoyed it too greedily. But his taste will return to him; he rambles only to recover himself: he hunts after a new beauty; and I, in my turn, shall become one more charming to him than ever. He will see me in a situation that will melt his heart: my grief, and the tender dispositions of my mind, will entirely alter me, and give me graces hitherto unknown to him. You see, Madam, I make a jest of it now; though I wonder how I could then bear up under it. Let us now proceed; and enter upon this moving part of my adventures.

We

We are now at Valville's letter; which I read over, notwithstanding the sighs and tears which almost suffocated me; while Miss Varthon, with her eyes fixed on the floor, was weeping too, and seemed in a profound reverie. As for me, I sat almost senseless, with my head leaning on the back of my chair: at last I lifted it up, and began again to look over the letter. 'Ah, Valville!' cried I, 'I have nothing now to do but to die!' And then, casting my eyes upon Miss Varthon—'Do not afflict yourself, Miss,' said I; 'you will soon be both at liberty to love each other: I shall not live long; this will be the last of all my misfortunes!'

At this discourse, the young lady, starting suddenly from her pensive and thoughtful posture, addressed me with a firm and resolute air—'Why do you resolve to die?' said she; 'for whom do you afflict yourself? Is this a man worthy of your grief? worthy of your tears? Is this the man you professed to love? Is he what you thought him? Would you have considered him as worthy your esteem, had you known him? Would you then have given him your heart, or have accepted of his? It is true, you once thought him amiable; and imagined he had a mind that deserved your esteem: and I thought so too; but we were both deceived. He wants those virtues which are necessary to constitute the character of a gentleman: his behaviour renders him despicable. He loves you; he is going to marry you; you fall sick, and he is told your life is in danger: he then forgets you, and takes that opportunity to declare that he loves me; me whom he had only seen for a moment, and who had hardly said two words to him. Ah! what love was that he had for you? What name can be given to that he has for me? From whence can proceed the fancy of indulging a new passion in such circumstances as these? Alas! it was only because he thought he saw me dying: the sight moved his little, weak, unsteady mind, which is the sport of every new and singular object. If he had seen me in perfect health, he would have taken no notice of me: my fainting was the cause of his infidelity; and, perhaps, even you, who are so lovely, so capable of inspiring that tender passion,

owed your conquest, by which you were able to fix him a few months, to your misfortunes, and your fall at his door. I acknowledge he took a great deal of notice of you at church; but that was only because you were charming; and his admiration, it is likely, would not have proceeded to love, without the assistance of your situation and your fall.—'However, he loved me!' cried I, interrupting her; 'he loved me! and you have taken him from me: and perhaps I had nobody in the world to fear but you.'—'Pray let me make an end,' continued she; 'I have not done yet. I have confessed that he was agreeable to me; but do not imagine that I have let him know it; for he has not the least suspicion; nor is he worthy of being acquainted with it: and, prejudiced as you are, doubtless, now against me, I beg you would keep it secret; if not out of friendship, at least out of generosity. A young lady of your excellent disposition, need not a particular affection for people to make you use them kindly, when there is no just reason for being displeased with them. Farewel, Marianne!' added she, rising: 'I leave you Valville's letter; make what use of it you please; shew it to Mrs. De Valville; shew it to her son; you have my consent to it; I cannot be blamed for what he has the assurance to write to me; and if you should desire me to confront him, and make him publicly blush for his conduct, I am so incensed against him, and so much despise his ridiculous love, that I shall make no scruple of it; and shall readily join with you in your resentment. However, I have taken a resolution never to see him more, without you require it of me. I will forget that I have ever seen him; and if I meet him, I will not seem to know him; for flying from him would be doing him too much honour. You, I believe, are neither ambitious nor selfish; and, if you are only affectionate and reasonable, you will lose nothing. As Valville is unworthy of your tenderness, you ought not to regret the loss of his. You must consider yourself as if you never had a lover; for to have a general one, is to have none at all: yesterday he was yours; to-day he is mine, if I must believe

‘believe him; and to-morrow he will be another’s; and yet will still have no sincere passion for any body. Leave him, then, at large; and reserve your heart, as I shall mine, for one who will give you his in return.’

Here she came to me, and gave me a friendly embrace, which I received without the least emotion; I only looked earnestly at her, and let my eyes wander over her. She took one of my hands, and pressed it between hers; whilst I let her do as she pleased, without being able to make any reply, or to return her caresses. I did not know whether I should love or hate her; treat her as a rival or a friend; though, methought, I had some sentiments of gratitude in my soul for those marks of friendship I received from her, as well as for the resolution she had taken to see Valville no more. I heard her sigh as she left me. ‘I shall not see you again till to-morrow,’ said she; ‘and I hope I shall find you then more serene, and more sensible of my friendship.’ To all this I could still make her no reply; and only followed her with my eyes till she was gone.

I was then left alone, leaning back in the chair; where I remained about half an hour, with my thoughts so disturbed and confused, that I seemed almost stupified. The nun I have already mentioned as peculiarly deserving the character of my friend, at last entered, and surprized me in this disordered state of mind. Though I saw her, I did not stir; and, I believe, I should have kept myself in the same situation, if even the whole body of nuns and boarders had entered too. There are afflictions so violent as to make us forget ourselves, in which the soul has not the discretion to make a secret of the state it is in; it is not at all embarrassed at being made a spectacle of to others; it entirely forgets itself; and this was exactly my case. The nun, astonished at my not moving to salute her, at my silence, and my wild and stupid look, came towards me in a kind of fright. ‘My dear, what is the matter? What ails you?’ cried she. ‘Are you ill?’ — ‘No!’ returned I; and then was silent. ‘But what is the matter, then?’ ‘You look pale, dejected; and I think you are crying too: have you received any ill news?’ — ‘Yes,’ returned I; and then stopped again. She

knew not what to think of my monosyllables, and the faint manner in which I pronounced them. At last, she perceived the letter, which I was still holding with a weak and trembling hand, and which was wet with my tears. ‘Is this, my dear, the cause of your affliction?’ added she, taking hold of it. ‘Will you permit me to read it?’ — ‘Yes,’ cried I. ‘Pray, who does it come from?’ she rejoined. ‘Alas! come from——’ I could say no more; my grief stopped my voice. She seemed extremely moved; and I observed she wiped her eyes, and then read the letter. ‘Come, Miss,’ said she, ‘this lets me into the whole matter. You are full of consternation, and give way to your grief: I sympathize with you in your affliction. You are young, and want experience: you are born with a noble soul; with a heart sincere, and void of artifice; and this is a reason why you are more penetrated with a misfortune of this kind. Yes, Miss, sigh, complain, and indulge your grief. I am not a stranger to the situation you are now in; I have experienced it, and was as much afflicted as you: but a friend, nearly of the age I am now of, surprized me in the condition I now see you in, and endeavoured to console me: she talked reason; I listened to her, and at last received comfort.’ — ‘She comforted you, Madam!’ cried I, lifting up my eyes to Heaven. ‘She comforted you, did you say?’ — ‘Yes,’ returned she: ‘you do not conceive it possible; and I then thought so too.’

“Let us see,” said my friend, “for what it is you thus give yourself up to despair: it is for one of the most frequent occurrences of life; and which is hardly of any consequence to you. You love a man who returned your affection, and now leaves you for another; and you call this a very great misfortune: but are you sure it deserves that name? and may it not be quite the contrary? How can you tell but his infidelity may be an advantage to you? and that you would repent your having married him? that his jealousy, his ill-humour, his debauchery, and a thousand other essential faults which he may have unknown to you, might make

“ make you groan out a tedious, unhappy life? You only look upon the present moment: cast your views a little farther, and consider that his infidelity may be a blessing from Heaven. That over-ruling Providence which presides over all things, is conducted by unerring wisdom; and the Father of mankind knows what will promote our happiness better than we do: his love infinitely exceeds that we have for ourselves. You are now lamenting an imaginary misfortune, which in a little time will, perhaps, be the subject of your joy: take courage, then; if he is not destined for your husband, you will be a gainer by losing him; as I myself have been in being abandoned by one who was dear to me, and who forsook me for another who is miserable in that condition in which I once wished myself, and which I foolishly imagined would make me completely happy. You love him, you will say; and, as you have no fortune, his wealth would become yours: but could nothing but his infidelity deprive you of it? Was he secure from every illness, might he not die before your marriage? and would not every thing then be lost? Would there be no resource left for you? and does his unfaithfulness deprive you now of the comforts you would then have enjoyed? Though you love him now, do you think you shall never be able to love any but him? Are there none so rich, none so amiable, as he? To what purpose, then, is your uneasiness? You are young, and have but just entered upon life; you are blessed with a happy genius, an amiable soul, and a fine person; you have a variety of pleasing prospects before you: and yet give yourself up to despair for a man who will, perhaps, return to you again.” This is what my friend told me, added the nun, “ in the first transports of my grief: and I will tell you the rest when you are capable of attending to me.”

Here I fetched one of those sighs which escape us when we are told something which moderates our afflictions: she perceived it. “ These motives of consolation touched me,” continued she; “ and they ought to have still a

greater weight with you, to whom they are more applicable than they were to me. My friend spoke to me of my perfections; but you have more of them. I do not tell you this to flatter you: I was agreeable enough, but had not your charms. As to the qualities of your mind, you have received proofs of the impression they make upon every body: you know the esteem and tenderness Mrs. De Valville has for you; and I know not one sensible person in our house that is not prejudiced in your favour. Mrs. Dorbin, who is so good a judge of true merit, is ready to be another Mrs. De Valville to you: you delight every body at her house; and wherever you appear it is the same. I do not pretend to make any account of my own judgment; yet, though I am pretty difficult, and not easily pleased, I was struck with your presence, and instantly became ambitious of being your friend. Who could be otherwise? Then, what is it to you to be deprived of a lover who dishonours himself in leaving you; and who is not, in my opinion, the most considerable of all the matches that will be offered you? Therefore compose your mind, Marianne; make yourself perfectly easy; it does not require any great effort of reason to be so: for the least degree of spirit, joined to what I have told you, is more than sufficient to give you that tranquillity you stand in need of.”

I then looked at her in a manner that shewed I was half vanquished by her reasons, and half softened with a grateful sense of the pains she took to calm my troubled mind; and gave her my hand, with an air of friendship and affection, which seemed to say—“ How soothing is the confidence of a friend! How sweet the satisfaction of being in such hands as yours!” I found my affliction began to abate; for we are very near receiving comfort, when we take an affection for those who try to assuage our grief. This obliging lady staid about an hour longer with me, insinuating the most pleasing things; which she had the art to make me think extremely judicious: and though, indeed, they were so, yet it was necessary, in order to gain my attention, that they should be set off with that affectionate

tone, and that look of benevolence, with which she uttered them.

At last, the bell rung to call her to supper: as for me, I had my provisions still brought me into my room. 'Well,' said she, smiling, 'I am glad I do not leave you so inconsiderate and void of reflection as I found you: you are now become reasonable; you know yourself, and will do yourself justice. Believe me, you were much to blame to give way to such excessive, such immoderate, grief and dejection of spirit. I cannot easily pardon it; and shall take the liberty to chide you for it this great while.' I could not help smiling at this friendly railery, which disposed me to think that I had really exaggerated my misfortunes. 'Sure my friend would not take this method to comfort me,' thought I, 'if my affliction was so very serious as I have imagined it!'

She had no sooner left me, than one of the lay-sisters brought me my supper, and began to set some things to rights in my room. This woman was naturally of a gay disposition. 'Come, come,' said she, 'you are almost as fresh as a rose already; you have quite recovered your illness, and there is not the least appearance of it left: will not you take a little walk in the garden after supper?'—'No,' replied I; 'I feel myself fatigued, and design to go to bed as soon as I have eat a little.'—'Well, well,' returned she, 'all in good time: sleeping will do you as much good as walking.' On this she left me.

You will easily judge that I made but a very light supper; for, though my friend the nun had recovered my spirits, and taught me to moderate my uneasiness, yet I continued still in a very deep melancholy: I revolved in my mind all she had told me. She had said I had but just begun to live—'You are in the right,' said I to myself; 'my fate is not yet decided; and I ought to prepare myself for many other events. Others will love me; he will see it; and they will teach him to revive his esteem. A man who is inconstant, thinks he leaves the injured lady solitary; but, when he sees his place filled up by another, he begins to think himself mistaken, and looks upon it as an accident he could not have foreseen: he can hard-

ly believe it is her that he discarded; and seems surprized to find she has still so many charms.' New thoughts succeeded to these. 'Is he not the most amiable, the most tender, of mankind? And must I lose him? Shall I ever find one like him? Ah, Mr. DeValville! the charms of Miss Varthon will not justify you; and I shall, perhaps, have as many admirers as she.' Upon this, I wept; and went to-bed. Amongst the various thoughts which revolved in my mind, there was one which I at last fixed upon. 'Why should I,' said I to myself, 'who have virtue and sense, who have a character and sentiments which render me generally esteemed, with all the charms of youth, have the weakness to destroy myself with a grief which, perhaps, will be thought interested, and which will only serve to swell the vanity of a man who treats me so unworthily?' This last reflection roused up my courage; it had something noble in it, that inspired me with resolutions that rendered me more calm and tranquil. I laid a scheme for my behaviour to Valville; and fixed upon what method I should make use of to discover his infidelity to his mother: in a word, I proposed to act with a spirit, a modesty, a decency, worthy of that Marianne who had been so highly esteemed. In fine, to behave with a conduct which, in my opinion, would be more proper to make Valville regret his forsaking me, if he had any generosity left, than all the tears I could shed; which often only serve to degrade us even in the opinion of the lover we lament, and at least spread an air of disgrace over our charms. Thus enthusiastically enchanted with my little generous plan, I insensibly sunk to rest, and did not awake till late the next morning; but then I awoke only to renew my sighs.

However industriously we endeavour to encourage ourselves in a situation like mine, we are continually liable to relapses, and that little repose we procure is too uncertain to be of long continuance: the soul only enjoys itself for a moment, and is sensible that its tranquillity depends upon a flight of imagination, which it would willingly preserve; but it constrains it too much; it is forced to retract itself into that condition which is most natural to it, that is, a state of agitation. This was my case.

case. I not only thought that Valville was unfaithful, but that his mother would no longer be mine; and that I should never possess that apartment she had shewn me at her house, which was so near to her's. She had promised me this in the tenderest manner: how delightful would have been my situation! I had anticipated my happiness by reflecting upon it before-hand, and had promised myself many sweet and pleasing interviews with her; but all my hopes were vanished, and the happiness I had depended on disappeared: how heavy, how severe, was this disappointment! Valville no longer intended this should ever come to pass. This was an article I did not think of the evening before. What would become of my mamma's picture which I had begged of her, and which she had assured me should be hung in my chamber, where it was placed perhaps already; but, alas! to no purpose, since it was not for me. How numerous were my griefs! how swift did they flow in upon me!

Though I expected Mrs. De Valville would come that day, I did not hope to see her till the afternoon; but she was there in the morning. My friend the nun, who had paid me a visit soon after I was dressed, and whose conversation had again comforted me, had scarcely left the room, when I saw Miss Vartion enter: she appeared cast down, but less melancholy than the evening before. I gave her a reception which was neither cold nor very affectionate; I received her with a languishing look; and notwithstanding her friendly behaviour, and all she had told me, I felt some pain at seeing her: but, whether she perceived it or no, she seemed not to take any notice of it. 'I think I ought to acquaint you with one thing,' said she, with an open countenance, in which there appeared a visible concern; 'and that is, that I have been with Mr. De Valville.' She stopped here as if ashamed of what she had told me. This surprising beginning made me sigh. 'I readily believe it!' replied I, filled with the utmost consternation. 'But pray, do not condemn me without hearing me,' rejoined she immediately. 'I have assured you that I would never see him more, and that was my intention; but I had not the least suspicion that it was he who waited for me in the parlour.' (And this, in-

deed, was true, as I heard since.) 'I was told that one desired to speak with me from Mrs. De Valville,' continued she; 'and you are sensible that my appearance could not be dispensed with: it would have been very rude and unkind to have refused going to her without a sufficient excuse; so that I was obliged to shew myself, though I did it with reluctance, and not till after some hesitation; and the uneasiness of my mind seemed to preface what was going to happen. Judge of my surprise, when I found Mr. De Valville in the parlour.'—'You then retired, did not you?' returned I with a weak and trembling voice. 'I had undoubtedly done so,' returned she, blushing; 'but I had no sooner seen him than I could not resist a natural impulse of indignation which seized me. Would not you have done so?'—'No,' said I; 'you would have shewn a greater resentment in retiring.'—'May be so,' returned she; 'but put yourself in my place, with the opinion I had of him.' The words 'I had,' made me tremble; it seemed an ill omen of what was following. "You are very bold, Sir," said I to him, "to come here to surprise me," continued she, "after the letter you wrote to me, which you could not have made me take without deceiving me: are you come now for an answer to it? If so, you shall not wait long for it: I assure you, Sir, both your visits and your letters offend me extremely. The little service you have done me does not entitle you to dispense with the regard you owed me, especially as you are under engagements to a young lady, whom you cannot forsake without being guilty of a base perfidiousness. It is she, Sir, you ought to visit here; and not me; who am not born to be the object of such an injurious, such a shameful intrigue!" This I was willing to say before I left him; added she; 'and was going to the door in order to leave him, without descending to hear what he had to say, when I heard him cry out—"Oh, Miss! you throw me into despair!" and this was uttered with such a loud and mournful voice, that I thought myself obliged to stop, to prevent his crying out a second time, and alarming the house, which would have in-

‘ introduced a very disagreeable scene.’—
 ‘ No, no!’ said I, ‘ he would not have
 ‘ behaved so extravagantly; that pre-
 ‘ caution was entirely unnecessary.’—
 ‘ I beg your pardon,’ returned she, a
 little confused; ‘ the servants, or any
 ‘ in the court, might have come at the
 ‘ noise, and have put me out of coun-
 ‘ tenance; so it was wiser to stay a little,
 ‘ for I did not think he would detain
 ‘ me long. “ Well, Sir, what do you
 ‘ want with me?” said I, in the same
 ‘ haughty tone; “ I do not desire to
 ‘ hear any thing that you can inform
 ‘ me of.”—“ Alas, Madam! I pro-
 ‘ test I have but one word to say to
 ‘ you; pray return,” replied he with
 ‘ a bewildered look, and so much emo-
 ‘ tion, that it was impossible for me
 ‘ to proceed. “ Well, Sir,” said I,
 ‘ going back to him, “ what would
 ‘ you say?”—“ I came to tell you,” re-
 ‘ turned he, “ that my mother will be
 ‘ here between eleven and twelve; and
 ‘ designs to take you and Marianne
 ‘ home with her to dinner: she did not
 ‘ desire me to tell you of it, but I
 ‘ thought you would permit me to let
 ‘ you know it before-hand.”—“ You
 ‘ need not have given yourself that
 ‘ trouble, Sir,” said I: “ Mrs. De
 ‘ Valville does me a great deal of ho-
 ‘ nour; and I shall consider how I
 ‘ ought to behave. Is that all?”—
 ‘ Why did you ask if that was all?”
 said I: ‘ would you never have done?
 ‘ would you listen to him for ever?’—
 ‘ Dear Miss,” said she, ‘ how you mis-
 ‘ take me; it is quite the reverse: “ is
 ‘ that all,” signified only that he tired
 ‘ my patience; I only said so to get a
 ‘ pretence to leave him, for I was all the
 ‘ while afraid of his disordered looks;
 ‘ for one does not know what to do with
 ‘ persons that are so little masters of
 ‘ themselves. Then, assuring me that
 ‘ he would soon have done, he began a
 ‘ discourse which I was obliged to hear
 ‘ from the beginning to the end. It was
 ‘ a vindication of himself with regard
 ‘ to you, occasioned by my having men-
 ‘ tioned his perfidiousness. You may
 ‘ judge that his arguments could not
 ‘ persuade me to believe him as excuse-
 ‘ able as he thinks himself to be; but
 ‘ I must confess, that I do not find him
 ‘ quite so culpable as I before thought
 ‘ him.’—“ Ah, Miss!” cried I, (with-
 ‘ out lifting up my head, lest my looks
 ‘ should charge her with hypocrisy) ‘ is

‘ he not quite so culpable? Do you say
 ‘ so, who despised him so much yester-
 ‘ day?’—“ It is true, indeed,” returned
 ‘ she, ‘ I did despise him; and thought
 ‘ him the basest and most unworthy of
 ‘ all mankind: nor do I now pretend
 ‘ to say that he is not at all to blame;
 ‘ I only think he is less so than I at
 ‘ first imagined. My friendship indu-
 ‘ ces me to tell you this, in order to
 ‘ diminish your affliction, by rendering
 ‘ his behaviour less shocking to you.
 ‘ You have looked upon him as a fickle
 ‘ and perfidious person, who suddenly
 ‘ changes without knowing why: but
 ‘ he is very far from it; it is sometime
 ‘ since he endeavoured to remove his
 ‘ passion, with which he reproached
 ‘ himself. This he told me almost with
 ‘ tears in his eyes; it was even before
 ‘ your illness; he thought to conquer
 ‘ it by loving another; he only wanted
 ‘ an object: he saw me; I did not dis-
 ‘ please him; he felt a slight preference,
 ‘ which he could not help giving me
 ‘ over the rest, and seized the opportu-
 ‘ nity of making himself happy. That
 ‘ is all.’—“ Oh, Miss!” said I, ‘ is
 ‘ this the comfort you would have me
 ‘ listen to? Is this the consolation
 ‘ you bring me?’—“ Indeed, Miss, I
 ‘ thought it would be one,” returned
 ‘ she: ‘ is it not more agreeable to you
 ‘ to think that it is not out of incon-
 ‘ stancy or want of love that he leaves
 ‘ you, but that he is forced to do it
 ‘ with reluctance, and only from mo-
 ‘ tives which appear to him to be rea-
 ‘ sonable; and which, if am not de-
 ‘ ceived, you will think so too, if you
 ‘ will permit me to repeat them to you,
 ‘ in order to take away the ill opinion
 ‘ you have entertained of him? Let us
 ‘ see now: you have related your his-
 ‘ tory to me, my dear Marianne; but
 ‘ there are a great many articles that
 ‘ you have but just touched upon, yet
 ‘ are extremely important, and may
 ‘ have been prejudicial to you. Val-
 ‘ ville, who loved you, did not attend
 ‘ to them while they were concealed;
 ‘ and he was much in the right. But
 ‘ your story has been blazed abroad,
 ‘ and those little particulars are known
 ‘ to every body: there are few like him
 ‘ or his mother; persons of generous
 ‘ sentiments are very scarce. The linen-
 ‘ draper, with whom you lived as a
 ‘ shop-maid; the good monk, who went
 ‘ to petition the assistance of one of Mr.

' De Valville's relations; the convent
 ' where you went to beg to be received
 ' out of charity; the adventure of the
 ' linen-draper, who knew you again at
 ' a lady's called Mrs. De Fare; your
 ' being taken from thence; your ap-
 ' pearing at the prime-minister's before
 ' so large a company; the insignificant
 ' young fellow that was designed to
 ' displace Valville; and a hundred
 ' other things; which, though they
 ' turned out, indeed, to your advantage,
 ' and prove that none was ever more
 ' amiable and engaging; yet are very
 ' mortifying, and degrade you, though
 ' very unjustly. All these things, I
 ' say, have been represented to Valville,
 ' who has given me an account of them.
 ' You cannot imagine all that has been
 ' said to him on this subject, or how
 ' much they condemn his mother, and
 ' tease him about his design of marry-
 ' ing you. His friends break off their
 ' acquaintance with him; his relations
 ' will see him no more, unless he will
 ' lay aside his project; and there are
 ' none even of the indifferent and un-
 ' concerned that do not laugh and jeer
 ' at him: in fine, he must bear the most
 ' mortifying things, and go through
 ' endless insults. I cannot repeat half
 ' of what they say to him. "What!
 ' a girl that has nothing!" say they;
 ' a girl that does not know who she
 ' is! How can you have the face, Sir,
 ' to shew her to the world?"—"She
 ' has virtue."—"But are there no la-
 ' dies of quality who have it too? Can
 ' nobody please you but your amiable
 ' orphan? She loves you, you will say;
 ' but what can she do better? Is that
 ' a love to be boasted of? Can you be
 ' sure, that she would have had any
 ' esteem for you, if she had been your
 ' equal? How do you know but her
 ' necessities may induce her to dissem-
 ' ble that passion, to draw you in, and
 ' keep you to herself? All these ideas,
 ' Sir, will one day come into your
 ' mind;" they add, with equal malice
 ' and stupidity; "and you will then
 ' be sensible of the indignity you are
 ' now offering yourself; and be at least
 ' obliged to leave your country, and
 ' go and hide yourself with your wife,
 ' to avoid the scorn you will bring up-
 ' on yourself; but, wherever you go,
 ' do not hope to avoid the misfortune
 ' of hating her, and cursing the day
 ' when first you knew her,"

Here I could contain myself no longer;
 I had been silent whilst she repeated to
 me all these mortifying, these hum-
 bling expressions; I had endured a re-
 cital of my miseries: and of what ser-
 vice could it have been to me to have
 vindicated myself, or to have given a loose
 to my complaints? It could not be
 doubted but she was ready to follow her
 inclinations; I saw that Valville had
 sufficiently justified himself in her opi-
 nion, that he had gained her over, and
 that she only sought to clear him in
 mine, that I might dispense with her
 promise of despising him. This I saw
 very plainly; and my reproaches would
 have been of no signification at all.
 But how cruel, how extremely barba-
 rous was it to mention that hatred which
 they predicted Valville would have for
 me! How severe the reflection, that he
 would curse the day of our acquaint-
 ance! This pierced my heart, and tried
 my patience to the utmost. "Oh! this
 ' is too much, Miss! It is too much!"
 cried I. "He detest me! he curse the
 ' time when he first saw me! The thought
 ' is quite insupportable! Have you the
 ' courage to threaten me with it? to
 ' come and entertain me with such
 ' frightful ideas? Is this your boasted
 ' friendship? Is this the method you
 ' take to dissipate my uneasiness? Can
 ' you believe I do not understand you,
 ' and see into the bottom of your heart?
 ' Is it like a friend, to use me in this
 ' manner? Cannot you love him with-
 ' out taking away my life? You will
 ' have it that he is innocent; and would
 ' convince me of it. Well, Miss, I
 ' will confess that he is so; give him
 ' again your esteem. He is in the
 ' right; he ought to blush at having
 ' loved me. I grant that our marriage
 ' would cover him with all the reproach
 ' you have enumerated. Yes, I am
 ' nothing; the meanest creature upon
 ' earth is above me. I have subsisted hi-
 ' therto only upon charity: they know
 ' it, and reproach me with it. I am suf-
 ' ficiently convinced that Valville ought
 ' to abandon me, and that he may do
 ' it without any impeachment of his
 ' honesty. But for you to threaten me
 ' with his hatred and his curses; me,
 ' who am dying; it is too much; I
 ' cannot bear it: and God will revenge
 ' your inhumanity to me! You might
 ' have justified Valville; and have in-
 ' sinuated that his passion for you is
 ' not

‘not at all blameable, without coming to crush me under these barbarous présages. It may be you, perhaps, that he will hate; it will perhaps be yourself, and not me, Miss: take care.’

This reproach perfectly stunned her: she did not expect that I should so readily find out her artifice; and I saw her blush and turn pale successively. ‘You put a very ill construction upon my intentions,’ returned she, with a troubled air. ‘What wild transports! I crush you! I pierce your heart! and God will revenge my inhumanity! How very strange is all this! Why should he punish me, Miss? Have I any share in your misfortunes? Am I responsible for the ideas people inspire this gentleman with? Is it my fault if they strike him? Is it any wonder that they make an impression upon him? However, I must say again, there is less infidelity than weakness in his change; and it is impossible to judge otherwise. Those who talk to him thus are more to blame than he: he is not perfidious, but only ill advised. I thought I should please you in telling you this, and that was all the artifice I have made use of. I wish he had resisted all that has been said to him, he would then have been more worthy of praise; but I cannot think that either you or I have a right to despise him for it. Every body will excuse his fault; nor will it make him sink in the esteem of any one. This is my opinion; and, if you are equitable, it must be yours too: your own peace and tranquillity require it.’—‘I should be more easy if this conversation was dropped,’ said I, weeping. ‘As you please,’ returned she. ‘I will say no more: and, I assure you, I shall never resume it. Fare you well, Miss,’ added she, retiring. I made no reply, only bowed my head, and let her go.

You will, perhaps, be apt to imagine, Madam, that I am now going to abandon myself to a greater excess of grief than ever: at least, you must see that I have a new acquisition of painful, uneasy circumstances. False as Valville was, I could not absolutely say, before this discourse, that I had a rival: it is true, he loved Miss Varthon; but yet she did not seem to be at all the less my friend; she despised him,

and persuaded me to do so too; this was far from acting like a true rival; but now she was a most compleat one. They mutually loved each other; and her discourse told me what an impression he had made on her heart; and that she had taken a resolution to cherish her growing passion. Must not this, according to all appearance, renew my despair, and plunge me into the most cruel, the most bitter affliction? But, so far from it, she had no sooner left the room, than my tears began insensibly to cease. This new augmentation of sorrow stopped them, and made me unable to shed any more. When a misfortune, which we have believed to be extreme, becomes still greater, the soul seems to lay aside it’s sorrow; it collects all it’s strength, to enable it to bear up courageously; it’s excess brings it to reason; it would be to no purpose to afflict itself; and therefore it yields, and is silent; it has no other choice left: and this I took even unknown to myself. It was with this kind of coolness that I peacefully contemplated my misfortunes; became convinced that there was no remedy, and consented to endure this unhappy adventure with patience. Thus my troubles terminated in a profound melancholy; I was peaceful and tractable: a state less cruel than that of absolute despair.

I was in this situation of mind, when a lay-sister told me Mrs. De Valville was come; and a person waited for me in the parlour: I imagined it was she that was there; and, notwithstanding the calm I was just in, I went down a little moved, and my eyes grew moist in the way. ‘That dear, that tender, mother,’ said I to myself, ‘thinks she comes to see her daughter: she does not know that she will only see the poor Marianne, stripped of that affectionate, that charming appellation her goodness would bestow upon me.’ I resolved, however, not to inform her of any thing yet: I had my reason for concealing it, and intended to wait for a more favourable moment. I dried my eyes at the parlour-door, endeavoured to assume a serene countenance; and, after two or three sighs, I entered. A curtain drawn before the grate hid from me still the person I was going to see; but, prepossessed with the opinion that Mrs. De Valville was behind it—‘Ah, my dear mamma!’ cried

I, as

I, as I advanced towards it; 'is it you that are come to see me?' when, drawing the curtain, I was ready to tear it for presenting, instead of Mrs. De Valville, her unfaithful son. I started; and was so struck with the sight, that I stood some time with my head hanging down, stunned, and without the power to speak a single word. 'What is the matter, my charming Marianne?' said he. 'It is me: did they not tell you so? How ravished am I to see you! Alas! you seem to be very weak still. My mother is in the parlour next this, with Mrs. Dorcin, talking with a nun; and she desired me to tell you that she would be here in a moment, and that she designs to take you and your friend Miss Varthon with her: but I am very much afraid that you are not yet in a condition to go out; think of it, however. Will not you go and dress you?'—'No, Sir,' said I, recovering my spirits; 'no, I will not dress me; I am not perfectly well; and Mrs. De Valville will give me leave to remain as I am.'—'O without doubt,' replied he. 'Well, you have given us terrible alarms,' added he immediately, with the tone of a man who would shew some concern, and who would speak, though he had nothing to say. 'Pray, how do you do? I do not know whether I am deceived or not, but you appear very much dejected: perhaps your illness has given you that thoughtful melancholy air; for I hope nothing has disturbed you.'

I easily perceived that he said this because my sadness and reserved behaviour alarmed him. He did not know Miss Varthon had revealed his secret to me; for she had concealed from him all that passed between us on that subject, and had persuaded him to believe that she had only learned our engagements from the friendly confidence I reposed in her: but the guilty are always suspicious; Miss Varthon, by some imprudent word, might have given me some light; and this was what he feared. Hitherto I had not dared to look in his face. I did not care that he should read in my eyes, that I too well knew every thing; and apprehended that I should not be able to dissemble with him. At last I thought I might trust myself, and looked up. 'When a per-

son is recovered from an illness so

'great as mine,' returned I, observing how he looked at me, 'our weakness gives us an air of melancholy.'

Ah, Madam! how difficult is it to commit a perfidious action with an unmoved countenance! The soul must be extremely tender of it's honour, and have a strong propensity to truth, since it is so difficult to surmount the confusion it feels at being false. Valville could not meet my looks, notwithstanding all the assurance he endeavoured to put on. I could hardly know him again; he did not seem to be the same man; he had no longer that frankness, that openness of countenance, that joy at seeing me, which always used to sparkle in his eyes, and express the tender sentiments with which I inspired him. Love was banished from thence, and nothing remained but embarrassment and imposture: I saw nothing now but a visage cold and constrained, which he strove to enliven, and to conceal the indifference that, in spite of all his endeavours, was very visible. Alas, Madam! such a sight was insupportable to me; I was obliged to cast down my eyes, and not to look upon him again. Here a deep sigh escaped me, which it would have been impossible to have concealed, which he took notice of with the appearance of some concern. 'Have you any difficulty of breathing, Marianne?' said he. 'No,' returned I; 'I am only very weak.' And then followed a long interval without either of us speaking a word, which happened more than once. These pauses had something very singular in them; they had been entirely unknown in our former interviews; and the more they disconcerted my unfaithful lover, the more frequent they became. For my part, I could only prevail on myself to be silent, and not to explain the subject of my disorder; which I could neither conceal, nor put any restraint upon my looks and behaviour. 'Your languishing condition makes me very uneasy,' said he: 'we have been assured that you were much better recovered. Do you take any recreation in your convent? You have some friends there.'—'Yes,' returned I; 'I have a nun who sincerely loves me: and then I see Miss Varthon, who is a most amiable lady.'—'She appears to be so,' he replied; 'but you are a better judge of that than I.'

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—‘Does she know,’ said I, ‘that Mrs. De Valville is come for her?’—
 ‘Yes; I think my mother desired she should be told of it,’ returned he.
 ‘You would be glad to be better acquainted with her,’ said I. ‘Why,’
 ‘I have seen her here once or twice; my mother desired me to call upon her to enquire after your health,’ cried he. ‘Did not you know it? She should have told you of it.’—‘Yes,’ replied I; ‘she mentioned it to me.’ And then we were silent again; he out of confusion, and I from discretion and melancholy. ‘But come, endeavour, Miss, to recover,’ said he: ‘I think I hear my mother in the court; I will see if I am not mistaken,’ added he, going to the window. This action spared him some words, which he would have been obliged to speak to keep up the conversation; at least, it entitled him to mention what he saw, or did not see in the court. ‘Yes,’ cried he; ‘it is she herself, with Mrs. Dorfin: they will be here in a moment; and I will go and open the door.’ He left me without saying any more; and went down some of the stairs to give Mrs. Dorfin his hand. He was glad of a pretence to run from me: whilst I, as soon as he was gone, endeavoured to smother my sighs, and to assume a countenance as serene and undisturbed as possible.

‘My dear child,’ said Mrs. Dorfin as she entered, giving me her hand, ‘I thank Heaven for thy preservation. We had not come till the afternoon, but I told your mamma that you must dine with us, that we might have your company the longer.—Madam, she is a great deal better than I feared,’ added she, addressing herself to Mrs. De Valville; ‘she is wonderfully recovered; and, I think, is not much altered.’ I do not remember what answer she made her. Valville stood by Mrs. Dorfin, and smiled at looking on me; as if he, too, found a great deal of pleasure at seeing me again. ‘My dear daughter,’ said Mrs. De Valville, ‘thou art not dressed yet: I sent my son to tell thee I was coming for thee.’ This she said with the most affectionate air. At the name of daughter, I let fall some tears; and observed that Valville blushed; but I do not know why, except he was ashamed to see me moved to so little purpose, and

thought that the sweet and tender name of daughter would be at last of no signification. ‘Indeed your daughter loves you too much,’ cried Mrs. Dorfin, ‘for her present weakness; there is no need of these emotions, nor of that melting tenderness, which seizes her heart at seeing you; and, I am afraid, they will do her no good. Let her be perfectly recovered, and then she may weep for joy as much as she pleases; but let her indulge none of these soft enings till then.—Come, Miss, endeavour to cheer up, and let us go, for it grows late.’—‘I stay for Miss Varthon,’ returned my mamma: ‘but as for thee, thou mayst go as thou art. Thou needs not take the trouble to dress now.’—‘Alas! notwithstanding the desire we have to take her with us, I tremble for fear she should come out too soon,’ said Valville; who, under a pretence of a concern for my health, probably had no other design but to furnish me with an excuse, which he hoped I should take hold of; but he was deceived. ‘No,’ said I; ‘I am not ill at all: and since this dear lady will dispense with my dress, I shall be charmed with the pleasure of going with her.’—‘What do you mean by lady?’ returned Mrs. De Valville, smiling. ‘Who dost thou speak to? Thy illness has rendered thee mighty grave. Call me, very respectfully, thy mamma.’—‘I can never have respect enough for you, Madam,’ returned I with a sigh, which I was unable to conceal. It did not escape Mrs. Dorfin; and confounded the uneasy, the guilty Valville; who was, with some reason, out of countenance. This sigh, joined to my respectful behaviour, seemed to proceed from some hidden cause. Mrs. Dorfin appeared to think so, and to take notice of Valville’s confusion, by the manner in which she observed us both. My mamma was going, perhaps, to make me some farther reply, when Miss Varthon entered in a negligent, but elegant dishabille. As she had foreseen that, notwithstanding my uneasiness, I might go with them to dinner, she had, without doubt, satisfied herself with dressing in this manner; which seemed to exclude all design of pleasing; and which she probably thought would leave me no room to accuse her with any such intention.

I imme-

I immediately guessed her motives for this apparent regard for me, and was not to be imposed upon by it. In these cases, a jealous and betrayed lover is quicker sighted than a beloved one. I at once saw that she was not sincere; and that, notwithstanding her negligence, she had not been willing to strip herself of any of her charms. I was dressed in the same manner as when I arose, and had only slipped on a very bad gown. I was so changed and thin, the fire of my eyes was almost extinguished, and had such a pale, sickly, and disturbed countenance, that I could not help being sensible of the disparity between us, and being mortified at appearing before her with such disadvantages, and thus contributing myself to justify Valville's infidelity. If a lover leaves us, and gives the preference to another, we are at least pleased to think him to blame for it; and to charge it to his inconstancy, and not our want of charms; and thus to flatter ourselves that he is guilty of injustice. What lesser comfort can be required? But yet, in this case, methought I could not charge Valville with it. And this thought made me repent my having engaged to dine with his mother; but I could not go back. However, there were some things which might be alledged in my favour: and my rival, upon recollection, had not such great cause for triumph. If she shone more than me, it was not because she was naturally more lovely; but it was owing only to her being in good health, and my having been ill. I might be excused if I then wanted my own charms; but she was obliged to have all hers. They saw how much she excelled me; but did not know how far I might exceed her when mine returned.

I need not repeat the compliments these ladies made her. It was time to go; and we both of us left the convent, stepped into the coach, and soon arrived at Mrs. De Valville's. 'I am afraid you are not perfectly recovered,' said my mamma, with an affectionate look, when we were at dinner: 'you appear to have a languid melancholy which does not at all please me.—Was she so in the convent, Miss?' added she, speaking to Miss Varthon, who blushed at her question. 'Yes, Madam,' returned she; 'she was pretty much the same. She has much ado to recover;

her illness has been long and violent; however, she is sometimes better.' Mrs. Dorfin said nothing; but did not cease examining Valville and me.

As we arose from table, the weather being very fine, it was proposed to take a walk on the terrace of the garden. The conversation was at first general; and then Miss Varthon was asked news of her mother: they talked of her voyage, her return, and her affairs. While they were on this subject, I pretended a curiosity to see a shady arbour at the end of the terrace. 'It appears to be very agreeably situated,' said I, to engage Valville to wait on me thither. 'No, no,' returned he; 'it is nothing uncommon.' But, as I arose up, he could not avoid following me, and leaving the rest of the company. 'I beg pardon, Sir,' said I to him, as we walked, 'for depriving you of a conversation in which you, perhaps, interest yourself; but I shall not detain you long.'—'Why, you jest!' said he. 'Do not you know the pleasure I take in being with you?' I made him no answer. We entered the arbour; whilst my heart suffered the most violent palpitation; and I could not tell how to begin what I had to say to him. 'A-propos!' cried he. (You will judge if 'a-propos,' was a proper introduction to what he was going to mention.) 'Do you remember that I have been endeavouring to obtain a post?'—'Do I remember, Sir! Without doubt, I do,' returned I. 'It is that affair that has deferred our marriage.'—'Is it concluded, Sir; or will it soon be so?'—'Alas! no; there is nothing done yet,' he replied; 'we are hardly any forwarder than we were at first: my mother will, no doubt, mention it to you. There have arisen difficulties which have retarded the conclusion of it; and which, unhappily, may put it off much longer.' You must observe, Madam, that these were difficulties of his own procuring; and the result of an intrigue carried on between him and his friends, without Mrs. De Valville's knowledge; as will appear afterwards. 'There are creditors and heirs that oppose us,' continued he: 'we must bring them to an agreement; and, according to all appearance, we shall not be able to do it soon. I am extremely sorry for it, and prodigi-

‘oussly uneasy,’ added he, taking two or three steps to go out of the arbour. ‘Stay a moment,’ cried I: ‘I am a little weary; let us sit down. Pray, Sir, tell me why these difficulties disturb you so much?’—‘Cannot you guess?’ replied he. ‘It is because it retards our marriage. You must imagine that I should be very glad to have it concluded. I have had a design to desire my mother to complete my happiness before I obtained my place; but, upon second thoughts, I found it more proper to defer it; to keep to her decision; and not to press her too much. Am not I in the right?’—‘Oh! there is nothing to be feared from her,’ returned I; ‘it will never miscarry on her account.’—‘No, I believe not,’ replied he; ‘nor on mine neither! I believe you are pretty sure of it. But that is no reason why these delays should not make me impatient. I wish, with all my heart, my mother had not put it off; she did not consult my love in it. I thought I ought to seize this opportunity to explain myself.’—‘Pray, Sir, what love is it you are speaking of?’ returned I, to enter upon the matter. ‘What love!’ cried he. ‘What love should it be but mine, Miss? my affection for you. Is my love to you a new thing? And can you attribute to me those obstacles which prevent an union; which I desire much more than you do yourself?’ Instead of a reply, I drew his letter to Miss Varthon out of my pocket, which you know she had left with me. As I gave it him open, he knew it at first. Judge, then, what was his confusion! It was quite inexpressible. It would have made any other but me pity him. However, he endeavoured to recover himself. ‘Well, Miss; what paper is this? What would you have me do with it?’ said he, taking it with a trembling hand. ‘Ah!’ added he, with a forced laugh, without knowing what he said; ‘I see it is mine: it is my letter. I forgot to tell you of it: it is a trifle. You were sick; the conversation turned upon love; and the subject made me a little pleasant; that is all: I thought no more of it. Miss Varthon and I saw each other sometimes at the Marchioness of Kilnare’s: every body knows that I have not made any se-

cret of it. As I could not see you, I was willing to amuse and divert myself, to pass away the time. But, now we are speaking of this marchioness, I must tell you that I should be glad to see you acquainted with her: she is a lady of merit.’ I let him conclude this rambling discourse, which was void of sense and reason, and which perfectly expressed the disorder of his mind. I attended to it with silence, and my eyes cast down. When he had done—‘Sir,’ said I, without using any reproaches, or taking hold of any thing he had said, ‘I must do Miss Varthon the justice to assure you, that you ought not to accuse her with having made a premeditated sacrifice of your letter: she gave it me in the sudden emotion of her mind; as she then just discovered that I had the vanity to think I was dear to you.’—‘The vanity!’ returned he, with a countenance perfectly disordered. ‘Sure, Miss, there is no vanity in that!’—‘Sir,’ returned I, with a modest tone, ‘pray, have the goodness to hear me make an end. Miss Varthon, to whom you paid a visit a few days ago, told me, as soon as she had left you, that you had been to pay her a visit, and to enquire how I did; without mentioning a word of the letter you had just given her. But yesterday, hearing that our marriage was agreed upon, she became quite stunned.’—‘Hah! hah! stunned!’ cried he. ‘Why so? You surprize me! What is that to her?’—‘I do not know that,’ replied I: ‘but, however, I took notice of it; asked her the reason; and pressed her to tell me; when she produced the letter, and gave it me.’—‘Very good!’ returned he: ‘she was mighty welcome; it was not any thing very important. What signifies the letter? She knows I intended nothing by it; and that it was only a little piece of gallantry; and I did not desire her to conceal it from you.’—‘You must excuse me, Sir; you forget yourself: you desired her not to shew it me in the letter itself,’ replied I, in a gentle and friendly tone. ‘But pray, let me conclude what I was going to say: I have desired this explication for no other reason but that Miss Varthon (supposing she should love you, as, indeed, you have reason

to hope for) should have no reason to accuse me of a jealousy which would very ill become me. — But what do you mean with your explications and jealousies?' cried he. 'What would you say? Indeed, Miss Marianne, I do not understand you: I do not, indeed! — Pray, Sir, hear me,' continued I; 'and let me conclude. Who is it that you thus debase yourself to dissemble with? Have you forgot who you are speaking to? Am I not that Marianne, that poor, that unfortunate Marianne, who owes every thing to your family, and who knows not what would have become of her had not your bounty saved her? Do I deserve that you should give yourself the trouble to explain and justify your conduct to me? No, Sir; the time is short; and do not, therefore, interrupt me: we must agree upon something. You know the dispositions of your own heart; but must be sensible that Mrs. De Valville is ignorant of them. She believes you are still actuated by those sentiments you lately entertained in my favour: she honours me with the most engaging, the most endearing affection; she persuades herself that I shall soon be her daughter; impatiently waits till I am so; and may take the resolution to marry us, before you have obtained your post; and, since you have so lately pressed her to it, may well imagine that her desire to have it concluded will fill you with the most pleasing transports. Can you, then, suddenly go to her, and acquaint her that you have entirely banished me from your heart? I know, Sir, Mrs. De Valville has a mind full of truth and virtue; and, without reckoning the grief a declaration of this kind would give her, such a surprise would, doubtless, prejudice you in her esteem. We must endeavour, then, to soften a little this adventure, and render it less shocking to her; a mother, like her, deserves all the pains we can take to prevent her uneasiness. I should be extremely afflicted, should I make you incur her displeasure. Alas! who, am I, that I should be the subject of a quarrel between Mrs. De Valville and you? I, I say, who am obliged to you for great part of her tenderness, and for many of the

benefits I have received from her. You would then, indeed, curse the day of your acquaintance with the unhappy orphan: but this I shall use all my endeavours to avoid. Therefore, consider, Sir, how you would have me behave; and what steps you would wish me to take, to prevent the uneasiness I am speaking of. I will do every thing for you, except saying that I do not love you; for that would be far from being true: you need only tell me what you would have me do, and I will endeavour cheerfully to obey you. And, believe me, Sir, it was only with an intention of serving you, that I took the liberty to draw you from a conversation which you thought more engaging than mine.'

Hitherto Valville had stood his ground as well as he was able; and had the courage absolutely to deny his infidelity. The courage, did I say! I should rather have called it a mean, a pitiful baseness, which would not suffer him generously to confess the situation of his heart. How painful must such a conduct be to a mind that was always inclined to virtue, and had ever the strongest propensity to truth! But what I had now told him made him unable to resist any longer; my generosity confounded him, and made him sink before me: he dissembled no longer; but confessed his shame without the least reserve. I did not seem to take notice of his confusion; but, as he still remained silent, I added — 'Be so good as to give me an answer. What do you prescribe to me?' — 'Do as you please, Miss,' returned he: 'I am to blame, and cannot vindicate myself.' — 'It is necessary, however, to advise what I should say,' added I, with a free and pressing air: but he continued mute; and it was impossible to get a word more from him. Here I observed Miss Varthorn had left the two ladies, and was coming up to us. 'Sir,' said I, in the uncertainty in which you leave me, as to the part I ought to take, I shall act with as much discretion as possible; and it shall not be my fault if this affair does not succeed according to your desires.'

As he continued still silent, and I was going to leave him, Miss Varthorn, who was already at the entrance of the arbour, pretended to be surprised at

finding us there; and seemed as if unwilling to interrupt us. 'I beg pardon,' said she, retiring; 'I did not think you had been there still: indeed I imagined you were walking in the garden.'—'You are very welcome to come in, Miss,' said I; 'our conversation is finished, and you might have had your share in it.—' This gentleman is witness that there has been nothing said against you.'—'What do you mean by against me?' returned she. 'Indeed, Miss, I do not doubt it. What connection is there between your secrets and my affairs?' I made no reply; and went out of the arbour to meet the ladies, who were coming up to us; so that our two lovers could only remain a moment together. I do not know what they said, but I heard them soon follow me: and, as I listened, methought Miss Varthon was talking very low to Valville. For my part, I returned from this expedition with a pleasing kind of emotion: that dignity of sentiment I had shewn to my unfaithful lover; that shame and humility I left in his heart; that astonishment he was in at my generous behaviour; in short, that superiority which my mind had assumed over his; a superiority more tender than displeasing; more amiable than vain; filled my soul with the sweetest and most flattering sentiments; and I found myself too worthy of his esteem not to be regretted. 'Sure,' said I, 'it is impossible for him to love Miss Varthon with the same tranquillity he would before have done!' I desired him to forget me, and be at peace with himself. I resolved to punish him by seeing him no more: and then I imagined that his affliction would be superior to mine, as he alone was guilty. 'Aha! why was he unfaithful?' These were the thoughts which employed my mind as I advanced towards Mrs. De Valville: and you cannot imagine how greatly I was delighted with them, or how much they allayed my grief. Revenge is, in some degree, sweet to every offended heart; and nothing but that can assuage its pain. Some will have a cruel, and others a generous one: and mine, you see, was of the last sort; for I wished my dear Valville no greater evil than to regret his forsaking me.

I have already told you, that Miss

Varthon and he followed me; and we presently joined the other ladies: when, a cold and troublesome breeze arising, Mrs. De Valville proposed our walking in. I perceived Mrs. Dorhn, who had the goodness to interest herself in my concerns, and who had entertained some suspicions of what had happened, had watched all our actions. I observed, that she fixed her eyes on Valville, who turned away his head: his countenance had still an impression of the several emotions of his mind, which he was not yet able to disguise. Mrs. De Valville herself, who suspected nothing, discovered so much disorder in his looks, that, coming up to me—'Daughter,' said she, lowering her voice, 'Valville seems melancholy and thoughtful: pray, what has passed between you? What hast thou said to him?'—'Nothing, Madam,' I replied, 'that he ought not to be very well satisfied with.'—'I will soon make his gaiety return, I am determined,' said she, without explaining herself any farther; and then we went in. As soon as we had taken our seats—'My dear,' said Mrs. De Valville, 'as Miss Varthon is your friend, we may talk freely before her of the marriage which is agreed upon between my son and you: and I hope she will even do us the honour to be present at it; and therefore I shall make no difficulty of speaking my mind before her.' Here this young lady coloured; she foresaw that a scene was opening in which she herself might be involved: however, she bowed to Mrs. De Valville, to thank her for the confidence she reposed in her. 'You are thinking of your post, son,' continued the latter: 'I had made a resolution not to marry you till you had obtained it; but I did not foresee that you would meet with so many difficulties to obstruct your designs; but since they seem to have no end; since we cannot tell when you will get over them; and since they trouble you so much; we need only overlook them, and conclude your marriage; with this single precaution, to keep it secret for some time. I have taken measures accordingly, unknown to you; and three or four days will be sufficient to prepare for it. We shall set out this evening for the country.—' 'This lady,' added she, shewing us

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorlin, 'has promised to give us her company: Miss will be so kind as to do the same; and all will be over in a few days.'

Here Valville fell again into all that distress and confusion into which I had cast him a few moments before. Miss Varthou blushed, and knew not what countenance to assume. For my part, I held my peace, and had the air of one more melancholy than pleased: but there was no malice nor ill-nature in my silence. My tenderness and regard for Mrs. De Valville, and, perhaps, my love too for her son, tied up my tongue, and made me unable to make her any answer. Here a short interval passed, during which neither Valville nor I could open our mouths. At last, he broke silence; but it was rather to utter a few insignificant, trifling words, than to make any reply; for he was entirely undetermined, and knew not what he was going to say: but he could not avoid saying something to fill up that surprising vacancy in the conversation occasioned by our silence. 'Yes, indeed, it is true! You are in the right—nothing is more easy—Yes; in the country—when—ever you please—We shall see—' —'How! what do you say? We shall see!' cried Mrs. De Valville, in an amaze. 'Are you absent? Did you hear what I said? What shall we see? Why, is not every thing seen already?'—'No, Madam!' returned I, with a sigh; 'no! your goodness, your love to me, shuts your eyes against those reasons which ought absolutely to break off this marriage: and I conjure you, by the favours with which you have loaded me; by that eternal gratitude I have for them; by all your concern for the happiness of your son; not to press him any more on this subject; but to abandon your project!'—'Why so, huffy!' cried she, in an angry tone; for she was ready to call me names: she was provoked out of mere tenderness. 'Why so, pray? What do you mean?'—'Oh, mamma! you ought to think no more of it,' cried I, throwing myself suddenly at her feet. 'I lose riches and honours; but I cannot help it; they are not fit for me: Mr. De Valville cannot share them with me, without rendering me the ridicule of the world; without

passing himself for a man of a mean and base spirit. Alas! what a misfortune would it be to this young gentleman, who is the hope of an illustrious family, who might aspire to the greatest honours, to be obliged, perhaps, to desert his country for having married a girl whom nobody knows; a girl whom you have raised from nothing; and who has no other fortune but your charity! Could the world ever approve of such a marriage?'—'But what do you mean by these reflections? What are you about?' cried Mrs. De Valville, interrupting me. 'Pray, Madam, hear me,' resumed I in a pressing and importunate tone: 'if any thing is worthy your concern and his, it is certainly my misery. My dear mamma, you have hitherto had the greatest regard for me, and still continue it: you would have the poor Mari- anne call you mother; you do her the honour to call her your child, and treat her as if she was so. How admirable, how kind, is this! Can any thing equal your goodness? And is not my low, my indigent condition, sufficiently honoured, but you must carry your charity so far as to marry me to your son? Is my misery to be esteemed a portion? No, my dear mother; no! you may give me the endearing title of your daughter as long as you please; you may bestow it upon me without controul; but I ought not to receive it from the law. It is true, I had yielded to your excessive goodness; I thought I had surmounted all obstacles, and every thing would pass on smooth and easy: the excess of my happiness prevented my thinking, and had taken away all my scruples; but they return upon me, and I can no longer hide from myself the true state of things. Every body cries out against our marriage. Mr. De Valville is affronted, railled, and persecuted, wherever he goes; though he conceals it from me, and durst not tell it you; he is shocked at the frightful prospect; and has reason to be so: but, though he should regard all this with indifference, and endeavour to overlook it, I ought to mind it for my own sake, as well as his. In short, you love me; your intention is to secure my happiness; and yet I should disappoint all the designs

' designs of your tenderness by consenting to marry him; designs which I ought to revere, and which deserve to meet with success. How can I be happy if he is not so too? if I see myself hated and despised, as they foresee I must be? Lord! I be hated——!'

Here I was stopped by a torrent of tears. Valville, who, during my discourse, had appeared as if he was going to interrupt me, as soon as I had finished, arose suddenly with an air of the most violent agitation, and went out of the hall without any body desiring him to stay, or asking the reason of his going. Mrs. De Valville continued immovable; Mrs. Dorfin appeared dull and pensive, and fixed her eyes on the floor. Miss Varthon, more uneasy than ever at what she feared I should say, endeavoured to assume a countenance that might not betray her: so that we were all of us, from different motives, unable to speak. As for me, weakened by this violent effort, I let myself sink upon Mrs. De Valville's knee, and continued crying. The two ladies were for some time speechless after Mr. De Valville was gone. ' Daughter,' said my mamma, at last with an air of consternation, ' does my son love you no more?' I only answered her by a fresh flood of tears, with which she mingled hers; and a look that made her sensible she had discovered the cause of my uneasiness. Mrs. Dorfin seemed extremely moved, and wept too: Miss Varthon sighed a little; and this was for some time the tone of our conversation. This was succeeded by a perfect silence: but Mrs. De Valville, at last, bursting afresh into tears, took me in her arms, and moved me so much by her tenderness and affection, that I was unable to contain myself, or to support the weight of my own sorrow; and was therefore placed in an easy chair. ' Come, my dear daughter,' said she; ' come, endeavour to comfort yourself! Believe me, my dear, thou hast still a mother: dost thou esteem her as nothing?'—' Ah! it is she I regret,' returned I, with a voice interrupted with sighs. ' Ah! why dost thou regret her?' returned she. ' She is, if possible, more thy mother than ever!—' And I a thousand times more her friend!' returned Mrs. Dorfin, in a resolute voice,

but with her eyes full of tears. ' And, indeed, it is not her that I pity; it is Mr. De Valville: his loss is infinitely greater than hers.'—' Now I have done with him; I shall never esteem him any more,' returned my dear mamma. ' But, Marianne, how didst thou learn that he loves another?' added she. ' Who gave thee that information? he could not tell it, thee himself? Do you know the person for whom he thus breaks through his engagements? Who is it that he can think worthy of being preferred before thee? Can she hope to retain him? Tell me, hast thou heard who she is?'—' You will know, without doubt, Madam; he ought to tell you that himself,' returned I: ' I beg you would excuse me from telling you any more.'—' Miss,' resumed Mrs. De Valville, addressing herself to my rival; ' my daughter is your friend; and, I am persuaded, has told it you: it is likely she has trusted you with the whole. Is she not mistaken? Is there any proof that he is really unfaithful? I have sometimes sent Valville to your convent; is it there that he became enamoured? and was inspired with this new, this strange passion?'

In the situation Miss Varthon was in, she must have been older and more conversant with the world than she was, to have been proof against a question of this nature: she was at once unable to keep her countenance, and blushed in such a remarkable manner, that the two ladies were immediately satisfied that she was the person. ' I understand you, Miss,' said Mrs. De Valville: ' you are, indeed, extremely amiable; but, after what has happened to my daughter, I cannot advise you to depend much on the heart of my son.'—' I did not expect either your comparison or advice, Madam,' returned Miss Varthon, with a haughtiness that recovered her from her embarrassment. ' As to your son, all I think of his love is, that it offends me; and I should have imagined that you must have thought so too. But it is very late, Madam, and time to return to the convent; will you be so good as to send me back?'

' I shall wait upon you thither myself, Miss,' said Mrs. De Valville: and then, turning to Mrs. Dorfin, ' you will

‘ will not leave us so soon?’ added she. ‘ I am going to order the horses to be set to the coach; and shall return in a quarter of an hour, and expect to find you here with Marianne.’— ‘ With all my heart, Madam,’ said Mrs. Dorfin. ‘ My dear mamma,’ cried I, with a voice still very faint, ‘ I never knew a greater pleasure than being with you; it will always be my happiness; and I shall now never wish to enjoy any other: but Mr. De Valville will return to-night; and, if you would not have me lose my life, do not expose me again to the pain of seeing him, at least so soon. You would be sorry for detaining me, since it could only cause you uneasiness. I know, mamma, how sincerely you love me; and it is your affection, your tender heart, I would spare. You must believe what I say now is very true; since, by warning you, I deprive myself of all that consolation which I should find in being with you: but, when Mr. De Valville shall be married, I shall find no other charm in life but the pleasure of being with my dear mamma.’— ‘ She is in the right,’ returned Mrs. Dorfin, while Mrs. De Valville was drying her eyes. ‘ This adventure is too fresh; let us carry her back to her convent.’ On which the latter went to give her orders; and we went soon after. Never, perhaps, were four people together more serious and silent than we were; for scarce were four words spoke in the way from my mamma’s to the convent. It is true, the situation Miss Varthon and I were in could not allow of a very brisk conversation: nothing was lively amongst us, but my glances at Mrs. De Valville, and hers at me. At last we arrived. My rival stepped out of the coach first; Mrs. De Valville and I followed; and Mrs. Dorfin, who loaded me with caresses, and assurances of friendship, staid behind. Miss Varthon, who longed to get rid of us, rang the bell, and returned her thanks to my mother in a cold, but polite manner; and, the gate being opened, she left us. I cast myself into Mrs. De Valville’s arms; where I remained some time speechless, and ready to faint. ‘ Hide thy tears,’ said she to me, whispering; ‘ it is with difficulty that I retain mine. Farewell! I think that thou shalt for ever be

my daughter; and that thou possessest the first place in my heart. I will come to see thee again to-morrow.’ This she said with the most dejected countenance. After this, I entered, with my soul more softened than afflicted: and, indeed, I had reason to be so. I left Mrs. De Valville oppressed with grief; Mrs. Dorfin had just affectionately embraced me, with tears in her eyes; my unfaithful lover was troubled himself, and had given us a sufficient proof of it, by leaving us so abruptly. Thus my adventure had moved three persons who were infinitely dear to me: my affairs became theirs; and this was a pleasing subject of consolation. I did not appear destitute of help: their tears honoured mine; they were sorry for my affliction; grieved for what I grieved; and sympathized in all my sorrow. These ideas were extremely sweet, and made me weep less from any real uneasiness, than from the most pleasing sentiments of tenderness and gratitude. But to proceed.

I passed the rest of the evening with my friend the nun. You will easily conceive that I did not see Miss Varthon; and that the friendly commerce which had been begun between us was entirely broken: however, she thought that the discretion I had made use of in concealing her share in my adventure, deserved some acknowledgment. At nine o’clock the next morning, a lay sister brought me a letter from her. I opened it, a little uneasy at what might be the contents; but it contained only a compliment upon my proceedings the day before: and, as near as I can remember, it was as follows—

‘ MISS,
‘ WHAT you did for me yesterday was so very obliging, that I should reproach myself if I did not return you my sincerest thanks for it. It was not your fault that the share I had in your grief did not remain a secret; for, notwithstanding the extreme trouble and disorder of your mind, you did not let a word escape you, that could in the least expose me. A very generous proceeding, indeed! and such as none but you could have been capable of. The result of this adventure, will shew you how much I am touched with it. Adieu Miss,
‘ &c. I am your most obliged friend,
You

You will soon see what this proof was that she engaged herself to give me. I returned her an answer by the same lay-sister; which was very short, and was as follows—

‘ I Am obliged to you, Miss, for your compliment: but you owe me none; I do not think I deserve any praise for not being ill-natured. I acted only according to my own character; and expect no reward for it.’

Mrs. De Valville had promised me, the evening before, that she would come and see me; and she was as good as her word. We spoke of Miss Varthon; and as all my engagements with Valville were broken, I made no difficulty of telling her in what manner I became acquainted with his infidelity; and I did it to the advantage of my rival, whose dispositions I could not then inform her of. My narration made us both weep: and the expressions of our mutual tenderness exceeded all description. She had no news to tell me from Valville, for he had not shewn himself since the moment he left us. However, he returned home, but not till it was very late, and that morning he set out either for the country or Versailles. ‘ Doubtless,’ said she, ‘ he avoids seeing me; and, I am persuaded, is ashamed to appear before me.’ On this she got up, and was going to leave me, when Miss Varthon, whom neither of us expected to see, suddenly came in. ‘ I intended to write to you, Madam,’ said she to my mother, after saluting her; ‘ but since you are here, and I may have the honour to speak to you, it is better, I think, to let it alone, and tell you my mind, without giving you or myself any farther trouble. I shall not detain you very long. Mr. De Valville is changed: you believe I am the cause; and I have reason to think so too. But how have I contributed to his inconstancy? This, Madam, it is necessary you should know. I should be sorry to have you deceived in an affair of such consequence; and shall therefore tell you the whole with the strictest truth. The first time Mr. De Valville saw me, was when I fainted away at parting from my mamma. You was so kind as to lend me your assistance; and he, too, endeavoured to bring me to my-

self. I entered the convent with this lady, whom I had but just known, and who became my friend: but she neither mentioned you, Madam, nor Mr. De Valville; nor told me upon what terms she was with him.’—‘ I know it, Miss,’ said my mother, interrupting her: ‘ Marianne has just told me every thing; and has done you all the justice that you could expect from her. My son came to pay you a visit; he presented my service to you; he gave you a letter as he left you, and told you it came from me: you could not divine; and any body else would have taken it. Besides, you made no secret of it; but gave it to this lady as soon as you knew she was interested in it: so I see no reason why you ought to disturb yourself. If my son found you amiable, and has presumed to tell you so, it is not your fault. You have no otherwise contributed to it than by having charms, which it is not in your power to divest yourself of; and you are quite out of the case, even according to the account Marianne gives of it.’—‘ This account is much to her honour; and I should not, perhaps, have been treated so gently by any body else,’ returned Miss Varthon, with the tears in her eyes, in spite of her endeavours to prevent them: ‘ and, what I have further to add is, to desire you to be so kind as to oblige Mr. De Valville to endeavour to see me no more. It would be to no purpose; and would only shew his want of regard to me.’—‘ You are in the right, Miss,’ returned my mother; ‘ he would be quite inexcusable; and I will let him know it. Not that I should not be the first to wish for an alliance like yours; which, to be sure, would do us a great deal of honour: but my son is unworthy of it; his inconstancy shocks me; and though he should be so happy as to please you, I should be afraid, in giving him to you, that I made you a very bad present. I will let him know how disagreeable his visits are to you; and I hope he will give you no reason to complain.’ Miss Varthon made no other reply, but a curtsy, and then retired.

She imagined, perhaps, that I should applaud the resolution she had taken to see him no more; and that I should look

look upon it as a proof of that acknowledgment she had promised me: but, far from it; I was not so easily deceived. This was only a pretended acknowledgment; but no proof at all of her gratitude. What could she risque by refusing to see Valville at the convent? Had she not the Marchioness of Kilnare's house for a resource? Was not Valville one of this lady's friends? Did not he frequently visit her there? All this shew of a noble generosity in her behaviour was only a vein of ostentation, which signified nothing: and you will see, in the sequel, that I then reasoned very justly. But, to return to myself.

I was born for a multiplicity of adventures, and my stars would not suffer me long to want them: I am now a little at leisure; but it will not last long. My mother continued to come and see me; but Valville, always absent, never came with her. Miss Varthon and I met in the convent; but we only gave each other a transient salute without speaking. About four or five days after our dining with Mrs. De Valville, I received, in the morning, a very extraordinary visit. But I must begin, Madam, by telling you what it was that procured it me. Mrs. Dorfin had been that morning to see Mrs. De Valville; she found there an old friend of the family, an officer, who was a person of quality, and a little advanced in years: he had heard much of me, on account of my adventure at the prime-minister's; and had never seen my mother, without asking news of Marianne, of whom he was continually making encomiums, founded on what he had heard of me. The noise of my disgrace was already abroad; and Valville's infidelity was publicly known. Perhaps he himself, since he had left his mother, had told it to some of his best friends, who had also trusted the secret to others. However, this gentleman had heard of it; and came to Mrs. De Valville's in order to be certainly informed of the truth. 'Madam,' said he, 'there is a report that Mr. De Valville is no longer in love with that amiable girl, who is so worthy of every one's esteem: they say he has left her, and refuses to marry her. How is it possible that he should cease loving that Marianne, who was so dear to him, and so worthy of being so? I can hardly believe it; and, probably, it is only a calum-

ny.'—'Alas, Sir! it is but too true,' returned Mrs. De Valville with an air of grief; 'and I am quite inconsolable.'—'Indeed,' returned he, 'you have reason to be so: it would have been the highest comfort to you to have been the mother of that engaging child; it would have been an acquisition that would have secured the repose of your life. What can Mr. De Valville mean? Is he afraid of being too happy?' I shall pass over the rest of their conversation on this subject. Mrs. De Valville was going to dine with Mrs. Dorfin; and this last lady engaged the officer to attend them; and added, that I must come too, on account of the extreme desire he expressed to see me. But as it was yet very early, the ladies did not care to go so soon; however, they thought I ought to be informed of it: 'I shall send,' said my mother, 'to her convent, to tell her that we shall take her with us in our way.'—'There is no need of sending,' replied the officer; 'I have a little business that way; and, if you will give me leave, I will wait upon her myself: only give me a short note for her, or else perhaps I may not be able to gain admission.' On which she wrote immediately—

'DEAR DAUGHTER,
'I shall call upon thee at one o'clock,
'and take thee with me. We dine
'at Mrs. Dorfin's.'

With this short passport the officer arrived at the convent. He asked for me, from Mrs. De Valville; and I came down. Some of the boarders had told me they would that afternoon come to keep me company in my chamber; so that, notwithstanding my grief, I happened to be dressed less negligently than ordinary. These are little regards which do not seem to cost us the least reflection. It is true that my mind was dejected: but what then! my vanity did not subside; but still performed its office. It is necessary to repair, on one side, what our afflictions destroy on the other; for, in short, we are not willing to lose all.

I entered the parlour, and saw a man of about fifty; he had a good mien, and an air of distinction; was well dressed, though plain; and had a countenance extremely frank and open. Let-

our natural politeness be ever so great, we no sooner see persons whose appearance prepossesses us in their favour, than we give them a reception peculiarly engaging. With the one we are only courteous and obliging; but, with the other, free and affable: and this disposition takes such a sudden possession of our minds, that we have scarcely time to take notice of it. This was the situation of my mind the moment I saw this gentleman: my looks of complacency were returned by his, which expressed the same regard; and he could not possibly have shewn a higher satisfaction. I waited till he spoke to me. 'Miss,' said he, after a low bow, and presenting me the note from my mother, 'Mrs. De Valville desired me to give you this. She wanted to send somebody with it; and I entreated her to give me the preference.'—'You do me a great deal of honour, Sir,' returned I, opening the note, which I soon read. 'Well, Sir,' added I, 'Mrs. De Valville shall find me ready; and I give you a thousand thanks for the trouble you have given yourself.'—'I ought to thank Mrs. De Valville for having permitted me to wait on you,' replied he: 'but, Miss, it is not late, and the ladies will not soon be here. May I, by the favour of the commission I have obtained, hope to enjoy a quarter of an hour's conversation with you? I have been a long time a friend to Mrs. De Valville and her family: I am to dine with you; so you may regard me beforehand as one of your acquaintance, since I shall be no stranger to you two hours hence.'—'As you please, Sir,' replied I, much surprized at his discourse. 'You may speak; I am ready to hear you.'—'I will not keep you long in suspense,' Miss, returned he, 'about what I have to say to you. I have the character of a man of honour; and a sincere, sociable, honest, plain-dealer: ever since I heard of your character, you have been the object of my esteem, my respect, my admiration! This, I assure you, Miss, is strictly true. I am informed of your affairs. Mr. De Valville, unhappily for himself, is guilty of inconstancy. I am my own master, Miss; enjoy an estate of twenty-five thousand livres a year; and I offer them to you: they shall

'be at your service whenever you please; after you have consulted with Mrs. De Valville upon it.' What most surprized me in this proposal, was the rapidity with which it was delivered, and the engaging frankness which accompanied every thing he said. I had seldom seen any body so worthy of being listened to as this agreeable gentleman: his soul seemed to speak to me; methought I saw it; it addressed itself to mine; and demanded an answer, as simple and natural as the question it had proposed to me. Therefore, laying aside all ceremony, I conformed myself to his behaviour; and, without trifling away any time in returning him thanks, I asked him if he knew my history. 'Yes, I do, Miss,' returned he; 'and that is the reason why you see me here: it is that which has told me you are more valuable than all the world possesses besides; and it is that which has attached me to you.'—'You surprize me, Sir!' returned I: 'your manner of thinking is very rare. I do not know how to praise it, because it is too much to my advantage. To all appearance, you are a person of quality.'—'Yes,' returned he; 'I forgot to mention that: but it is not, in my opinion, a thing very material. It is the honest man, and not barely the man of quality, who can merit you, Miss: and, as I think myself as honest as any other person, I imagined this qualification, joined to an estate, which is more than enough to satisfy our desires, and make us easy, might induce you to accept of my offers.'—'I ought not to hesitate,' returned I, 'upon the value I ought to set upon your proposal, which is a mark of the highest esteem, and the greatest generosity: but permit me to repeat my question; Have you well considered it? I have nothing; I do not know to whom I owe my birth; I have subsisted from my cradle only on the charity of strangers; and have many times been in danger of becoming an object of publick charity. This has shocked Mr. De Valville, notwithstanding the inclination he had for me. Take care, Sir!'—'It is the worse for him, Miss,' returned he; 'this will never be looked upon as the most glorious part of his conduct: however, you will have nothing like this

' this to fear from me. Mr. De Val-
 ' ville loved you: but it was not that
 ' passion which brought me hither; I
 ' heard you represented as most perfect-
 ' ly lovely; but we are not apt to be
 ' affected by charms we have never
 ' seen, and know only by relation. So
 ' it is not a lover that comes to see you;
 ' it is much better. Is a person of
 ' your merit fit to be made the sport of
 ' a foolish and inconstant passion? No,
 ' Miss! no! Let people fall in love
 ' with you the first moment they see
 ' you; let them love you with the ten-
 ' derest affection: how can they avoid
 ' it? I feel the same passion; and I
 ' find that I am actually in love; but
 ' I need not that to be charmed with
 ' you; the amiable qualities of your
 ' mind have been able to attract my
 ' highest esteem: your beauty, indeed,
 ' is an additional qualification; which,
 ' though not necessary to engage my
 ' regards, which were before founded
 ' on a more solid basis, yet I cannot
 ' be offended at it, because the excess
 ' of that happiness I would enjoy,
 ' cannot be supposed to extirpate my
 ' desire of obtaining it. It was my
 ' reason that made me give you my
 ' heart; and I brought no other passion
 ' with me. Thus my affection does
 ' not depend upon a transport which is
 ' liable to wear off, and subject to
 ' change. My reason is not concerned
 ' about a fortune, since I have enough
 ' for us both; nor about your rela-
 ' tions, since they would be nothing to
 ' me. I am not concerned about
 ' your family; for, if you were of
 ' royal extraction, would it add any
 ' thing to your personal merit? Besides,
 ' have souls any relations? Are they
 ' not all derived from the same original?
 ' It is your mind, then, I would ob-
 ' tain; it is your virtue alone that has
 ' the most powerful charms; which I
 ' can never possess without being oblig-
 ' ed to make you all possible returns.
 ' Should you consent to marry me, I
 ' should esteem myself infinitely obliged
 ' to you. My love is too excessive for
 ' me to dare to desire you to return it
 ' in the same degree. You are hardly
 ' twenty; and I am almost fifty: and
 ' you would think me very weak was
 ' I to desire you to love me. But as to
 ' your friendship and esteem, I must
 ' hope to attain them both; as I shall
 ' endeavour to deserve them. As you

' are reasonable and generous, I flatter
 ' myself with success. This is what
 ' I had to say to you, Miss: I now
 ' only wait to know what is your de-
 ' termination.' — ' Sir,' said I, ' if I
 ' only consulted the honour you would
 ' do me in my present situation, and
 ' the good opinion you give me of your-
 ' self, I should immediately accept of
 ' your proposal; but I must desire eight
 ' days time to consider of it, both for
 ' your sake and mine. I shall think
 ' for you, because you would marry a
 ' person who is nothing, and has not
 ' any thing to recommend her: and the
 ' same reasons will induce me to con-
 ' sider it well on my own account, be-
 ' cause they equally regard us both.
 ' Let me entreat you, Sir, to employ this
 ' time in examining these things more
 ' closely than you have done, and with
 ' all the attention you are capable of.
 ' You esteem me, you say, very highly;
 ' and your present disposition makes
 ' you set this above all other consid-
 ' erations. But I am not yet yours,
 ' Sir: and we should be no sooner mar-
 ' ried, but your conduct would be cen-
 ' sured; you would be rallied on my
 ' unknown extraction, and want of
 ' fortune. Can you be insensible and
 ' unconcerned at their banter and re-
 ' proaches? Will you not be sorry for
 ' having allied yourself to no family;
 ' and for not increasing your fortune
 ' by your marriage? These things you
 ' ought to consider of maturely; as I
 ' shall reflect what would be the con-
 ' sequence, should you repent of your
 ' precipitation. But though these mo-
 ' tives of reflection should not keep me
 ' in suspense, I cannot have the liberty
 ' of giving you the proof you desire of
 ' my gratitude, without Mrs. De Val-
 ' ville's consent. I am her daughter;
 ' nay, more than her daughter; for it
 ' is to her goodness alone, and not to
 ' nature, that I owe the blessing of hav-
 ' ing her for my mother. Her gene-
 ' rosity, her noble, her boundless ge-
 ' nerosity, made her assume that title,
 ' and indulge the most tender care and
 ' affection for me; so that I am bound
 ' to be entirely at her disposal: and
 ' I am persuaded you will think I have
 ' reason to be so. I must therefore,
 ' Sir, acquaint her with your offers;
 ' which I shall do without telling her
 ' your name, unless you permit me to
 ' do it.' — ' O just as you please,
 ' Miss!

‘Miss!’ returned he; ‘I shall take so little care to keep it secret, that I shall take a pride in publishing my design: and I am sure that all men of sense will esteem me the better for it, even though you should refuse me. But it is time I should leave you; the ladies will be here in an hour at farthest: and I shall wait for you at Mrs. Dorfin’s. Farewel, Miss; I shall make reflections, since you desire it: but I shall not be in pain about those which may be made upon me; yours alone are capable of disturbing me. This day se’nnight, about this time, I shall be here again, to know the result of them and Mrs. De Valville’s sentiments; which, perhaps, may be in my favour.’

This said, he retired; and I made him no other answer but a curtsey, which was accompanied with an air of the greatest affability and gratitude. I then immediately went up into my room, and made-haste to dress me. The ladies soon arrived: I stepped into the coach; dined at Mrs. Dorfin’s; and returned home very late, without having mentioned my adventure with the officer to Mrs. De Valville. ‘Shall I see you again soon, mamma?’ said I to her. ‘I shall come again to-morrow in the afternoon,’ returned she, embracing me; and then we parted. That night I spoke to nobody but my friend the nun. I unbosomed myself to her, and told her all that had passed between the officer and me; at which she seemed agreeably surprized: and I concluded with desiring her to come and see me in the morning. She entered the room the next day before I was awake; at

which she was going to retire; when, by her pulling the door after her, I opened my eyes, called her back, and desired her to take a chair, and seat herself by my bed-side. ‘My dear friend,’ said I, ‘I have, for some days, had a design to retire from the world, and fix myself for the rest of my life in that serene and tranquil state you have embraced.’—‘How! would you be a nun?’ cried she, interrupting me. ‘Yes,’ returned I; ‘my life is subject to too many events; I find every thing is uncertain and precarious: Valville’s infidelity has given me a disgust to the world; I find he is still too dear to my heart; and I must not, I dare not, see him more. Providence has given me enough to settle me here: my deed of gift will secure to me this peaceful retreat, where I shall live with you in a perfect repose, without being at any one’s expence.’—‘Any other but me,’ she returned; ‘would immediately applaud your resolution: but I am too much your friend to advise you to pursue your inclinations, where I foresee they would be followed by repentance. When we can have a day entirely to ourselves, I will give you the history of my life; you will then be more able to form a judgment of your situation: and if, after that, you persist in your intention of taking the veil, you will be more sensible of the importance of your engagements.’ But it is time, Madam, for me to break off; I am sufficiently fatigued; and must therefore make you wait a little longer for the continuation of my adventures.

END OF THE EIGHTH PART.



THE
VIR TU O U S O R P H A N.

PART IX.



OUR commendations, dear Madam, of my generous behaviour to my unfaithful lover, so agreeably flatter my vanity, that I cannot help expressing my acknowledgments. We are all of us naturally fond of applause, as it is a kind of proof that we have some reason for that complacency with which we are apt to regard our own actions. Self-love is the universal spring that moves in every breast, the reigning principle which governs the soul, and gives laws to our behaviour. The mind that is actuated by the low prospects of sensual pleasure, and that which is animated by a love of virtue, and the refined delight which attends the practice of great actions, have the same source; it is all self-love, all a desire of happiness. But to proceed with my history.

You remember, I suppose, that I had given my friend the nun an account of my adventure with the officer; that I had told her my desire of taking the veil; and that she had earnestly persuaded me against it. Her warmth and seriousness on this subject at once surprised and alarmed me: I thought her before perfectly happy; and I had reason to think so, for she always appeared to have a mind full of tranquillity; but now I began to fear I was mistaken; I longed to hear the history of her life; but as Mrs. De Valville was to be there in the afternoon, and it would be soon time for me to dress, she desired me to defer it. 'I have a great variety of adventures to relate,' said she; 'and I ought to take some time to recollect myself.' I arose with a mind

more calm than it had been for some time past. She endeavoured to divert my thoughts from Valville, by mentioning the happiness I might expect from a union with the generous officer. 'His sentiments, I find,' said she, 'are too noble, too agreeable to yours, not to make you charmed with him. He will at once be a tender husband, a father, and a friend; his good sense will render him always engaging; you will forget his years; and, in short, return his passion: you will find your esteem gradually strengthen and grow up to love.'—'Alas, my friend!' returned I, 'you are quite mistaken; I find Valville, my dear, my unfaithful Valville, has still the entire possession of my heart; and I can find no room there for any other object. I confess the gentleman you mention has inspired me with the highest esteem; his open frankness at our first interview, and his conversation at Mrs. Dorwin's, have rendered me highly sensible of his merit; but it is a sensibility very different from the tenderness of love. He inspires me with a regard much like the reverence which is due to a father. I shall be glad of his friendship, and shall readily give him every proof of mine; every proof that the strictest virtue, and my unconquerable love to Valville, will permit.'—'Marianne,' replied my friend, 'Valville has rendered himself unworthy of this tenderness; indeed you are too constant, considering his infidelity: but, however, it is possible he may return to you again, and love you with more fondness than ever.'—'I do not think I have

'I have any reason to cherish such flattering hopes,' returned I with a sigh; 'I have no expectations of that kind: and, though I despair of conquering my passion, I must endeavour to do it. His cold and constrained looks pierce through my soul; his indifference is insupportable: and absence alone must fortify my mind, and enable me to repulse that flood of tenderness which flows in upon it whenever I think of him.'

Here a lay-sister entered with my breakfast, and told the nun that the ladies waited for her below. I had no sooner ate a little, than I dressed, in order to receive Mrs. De Valville: at last she arrived; but, methought, she looked out of order; a languid paleness was spread over her face, and all the marks of a real illness were visible there. 'How do you do, my dear?' said she, as soon as I entered the parlour. 'I find I shall not be able to stay long with thee to-day, for I am not well.'—'I see it, mamma,' returned I with a look full of tenderness. 'Pray, what is the matter?'—'I do not know,' returned she; 'I have not been perfectly well for some time. But come, do not afflict thyself,' added she, seeing me ready to weep; 'I shall soon recover. My son's infidelity I think unpardonable; it is always uppermost in my mind: I am provoked at it to the highest degree. I have just found out an intrigue, that has complicated my indignation, and equally surprized and shocked me. I had no sooner got home last night from Mrs. Dorcin's, than I was told that a letter from Versailles, directed to my son, had been left there; and that my servants were ordered to give it him as soon as possible: but, as I imagined he was gone thither himself, and could not tell whether it might not contain something relating to his post, which might be of importance enough to require me to send it after him, I resolved to break it open. However, I sent it first to my country-house, that it might be given him if he was there; but this morning the man returned, and brought it back, with the news that he set out for Versailles yesterday; on which I went into my closet, opened, and read it. I have brought it to thee, my dear; it would shock my delicacy too much to read it to

thee,' added she, pulling it out of her pocket: 'thou shalt thyself be a witness of his ungenerous proceedings; and, I hope, it will enable thee to overcome thy passion; for, when thou hast entirely ceased to esteem him, thou wilt soon cease to love him too.' I opened it; but not without a great deal of trouble; and found the following lines.

'SIR,

'I Can no longer avoid disposing of my commission: I am not at all pleased with your delays, and those of your friends. As I am resolved to spend the rest of my days in a peaceful retirement from noise and business, I think every day an age that keeps me from my country-seat. I have settled all my affairs, and am resolved to be there in a few days. You cannot blame me if I dispose of my post to another; since, if it had not been your own fault, you might have been in possession of it long ago. I am,' &c.

I had no sooner read it over to myself, but I sighed, let fall some tears, and was unable to speak; when Mrs. De Valville resumed—'How ill he repays my tenderness! Ungrateful, unworthy man! I am resolved he shall be sensible of my resentment!'—'Dear mamma!' cried I, interrupting her, and throwing myself at her feet, 'do not sink me into despair: I cannot bear to think of your using him unkindly upon my account. Let me entreat you not to oppose his happiness: he has too much reason to forsake me; I do not complain of him. He was, perhaps, born to enjoy a happiness superior to that which I could bestow upon him: he has a soul sensible of the nicest honour; a soul which will not suffer him to do an action that would bring upon him as much disgrace and contempt as if he had been guilty of the blackest crime. Would you have him insensible of the remonstrances of his friends? Would you have him regardless of their contempt and scorn? And would you suffer me to be the cause of all that ignominy that would fall upon you both? No, Madam, it was I alone that was to blame; it is I alone that you ought to be offended with: I have dared to presume upon your goodness; and, dazzled

dazzled with the pleasing prospect that lay before me, have encouraged a passion, which must necessarily have drawn after it the most fatal, the most dreadful consequences. Let me entreat you, by all your tenderness for me, to forget those engagements which have passed between us; let me entreat you to reinstate him in your favour; to approve of his new passion: and suffer me to look upon him as my brother. I will never leave you till you forgive him. You must either forgive him, or kill me. The reflection of my causing a breach between you would be too much for me to support!

Here my tears prevented my saying any more: my dear mother wept too; and we both were silent for some moments; we wiped our eyes; and then she cried out—'Oh, my daughter! how generous is this! Would you persuade me to pardon him? you, whom he has injured, persuade me to return him my affection! Was he sensible of thy behaviour, I am sure it must chase every other passion from his breast: he will never find another like thee.'—'Yes, Madam, as I am the cause of his offending you, I ought to be the first to promote a reconciliation. Think, mamma, how amiable has been his character hitherto; and then consider if one action ought to destroy that esteem which he has been raising for many years.'—'My dear,' returned she with an affecting look, that darted through her tears, 'thy goodness has overcome me; thou hast raised all the mother in my breast: and, since thou canst forgive him, sure I ought to do so too.'—'I sincerely thank you, mamma,' returned I: 'but this is not all; you must give him your consent to marry Miss Varthon. I had once the prospect of spending my life in the pleasing toil of promoting his felicity; of industriously pursuing every means to increase his love, and augment his happiness. But I must for ever lay aside these transporting hopes; and can only use my entreaties, that you would permit him to be blessed by a lady who is more happy than I deserve to be. Consider, Madam, he is your son; consider how great has been your tenderness for him; and how well he has deserved an esteem, which no considerations for me ought ever to su-

perse: and then I am sure you will deny him nothing. His only crime is indulging an involuntary passion; but his concealing it from you can only prove that he fears to give you pain; that he dreads that as an evil which he most earnestly desires to avoid. He has been afraid you should push things to extremities; and therefore, rather than offend you, has declined accepting of an advantageous post; and chuses rather to refuse those honours which he might easily obtain, than give you an uneasy moment.'—'Enough, my dear! enough!' she returned with an engaging smile: 'you make use of the very motives of my resentment to procure a reconciliation: I did not consider his behaviour, in throwing in obstacles to retard his preferment, in the light thou dost. He is still my son; and he shall find that I have all the affection of a mother. I will endeavour to see him as soon as he returns to Paris; I will tell him I still persist in my resolution to contribute all I can to render him happy: and, as you desire it, I consent that he shall chuse his own way of being so. But, at the same time, I will let him know what he owes to thee: and if he has any remains of generosity and ingenuity, thy goodness, I am sure, must fill him with admiration, and make him resume all his former tenderness for thee.'—'Dear mamma,' replied I, 'do not fill me with such vain, such delusive expectations: they are too agreeable to me; I dare not indulge them.' Yet notwithstanding, I could not help thinking there was some reason for her opinion: 'It is not impossible,' said I immediately to myself, 'but he may be sensible how much he is obliged to me; he may be charmed with the disinterestedness of my passion.' This reflection gave me a most sensible pleasure; and I could not help representing my dear Valville to my mind, in a suppliant posture, entreating forgiveness, and saying the most tender things.

My dear mamma arose up, and was going to leave me, when I desired her to stay a little longer. I then repeated all that had passed between the officer and me, when he paid me a visit a few days before. She smiled, and seemed extremely pleased. 'Well,' cried she, as soon as I had done, 'I could not help observing

observing something in his behaviour afterwards at Mrs. Dorfin's, that rendered him more than ordinarily engaging; nay, that lady, added she, gave me a hint, that she fancied thou hadst made him thy captive. He seemed peculiarly desirous of rendering himself agreeable to thee: and we both observed that his looks were continually fixed upon thee; and that thou hardly ever spokest, but his eyes sparkled with a pleasing vivacity. But you do not tell me what is your resolution. He is a person of great merit; and has a delicacy and elevation of mind, that must render him very valuable in thy esteem: he has a way of thinking almost peculiar to himself. In short, he is a very extraordinary person; and I persuade myself, that a conformity of sentiments will soon render your tenderness reciprocal. What dost thou resolve? Will not he possess that place in thy heart, which my son has so justly forfeited?—'I shall make no difficulty, mamma, of telling you the situation of my mind,' returned I: 'I have a very great esteem for him; his frankness and generosity, his good sense and virtue, make me look upon him as a person who deserves my friendship. But Mr. De Valville has still the possession of my heart: I find he is too dear to me, not to regret his loss as a most severe affliction. His infidelity has not made me love him less; but, on the contrary, it has rather increased my tenderness: indeed, I did not think he had been so very dear to me as I find he is. Though I am obliged to give my new lover all the esteem he deserves, yet I cannot help looking upon him with a respectful kind of awe, which will ever prevent my loving him with that tenderness which is due to a husband: and, while Valville is unmarried, I can never bear to think of entering into engagements which must render it impossible for him to be mine.'—'I can only advise thee, my dear,' said she, 'to consult thy own breast; and to endeavour to be as serene as possible: a virtue like thine must one day meet with its reward. But farewell; I shall see thee again in two or three days time,' added she, putting as many of her fingers as she could through the grate, which I took hold

of, and kissed with a respectful tenderness. She then repeated her assurances of an eternal affection for me, and retired.

She left me in a situation not to be expressed; I reflected with pleasure on my having reconciled my mother to her son: my generous behaviour suspended my uneasiness; and I felt a delightful harmony in my breast, which every thought seemed to increase. All peaceful, serene, and composed, full of self-applause, full of the satisfaction which reason approves and heightens, I felt a delight which was more exquisite, sublime, than can be imagined. How more unlike the mad transports of jealous rage, which disturb, torture, and rack the soul! which fill the mind with a thousand contending passions; and can only be followed by remorse and disappointment. But I had taken the sweetest method of revenge; a revenge which was most likely to meet with success, and wound my unfaithful lover in the tenderest and most sensible part. I foresaw that my behaviour would cover him with shame, and make him reflect how little I deserved to be disregarded by him, who could forfeit all my hopes to promote his happiness. At last, Mrs. De Valville's indisposition came into my mind, and immediately gave a damp to my satisfaction: however, I flattered myself that she would soon recover; and with this hope regained my tranquillity.

I saw my mother almost every day; but, alas! she appeared to be in such a declining condition, that her presence always filled me with the most cruel alarms. She seemed, indeed, more nearly attached to me than ever; her tenderness exceeded all bounds; and her whole soul appeared to be entirely taken up with her affection for me, and to be filled with the sincerest concern for my happiness. When the day appeared in which I expected to see the officer, I dressed, and prepared to receive him: but he was in the parlour sooner than I expected; however, I did not make him wait long; I went down to him with a mind a little discomposed at the apprehensions of the pain I should give him. After the usual compliments were over—'You see, Miss,' said he with an air of gaiety, 'that I have kept to your appointment: I have deliberately reflected upon all the consequences.

quences that may attend our union, and have not been able to find one that can for a moment shake my resolution: may I hope to have a share in your friendship; in that sincere and tender friendship which must render the indissoluble knot for ever sweet and full of charms? All I wait for now is to know the result of your reflections.—‘Sir,’ returned I, ‘I shall make no difficulty of telling you my mind with the utmost freedom. Your behaviour, your generosity, your unexceptionable character, have given me a very high opinion of your merit; and I ought to esteem your proposal as a very great honour: but I find I cannot enter into any new engagements. Valville, though unfaithful, is still dear to me: however, your friendship is too desirable not to make me earnestly wish for the continuance of it; and I shall think myself very happy, if, after this, you grant me a share in your esteem.’ I observed, while I spoke, a visible concern spread over his countenance; and, after I had done, he stood some moments in a thoughtful posture, without making any reply: at last, he recovered himself; and with an engaging, though sorrowful air, assured me that, since he must not hope to be so happy as he could wish, he would gladly embrace every opportunity to serve me, and that I should always find him my sincerest and most affectionate friend; and in that character, he hoped, I would sometimes permit him to see me at my mother’s, or Mrs. Dorlin’s. This request was too reasonable to be denied him; I readily consented to it: and on this he left me.

For three days after this I heard no news of my mother. On the fourth, in the morning, a lay-sister entered my apartment, and told me that a coach was waiting for me in the court, with a servant from Mrs. De Valville; on which I dressed, and went down. I found one of her maids at the door with a letter; in which she told me she was at her country-house, and longed to see me there. She had delivered another letter to the abbess; so I had nothing to do but to get into the coach. I did so, and soon arrived at my mamma’s: she received me with her usual affection. I should have thought myself extremely happy in being near her, if

her increasing disorder had not filled me with the utmost inquietude; a soft languishment appeared in her eyes, and her countenance, pale and sickly, made me fear I should soon be deprived of all the comfort, all the repose, of my life. Valville’s infidelity had hitherto given me the severest pain; but now my affliction for his mother made me forget every other cause of grief. I struggled with myself to put on, before her, a countenance as serene as possible; but whenever I was from her, I sought to be alone: I then gave a loose to my sorrow, and uttered the severest complaints. ‘Oh! why have I tasted,’ said I, melting into tears, ‘the sweet, the delightful satisfactions that spring from a filial affection to the dearest, the best of mothers, if I must so soon feel her loss? Why was I made happy to be sunk the deeper in despair? O my God!’ then cried I, ‘fortify my mind against the agonizing torture that flows in upon it; fill my soul with fortitude; and may I never, never offend thee, by repining at thy providence! O that thou wouldst but take my life for hers, and save me the anguish of lamenting her loss!’ These reflections soon spread such a gloom over my face, as made it impossible for me to disguise my disorder before her. She resolved I should not leave her; and, to dissipate my uneasiness, constrained herself to assume an air of gaiety and cheerfulness: but she did not tell me she took notice of my disorder, any other way than by thus endeavouring to remove it. I was sensible of this instance of her goodness; and my heart owned the obligation, and sincerely thanked her for it. But some days after, observing I still had the same concern upon my spirits, she desired me to take a turn with her into the garden; on which we went to the most shady part of it, that we might enjoy the benefit of a soft breeze which played amongst the leaves, without being incommoded by the heat of the sun. We sat down upon a bench together near a cascade, whose aquatick murmurs seemed to soothe the disposition of our minds. ‘My daughter,’ said she, looking upon me with eyes full of a maternal tenderness, ‘I cannot help taking notice of thy assiduity and concern for my health. Thou art unwilling to leave me even for a moment;

ment; and when thou dost so, I have reason to believe that I take up all thy thoughts. Thou returnest to me with thy eyes red, which informs me that thou hast been crying; and the appearance of so much disorder, that I can no longer help taking notice of it. I thought my silence, and thy own reflections, might make thee resume thy gaiety, or, at least, prevail upon thee to moderate thy concern: but, I find, they have a different effect. Consider, my dear; thou needest not be told that I am mortal: I freely confess I am in a consumption; and thou must not wonder if thou seest me snatched from thee. Thou wilt lose a mother whose tenderness may deserve some tears: but I shall not leave thee without a friend; Mrs. Dorfin will think herself happy in having thee for a companion; she will make up my loss, and return thee all the affection thou canst bestow upon her.—‘Dear, dear mamma!’ cried I, interrupting her, and lifting up my head, with the tears running down my cheeks, ‘Mrs. Dorfin is not you!’ Scarce could I pronounce these words for my sighs, which almost rendered them unintelligible. Here we were both silent; and sighs and groans were all that passed for some time: at last, recollecting herself, and taking hold of my hand—‘Thy softness moves me too much,’ she resumed. ‘But, my dear, consider that you must have parted with me, had I lived some years longer: our separation would then have been as severe as it is now. The sweetest pleasure I ever knew was that which sprang from communicating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon me; a pleasure so sublime, that it gives me the highest satisfaction even in the prospect of my dissolution. I shall be judged by a Being whose dispositions are the same as my own; a Being whom I have always loved to think on under the endearing character of a Father; and a Being, too, not swayed by prejudice, but the Impartial Distributer of justice; and who is as superior in his benevolence and compassion as the nature of God is more exalted than that of the lowest part of his rational creation! Death, my dear, by reflection, grows familiar to the mind: I find it insensibly loses all its horrors; the gloom vanishes;

the spectre is stripped of its terrors; and, in an angel’s form, opens the way to boundless joys, and delights unutterable! On this side are care, trouble, and anxiety; on that, rapturous pleasures, eternal felicity, and endless peace!’ Here she paused; and then, looking at me with eyes which expressed all the tender sentiments of her heart—‘My dear,’ added she, ‘I confess I cannot think of leaving thee without some regret: I long, too, to see my son, and to embrace him with that tenderness which is due from a mother to a child, to whom she must bid a long adieu! As for thee, I would persuade thee to moderate thy affliction, and arm thyself with a firmness of mind sufficient to support my loss with courage. Think, wherever I am, I shall love thee still: not all the delights of Heaven, though infinitely various, will make me forget thee; thou wilt there furnish out a pleasing subject of discourse; and I shall wish for the happy time when I shall congratulate thee on thy arrival in that world of love, where our raptures will increase by communicating them!’—‘O mamma!’ cried I, with my eyes sparkling with soft delight, ‘how sweetly you soothe my grief! What an engaging prospect you lay before me! What an assemblage of noble and pleasing ideas! Yes! our affection will be as lasting as our souls: we shall be eternally dear to each other; friendship, love, and devotion, will fill our minds, and give us joys more solid than the prospect of the golden pavement, and the delicious groves crowned with immortal verdure! You have brought such a picture to my mind, that I cannot help anticipating our future happiness, and imagining us possessed of all that is most sweet and desirable. But do not imagine, dear mamma, that I can think of a separation from you without pain; no! it is impossible! I have reason to be highly sensible of your loss: I cannot lose the dearest friend on earth; I cannot be separated from that mind which sympathizes in all my concerns without a cruel anguish! Life will lose all its charms; and it would require much less resolution for me to die with you than to live without you: but I will endeavour





Stothard del.

Angus sculp.

Plate III.

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to be as calm as possible; I will reflect upon your happiness till I forget my own misery; I will set your example before my eyes; and learn from you to conquer my vanity, and all my youthful follies.

Here we were interrupted by a servant, who came to tell us that a coach was just entered the court with Miss De Fare; on which we immediately went to receive her: she saluted us with an air that had a mixture of friendship and confusion; and she was at first so much disconcerted, that she knew not how to express herself. My sincere affection for you and Miss, has constrained me, Madam, to wait upon you," said she to my mother, "to enquire after your health. I am very sorry that I cannot appear before you without blushing for my mother's indiscretion; though I am conscious I have not done any thing inconsistent with that friendship and regard I owe you both."—Pray, Miss, returned Mrs. De Valville, "do not you make any apologies; for you need no justification in our esteem; you have never offended us; and your company is too agreeable for us to suffer you to spend your time in excuses, which are equally painful to us all. Let Mrs. De Fare's imprudence be forgotten." On this we went into the parlour; and discoursed, the rest of the day, on indifferent subjects.

At night this young lady was going to leave us; but my mother pressed her to stay two or three days with such earnestness that she could not refuse her: on which we wrote to her mamma, and sent back the coach. We spent the evening in a conversation more grave than ordinary; though the arrival of this amiable lady had given me a great deal of satisfaction, yet it could not dissipate the uneasiness in which my mind was involved at the dreadful apprehensions of losing my dear mother. That engaging lady endeavoured to enliven the discourse; but in vain. When it was time for us to go to bed, I entreated her to let me lie with her; but she would not consent to it, on account of her cough, which she thought would disturb me. In the morning, Miss De Fare and I went into Mrs. De Valville's apartment; but, finding her asleep, we agreed to take a walk in the fields behind the garden. As my

weakness made the least disorder visible, she had observed the settled disturbance of my mind, which I easily perceived by her looks; which were expressive of a very tender and generous concern: but as she, perhaps, imagined that Valville's infidelity was the cause, she did not think fit to renew my uneasiness by taking notice of it. We went through the back gate of the garden, where a double row of tall elms extended a great length, and seemed, at the farther end, to close and form a thick grove. She endeavoured to divert me by an agreeable conversation, which was accompanied, on each side, with the most friendly and affectionate endearments: and she so artfully suited herself to the disposition of my mind, that I could not help being exceedingly moved. We had walked a considerable way, and were talking of returning back, when we saw a young woman, genteelly dressed, sitting with her back towards us, under one of the trees, at a small distance before us: a little spark of curiosity made us desirous to walk on; when, coming pretty near, she seemed to be lost in thought, and was in a posture expressive of the deepest despair. We crossed the walk to gain a sight of her countenance; and stood some time to observe her actions. Her eyes were, at first, fixed on the ground; but she soon after lifted them up to Heaven; when we observed the tears trickle down her cheeks: this sight, joined to some bitter sighs which escaped her, equally affected us both. We went up to her, with a resolution to give her all the assistance we were capable of; I no sooner spoke, but she started, and turned her head to us, (for we had, hitherto, only a side-view of her face) and immediately arose; when we saw a countenance on which was painted a mixture of grief and shame. She was very young; her features were perfectly regular; and her eyes full of the most melting softness. "May we know, Madam, the cause of your uneasiness?" said I: "you may depend upon our assistance, if we are happy enough to be able to serve you. We beg pardon for our intrusion: but, as we were unable to see you without being moved, so we could not refrain from offering you our friendship, in order to dissipate your uneasiness as well as ours.—

'This lady,' said I, turning to Miss De Fare, 'I am sure, feels the same affection for you that I do; and will gladly contribute to remove your troubles; for the virtuous peculiarly deserve the esteem of the virtuous.' Here she stood for some time silent, as if in suspense, and at a loss how to behave: at last, wiping her eyes—'I do not know how to express the sense I have of your goodness, ladies,' said she, blushing: 'you do not know me; and, if you did, I am persuaded you would lose all your generous sentiments for me. Permit me to retire: it is sufficient that you know I am a wretch beneath your notice.' At this Miss De Fare could contain herself no longer: she took hold of her hand, and entreated her not to leave us so abruptly. 'We desire, Miss,' said she, 'to know no more than you are willing to tell us. Pray, compose yourself; and do us the favour to breakfast with us: though it may not be in our power to serve you, oblige us with your company, and accept of our friendship.' To this she consented; but not without the appearance of some reluctance. As Miss De Fare seized one of her hands, I took hold of the other: and, as we began to walk back—'Ladies,' said she, looking upon each of us with eyes full of gratitude, 'I am incapable of thanking you as I ought: you do not know me; and I wish I could for ever conceal my misfortunes from you, and hide the cause of my misery; but I shall no sooner be discovered, but your friendship will be turned into aversion and horror; you will then desert me as much as I do myself. Oh! may you never feel the stings of conscious guilt!' added she, squeezing both our hands, and the tears gushing afresh from her eyes.

We were extremely moved at this unexpected interview; and neither Miss De Fare nor I could refrain from weeping. We arrived; and I immediately went into my mother's room, and left Miss De Fare, with the disconsolate lady, below. I found her awake, and ready to arise; a sweet sleep had recruited her spirits, and very much refreshed her. She received me with a smile. 'My child,' said she, 'I hope Miss's company has diverted thee. I am much better than I was yesterday:

after breakfast we will divert ourselves; but do not be too grave. I expect Mrs. Dorfin here to-day; and do not doubt but we shall spend the time very agreeably.' I expressed my joy at the alteration which, indeed, was visible in her countenance, in the most lively terms. 'O Madam,' cried I, embracing her, 'how happy should I be might I flatter myself with the hopes of your recovery! How delightful would be the prospect of spending my life with you!'—'My dear,' returned she, interrupting me, 'my life is very precarious: learn to resign thyself to the Divine Will; that wise, that beneficent Being, who has the disposal of thy life and mine, knows what is best for us both. But where is Miss De Fare?'—'She is below with a young stranger,' said I, 'that we intend to introduce to you; whom I hope you will find worthy of your friendship.'—'I do not doubt it, my dear,' returned she: 'thy recommendation makes me her friend before I see her. But where didst thou find her?' On this I related our little adventure. She seemed extremely pleased with it; and immediately dressed to wait upon her. As soon as she was ready, she went into the parlour, and received her with an air of the most engaging affability: but all our caresses could not disperse the gloom from her countenance; we saw that something preyed upon her spirits, and that her mind was too disordered to render it possible for her to assume an air of cheerfulness, even for a moment. As soon as breakfast was over, my mother proposed taking a turn in her coach for an hour or two, to see the country, and take the benefit of the air. The unknown young lady desired to be excused; but, at our expressing an unwillingness to part with her, she consented. My dear mamma's conversation I thought more lively than ever; though we discoursed of some subjects that were perfectly grave: but she had the art of handling the most serious topics in a manner that rendered them very engaging.

But, however agreeable they were to me, I am afraid, Madam, you will think them quite tedious: I have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon these serious discourses, which to you may appear insupportable; but, for all this, I have
a great

a great mind to go on with them a little farther, because the thoughts may possibly be new to you. However, if you think yourself in danger of the vapours, pray pass over a few leaves, and you will be infallibly out of danger. But to return.

I think I told you, Madam, when I drew you a portrait of my mother's heart, that her conceptions of the Divine goodness and justice were almost peculiar to herself. This conversation will shew you what ground I had for such an assertion. 'Nothing can be more shocking,' said she, 'than the villainies that have been practised under the venerable name of religion. Who can reflect on the horrid devastations that have been spread through the world by mad priests and furious bigots, without being filled with detestation and horror? How preposterous is it to attempt to please the most merciful Being in the universe, by cancelling his gentle impressions from our minds, and behaving without mercy! Wherever superstition and enthusiasm have prevailed, they have banished every natural, every noble, sentiment from the human breast. How unaccountable is it that we should ever attempt to delight the most wise and intelligent of all beings with little tricks and ceremonies equally trifling and vain! How absurd to endeavour to render propitious the most perfect, the most benevolent disposition, by any thing else but acting according to the dignity of our intelligent natures, raising ourselves as near as possible to his perfection; and thus, in some measure, rendering ourselves worthy of his esteem! Nor less profane is it,' added she, 'to address the Mighty Father of mankind, who ought to be approached with the most humble awe and the profoundest veneration, with the amorous language, and the fond endearments that are more justly bestowed upon our own species: how monstrous is this spiritual kind of debauchery! Nature abhors the impious profanation, and starts from a worship so impure and sacrilegious.' These were the principal subjects of our discourse, in which Miss De Fare and I bore a part with an agreeable satisfaction. Religion, stripped of the gloom and unnatural solemnity with

which melancholy spirits are apt to cloath it, will ever appear lovely and engaging to a reasonable mind: it owes all its beauty to its own simplicity and native excellence; and whenever it is made to oppose the indispensable obligations of reason and nature, it must be degraded, and sunk in the opinion of every intelligent and virtuous being. The person who has experienced the exquisite pleasures that attend the practice of the social virtues, and with an humble and upright mind gratefully adores the supreme and unexhausted Source of benignity, has satisfactions unknown to the sensualist and epicure, the superstitious and enthusiast. Virtue to such a mind appears always lovely and divinely charming: its graces are more attractive than the delusive pleasures which court our enjoyment; it is the highest gratification of our rational natures; it fills the soul with the most delightful harmony, whilst all besides is jarring discord and endless confusion. But I have done.

During this conversation, I frequently cast my eyes upon the young stranger, and observed that her cheeks glowed with incessant blushes; methought she felt all the charms of virtue, and yet at the same time seemed stunned and confounded: she sometimes looked upon me with an air of friendship, then sighed, and let fall some tears. As we stepped out of the coach, she desired me to walk with her in the garden for a few minutes; to which I gladly consented, and went full of the hopes that she would tell me the cause of her uneasiness; and put it in my power to give her some proof that I sympathized in her afflictions. 'Dear Miss,' said she, as soon as we were alone, 'I cannot help being desirous of having you for my friend; your tenderness and generous concern for my uneasiness prepossesses me in your favour, and inclines me to return you the utmost affection; but I must then disclose all my misery; this you would demand as a proof of my confidence: but, alas! it would be such a proof of it as would entirely change your kind dispositions to serve me; you would hate, you would detest me; and your displeasure would aggravate my despair, which even now exceeds all bounds, —' Indeed, Miss, you in-
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"jure me very much," returned I.
 "Whatever is the cause of your trouble, it will not make me forget what I owe to the distressed: Heaven knows I would do any thing to serve you; and I assure you I will never desire you to tell me any thing that will give you so much pain; only let me know what I can do for you; I will ask no questions, but my obedience alone shall prove my friendship." Here she continued silent, and cast down her eyes, while her countenance informed me that her mind was tormented with the most painful agitations. She opened her lips several times as if she would speak, but a rising sigh prevented her: at last, casting a look upon me full of tenderness, grief, and shame — "I would," said she, "lay open my guilt before you, but my tongue refuses to obey me. Alas! I could wish my infamy was hid in eternal oblivion: but that can never be; and, if I do not tell it you, you will learn it from others. I was educated with the strictest piety: my situation in life was easy and agreeable; and all around conspired to make me happy. But, alas! flattered with my little beauty, I forgot myself: I listened to every one that was pleased to address me; and rejoiced in the conquest of a multitude of admirers. But, in the height of my vanity, an unforeseen accident plunged me into the deepest distress: my father died suddenly, and left his affairs in a very bad situation. I lamented his loss with an unfeigned sorrow: I had no visible means of support. My friends forsook me; and I had only an uncle to depend upon, who was gone abroad, and could not give me an immediate assistance: I was even disregarded by those who, a few days before, professed to have the most violent passion for me; no prospect of relief lay before me. In short, I lived upon the little that remained of my father's substance, till that was expended: when I was addressed by a gentleman of fortune, who took advantage of my distress, and basely made use of every expedient to force me to comply with his criminal desires. At last, my coward soul, shocked at the appearance of want and misery, consented; and I was ruined. But who

can express the horrors that flowed in upon me, when cool reflection brought the guilty scene to view? Oh! how sharp are the upbraidings of an offended conscience! What inward perturbations distracted my mind! I was incapable of taking the least repose. No ray of comfort shone into my breast: I reflected on my education, and the pious instructions that my tender mother had inculcated into my mind in my early infancy. But this reflection renewed my anguish. "A prostitute! a wretched, a vile prostitute!" cried I. "Am I that guilty wretch? Oh! that I had submitted to the severest hardships! If I had begged my bread, I might have been virtuous still: I might, even then, have looked up with a mind conscious of its innocence; and have beheld the face of mankind without a guilty blush." In short, I cursed my vanity and folly, that made me rather stoop to be really miserable and truly contemptible, than to lose the gay, the vain trifles of life. In the midst of these agitations, I received a letter from my uncle: he had heard of my father's death, and the unhappy circumstances in which he had left me; and therefore hastened to town, with an intention to console me, and supply the place of his deceased brother, by being my guardian, my friend, and kind benefactor. He arrived the night before, just after I had retired to the house of my pretended lover: he knew his character, and foresaw that I was ruined. He upbraided me with the infamy I had brought upon his family; and ordered me never to see him more. I was shocked at the contents of this letter; and abandoned myself, for some time, to the severest despair. Had I continued virtuous but one hour longer, I might now have been happy. I loved my uncle; but I durst not meet his reproaches; and I was ashamed to appear where my guilt would soon be made publick: I therefore resolved to abandon my lover, and seek, from my industry, an honest support. This resolution was attended with an inward satisfaction. I humbly begged the Divine forgiveness, and implored the protection of his providence; and, after having

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‘ taken a few rings that were my mother’s, and a little money and cloaths that I had still left, I abandoned that fatal house, without communicating my intention to any body. Though several days are passed since I put this design in execution, I have not found any relief: my little money is almost gone; and I have now no other prospect but of shortly wanting the necessities of life. Oh, Miss! let not my guilt harden your heart against me!’ added she: ‘ do not be more inexorable than that Being who compassionates the penitent; and, I hope, has heard my prayers.’

This discourse was delivered in such a soft and plaintive voice, and accompanied with so many tears and sighs, that it seemed to melt my very soul. I forbore to look in her face, that I might not increase her blushes; and would gladly have spared her the confusion of making such a painful discovery, if it had not been necessary for me to know the most material circumstances, in order to give her some relief. I stood, some time after she had done, to consider what answer I should make her. She seemed surprized at my making her no reply; and then, casting her eyes upon me, and observing my tears—‘ I do not know, Miss,’ resumed she, ‘ what I ought to think of your silence: your virtue makes you, perhaps, loath and detest me; but you cannot do it more than I do myself. However, let me beg that you would not expose me.’

‘ No, Miss,’ returned I; ‘ I have not the least disposition to abuse the confidence you have reposed in me. I am sorry for your uneasiness; and sympathize with you in it: you have, indeed, had great cause to be afflicted; for guilt and misery are inseparable companions. Your repentance ought to restore you to the esteem of every virtuous mind: this should compose and calm your thoughts; for it is all that Heaven requires from frail offending mortals. I will not humble you so far as to give you any thing; you was not born to receive charity: I only desire you would oblige me so far as to let me lend you a few louis d’ors, which you shall return when it suits your convenience. I will take your word for the payment of them,’ added I, pull-

ing out my purse, which I put into her hand. ‘ Pray, take what you want; and flatter yourself with the hopes that you will in a few days be restored to your uncle’s favour. But, in order to that, I must know your name, and where to direct to that gentleman.’ — ‘ O Miss!’ cried she, in a transport of joy, ‘ how noble, how generous, is your behaviour! Good God! this is too much!’ Here a fresh flood of tears stopped her voice, while she gave me a look which expressed all she would have uttered, in a language infinitely more affecting than any thing she could possibly have said to me.

As I began to think our long absence from the company might be taken notice of, I proposed our walking in; and desired her again to take freely what money she wanted; for she had not yet been able to open the purse, but stood holding it in her hand, without any motion: at last she took two louis d’ors. I insisted upon her taking five; which I could not prevail upon her to do without some importunity: when, returning me the purse without speaking a word, she took hold of my hand, and pressed it in a manner so tender and affecting, that I could not help being extremely moved. Her heart seemed to beat with sensations too violent for utterance; and methought she longed to press me to her breast, but had not confidence to do it: at last, as we were returning back—‘ My dear friend,’ cried she, ‘ forgive my not being able to express my gratitude: your goodness quite overwhelms me.’ — ‘ Enough, my friend,’ returned I: ‘ you owe me no thanks. Virtue is its own reward: my satisfaction, in being able to serve you, gives me a pleasure at least equal to yours. I wish I could restore peace and satisfaction to every troubled mind. Depend upon my friendship for the management of your affairs.’ Here we entered the house, and found Mrs. Dorbin and the officer there: they arose and saluted the young lady and me; and told us they had sent a servant to acquaint me with their arrival; but it was very easy for him to miss us in a garden of such a large extent. We had no sooner sat down, but we were told that dinner was on the table: during which Mrs. De Valville took notice

tice that the young stranger looked upon me with a complacency which she thought very remarkable. An air of serenity was spread over her face, which yet retained some of those marks of joy and admiration which had before agitated her mind. She was pleased with the change; but more so, as she imagined I was the cause of it; and congratulated that young lady on the return of her tranquillity. 'As you have not been pleased, Miss, to acquaint us with the cause of your late melancholy,' said she to her, 'perhaps it may not be agreeable to you to relate it; but as I am persuaded you have let Marianne into the secret, I hope you will permit her to communicate it to us, except you have any particular reason to the contrary. You may depend upon our secrecy, if the case requires it; and that we shall use our utmost endeavours to serve you, and prove that we deserve your confidence.' Miss Du Bois, for that was the young stranger's name, coloured at this proposal, and knew not what answer to return her: at last, after some hesitation—'I am obliged to you, Madam,' said she, 'for the share you take in my concerns; which are of such a nature as to render it absolutely necessary that they should be kept inviolably secret. I have, indeed, communicated my unhappy story to this young lady, whose goodness has in some measure calmed my mind: I will depend upon her prudence, and leave it to her to do as she shall think fit.' But as she seemed to grant me this liberty with some reluctance, we waved the subject, and the discourse turned upon Valville. 'My son,' said my mother, 'has got a very handsome fortune; and my death will very much increase it. You all know my affection for Marianne; and therefore cannot wonder to find that I have made some provision for her in my will. I have left my son my whole estate, except this house, with its furniture; the gardens round it, and two thousand livres a year; my picture, and some jewels and plate; which I give my daughter. My son cannot have the least reason to complain, since what I leave from him is but a trifle in comparison of my whole estate: besides, he has al-

ready a very large fortune left him by his father and my brother.—I believe you will approve, Sir, of what I have done; and think that at the same time that I have considered my affection for my daughter, I have not forgot what I owe to my son: I had, indeed, given her all, in giving my consent to their marriage; but I know my daughter is not avaricious, and will be very well satisfied with what I have now done for her.' The officer and Mrs. Dorfin appeared perfectly pleased with the contents of her will; and had begun to extol her equity and goodness, when I threw myself at her feet—'Dear Madam,' cried I, 'I need not tell you how sensible I am of your excessive kindness: you know how dear you are to me; and can easily put yourself in my place, and form an idea of the situation of a mind overflowing with every grateful sentiment. Each instance of your affection gives me a very sensible pleasure. How sweet is it to be obliged by those we love! But, dear mamma, how engaging soever this instance of your kindness is, I confess I cannot sincerely approve of it. Mr. De Valville has a right to enjoy all you possess after your decease; he has a claim to it, founded on reason and nature: he is your son, your only heir; and deserves to possess your estate entire. For my part, I am not ambitious: and, since I must be separated from Valville, I do not desire to enjoy any of his fortune, except what Mr. De Climal has left me; and your picture, which I shall value more than all the riches in the world. When you are gone, you will leave no charms behind for me; nothing will ever make life desirable.'—'Arise, child,' said my mother; 'and do not be silly: I believe thou wilt regret my loss, and be sincerely afflicted at it; but in time thy uneasiness will wear off, and thou wilt become reconciled to it. Valville has enough; and I dare say he will not be displeased at what I have done for thee: however, I may live a good while yet; mine is a very lingering distemper. This gentleman and lady, I am sure, think I could not do less for thee than I have done: however, as I hope to see my son again, I will tell him my design,' and

and know if he has any objection to it. Will not that satisfy thee?—Indeed, Miss, said Mrs. Dorfin, you are too scrupulous; I cannot help approving of what your mother has done. But pray, added she, is Miss Du Bois's misfortune to be kept a secret? She has left it to your discretion to disclose it to us, if you think proper. She is a very amiable lady: but I could not help thinking that her blushes and confusion expressed a strong sense of guilt and shame. Am I right, my dear?—That, Madam, may perhaps be owing, said the officer, to a delicacy which may make her look upon some circumstances of her misfortune as criminal, which in fact may not be so.—No, Sir, said I, that is not the case: I am sorry to say Miss has been highly to blame; and I wish I could give you her story, and hide her guilt; but that could not be done consistent with truth: besides, it would deprive her of the advantage of your assistance. Poor lady! she is much to blame; but yet she deserves your pity and compassion; and I promise myself you will readily lend her your assistance. But I shall never be able to describe the horror and anguish of her mind; nor the painful struggle between her sense of virtue, and her shame at having offended against its precepts. Here I related every thing that passed; and concluded with desiring the officer to compassionate her case, and endeavour to make a reconciliation between her and her uncle. I was just going to propose it to you, Miss, returned he: I do not wonder at your being moved at such an affecting story. Happy is the person who, having behaved ill, has the resolution to repent; but more happy she who has not this need of repentance.

I observed that, during my discourse, the two ladies listened with the utmost attention; while their countenances expressed the tenderest pity and the greatest surprise. When I had done, they wiped the tears from their eyes, and looked upon each other with an air of astonishment. At last, said Mrs. Dorfin—How dreadful are the agonies that attend the loss of virtue! Dear-bought satisfactions that are accompanied with such exquisite mi-

series, such lasting wretchedness! If her folly is divulged, she will never be able to wipe out the infamy that will attend her. Rivers of tears, and the severest repentance; no, not a life of the strictest virtue; will, in the opinion of the world, restore her innocence, or retrieve her character.—Very true, returned Mrs. De Valville; the world is censorious; and though a thousand virtues may be overlooked, yet the indiscretion of an unguarded moment will never be forgotten: we must, therefore, conceal this unhappy affair.—I am very glad, Sir, added she, that you are pleased to undertake the office of reconciling her uncle to her; and we all, I dare say, sincerely wish you success.—I thank you, ladies, replied he; I see my success will give Miss Marianne a peculiar pleasure: but I must know where Miss Du Bois's uncle lives.—Can you inform me, Miss?—Yes, Sir, returned I; and immediately gave him the direction I received from that lady. He had no sooner read it but he smiled. I know the gentleman, said he; and though I am concerned at the trouble this event must have occasioned him, I cannot help being pleased to think I shall serve a man of sense and honour; and, by restoring him his niece, I shall contribute to his repose. I will wait upon him immediately; I know he will hear reason: and though his virtue must have made him very sensible of his niece's imprudence, yet the same virtuous disposition will prompt him to pardon her upon her repentance.

On this the officer left us: but he had not been gone above two hours, before we saw him return. As he entered the room, we read in his looks that he had met with success: and after he had told us that our conjectures were true, he sat down; and, at my request, gave us a particular account of his adventures. I happened, said he, to find Mr. Du Bois at home, who received me in a most obliging manner, though he appeared to be very uneasy. After the first compliments were over, and we had drank part of a bottle, I took notice of his melancholy; and asked him if I could contribute to remove it: he thanked me; and, with an affected smile, told me that nothing was the

" matter with him; then drank my
 " health, and enquired how I liked his
 " wine. I then mentioned his brother;
 " and asked how long he had been
 " dead: he gave me only a slight answer;
 " and almost insensibly turned the dis-
 " course on another subject, without
 " ever mentioning his niece. By this
 " I imagined that he was tender of her
 " honour; and concluded that, how-
 " ever displeased he was with her con-
 " duct, he had still some affection for
 " her. I then took the liberty to men-
 " tion her to him, and to propose a re-
 " conciliation; but he seemed surprized,
 " and very much concerned to find that
 " I was acquainted with an affair that
 " was so little to her credit. "No, Sir,"
 " said he, " I will never let my doors
 " be open to such a strumpet. As she
 " has ruined herself, she must take the
 " consequence of her folly. I will
 " for ever disown her: she is a dis-
 " grace to her family. I will never
 " be reconciled to her; and I desire,
 " Sir, you will mention her no more."
 " This he spoke with a great deal of
 " warmth, and with his looks full of
 " resentment. Then musing a little
 "—" Poor, unhappy girl!" resumed he,
 " in a soft and quite different tone; " is
 " her disgrace, then, made publick?
 " What will become of her? Pray,
 " Sir," added he, " at whose request
 " do you propose this reconciliation?
 " Have you seen her?"—"Yes, Sir,"
 " said I, " I saw her to-day." And
 " here, Miss," added he, addressing him-
 " self to me, " I gave him a particular
 " account of all that passed between you
 " this morning; at which he was so af-
 " fected, that I saw I had gained my
 " point before he told it me. "Sir,"
 " said he, as soon as he found I had
 " done, " I think myself greatly oblig-
 " ed to you for this information; I
 " did not think she had been drove to
 " such extremities. As soon as I was
 " informed of my brother's death, and
 " the unhappy disorder in which he
 " left his affairs, I made haste to town,
 " that I might have the satisfaction of
 " providing for his daughter; on whom
 " I intended to bestow my estate; and
 " who, I imagined, would be a com-
 " fort to me in this decline of life. I
 " have always had a very great affec-
 " tion for her; and have loved her as
 " tenderly as if she was my own child.
 " I therefore went to my brother's

" house, to comfort her for the loss of
 " a tender father, and to taste the sa-
 " tisfaction of embracing her, the dear
 " remains of his family; as well as to
 " relieve her from her anxieties by my
 " care and affection. But how great
 " was my surprize! how inexpressible
 " my grief! to find her seduced and
 " carried off by a villain, who has not
 " the least degree of virtue or honour.
 " A paper I found on her toilette let
 " me into the whole intrigue. He
 " there takes advantage of her distress;
 " promises her a considerable settle-
 " ment; and makes use of a great deal
 " of art to debauch her principles. I
 " was shocked at his villainy, and her
 " folly; and the next morning, after I
 " had found that she had not been at
 " home the night before, sent her a let-
 " ter, in which I commanded her to see
 " me no more. But I find I was too
 " hasty: her repentance gives her a
 " right to my compassion; I have had
 " a very great concern for her upon
 " my spirits, and have therefore care-
 " fully concealed her shame. Poor
 " girl! how nearly is guilt allied to
 " misery! What remorse and shame,
 " what inward perturbations, what
 " self-abhorrence, fill the penitent mind
 " upon the review of a vicious action!
 " Such a state deserves our tenderest
 " pity. Tell her, therefore, Sir, that
 " I relent; and will gladly receive her
 " to my favour."

" As soon as he had finished this pa-
 " thetick discourse, I told him I re-
 " joiced to see him in such a favourable
 " disposition, and would let the lady
 " know how much she was obliged to
 " his tenderness; and immediately took
 " my leave."

" We all expressed a very sensible plea-
 " sure at his having so happily concluded
 " this melancholy affair; and returned the
 " officer our thanks on this occasion, in
 " a manner which shewed how nearly we
 " were interested in the lady's happiness;
 " and, as I was sensible how necessary
 " this news was to her repose, I imme-
 " diately resolved to be the welcome mes-
 " senger of it: in short, I no sooner men-
 " tioned my design, but it was approved;
 " the ladies smiled at my impatience; and
 " the officer begged I would give him
 " leave to accompany me, which I readily
 " consented to. In the way I expressed
 " afresh the sense I had of his goodness;
 " and let him know that he had very much
 " obliged

obliged me. As Miss Du Bois lodged not far from our house, we soon found her; and acquainted her with our success; when she burst into tears of joy, embraced me in the most affectionate manner, and thanked the officer in terms which expressed the most lively gratitude. But as it was late, she was obliged to defer waiting on her uncle till the next day. In my return home, I formed a design of being a spectator of the scene between her and Mr. Du Bois at their first interview, which I foresaw would be very interesting: besides, I fancied our company would keep up the spirits of the young lady, who possibly might fear meeting with some reproaches from him. I acquainted my mother with my thoughts, and she very much approved them; on which the gentleman and Mrs. Dorlin promised to come again in the morning, and bring Mr. Du Bois in the coach with them. In fine, the next day I wrote her a note, desiring her to come to dinner with us, and to defer waiting upon her uncle till the afternoon. She came immediately; and was engaged in conversation with Mrs. De Valville and I, when the officer and Mrs. Dorlin entered, and introduced the old gentleman, who had not the least thought of seeing his niece there. She saw him first, started up, trembled, and then suddenly threw herself at his feet. He had begun a compliment to my mamma; but broke off in the middle of a sentence; stood motionless, and appeared greatly surprized and disconcerted. However, he recovered himself first, and raised her up: when she appeared almost ready to faint; hung down her head, and had not the courage to look up. He was immediately touched; and endeavoured to inspire her with confidence by the most affectionate endearments: at last, she recovered a little; and, looking in his face, with the tears streaming from her eyes—'Oh, Sir!' cried she, in the most moving tone, 'can you, indeed, forgive me?'—'Yes, child!' replied he, weeping too; 'I ought to forgive thee: and I do it sincerely.'—'But, alas! I can never forgive myself!' she returned with a countenance expressive of the deepest remorse: 'to what miseries have I exposed myself! I have dishonoured you; justly forfeited your favour; and rewarded your kindness

by rendering the object of it infamous and detestable: you ought to be ashamed of me; you have reason to despise me, as being a disgrace to your family. How ill have I requited your tenderness!'—'No more, my dear,' returned he; 'I cannot bear to hear it. Come, forget what is passed; and let it be as if it had never been.'—'Oh, that I could do so!' resumed she with a sigh; 'but it is impossible: the idea of my shame will ever be attended with the most painful anguish; I shall never reflect on this part of my life without a keen sense of guilt.' But, Sir, is my infamy made public? Am I not already made the ridicule of the lowest of mankind? Am not I reproached and condemned by the wise and virtuous? Oh! that I had died a thousand deaths, rather than thus have stained my honour, and forfeited all that is most dear and valuable?'—'No, my dear,' returned he; 'the world is yet unacquainted with thy folly: the vile wretch who seduced thee has a design upon a rich old lady, whom he would marry to support his extravagance; his estate is almost all sold; and therefore he is obliged to be secret, because his success depends upon it.' As they began here to be something more calm, we desired them both to sit down: we were pleased with the old gentleman's good sense and tenderness, and desired that we might be honoured with his friendship; and that he would sometimes do us the favour to give us his and Miss's company; to which he readily consented.

Nothing, Madam, could be more moving than this affecting scene. Miss Du Bois's looks expressed, throughout, a mixture of shame and confusion; and her words and actions, the deepest repentance: on his side was all softness, a paternal affection, and a generous concern for her happiness. We could none of us refrain from weeping; and I observed that even the officer's manly countenance was bathed in tears.

What a wide extreme is there between virtue and vice! The first has the sublimest satisfactions, the pleasures of a God: the enjoyments of the last are low, transient, and pall upon the senses; they depend upon our extinguishing the very sense of our reasonable nature, and therefore are only the mean gratifica-

tions of a brute. The delights of the first are accompanied with inward complacency and self-applause; they brighten upon the review, whilst every reflection is a repetition of the pleasure; but the last is attended with inward perturbations, self-abhorrence, and shame; they will not bear a sober and cool review; but the very idea of them is a real misery. What a degradation of the noble powers of reason and reflection! What a vast stoop to chuse rather to be a brute, than a wise, a happy, and intelligent being! But to proceed with my story.

Mr. Du Bois and his niece gave us their repeated thanks for our making so happy a reconciliation. Soon after dinner was over, they were going to leave us; but, at our request, they staid the rest of the day; and at night we parted with reciprocal expressions of friendship.

I went to bed with my mind filled with a variety of agreeable sensations, and slept till late the next morning; when I awoke, and went to my mother's room; but found her more disordered than ever: she had been constantly attended by a physician for some time; but now he could not give us any hopes that she would ever recover. Several days passed over in which nothing material happened to me: I hardly ever left my mother, who grew worse. Mrs. Dorfin came almost every day to see her, and to comfort me; for my tenderness seemed to increase in proportion as her life grew more in danger. I frequently sat up with her all night, notwithstanding her fears that it would prejudice my health: and, at last, I could hardly bear to be separated from her a moment. Yet, in spite of all my uneasiness, I could not help thinking sometimes of Valville: I found I still loved him; and my heart induced me to excuse him to myself, and made me even almost wish to see him again. Mean while, I found the fatigue I daily underwent was a great deal too much for me; and that, together with the thoughts of losing my mother, had deprived me of the little strength I had recovered since my late illness. I grew pale and weak; my watching and tears had in a great measure extinguished the fire of my eyes; and my vivacity and natural gaiety gave place to a thoughtful sadness.

However, I put a constraint upon myself, and endeavoured to appear as chearful as possible before my mother; but I could not dissemble so well as to deceive her: she frequently told me that my excessive care and assiduity, though it was an undeniable proof of my affection, gave her real pain. But, for some time, I was unwilling to abate my diligence; I made light of her observation, and told her I only did my duty; and entreated that she would not deny me the satisfaction of attending upon her, since I ardently desired to do it: but, at last, my own weakness, rather than that tender lady's advice, obliged me to desist; for I was brought almost as low as herself. However, I spent all my time with her and Mrs. Dorfin, whose affection for my mother soothed my grief. She sympathized with me; and, in the kindest manner, endeavoured to moderate my sorrow: her solid and judicious discourse never appeared more charming than now; and I began to be resigned to Providence, and to enjoy a good degree of calmness and serenity; when an unexpected event gave a happy turn to my affairs.

One day, as I was sitting with my mother, and had been saying some of those tender things which naturally drop from a heart full of the sincerest friendship and engaging manner, I heard somebody come softly up stairs; the door opened: but how vast was my surprize when I saw Valville enter! Though I had for some days before even wished to see him, I now found I was unable to support the shock of such a sudden, such an unexpected sight. I held my mother's hand in mine; but my nerves seemed to slacken; I let go my hold, and fell senseless upon the floor.

Whether my fainting was owing to my present weakness, which made me unable to bear such a sudden surprize, and support the strange tumult in my soul; or whether it proceeded from the softness of my mind, which had just been melted by my mother's tender endearments, I know not; however, when I recovered, which was not till some time, I found myself in bed in my own room, violently sick and faint; and perceived that in my fall I had received a large contusion in my head, which was already dressed by a surgeon: he

was seated with Mrs. De Valville, who was weeping by my bed-side; and they were surrounded by several maid-servants.

When I opened my eyes, I looked about me; and, greatly surprized at my condition, asked my mamma, with a weak and low voice, where I was, and what had reduced me to that condition: for I had entirely forgot the circumstance of my fainting; and had only a very confused idea of having seen Valville. She satisfied me by answering my request; and, at the same time, desired me to be silent. As I found myself hardly able to speak, I complied with her desire; and remained the rest of the day, and the following night, in a state little different from that from which I had just been recovered. The next day I found myself something better, though I had a violent pain in my head; and, three or four days after, I was able to sit up in my bed. My mother did not think it was yet proper to communicate the news she had to tell me; but a few days after this, when she thought me able to support the emotions her discourse would infallibly occasion in me, she drew near to my bed-side; and, taking hold of my hand—“My dear,” said she, with an air of the utmost tenderness, “I have surprizing news to tell thee; news which I hope will hasten thy recovery. I do not know whether you took notice of Valville’s looks when he came into my room: I did; he entered with an air of submissive respect; and cast a look at thee full of all that tenderness which used to inform his breast when he adored thee with the most passionate fondness; but no words can describe his confusion when he saw thee fall upon the floor. He ran to thee, and snatched thee up in his arms with a look of the utmost distraction: thy face was immediately stained with the blood, which ran upon his cloaths. The servants immediately came running up, and took thee from him; when he took horse, and rode full speed to Paris for a surgeon: he came back, and brought him with him, before thou wast come to thyself. His soul seemed to be tormented with the most violent and frightful agitations; and his grief and despair appeared in every action: when, fearing that his presence would

be of ill consequence, if he should stay till you came to yourself, I entreated him to retire; which your interest made him submit to, though he could not do it without the appearance of the greatest reluctance; but, however, he went no farther than into the anti-chamber, where he staid at thy door, to enquire how thou didst of every one that went out. At last I told him that thou hadst recovered thy senses, and was found to be out of danger: he lifted up his eyes; and, drying away his tears—“O heavens!” cried he in an extasy, “does she live? Shall I then be so happy as to persuade her to believe that her virtue and generosity have overcome me, and that I now love her more than ever?” “Is it possible?” cried I, interrupting her; “is it possible? What a wavering and inconstant disposition! What a contradiction he is to himself! He must be a stranger to love; who can so lightly change the object of it. A slight hurt made him enamoured with me; an ordinary fainting-fit induced him to change his resolution, forsake me, and almost adore another: for he makes it appear that this was his only reason; since, the same incident, attended with a few frightful circumstances, reclaims him, makes him break his former engagements, and regret his abandoning me. A very hopeful lover, truly! The next lady who has a greater misfortune before him, will melt his heart, impress her image there, and infallibly make him her admirer; still another, still more unhappy, shall gain the preference. Poor Valville! how art thou the sport of every irregular impulse! how strangely carried away by every capricious fancy?”

Notwithstanding this exclamation, I cannot positively affirm that this news gave me either pleasure or pain; though I cannot help thinking that I had some secret satisfaction upon it; but it lay hid in some corner of my heart, and might then escape my notice.

“Pray, child, do not judge too rashly,” replied my mother, finding I had done; “he may not, perhaps, appear so weak upon a farther examination: come, hear what he had to say for himself, and defer your censures till then. As this exclamation,” added she, “seem-

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"ed rather to be dictated by a sudden
 "transport of joy, than directed to me,
 "I was going to leave him, when he
 "cast himself at my feet—" My dear
 "mother," cried he, "I did not hear
 "of your illness till yesterday; if I
 "had, nothing should have prevented
 "my waiting upon you: indeed, I am
 "sincerely afflicted to see you so much
 "altered. I arrived at Paris yesterday
 "about noon, and immediately set out
 "with a design to visit the Marchioness
 "of Kilnare: I went with all the im-
 "patience of a lover, who had been for
 "a long time detained from his mis-
 "tress, in order to engage her to in-
 "vite Miss Varthon to dinner, that I
 "might have her company there as us-
 "sual; but in my way I was constrain-
 "ed by a friend to step into his house,
 "upon his promising not to detain me.
 "I there found Miss De Fare; I con-
 "fess I could not see her without a con-
 "fusion, which perhaps was too visi-
 "ble, as she had been a witness of
 "some of those tender things I had
 "some time ago said at her mother's
 "to Miss Marianne: however, I sent
 "my request to the Marchioness in a
 "letter, and told her that I should wait
 "upon her in an hour's time. Miss
 "De Fare took an opportunity to in-
 "form me of your illness, and even
 "mentioned the many obligations
 "which Mrs. Dorfin had told her I
 "had to Marianne; particularly her
 "prevailing upon you to pardon my in-
 "constancy, and even to consent to my
 "marrying her rival, as well as her
 "generosity in desiring you not to give
 "her what you had promised in your
 "will. She repeated, as near as she
 "was able, the very words that passed
 "between you. I confess, that at her
 "first mentioning Marianne's name,
 "I was filled with the greatest uneas-
 "iness; and would have been very glad
 "of an excuse to have left the room.
 "But, however, I could find none: but
 "when she mentioned the letter you
 "received from Versailles, I thought
 "myself so interested, that I could not
 "help listening to her with the greatest
 "attention; for I had spent part of the
 "time you had been sending after me,
 "with Miss Varthon at Paris; and had
 "therefore formed a plausible story to
 "deceive you, in which you would at
 "once have detected me. Here I was,
 "in spite of myself, both surprized and

"charmed; and my admiration con-
 "tinued to rise as she proceeded, to
 "such a degree, that the tears came
 "into my eyes, and I could not help
 "sighing, and feeling a tender pity for
 "that dear generous girl. At last I
 "left her, and thanked her for her in-
 "formation in such a manner, that I
 "am sure she must have taken notice
 "that what she had said had very much
 "affected me. However, I could not
 "dispense with going to Miss Varthon;
 "but I went with much slower steps
 "than I was going with two hours be-
 "fore, though I had staid an hour long-
 "er than I promised in my letter. I
 "found Miss Varthon there before me,
 "but did not meet her with that rap-
 "ture which in the morning I had ima-
 "gined would attend such a long-ex-
 "pected interview. No, my mind was
 "frequently absent, and led me to
 "contemplate what I had just heard;
 "and I, that was in an extasy for some
 "days before, at the idea of this mo-
 "ment, was obliged to dissemble, lest she
 "should perceive my coldness. After
 "dinner, she happened, amongst other
 "things, to ask what Marianne had to
 "say to me when she conducted me to
 "the arbour: I gave her a particular
 "account of it; but it was not with-
 "out great difficulty that I disguised
 "the emotions it caused in my breast.
 "When I had done, she commended
 "her generosity; but it was with a
 "very cool and indolent air: she then
 "mentioned a letter she had sent to
 "Marianne, to express her gratitude
 "for concealing her share in my in-
 "trigue, and her promise afterwards
 "to see me no more. "The old lady
 "and her daughter were equally cre-
 "dulous," cried she, smiling: "I on-
 "ly meant that I would not see you at
 "the convent; you may see me here
 "as often as you please, if they do not
 "know it. I love you too well to part
 "with you for such a one as she! who,
 "you know, would be a sad disgrace
 "to you," added she, laying her hand
 "upon mine, and smiling in my face.
 "How, Miss!" cried I, "was this
 "expression of your gratitude to de-
 "ceive them? Indeed it was poorly
 "done! Marianne's generous senti-
 "ments deserved, at least, that you
 "should treat her with sincerity, in re-
 "turn for her regard to you." As
 "this, Madam, was spoke with a very
 "serious

"serious air, she could not help shewing
 "her resentment. "I do not know
 "what you mean, Sir," returned she;
 "snatching away her hand with an air
 "of indignation; "I confess you treat
 "me very oddly: what is poorly done?
 "If I have deceived your mother, and
 "that girl! have you any reason to
 "complain? Was not you the cause?
 "Methinks you are very free with
 "your censures! I can tell you, Sir,
 "you must not expect to use me as you
 "have done her: you, at least, ought
 "not to complain of insincerity." I
 "confess, I was quite confounded at
 "this reproach, which was too just not
 "to make a very deep impression upon
 "me: however, I could not bear to
 "hear you both treated with such con-
 "tempt; and therefore endeavoured
 "to make her believe that she greatly
 "injured you, by mentioning several
 "instances of Marianne's generosity.
 "Here her jealousy and pride took the
 "alarm; and her mind, which was all
 "tenderness before, became instantly
 "full of rage; and she assumed such
 "airs, as made me blush for my weak-
 "ness in loving her. She told me, she
 "was sorry she had degraded herself so
 "much as to listen to my addresses;
 "that she was not of a rank that would
 "suffer her conduct to be compared
 "with the character of an orphan, who
 "was probably of a low and ignoble
 "birth; and that she looked upon my
 "treating her thus as the highest af-
 "front. These reproaches had no
 "other effect but to make the amiable
 "Marianne appear still more lovely.
 "What a surprizing contrast!" said I
 "to myself: "how ungrateful have I
 "been to forsake that dear girl, whose
 "tenderness makes her prefer my in-
 "terest to her own, and who only con-
 "sults my felicity!" This reflection
 "made me give her a very cool answer,
 "which was not at all to her satisfac-
 "tion. She cast a look at me full
 "of resentment; and then told me I
 "presumed too much upon her tender-
 "ness, which, she said, she had been
 "fool enough to confess to me; but
 "since she found I did not deserve it,
 "I should no longer impose upon her;
 "and therefore ordered me, in an im-
 "perious tone, to see her no more;
 "and then flounced out of the room,
 "flinging the door after her. But
 "one thing was very particular; I ob-

"served that, by her manner of leav-
 "ing me, she thought I would call her
 "back; and I was convinced she really
 "expected it, by her stopping at the
 "outside of the door for a minute, to
 "give me an opportunity of doing it:
 "but when she found I kept my seat,
 "and continued silent, I heard her re-
 "tire.

"I was so far from being concern-
 "ed at her ill treatment, that I was
 "really glad I had given her an op-
 "portunity to shew her temper, and
 "therefore only staid to take my leave
 "of the Marchioness, which I did as
 "soon as she entered the room, which
 "was but a moment after; and retir-
 "ed full of the charms of that dear
 "lady, who had first taken possession
 "of my heart. As I went home, I ran
 "over in my mind every thing that
 "Miss De Fare had told me; and I
 "found it so comfortable to the sweet-
 "ness of Marianne's disposition, that I
 "could not doubt the truth of the least
 "particular. I hated myself for my
 "ingratitude, and reproached myself
 "every minute for the uneasiness I
 "had given that enchanting creature.
 "How noble and disinterested," said I,
 "is her behaviour! And how could I
 "have the stupidity to forsake her for
 "a lady whose soul is widely different
 "from her's? Oh, am I still dear to
 "her? And may I flatter myself with
 "possessing that amiable girl? I am re-
 "solved to ask her forgiveness, and en-
 "deavour to regain her favour!"

"I heard that a man of quality had
 "made his addresses to her: this news
 "filled me with uneasiness, and made
 "me reproach myself in the severest
 "manner; it was like a dagger to my
 "heart. "I have deserved to lose her,"
 "said I; "I have deserved to be
 "wretched!" I cursed those false
 "friends who had filled me with mis-
 "taken notions of honour, and had
 "made me ashamed of what was ne-
 "cessary to my happiness; ashamed of
 "what ought to have been my glory!
 "And this news seemed to increase my
 "passion, by the difficulty there ap-
 "peared of ever obtaining my desires.
 "Some affairs, Madam, prevented my
 "coming last night; but all my thoughts
 "were here; I longed to cast myself at
 "her feet and yours, and endeavour to
 "obtain forgiveness from both: I
 "longed to testify the sense I have of
 "her

“ her goodness; and to find if I was
 “ still dear to that charming creature:
 “ I entered your room with my mind
 “ full of a tender admiration, and yet
 “ full of diffidence, and a dread of of-
 “ fending; but I no sooner saw her,
 “ than my heart seemed ready to leap
 “ from my bosom: but no words can
 “ describe the confusion, the fright,
 “ the agony of my soul, when I saw
 “ the effects of my presence.”

“ Oh, mamma!” cried I, “ does he
 “ then love me again? May I indulge
 “ once more the thought of being your
 “ daughter indeed? Delightful idea!
 “ Shall my miseries be succeeded by
 “ such exquisite happiness? No! you
 “ will soon be snatched from me;
 “ I shall soon be deprived of the dearest
 “ part of me! But tell me, mamma,
 “ does not the same objection hold good
 “ against our union? May he not fear
 “ being treated with contempt by his
 “ friends? May he not fear their re-
 “ proaches still? And will not their
 “ censures damp our dearest joys, and
 “ cool his transports? Will he not blush
 “ for entering into engagements which
 “ will load him with contumely? Alas!
 “ I fear he will.” — “ No, I hope not,
 “ my dear,” returned she: “ thou art
 “ dearer to him than ever; he is now
 “ drawn to thee, constrained by reason
 “ and gratitude; by an esteem that will
 “ compel him to love thee; an esteem
 “ that time will increase; for the more
 “ he knows thee, the greater will be
 “ the ascendant thou wilt have over his
 “ heart. The officer’s preferring thee
 “ to every other of our sex will make
 “ him proof against the affronts that
 “ may be thrown upon him; and he will
 “ be ashamed to appear less hardy than
 “ him: he will think, if that gentle-
 “ man, whose wisdom and good sense is
 “ too well known to be called in ques-
 “ tion, scorns the censure of the ill-
 “ judging multitude, he must have an
 “ equal reason for doing so too. As for
 “ me, I shall not be long here a wit-
 “ ness of your happiness; but it will
 “ be a great pleasure to me to see you
 “ united before I die: and whilst I live
 “ I shall give you both my prayers, for
 “ a continuance of your mutual felici-
 “ ty.” — “ Dear mamma!” cried I, “ I
 “ sincerely thank you: but the thoughts
 “ of losing you must damp every joy; I
 “ can give up my heart to no delight,
 “ whilst I see you on the verge of life.

“ How could you think that I should
 “ consent to marry him, when, a mo-
 “ ment after, I must part from you?
 “ Pray do not suffer the first days of
 “ our nuptials to be dashed with grief.
 “ Valville’s tenderness, if he loves me
 “ dearly, will soothe my anguish for
 “ your loss; we shall mingle our tears,
 “ and find a sweet sympathy in the
 “ most bitter sorrow.” — “ Well, my
 “ dear,” returned that engaging lady,
 “ I will not press you too much; I will
 “ be satisfied if you resolve to conclude
 “ it after my decease: I know thy ten-
 “ derness will induce thee to pay a de-
 “ cent respect to my memory; but do
 “ not carry it too far; thy affliction
 “ will be of no service to me; let the
 “ prospect of your approaching happi-
 “ ness dry up your tears. But my son
 “ waits to see you,” added she, smiling;
 “ and, I think, I may desire him to
 “ come in, since a reconciliation be-
 “ tween you is so far advanced.”

Upon this, she went out, and pre-
 sently returned with Valville; who en-
 tered with some confusion, and threw
 himself on his knee at my bed-side.
 “ Miss,” said he, with a timorous voice,
 “ you cannot wonder if I do not know
 “ how to approach you without trem-
 “ bling. I am ashamed of my own
 “ inconstancy; an inconstancy which
 “ your beauty and goodness render al-
 “ together inexcusable. I will not pre-
 “ tend to offer any apologies as an alle-
 “ viation of my guilt; no, my beha-
 “ viour will admit of none; they would
 “ only render me more detestable. I
 “ confess myself, dear Miss, unworthy
 “ of that regard you have constantly
 “ shewn me; absolutely unworthy of
 “ having the least pretensions to your
 “ friendship. But, since your amiable
 “ conduct has opened my eyes, let me
 “ tell you how much I owe to you; let
 “ me express my gratitude, and thank
 “ you, in the sincerest terms, for that
 “ tender regard you have shewn to me;
 “ for that concern you have always ex-
 “ pressed for my happiness, even whilst
 “ I was acting inconsistent with my
 “ honour, and those engagements which
 “ ought to have made me inviolably
 “ yours: a noble return for falsehood
 “ and deceit! a glorious instance of
 “ that rectitude of heart which is proof
 “ against every passion that is an ene-
 “ my to virtue! You now see me full
 “ of remorse; full of the deepest con-
 “ fusion

'fussion for having offended you; and,
 'if you have any degree of resentment
 'lurking in that pure heart, you have
 'now an opportunity of satisfying it,
 'by beholding a mind distracted with
 'it's own folly without a pitying eye.
 'But you have a soul too great to har-
 'bour revenge: then what is mine,
 'that has offended against such consum-
 'mate virtue! Oh, that I could atone
 'for the uneasiness I have given you,
 'or make you forget my infidelity!
 'I deserve your hatred; and merit
 'only to be treated with contempt and
 'scorn. I feel the most ardent passion,
 'without daring to hope that you will
 'ever consent to make me happy. Even
 'my return to you, and love, has been
 'attended with circumstances the most
 'shocking and dreadful: my presence,
 'like that of a hateful monster, has
 'caused the most terrible and shock-
 'ing effects, and has even almost cost
 'you your life, at a time when it was
 'dearer to me than ever. What an-
 'guish has your illness occasioned!
 'With what cruel torments has it filled
 'my distracted mind!' Here Mrs. De
 'Valville interrupted him—'You have
 'no reason,' said she, 'to make such
 'cruel invectives against yourself:
 'Marianne has never ceased to love
 'you; and, I dare say, she will readily
 'pardon your fault, since you yourself
 'are so very sensible of it.'

I confess, I could not see Valville at
 my feet, and hear him say such tender
 things, without being touched, and
 melting into a softness which made me
 unable to interrupt him. I heard him
 with an inward satisfaction; and felt,
 while he spoke, the most delicious sen-
 sations: however, I thought I ought
 not to let him too soon into the disposi-
 tion of my heart. 'I do not know,
 'Sir,' replied I, finding Mrs. De Val-
 ville and he were both silent; 'I do not
 'know what return I ought to make
 'to your professions of love: I confess
 'you are still very dear to me; but how
 'must I know that your heart is sin-
 'cere? What reason have you to think
 'that marrying me will be less dan-
 'gerous to your repose than you have
 'before thought it? Will not our
 'union be attended with misery to us
 'both? Will you not be ashamed of a
 'marriage that will degrade you in the
 'opinion of the world? Will not their
 'scorn make you hate me, as being ac-

'cessary to your ruin? This is an evil
 'I ought to fear; and the very idea of
 'rendering you unhappy is enough to
 'make me shut myself up in a convent
 'for life. Oh, Sir! consider what you
 'are doing! Consider whether you have
 'any solid reasons to change those
 'sentiments which have made you re-
 'solve to abandon me! Is there not the
 'same reason you should do so now as
 'ever? Besides, Sir, can a slight quarrel
 'justify your forsaking Miss Varthon?
 'How do I know but your return
 'may proceed rather from your resent-
 'ment to her, than from any new mo-
 'tives of love to me? I assure you, I
 'am too tender of your honour and
 'happiness to contribute to your doing
 'any thing inconsistent with either.'—
 'Ah, Miss!' cried he, in the most
 moving tone, at the same time taking
 my hand, and pressing it between his;
 'pray do not sink me deeper in de-
 'spair! I have been deluded by false
 'notions of honour and interest; and,
 'in pursuit of a shadow, have acted
 'contrary to both; contrary to true
 'honour, and my most perfect interest:
 'I have been persuaded to abandon
 'you; and foolishly consented to do it,
 'even while you were very dear to my
 'heart; and I have met with some suc-
 'cess. I have endeavoured to divert
 'my passion by changing the object;
 'but your generosity, in offering me
 'your assistance, disconcerted my
 'schemes, and made me unable to think
 'of your rival without making a com-
 'parison which was greatly to your ad-
 'vantage: but I have endeavoured to
 'stifle the impression it made upon my
 'mind, till I heard the surprizing effects
 'of your goodness in my absence; that
 'recalled all my tenderness, and re-
 'vived every soft impression. I could
 'not bear to hear Miss Varthon treat
 'you with contempt; every disrespect-
 'ful word was like a dagger to my
 'soul: I was shocked at her ingrati-
 'tude and hypocrisy, and astonished
 'to find she was able to impose upon
 'you under a shew of friendship. I
 'detested her ungenerous baseness: I
 'saw my folly, and blushed to see how
 'I had been deluded by my pretended
 'friends; and resolved to throw my-
 'self upon your mercy. The supposed
 'misfortunes that would attend our
 'union are vain and silly chimeras;
 'your virtue and integrity, your piety

‘and good-sense, would make the lowest state of life preferable to the highest with any other woman: and, might I be so happy as to possess your tenderest affections, I would look with contempt even upon a crown; and not all the riches and honours of the universe should shake my resolution of being eternally yours!’

I could not forbear giving a sigh at these tender expressions; but it was a sigh unmingled with the least tincture of uneasiness, except what was occasioned by my putting a constraint upon myself to conceal my satisfaction; and only proceeded from the streams of delight which poured into my mind. Mrs. De Valville easily perceived the situation of my heart. ‘My dear,’ said she, with her eyes full of the most melting joy, ‘Valville must be for ever thine, since he has learned to do justice to thy merit. Come, give me thy hand.’ I held it out to her immediately; she pressed it between hers; and then, suddenly taking hold of Valville’s, put my hand into his. ‘My children,’ continued she, ‘may you be mutually happy! May this union be crowned with lasting felicity, and the most durable delights; delights uninterrupted by anxious care, and every painful inquietude!—My son, possess the virtuous Marianne!’ added she, giving him a tender look; ‘imitate her goodness, her fidelity, and learn to set a just value upon those perfections, which will render your felicity solid and permanent. Her study will be to make you happy; may yours be to render her so!’

My dear mother’s heart seemed here too full to permit her to say any more; some tears gushed from her eyes, and trickled down her cheeks; and she pressed our hands together; for she still held Valville’s and mine between hers. Then recovering herself, she resumed—‘My dear children, I shall now leave you with comfort, since I can wish you no greater happiness in this life than what I see you in the prospect of: you will be both settled in such a manner as to render your situation very agreeable; you have virtue, and love to sweeten life; and a great estate, which will not only procure you all the conveniences of it, but give you the power of tasting the exalted pleasure of doing good. You

may make the gloom vanish from the troubled brow; you may make the orphan and the widow sing for joy, and the afflicted and disconsolate exult in transports of delight.—And may you, my dear daughter,’ added she, looking upon me in a manner that was prodigiously affecting, ‘have many pledges of your mutual love! May they all share thy virtues, and transmit them down to posterity! O may Heaven smile upon your joys, and pour down its blessings upon you!’

These expressions were too affecting to render it possible for either of us to make an immediate reply: we appeared equally moved; the tears streamed from our eyes for some time; we were melted down, and almost seemed as if we had been filled with some severe affliction. At last, Valville began—‘Dear Madam—dear Miss!’ cried he, with a sudden joy breaking through his tears; ‘what shall I say to express the sentiments of my heart? How shall I describe the pleasing, painful tumult that fills my soul? I am borne down with the weight of my own happiness; my transports are too violent to be endured!—Does this dear, this charming creature, love me still? Hast thou forgot my ingratitude? my barbarous, my vile ingratitude!’—‘Pray, Sir, mention it no more,’ interrupted I; ‘I have nothing to reproach you with. I am still the same; and I do not blush to tell you, that you have been always dear to me; infinitely dearer than life itself: no other person would ever be able to make an impression upon my heart, which has never ceased to be yours.’ The tender emotions of my soul had here exhausted my spirits; and it was with some difficulty I pronounced these last words loud enough to be heard: I was still too weak to endure such violent agitations; and found myself ready to sink under the tender ideas which filled my mind. My mamma had let go our hands, and walked to the window to dry away her tears: but I still suffered Valville to hold mine without endeavouring to draw it from him; he pressed it to his breast, and then to his lips, without seeming to know what he did. My mother soon returned, and told her son that it was time to leave me to recover myself, and that I ought to take a little rest; she then embraced us both
in

in the most affectionate manner; and, desiring Valville to attend her, constrained him to leave me.

What surprizing vicissitudes attend human life! How swift is the transition from grief to joy! and how nearly do these opposite sensations bear a resemblance! for, when pleasure grows excessive, it becomes nearly allied to pain. As all happiness subsists in the soul, the mind must be in a disposition fit to attend to it, and, by reflection, to carry it as near to perfection as possible. In order to this, our minds must enjoy a great degree of tranquillity; for whatever disturbs them, destroys that self-enjoyment which is the basis of all human felicity. Excessive transports of joy, or a too sudden transition from the extremes of grief to those of the contrary passion, are too violent to be of any long continuance; they are like a sudden blaze, which scorches and fills the body with pain, while a moderate heat would refresh and enliven it.

I do not know, Madam, whether you are of the same opinion or no; but, if you are not, it can only proceed from want of reflecting upon the nature of your mind, and observing the effects of it's emotions: for, in this respect, all minds, I am persuaded, are the same; and in every breast a placid serenity and inward composure, and the delightful sensations which proceed from those ideas which charm the soul, and all it's passions, into a pleasing harmony, is the highest pitch of human felicity.

I soon found that these violent agitations had considerably weakened me; and was so disordered, that, had not a servant entered almost as soon as my mother left me, and given me a few drops in a little wine, I should infallibly have fainted away. My dear Valville and his mother were present before me all the rest of the day, and the following night; and my imagination repeated, over and over, every tender endearment. Methought I still saw his confusion; attended to the melting sounds of love, and heard them both repeat, with the utmost affection, every endearing expression: but, about break of day, I dropped asleep, and did not awake till noon; when I found myself a little refreshed. I now began to regard Valville as if he had already been my husband; and looked upon my mamma's joining our hands in that

tender manner as a kind of marriage. He saw me every day; my mind became insensibly more calm; and, in a short time, I was pretty well recovered. But, alas! Mrs. De Valville grew daily worse, and was soon obliged to keep her bed: Mrs. Dorfin and Miss De Fare came frequently to see her; and congratulated me on our happiness, at the same time that they endeavoured to enable me to support the loss of my dear mother. I was under too many engagements to these ladies for the share they had in our reconciliation not to make them a suitable return. I had the satisfaction, too, sometimes to see the officer; who, notwithstanding his own passion, expressed a generous pleasure at our union, and let me know that he prized my felicity above his own; or rather, that my happiness made the greatest part of his own. But, alas! my dear, dear mother's condition, damped all my joy; a separation from her was a severe stroke that required all my resolution and fortitude to enable me to bear. Since Valville's post was sold to another, he was under no obligation to leave us; we therefore spent great part of our time together in my mother's room, and endeavoured mutually to comfort each other; we mingled our tears, and had a soft and pleasing sympathy in our affliction.

One day, as we were seated near her bed-side, she ordered the servants to leave the room; and then, desiring us to come near—'My dear children,' said she, in a slow and weak voice, 'I shall soon bid you a long adieu; but you must not lament my loss with an immoderate grief: I know I have been a tender mother to you; and therefore believe you will not be able to part with me without pain. I am leaving a world surrounded with many and various uneasinesses, to which the frail state of human nature is always liable: but I shall soon arrive in the world of happy beings; a world where peace and eternal joy reign without interruption! Do not let your tears seem to say you envy my happiness; do not wish me deprived of the noblest felicity, for no other reason but to indulge your fondness to me here; that would be unkind and cruel!' Here she paused; then recovering herself—'May you live, and be a blessing to the world!'

—E— resumed

refused she: 'and, O my son! steadily adhere to the practice of virtue; dare to oppose yourself to the licentious customs of a degenerate age; and, by your example, endeavour to stem the torrent of vice. Do not blush to own your obligations to that great Being who fills the universe with the wondrous exertions of his wisdom and power; give him your highest esteem, your highest reverence and supreme regard: let your devotion to him spring from gratitude; and never mention his name without a respectful and humble awe; regard his favour as the highest blessing, and endeavour to imitate his moral character, and to follow the bright example which the blessed Author of our religion has set before us.' Then, taking breath a little—'Believe me, my son,' continued she, 'a mind conscious of its own innocence and integrity, enjoys a most refined and rational delight; it bears, with a serene composure, the various unavoidable misfortunes of life; looks into a future state with pleasure; and even could smile amidst the groans of expiring nature.'

These last words were spoke so very low, that we could scarce hear them: she seemed quite spent; and, after pulling us both to her, to embrace us, she repeated her wishes that we might be mutually happy; and then endeavoured to take some rest. We were greatly moved at this discourse; and went into another room to indulge our grief. Valville eagerly kissed the falling tears from my cheeks, and then laid his face to mine; while our souls seemed to mingle like those dewy drops, our griefs, our cares, our pains, the same.

But, Madam, I must break off. The remembrance of this tender scene has, I am afraid, rendered these last paragraphs almost unintelligible: I cannot think of this dear lady's death without melting into a flood of tears; and to them you must ascribe all those blots which have stained my paper.

How difficult, Madam, is it to support ourselves under such severe afflictions! afflictions which require the greatest efforts of reason and philosophy to enable us to behave under them with any degree of constancy and resolution, when the mind is oppressed with the frightful apprehensions of lose-

ing some beloved object! It is in vain to hope for succour from those ideas which interfere with the tender sensations of the heart, since all its impulses are blind, and spring only from its passions: the soul infallibly turns itself to the objects of the mind, while the cool dictates of reason have not the power of affecting it.

Valville and I were quite inconsolable at the apprehensions of suddenly losing my dear mother: her tender discourses, and moral exhortations, set her death before our eyes in the most painful light; and, instead of giving us that comfort she desired, only made us more sensible of the greatness of our loss, and more unable to bear up under it. My grief seemed to increase as she drew nearer her end; and Valville, who feared the effects of it, employed all his endeavours to give me that comfort which he wanted himself.

My mamma began now to be too weak to give us any more advice; and could only express her tenderness by kissing me, squeezing my hand, and then lifting up a dying look to Heaven, as if she was praying for our happiness. One morning I was waked out of my sleep by a noise and bustle among the servants: I no sooner opened my eyes, but I cried out—'Alas! she is dead!' and then fainted away. My conjecture was but too true; for I no sooner came to myself, than, finding every thing quiet, I rang the bell for a servant: one of them immediately came into my room with her eyes swelled with crying. I needed no more to satisfy me that my fears were too well grounded: however, I asked her if my mamma was not dead. 'Do not fright yourself, Miss,' said she, turning away her head; 'she is much better than she was last night.' And then she retired. This was spoke with a trembling voice; she was too much affected to conceal the sad news from me; for all the servants lamented her, as having lost a sincere friend, whom they tenderly loved. But how unaccountable are the sensations of our minds! Though I had been hitherto deaf to every reflection that did not tend to increase my grief, I no sooner heard that she was really dead, but I felt myself inspired with more courage than I ever expected, and perceived myself

myself in a more calm and resigned disposition. 'Then she is happy!' cried I: 'she now reaps the fruits of her virtue and piety! Blessed spirit! When shall we meet again to part no more? When shall I lay down this feeble frame, and share with you in the sublimer joys of immortal beings? When taste your pleasures, and share in your pure delights?—O my God! may this prospect fire my ambition, and make me endeavour to imitate her virtues, that I may enjoy her transports!' I was thus raising myself above my afflictions, by these motives of consolation, when Valville entered my room with a countenance perfectly disordered; he had been up some time, and had heard me ring; and therefore came to share with me in my grief, that we might ease our hearts by giving a loose to the tender emotions of nature. He saw at once that I had been acquainted with the melancholy news: when, taking hold of my hand—'My dear Marianne,' said he, 'what a dreadful loss is this! May Heaven enable thee to support it!'—'Dreadful, indeed!' returned I: 'but yet, since it cannot be recovered, let us endeavour to behave consistent with our hopes as Christians.'—'May we ever do so, my dear!' replied Valville: 'and, since she is happy, let us not think that we are miserable.' We thus endeavoured for some time to console each other, till it was time for me to arise, when he left me.

In the afternoon Mrs. Dorfin and Miss De Fare came to see me, in order to soothe my grief by sharing it with me. Valville, unknown to me, had sent a servant to acquaint them with our affliction, and to desire their company: and this day was spent in a manner suitable to the solemn occasion. Methought there was something extremely engaging in this soft and tender sympathy of souls, where every one wept as if they had lost a mother: every thing about us had the face of

grief; and for some time not the meanest domestick appeared with dry eyes. At last, the source of our tears was dried up; and the virtues of the dear deceased lady became the subject of our conversation; when Mrs. Dorfin mentioned a hundred instances that evidenced the greatness of her soul, and proved the vast extent of her generosity and compassion, most of which I had hitherto been unacquainted with. When she had done—'What a glorious example has she left us to excite our emulation!' said Valville, taking hold of my hand, with an air the most tender and affecting. 'May it be our care, my dear, to follow her steps; and may we always express the same sweetness and benevolence to those who deserve our assistance!'—'Alas, Sir!' replied I, 'I fear I shall fall very far short of her in these amiable perfections; though I shall strive to come as near her as possible.'

In the evening, these two charming ladies, after using their endeavours to reconcile us to our loss, prepared to leave us. 'O Madam!' said I to Mrs. Dorfin, 'I cannot help being very sensible of this severe affliction: methinks I feel a vacancy in my breast. That dear, lovely woman, has bid us a long adieu; and I have no sooner tasted the sweetness of having a mother, than she is torn from me.' At this, Mrs. Dorfin clasped me in her arms—'My dear,' said she, 'think that I am your mother; indeed I have an affection for thee which exceeds all bounds: you shall be my daughter, my friend, and all that is most dear to me.' She then embraced me; when Miss De Fare took this opportunity to give me the most tender assurances of her affection.

But as I am weary of writing, and willing to divert my thoughts a little from this gloomy subject, I shall leave, Madam, the continuation of my story to the Tenth Part.

END OF THE NINTH PART.



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART X.



Hope, Madam, you are now a little better satisfied with my unfaithful lover, and begin to think him not quite such a monster as you falsely imagined him to be. If you assert still, that he has his faults, that is only saying he is a man; for imperfection and human nature have a necessary connection; and they only are wise, who, when they are sensible of an error, know how to set about a reformation immediately: but, though he was to blame in this instance, yet he has a number of virtues that render his character perfectly amiable; and, I assure you, this instance of ill-conduct has been of the highest service to him; and has, perhaps, rendered us more durably happy than we should have been, had he never offended.

As soon as my mother's funeral was over, I thought it adviseable to shut myself up in my convent for some time. This I was prompted to by the melancholy disposition of my mind, which made me in love with a retirement, where I might indulge my reflections without interruption; besides, I considered that it would not now be decent to live any longer in the house with Valville till after our marriage: but, as this resolution opposed his desire of spending his time with me, he applied to Mrs. Dorfin; who proposed my living with her, and used so many arguments to persuade me to it, that I could not absolutely refuse her; and therefore promised to stay in the convent only a month, where I might receive her visits, and have the satisfaction of seeing Val-

ville, in her company, as often as she pleased.

In fine, Mrs. Dorfin carried me to the convent; when, after paying my respects to the abbess, and letting her know that Providence had deprived me of my dear mother, I went to my friend the nun's apartment, who rejoiced to see me: she desired me to sit down; said a great many tender things to comfort me for my loss; and I then told her, in few words, what had passed during my absence; only omitting my adventure with Miss Du Bois, which I was resolved to keep secret.

When I had done, she told me she would defer congratulating me on my reconciliation with my lover till I was in a situation of mind that would render such discourses more agreeable to me: she then said that Miss Varthon had received orders from her mother to follow her to England, and that she had left the convent the day before. As I had now nothing to fear from Valville's inconstancy, this piece of news was, on his account, neither able to give me pleasure nor pain; but yet the reflection that I should not be obliged to mortify her by my presence, was a satisfaction that suited with my delicacy; for I easily conceived that, after what had passed, it would be impossible for her to see me without a confusion that I had not the least inclination to give her.

When I retired to my room, I ran over in my mind all the tender scenes which had passed between my dear mother and me, and enumerated the repeated instances of her goodness; whilst my soul successively felt the various
sensations

sensations that at different times had possessed it. I then turned my thoughts upon myself; but here how different appeared the scene! how widely different my character from hers! 'What extravagant, ridiculous vanity! what a complication of pride and folly! Oh! how unlike her simplicity!' said I to myself. 'How ridiculous is it for a reasonable being to indulge a fondness for dress and splendor! What an insipid gratification is this to a mind that is capable of the sublimest joys! O my dear mother! may I entirely conquer this constitutional folly! may I form myself by your example; and disdain, like you, to stoop so low as to indulge the trifling foibles of my sex!—My dear mother,' cried I again, 'is now in the possession of those delights which she so lately set before me: she no sooner forsook her feeble, tottering frame, than she found herself arising into new life; the clouds of death were dispersed; and, instead of pain and weakness, she found herself clothed with unfading beauty, immortal health and vigour, and in the noblest exercise of all her reasoning faculties. But, alas! shall not I fall very far short of her joys? And will not my follies make me incapable of rising to so great a degree of felicity? Will not she blush to see me so far beneath her?—O my God!' added I, 'strengthen my resolutions to imitate her bright example!'

With these thoughts I sunk to sleep; and the next morning arose with a mind full of tranquillity. I spent part of the day with my friend the nun, and several of the boarders. One of these ladies, perhaps, observing that my affliction for Mrs. De Valville's loss was too great to suffer me to take any delight in a promiscuous conversation, endeavoured to divert me, and make me chearful, by assuming an air of gaiety; and, with much vivacity, began to display her wit: but, alas! I was incapable of relishing any discourse that did not soothe my grief; her conversation became intolerably burdensome to me. I desired her to forbear, and entreated her to change a conversation which the disposition of my mind rendered insupportable. At this she burst into a laugh; and desired me to consider, that, though I had

lost a friend, I had found a lover; and she thought I had made such a happy exchange, that I had no reason to complain. Here I could not help weeping; but made her no answer; when several of the company perceiving my tears, appeared affected, and cast down their eyes. This young lady seemed pleased with what she had said; but looking round, and perceiving she had her laugh to herself, she blushed, and was quite disconcerted: when my friend the nun, after giving me a look full of affection, cried—'It is cruel to offer that joy to the afflicted which they cannot taste; it is like insulting our grief; and, instead of alleviating our sorrows, is the only way to render the mind inconsolable.—Believe me, Miss,' added she, addressing herself to the young lady, who seemed still more confounded at her reproof, 'mirth is always unseasonable to a sorrowful mind; wit then grows distasteful, and is like music "when time is broke, and no proportion kept."—'I thank you, Madam,' returned she; 'if I have offended, it was not for want of regard to Miss Marianne; and, as my intention was only to dissipate her gloom, I hope she will be so good as to excuse my taking a wrong method of doing it. And then,' added she, smiling, 'I shall not be very sorry for having behaved ill; since it has been the occasion of a reproof that will prevent my ever being guilty of the like fault again. But, to be serious, Miss,' continued she, 'I do not think you can have such vast cause for affliction; and, sure, it is not unreasonable to imagine that your happiness should, indeed, counterbalance it, and render it less insupportable.'—'I grant,' said I, 'in some measure, it does so; but you must be a stranger to the dear deceased lady's virtues, to think I can reflect that I must see her no more without the severest grief. How hard is it,' continued I, with a sigh, 'to break those ties which are founded on friendship and reason! A mind that is at ease can easily offer motives of consolation, and range a thousand arguments which it thinks unanswerable; but these motives do not reach the heart which is incapable of banishing its passions.'

Here I was interrupted by a lay-sister, who came to tell me that two persons waited

waited for me in the parlour; at which all the ladies rose up, took their leave of me, and retired to their respective apartments. I went down; and, as I expected, found Mr. De Valville and Mrs. Dorfin waiting for me. 'My dear,' said the latter, 'I have brought a lover, who is doubly disconsolate: he comes to entreat you to pity him; and desires me to entreat you not to deprive him of your company at a time when the situation of his mind renders your absence most insupportable. I must join with him in repeating my request, that you would immediately leave the convent, and accept of my house: you may there have an opportunity of comforting each other. It would be unkind to deny us such a reasonable demand.'—'I do not know what answer to make you, Madam,' returned I. 'I should be very sorry to give either of you the least pain: and, I assure you, I did not chuse this retreat out of any desire to shun either yours, or Mr. De Valville's company; but purely from a regard to decency, and to prevent censure. And, though I flattered myself with the thoughts that I should here have an opportunity to indulge my grief, yet I could not separate myself from you without a great deal of reluctance. Besides, you know I had not taken leave of my convent; the abbess expected me every day to return to it again; and my mother's death rendered it proper that I should take this opportunity of doing it, that I might let her know of my intention to leave them, before I did it altogether.' Here Valville lifted up his eyes with an air of satisfaction—'O my dear Marianne!' said he; 'you will accompany us, then; will not you? We shall drive directly to this lady's house; she may speak to the abbess immediately; and you will soon be ready.'—'No, Sir,' returned I; 'you are too precipitate, as there is no apparent reason for our being in such haste; we must defer my going till to-morrow at least: mean time, I will prepare for my departure, and bid my friends adieu.' Mrs. Dorfin thought me in the right, and went to meet the abbess in another parlour. As soon as we were alone, Valville addressed me with the most tender and affecting air. 'My dear,' said he, 'did you

know how insupportable this short absence has been to me; was you sensible how heavily the lazy hours have passed along, I am sure you would pity me: you might then, my lovely charmer, form some idea of the sincerity and excess of my passion.'—'I believe it sincere, Sir,' returned I; 'and I love to hear you tell me so: but let us defer, for some time, these kind of discourses; I ought yet to entertain no ideas but such as relate to my dear mamma; we will talk of her virtues till we plant them in our minds, and we shall find some consolation in mingling our cares.'—'What, my dear!' cried he; 'can we talk of her without mentioning our passion, which was so agreeable to her, and which she blessed with her expiring breath? Were not our affairs more at her heart than those which more immediately concerned herself? Our love and her tenderness are so interwoven, that we shall never be able to consider them separately long together.'

This discourse lasted till Mrs. Dorfin returned, when she told me the abbess desired to speak with me; and then, after some affectionate caresses, retired, with my dear Valville, who handed her down stairs. They were no sooner gone than I went to wait upon the abbess; who, after making me sit down by her, told me she was very sorry I was going to leave her—'My dear child,' said she, 'as thou art a person of reason and prudence, I was in hopes that thou wouldst have taken the veil; but, alas! poor girl! thou dost not know what thou art doing; thou art unacquainted with the snares of a worldly life, and therefore art running intotemptations. That beauty,' added she, 'was never designed to be thrown away on a mortal: no, Heaven made thee for itself; and thou shouldst consecrate thy charms to him that gave them thee. Here thou mightest devote thyself to the contemplation and enjoyment of God. What an acceptable sacrifice thou wouldst be to him! The Blessed Virgin, whose beauty, while on earth, exceeded that of the children of men; and who, happy woman! held her God to her breast, and gave suck to the Prince of Peace; she, I say, will smile on thy vows, and bless thee with

‘with her favour; nay, she will command her Son to bless thee too, and thou wilt be ravished with the sweetness of his love. Mrs. De Valville loved thee; and, I suppose, has left thee great part of her estate: and how canst thou bestow it better than by securing a place in Heaven with it, which thou wilt certainly do by settling it upon a convent.’ I could not help smiling at this religious cant, this monstrous profanation of sacred things to the sordid views of interest and a vile spirit of covetousness: I reflected, while she was speaking, upon the tender reception she gave me when I offered myself before Mrs. De Valville; the flattering epithets she so liberally bestowed upon me; and the cold reception she afterwards gave me, when she found I desired to be admitted out of charity. ‘I confess, Madam,’ returned I as soon as she had done, ‘I am not able to enter into the engagements you propose to me; my affections are not sufficiently weaned from the things of this world, to render it possible for me to forsake them all at once. Besides, Madam, I am not certain that the lady you mention has left me any thing.’ This I could safely say, because Valville had forbore mentioning the contents of the will to me; and I expected this declaration would make her change her tone, and have greater weight with her than any arguments I could make use of: but I was mistaken; she informed me, that Mrs. Dorin had told her that my mother had left me something considerable; and then made use of all the arguments she could think of to persuade me to believe that her care for my soul induced her to wish that I would lay out my estate in the manner she proposed; since that alone, she said, could procure me the most solid happiness in this life, as well as eternal felicity in the next. I thanked her for interesting herself so much in my happiness; told her I would consider on what she had said; and went away very well pleased that I had disengaged myself from such a troublesome visit.

It being a very fine evening, I no sooner left the abbess, than I went to take a walk in the garden: the winds were still, and the evening perfectly calm; the sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and given way to the solemn

shades of the approaching night. I walked here for some time, indulging an agreeable contemplation, and then retired to my own apartment. In my way I happened to meet the haughty lady of quality I have mentioned already; who, with a sneer, told me she heard I was about taking the veil; and was very glad to find I had formed such a resolution; and hoped I would renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world with a good grace. ‘Perhaps, Miss,’ said I, ‘you may be mistaken; I assure you I have no such design.’—‘Nay,’ said she, ‘I think you cannot do better; and there can be no great mortification in resigning the pleasures of life, when we have no probability of our ever tasting them: I hope, my pretty creature! you are not so vain as to think that Valville will ever marry you.’ I made her no answer; but retired to my chamber a little nettled. My friend the nun hearing me shut the door, rapped softly at it; on which I opened it, and she came in. ‘The abbess,’ said she, ‘has spread a report that she has almost prevailed upon you to be a nun; and as she has found you have a fortune to bestow upon her house, I know she will spare no pains to make you one of us: she knows how your affairs stand with Mr. De Valville; and, I am afraid, she will endeavour to make a breach between you, that she may remove all obstacles that may prevent her from putting her designs in execution; therefore do not be prevailed upon to stay any longer than you can help. I should, my dear,’ added she, ‘esteem your company as a great blessing; but I know I cannot obtain it without your being miserable; and I have too much friendship for you, to prefer my satisfaction to the happiness of your whole life. Beware of her artifices; and more especially guard yourself against her flattery and pretended tenderness: it is deceitful; and you would find too soon, that it is only a pretence to keep you in her power. Disbelieve every thing she says, and you will be out of danger; but if you give any credit to her, you will be undone.’ I thanked her for her advice; she wished me a good night, and was going to leave me, when I desired her to stay a little longer; and repeated what the

haughty young lady had said to me just before I entered the room. 'I am more than ever convinced that my suspicions are just,' said she, as soon as I had done. 'Miss Varthon no sooner quarrelled with Valville, than she made this lady, who is your professed enemy, her confidante; they were ever together till she left Paris, and has been heard to say many ill-natured things of you: but, what is very remarkable, is, that as soon as you left the abbess, she was sent for to her, and came away just as you met her; and, by what she said, I believe they had been contriving how to make you suspect your lover's constancy. Pray, take care that you are not imposed on: I will assure you, you are in more danger than you imagine; stand therefore upon your guard; for you may be sure I would not give you these cautions only to terrify you.' She then wished me again a good repose, and retired.

All these cautions alarmed me extremely; I did not know what to think; and soon found that my mind could entertain other ideas than those of grief for the loss of my dear mother. I before thought myself secure of Valville; and imagined that I had nothing to do now but to wait till a decent respect to her memory would permit us to think of our own happiness: but my fears of being deprived of him awakened a variety of quite different sensations in my breast; and I spent great part of the night in confirming my resolution of refusing to take the veil, and in fortifying myself against all the arguments they could make use of.

The next day I heard nothing from the abbess; and though I expected Mrs. Dorfin to come for me in her coach, and waited impatiently to see her, yet I was disappointed: however, my friend the nun endeavoured to comfort me; and at night told me, that the abbess had sent a letter to Mrs. Dorfin's by a servant; and, at the same time, assured me, that, as almost every one in the house loved me, nothing could be done without our being informed of it; and made me hope that I should soon get out of their hands; but, at the same time, desired me not to seem to suspect any thing, but pretend to believe every thing the abbess should say to me.

This night I was much more uneasy

than the former; I knew not how to behave; I burst into tears, and lamented my unhappy condition. 'Shall I never know an end of my miseries?' cried I. 'I was born to be wretched; and must expect always to continue so! Is it not enough that I have lost my mamma, but I must lose Valville too? Must I be stripped at once of all that is dear to me? robbed of every comfort, and never enjoy a moment's solid repose? But why do I despair?' added I; 'has not Providence hitherto extricated me out of greater difficulties? Valville, sure, cannot be long imposed upon: and Mrs. Dorfin is too wise, has too much penetration, to be long the dupe of their wicked artifices. Good God!' continued I, with a deep sigh, 'disappoint the designs of my enemies!'

The next morning I arose with a mind perfectly disordered; and was no sooner dressed, than the abbess sent word that she desired I would breakfast with her. I wiped my eyes, and resolved to dissemble my uneasiness as much as possible. As I entered her room, she threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me. 'My dear,' said she, 'thou dost not know how much I love thee; and, I am sure, thou canst not imagine how sorry I am at the thoughts that thou wilt leave me.—O Blessed Lady! how shall I bear the loss of this dear child!—But come, daughter, sit down; I was afraid thou wouldst leave us yesterday; but am very glad thou hast changed thy mind. Hast thou considered what I said to thee? And may I flatter myself that I have contributed to thy resolution of staying a day or two longer with us? O that thou didst but know the snares of this wicked world!' added she, without giving me time to answer her; 'thou wouldst not court thy misery by going into it; but wouldst gladly chuse this peaceful retirement, where thou mightest give up thy thoughts to the sweet delights that would always attend thee in the practice of thy duty. The world, child, is a sink of iniquity and sin; and it is impossible to continue virtuous in it; and there are few or none that ever get to Heaven who have not spent their lives in a convent. Alas! how should I pity thee to see thee exposed to the follies of a worldly life! What a pity is it, that

‘that such a beautiful angel should be miserable for ever! Oh, how my heart bleeds for thee!’ Here she wiped her eyes, and was silent. While she ran on in this hypocritical strain, my heart was so full of resentment, that it was with the utmost difficulty I contained myself; however, I endeavoured to appear sensible of her pretended goodness; but I did it in such an awkward manner, that I am persuaded she must have guessed at the disposition of my mind.

‘Madam,’ said I, ‘I am perfectly sensible of your kindness, and shall always esteem it as I ought; but you know I must not engage myself in an affair of such consequence, without advising with my friends.’—‘Thy friends, child! what friends?’ cried she hastily. ‘Thou hast lost Mrs. De Valville, who was a sincere friend to thee. Ah, poor woman! she is gone! She used to tell me how happy she should be, could she see you take the veil: thou canst not now consult her; she was thy only friend; and on that account I shall pray for her as long as I live.’—‘Did Mrs. De Valville tell you so, Madam?’ returned I. ‘I did not think she had any thoughts of making me a nun.’—‘Yes, but she had thought,’ replied she, ‘ever since Valville was false to thee; and really was mightily concerned about it.’—‘But, Madam,’ replied I, ‘as she is dead, I must advise with Mrs. Dorfin, to whose charge she left me.’—‘Thou art in the right,’ returned she: ‘and here is a letter thou mayest give her for Mr. De Valville, who sent it for Miss Varthon; but she was gone before we received it.’—‘I will give it her, to be sure, mother,’ said I.

Here breakfast was brought in; and while we were eating it, she continued her pious exhortation; enumerated a great many snares I should be exposed to; and concluded with assuring me, that the welfare of my soul always employed her thoughts; and she hoped I should be prevailed upon to prefer my eternal happiness to the vain pleasures of sense.

I no sooner got leave to retire, but I hastened to find my friend the nun, who waited for me in my room. ‘I am in a maze, Madam,’ said I, as soon as I saw her; ‘I am so shocked at the ab-

be’s impudence and hypocrisy, that I cannot tell how to express myself! What gross and palpable lyes! My mother, my dear mother! she has the assurance to say, was very desirous of having me a nun.’—‘How! Mrs. De Valville! that is very extraordinary!’ returned my friend. ‘Nothing could be more so!’ replied I; ‘but she did not know that I was too well acquainted with that dear lady’s sentiments to give the least credit to such a vile assertion. I have a letter, too, to give to Mr. De Valville, which she pretends he sent the other day for Miss Varthon. This, I suppose, she expects I will break open: but she shall be deceived; I will send it to him just as it is, if ever I can get an opportunity of doing it.’—‘That is prudently resolved,’ returned my friend; ‘but will not you give me a more particular account of what she said to you?’ Here I repeated almost every word that passed between us; and when I had done, she told me she was very glad I insisted upon advising with Mrs. Dorfin; ‘But though,’ said she, ‘it is a very reasonable demand, I am persuaded she will not consent to it till she finds that all other means prove ineffectual. However, keep to your resolution.’

You will imagine, Madam, that I was now surrounded with a thousand fears, and was ready to sink into despair, at the dreadful apprehension of being confined from the man I loved; especially considering he might be imposed upon, and therefore, by false suggestions, might be induced to abandon me: but, if these are your thoughts, you are quite mistaken; for I never had a greater presence of mind than now. The abbess’s deceitful caresses, and impudent lyes, so surprized me, that I had hardly leisure to attend to my affliction: I resolved, with my friend’s assistance, to counterplot her in all her artifices; and did not doubt but I should meet with success. ‘No wonder,’ said I, ‘that religion is so much despised; since it is made a pretence to cover the blackest designs, and the vilest purposes! What a heap of inconsistent nonsense has she invented to cover her avarice! Sanctified nonsense, and pious stupidity! The religion which comes from Heaven is certainly designed to “refine our mo-

“ rals, and civilize the rudeness of nature;” to render the mind pleased with itself, and happy in the enjoyment of the sovereign good, the recitation of an enlightened and enlarged understanding; to love what is truly lovely; and to hate what is base and detestable.—O my God!” cried I to myself, “ help me to unravel her dark designs!” Thou most perfect and amiable Being, while I can regard thee as my friend, I will never despair of thy protection!” To proceed.

After some farther conversation, in which the nun told me I had no reason to doubt a happy conclusion of this affair, since I had nothing to do but to arm myself with patience, she added—“ You know I have promised to give you the history of my life; and I shall never, perhaps, find a better opportunity for doing it than I have now; besides, it will be some amusement to you, and make the time of your involuntary confinement pass away less heavily than it would otherwise do.” I sincerely thanked her; told her it was extremely kind thus to contrive to make me forget my cares; and then desired her to proceed.

THE LIFE OF MISS DE TERVIERE.

“ YOU have thought, my dear Marianne, that you have been the most unhappy person upon earth: this is a misfortune that we are too apt to create to ourselves; for the person that thinks herself miserable is indeed really so. Though you have not been blessed with tasting the sweets of a filial affection, you have still greater advantages; you have a most excellent character, a great deal of good sense, and a stock of virtue, that is of more value than all the benefits you could receive from the most indulgent parent; besides, a form so lovely, as to make you universally admired: these have now procured you advantages, which make the rest of your life happy. But, alas! there is no condition in life, however it may flatter us at a distance, which can secure us from misery, or which may not be the cause of our misfortunes; for every mortal is subject to a variety of terrible events,

“ I am the daughter of a country gentleman of a very ancient and honourable family; though their constantly residing at their own castles, at a great distance from court, has rendered them very little known. Miss De Trele (for so was my mother called) was as nobly descended as my father: she had been educated in a convent, where she was a boarder; but being taken out to assist at the nuptials of one of her relations, my father happened to see her, and became perfectly enamoured. She, in her turn, felt a reciprocal tenderness for him; but her mother, who was a widow, thought herself obliged to oppose their mutual affection. She had a large family; and did not think my father (who was a rich heir) would ever be permitted to marry her youngest daughter; a lady who had scarcely any portion to bring him but her extraction: she told my father there was not the least reason to hope for it; and endeavoured to persuade him to suppress his passion, since it would probably come to nothing. But he opposed the difficulties she raised with so much spirit, that at last she consented he should see her daughter.

“ Some time after this, my father mentioned it to Mr. De Terviere, and entreated him to give his consent to an union, on which, he said, depended the happiness of his life. But my grandfather, who had other views for him, laughed at his request; treated his passion as a frivolous amour; and proposed to carry him immediately to a young lady he had destined for him. My father, who thought that a step of this nature would be a kind of engagement, refused to go; on which, my grandfather answered very coolly, without any signs of resentment, that he would never force a marriage upon him; but could not consent to that he proposed, because his fortune would not be considerable enough to suffer him to burden himself with a woman who had none; and added, that if he married Miss De Trele, he should repent it. My father concealed this answer as long as possible from Mrs. De Trele; but she no sooner knew the old gentleman’s resolution, than she ordered her daughter to see her lover no more, and prepared to send her back to the convent; when, distract-

ed at the thought of losing her, he offered to marry her privately: the old lady took offence at this proposal, which only confirmed her in her resolution of concealing her daughter. But her two sons at this time returning from the army, learnt what was passing; and as they had a great esteem for my father, backed his solicitations so successfully, that Mrs. De Trele at last left them masters of their sister's fate; and my father married her about sixteen or seventeen months after this. Mr. De Terviere having several reasons which induced him to fear that my father had taken this false step, resolved to be satisfied, by addressing himself to him, to know if his suspicions were just: he, surprized at the question, and afraid to confess the truth, denied it; but in a manner that plainly discovered what he endeavoured to conceal. The old gentleman soon found out the truth; and while he was coolly threatening my father with a resentment that was afterwards attended with sad effects, my mother expected every day to bring me into the world. Thus, Marianné, you see my misfortunes were preparing for me before I saw the light.

Four months after this, when I was but three months and a few days old, my grandfather, whose indispositions gave him daily proofs of the decay of nature, in order to recreate himself, went on horseback, attended by two servants, to visit a gentleman who lived but about two leagues from his castle; but he had not got above half way, before he was seized with a swimming in his head, which he was very subject to. This obliged him to stop near the house of a peasant, whose wife was my nurse: he went in to sit down, when he saw the man endeavouring to make a pale and weakly child, that seemed almost dying, take some milk. Mr. De Terviere appeared touched with the child's condition; and asked for it's nurse—"For that," said he, "is all she wants."—"My wife," said the peasant, "is in bed sick of a fever, and therefore cannot suckle the child; my son went early this morning to desire the father and mother to come and bring a nurse with them; but nobody comes: the poor child is very ill; I endea-

your to keep her alive as well as I can; but if she is suffered to languish in this manner, it will be impossible to save her."—"I am very much concerned for the little creature," returned Mr. De Terviere.—"You would be much more so, Sir," cried the poor woman from her bed, "did you know who she is."—"How! whose is she, then?" cried he, with some surprize. "Alas, Sir!" replied the peasant, "I was afraid of telling you at first, for fear of offending you; for I am sensible that your son married without your consent: it is Mr. De Terviere's." The old gentleman was here a moment without making any answer; and then, looking at me with a pensive and tender air—"Poor child!" said he, "thou hast never offended me: make haste," added he, turning to one of the servants, "and fly to my house; I remember my gardener's wife lost a boy she suckled a day or two ago; and tell her I desire her to come immediately to take the child, and I will pay her. Desire her to make as much haste as possible."

He being now pretty well recovered, kissed me, and mounted his horse; but he had not been gone above a hundred yards from the house, before his son arrived with a nurse, which he could not find sooner. The peasant, in a few words, told him what had just passed: he was touched with the goodness and tenderness of his offended father; took horse again, and rode full speed after him, to express the grateful sense he had of his kindness.

Mr. De Terviere, who saw him at a distance, stopped, and waited for his coming up to him; when he alighted, ran to him, and threw himself on his knees, with tears in his eyes, unable to utter a word. "I know, my son, what brings you hither," said he, moved at my father's behaviour: "your daughter wants some assistance, and I have sent to procure it for her; if it arrives soon enough to be of any service, I shall not leave imperfect the kindness I would do her; for it would be barbarous to preserve a life only to render it miserable. Go, my son, your daughter from henceforward shall be mine; let her be carried to my house, and take your wife thither

“thither too; she shall have the apartment which was your mother’s, where I shall expect to find you both when I return at night. If Mrs. De Trele will do me the favour to sup with me, I shall be very glad of her company. I long to be back again to alter my will; which is not now very favourable to you. Farewel; I shall be at home very early: mean while go back to your daughter, and take care of her.”

“My father, who continued on his knees, was still too much softened, and too full of joy, to make him any answer, but by bathing his hand, which he stooped down to give him, with his tears. The old gentleman desired him to arise, then rode away; when my father returned to me, whom he found in the nurse’s arms whom he had brought with him: he conducted us both to his father’s castle; gave me to the gardener’s wife; and then set out to inform his wife and mother-in-law with this agreeable, and, as he thought, happy event; and brought them both to his father’s. Impatient to see the old gentleman, he rode out in the evening to meet him, when he met a servant who was sent to let him know that Mr. De Terviere was suddenly fallen into a fainting-fit, and continued speechless; and who, in short, expired before he could see him. What a dreadful blow was this to my father and mother! What a sad change did it make in my fortune! He had made a will which was found amongst his papers, in which he left his whole estate to his other son, and reduced my father to a small pension, which the law obliged him to allow him. He had nothing to hope for from his brother, who was one of those sordid spirits who are incapable of doing a generous action; one of those little souls, who will never do any good, but what the law obliges them to; who reckon it their duty not to leave you any thing when they may safely strip you of all; and who, if they see you do a beneficent action, regard you with an eye that expresses how much they applaud themselves for not being capable of such a weakness; and will plainly tell you—“I had rather you should do it than I.”

“Such was the man my father had to

deal with, so that he had no hopes of assistance from him; but was constrained to be satisfied with his pension, which was very inconsiderable; and with what little my mother brought him in marriage. But my father did not live long. A young gentleman of his own age, who was going to Paris to join his regiment, took him with him, and gave him a commission. And here ends both his history and his life, which he lost in the first campaign.

“My mother was esteemed one of the greatest beauties of the province; and was so perfectly amiable, that notwithstanding her having but a small fortune, and being burdened with a child, she had several offers of marrying again much to her advantage. But my father was then too dear to her; she preserved a too tender regard to his memory to be able to resolve to live another’s. However, a man of quality, who had a considerable estate in our neighbourhood, coming to spend some time there, saw my mother, and loved her. This nobleman insinuated himself into her esteem by amusing her vanity, and insensibly made her forget her first husband. In short, he offered her his hand; and they were married when I was but a year and a half old.

“Here my mother’s situation in life was entirely changed: from very low circumstances, she was raised to be one of the greatest ladies in the kingdom. But three weeks after their marriage, I had no mother: the honours and luxury which surrounded her robbed her of her tenderness for me, and left me no place in her heart; and that little child that was before so dear to her, that she used to say put her in mind of my father, whom I resembled; that infant which softened the idea of his death, and sometimes seemed to present him before her eyes, and made her almost fancy he was still alive; was almost as much forgot as he himself, and was little better than an orphan.

“As my mother became with child, her attention was entirely diverted from me: she left me to the care of the housekeeper; and was so indifferent, that she did not enquire how I did, nor see me sometimes for a fortnight together. Mrs. De Trele,

“who

' who lived but three leagues off,
 ' could not suspect that I, who had
 ' been the delight and comfort of her
 ' daughter, should be so entirely aban-
 ' doned by her. She loved me
 ' with all the tenderness of a grand-
 ' mother; and, therefore, as she came
 ' one day to dine with the Marquis
 ' De ***, her son-in-law, she was
 ' surprized to see me sitting on the
 ' ground at play, at the gate of the
 ' court, in a most wretched disorder;
 ' my cap was tore; my hair hung
 ' about my ears; and all my cloaths
 ' were in rags. She hardly knew me
 ' at first; though my complexion was
 ' not altered, and I appeared with a
 ' countenance gay and healthful: she
 ' asked the housekeeper's servant, who
 ' stood just by with one of her mis-
 ' tress's children, if I was Miss De
 ' Terviere. She answered that I was.
 ' "What! this my child! this the con-
 ' dition she is in!" cried she, with an
 ' air of tender indignation, at seeing
 ' me so shamefully neglected. "Pray,
 ' "take the child in your arms," add-
 ' ed she, "and follow me into the cas-
 ' tle." The servant was forced to
 ' obey her, and carried me to my mo-
 ' ther's apartment; where her woman
 ' was dressing her head. "Daugh-
 ' ter," said Mrs. De Trele, as she en-
 ' tered the room, "they would per-
 ' suade me to believe that this is Miss
 ' De Terviere: sure, it cannot be!
 ' "Why, nobody would pick up her
 ' cloaths! To be sure, it is some mi-
 ' serable orphan that your housekeeper
 ' has taken in out of charity! Is it
 ' not?" My mother blushed: for
 ' this manner of reproaching her for
 ' her conduct towards me had some-
 ' thing in it very severe; and she could
 ' not hear herself so smartly reprov-
 ' ed for her barbarity to me without be-
 ' ing quite out of temper. "I have
 ' been indisposed these three days,"
 ' returned she; "and have not been
 ' able to see what passed.—Get you
 ' gone; and tell my impertinent house-
 ' keeper, that I desire she would come
 ' to me by-and-by," added she to
 ' the girl, in a tone which shewed she
 ' was more angry at me than with her
 ' whom she called impertinent. Mrs.
 ' De Trele, who was touched with
 ' the condition in which she found me,
 ' was no sooner alone with her, than
 ' she burst into tears; and let her see,

' without the least disguise, how great
 ' was her compassion for me at seeing
 ' me treated thus.

' The old lady was one of those mo-
 ' thers who have no other pleasure, no
 ' other employment, than what springs
 ' from discharging the duties of their
 ' families; and who know no other
 ' satisfaction than in carefully fulfill-
 ' ing them: judge, then, if, with these
 ' dispositions, she could be at all satis-
 ' fied with my mother.

' I do not know what she said to
 ' her, but it was possibly more than
 ' was agreeable to her daughter; for
 ' reproofs and harsh words never are
 ' of any service to us: our faults van-
 ' ish from our minds the moment we
 ' are offended. And every one might
 ' see that she had injured me, by con-
 ' firming my mother in her dislike to
 ' me.

' Three weeks after this, the mar-
 ' quis, who designed to carry his wife
 ' to Paris to lie-in there, received news
 ' which hastened his journey: and as
 ' my mother had not time, in her
 ' hurry, to settle her affairs, she took
 ' only one of her women with her, and
 ' left orders for me to follow her in a
 ' coach three days after, with the rest
 ' of her servants. As they had pro-
 ' mised to send me, the evening before
 ' our departure, to Mrs. De Trele's,
 ' she was disturbed to find I did not
 ' come; and therefore came to the cas-
 ' tle, to know what it was that hin-
 ' dered them from keeping their word.
 ' The housekeeper told her that my
 ' mother had left me to her care, with
 ' orders not to risque my life, by let-
 ' ting me go such a journey, if I
 ' should happen to be indisposed; and
 ' that as I was actually ill in bed of a
 ' violent cold, they, in conformity to
 ' her lady's desire, were gone without
 ' me. "What! has she left her to
 ' you?" cried Mrs. De Trele, turn-
 ' ing her back upon her; and then or-
 ' dered me to be brought down, and to
 ' go with her directly to her house;
 ' where I arrived perfectly cured of my
 ' cold, which my mother had con-
 ' trived, to prevent her being troubled
 ' with my company. On this, Mrs.
 ' De Trele wrote to her in the severest
 ' and most moving terms. I have
 ' seen a copy of this letter; and, to let
 ' you see how sincerely affected she was
 ' at my mother's treatment of me, I
 ' will

“ will repeat part of it to you: it was
“ in substance as follows—

“ **Y**OU have loved Mr. De Ter-
“ viere; you have lamented his
“ loss; and yet you injure his memory
“ by using ill the only pledge of his
“ love: he left you but one child; and
“ yet you refuse to be a mother to her;
“ and now you force me, through my
“ tenderness, to take care of her; and
“ when I am gone, I suppose you will
“ abandon her to the charity of
“ others.”

“ My mother, who was pleased that
“ she had gained her point, patiently
“ endured these reproaches, and satis-
“ fied herself with denying that she
“ had any thoughts of keeping me
“ from her: she sent me some linen and
“ silk for my cloaths; and assured Mrs.
“ De Trele that she would send for me
“ to Paris as soon as she was brought
“ to-bed. But this was only to gain
“ time; she continually evaded putting
“ her promise in execution; and made
“ use of many pretexts, as excuses for
“ her not sending for me: but it was
“ happy for me that, as my mother’s
“ heart froze, and lost every sentiment
“ of maternal tenderness, the old lady’s
“ grew more warm and affectionate.
“ She now began to write but very sel-
“ dom; and when she did, hardly ever
“ mentioned me: so that, in two years
“ and a half’s time, she seemed to have
“ perfectly forgot that there was such
“ a person in the world. Thus I was
“ dear only to Mrs. De Trele; indiffe-
“ rent to the relations I had in that
“ country; unknown to those in the
“ other provinces; troublesome to my
“ two aunts, my mother’s sisters, who
“ hated me on account of her regard
“ to me: I had no other prospect before
“ me than that of her friendship, which
“ must necessarily be but of a very
“ short duration. In this manner did
“ I pass my infancy, till I was twelve
“ years old; during which time my
“ aunts, whom I have mentioned, mar-
“ ried persons of the same dispositions
“ with themselves: but at last, Mrs.
“ De Trele, who was pretty old, fell
“ sick; her condition cured me of my
“ levity; and gave me a habit of think-
“ ing, which made me sensible of my
“ own wretched state. The servants,
“ seeing her past recovery, shamefully

“ neglected her; and my aunts, who
“ came to see her, treated me with the
“ utmost indifference and disrespect.
“ The good old lady perceived it with
“ a visible concern; she reproached
“ them with their unkindness to me,
“ in the most tender manner, with a
“ mildness very different from her
“ usual way of speaking to them on
“ such occasions; as if she endeavoured
“ to beg their mercy for me. This I
“ could not help taking notice of, and
“ drawing a presage of some frightful
“ impending evil; and though I was
“ too young to reason distinctly upon
“ it, yet I was seized with a terror
“ which rendered me mute, humble,
“ and fearful. Besides, Mrs. De
“ Trele’s whole behaviour, when her
“ daughters were absent, contributed
“ to open my eyes. She called me to
“ her, took hold of my hand, and
“ spoke to me with such tenderness, as
“ if she meant to comfort me, dissi-
“ pate my alarms, and raise me from
“ that humiliation of soul into which
“ she saw I was fallen.

“ One day, a lady of the neighbour-
“ hood, who was her intimate friend,
“ came to see her; and she desired to
“ speak with her in private: when I
“ stepped into a little closet in the room;
“ and, out of a tender and uneasy cu-
“ riosity, resolved to listen to their con-
“ versation. “ I am very much con-
“ cerned for this dear little child,”
“ said Mrs. De Trele: “ it is only
“ upon her account I desire to live.
“ But God is the supreme disposer of
“ all things; he is in a peculiar man-
“ ner the father of the orphan. Have
“ you been so kind,” added she, “ to
“ speak to Mr. Villot?” (This was a
“ rich inhabitant of a neighbouring
“ borough, who for above thirty years
“ had farmed Mr. De Terviere’s, my
“ grandfather’s estate; and had gained
“ the greatest part of his fortune in his
“ family.) “ Yes,” said her friend,
“ I have been with him this morning:
“ he says he will conform himself to
“ your desire; and will come to assure
“ you of it himself. So, pray, make
“ yourself easy; Miss De Terviere is
“ not so much an orphan as you may
“ imagine: pray, Madam, think bet-
“ ter of her mother; it is true, she
“ neglects her now, but she must in-
“ fallibly love the little, charming
“ creature, as soon as she sees her.”

“ Though

‘ Though they spoke very low, I heard every thing they said: the term “orphan,” at first surprized me extremely, as I knew I had a mother; but Mrs. De Trele’s friend made me sensible of her meaning, by letting me know that my mother did not love me. I had not yet been fully acquainted with her indifference; and I could not now think of it without bursting into tears, and being filled with the greatest consternation.

‘ A few days after this, Mrs. De Trele was so ill, that her daughters were sent for; but she died before they came. They staid four or five days in the house, in order to pay their last duties to their mother, and set every thing in order in the absence of their brothers; one of whom was at Paris, and the other in the army. There were a thousand debates between the two sisters, who sometimes quarrelled, and sometimes united, against a man to whom their eldest brother, who had been informed of his mother’s illness, had sent a letter of attorney from Paris. These clamours made the house continually in an indecent uproar; for an insatiable avarice, and a greedy thirst of plunder, deprived them of every degree of tenderness for each other; and even left no room in their hearts for any concern for their mother’s death: but, when they found Mrs. De Trele had left me a diamond-ring worth two thousand livres, they lost all patience; could not bear to see me; and even reflected upon their mother in a very severe and injurious manner. I had shut myself up in a little room, where they had ordered me to go, because my cries and lamentations were troublesome to them: here I indulged my affliction, till the excess of my grief rendered me silent. Every thing about me had a solitary and melancholy gloom: I was looked upon as nobody; every face seemed unfriendly; or, at least, looked with indifference upon me; and all of them appeared more strange than if I had never known them. I staid in this place as in a kind of sanctuary from the rough usage of my aunts; in which I was detained through the terror of being obliged to appear be-

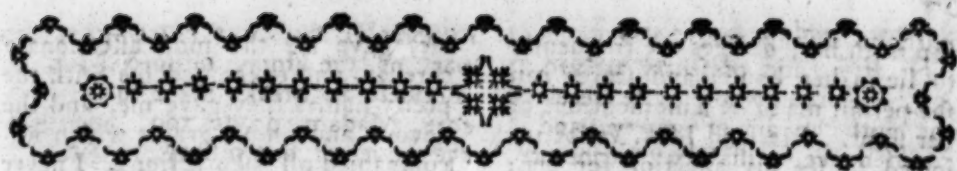
fore them; and where I even trembled every time I heard the sound of their voices. Can you believe me, Marianne, when I tell you, that I cannot even now think of this dreadful situation without feeling a sensible terror? I had ever before been entirely unacquainted with this strange kind of misery; my heart had been softened by my grandmother’s tenderness; so that I had never before felt what it was to have the least trouble of mind: but I had now a sadness lurking in the very bottom of my soul, which preyed upon my heart, and sunk me into the most cruel despair. We are only frightened at the thought of belonging to nobody; but sink into nothing in the presence of relations like these.

‘ At last, my situation began to change; my aunts had nothing more to dispute about; and therefore prepared to go home with their husbands, who were come for them: when they appointed an old servant of Mrs. De Trele’s, a vine-dresser, who lodged in a little house in her court, to be housekeeper till the seals could be taken off. He came to fetch me from the little room where I had hid myself, and desired me to follow him into the hall, where they were all at breakfast: I did so with the utmost reluctance; my eyes were cast down; I trembled, turned pale, and durst not look at the two dreadful sisters. They then debated what should be done with me; and, as both refused to keep me, it was concluded, at last, that I should stay with the poor vine-dresser: but they had no sooner agreed how to dispose of me, than Mr. Villot, whom Mrs. De Trele had wrote to just before she died, entered the hall. I was transported at seeing him; and entreated him to carry me to his house: he told me he came for that purpose; and, with the two ladies consent, would take me away immediately. My aunts readily complied; my box was brought down, and committed to the care of a peasant, who was to carry it for us: when one of my aunts told me she would write to my mother; bid me be a good girl; and then both stepped into their chaise, and drove away.

‘ without kissing me. We se out
‘ soon after, and presently arrived at
‘ Mr. Villot’s; whose wife received
‘ me with an air of gaiety, and a
‘ countenance so affable, that she pre-
‘ sently became familiar to me. As
‘ my aunts had imposed silence on my
‘ grief, I here found the satisfaction
‘ of crying as much as I pleased; a
‘ circumstance that was accompanied
‘ with a peculiar kind of satisfaction.’

Some of the nuns entering at this
part of the story, obliged Miss De
Terviere to break off: I shall there-
fore, Madam, do so too; and defer
the sequel of her history, which con-
tains scenes so extremely affecting, that
they must melt the most obdurate
heart, to the next Part; in which I
shall fully atone for the shortness of
this.

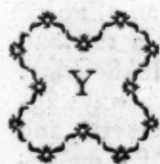
END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

PART XI.



YOU must allow, Madam, that I could not well be more expeditious than I am now: I began the history of my friend the nun in my last Part, which you received last week; and I now send you the remainder.

As soon as the nuns had left us, and we had dined, I went into my friend's room, and desired her to proceed with her story: when she resumed—

‘ I had not been at Mr. Villot's above two or three days, before I wrote to my mother, to let her know where I was. In her answer, she made use of several pretended reasons to excuse her not sending for me; but promised to do it in a few days; but, not hearing from her, I wrote again; and continued to importune her with my letters till I grew weary, she only evading it from time to time. At last, I found that, notwithstanding her promises, she had really no intention of ever having me near her: however, she sometimes sent me a little money to buy me some cloaths; and allowed Mr. De Villot a trifle for my board; but though it was very inconsiderable, it did not make this generous friend look coldly upon me, nor abate the tenderness and respect of any of his family. As for my aunts, I hardly need mention them, since I saw them not above once or twice in a year at most, and never received any benefit from them.

‘ Here I got acquainted with four or five young ladies in the neighbourhood, who were agreeable companions; and spent my time almost entirely with them, till I was almost seventeen. I went sometimes, too, to see an agreeable widow-lady of about forty, who lived at a castle about half a league from our borough: she had been one of my mother's most intimate acquaintance, and was a person of an agreeable appearance; a genteel mien, and fresh complexion, with a good plight of body, gave her an air of beauty, which, joined to the appearance of the greatest sanctity and austerity, together with an intimacy with all the devout in that part of the country, engaged the veneration and esteem of every one; for there is something more edifying in the piety of a fine woman than of any other. I was soon engaged by this lady's mild and obliging behaviour; and she wrote to my mother to let her know that I frequently visited her. As she knew not what to do with me, and was unwilling ever to see me at Paris, lest my country education should mortify her pride, she desired this lady to inspire me with a desire of taking the veil. This she undertakes immediately; and accordingly engages all this society of religious, that they might contribute to the success of her enterprise: she immediately redoubles her caresses and professions of friendship; keeps me almost every night to

' sup with her; obliges me frequently
 ' to lie in her house; and scarce can
 ' she permit me to be a moment out of
 ' her sight. Mr. and Mrs. Villot re-
 ' joiced to see my affection for her;
 ' they commended me; and appeared
 ' to esteem me much more on her ac-
 ' count; and every body else seemed to
 ' do so too. Flattered with this gene-
 ' ral applause, my devotion seemed to
 ' increase every day; and my mien
 ' gradually received an air of auste-
 ' rity: I soon became a partner in all
 ' this lady's exercises; she shut herself
 ' up with me to read pious lectures;
 ' and carried me to hear all the sermons
 ' she could get intelligence of. "Ah,
 ' " my dear predestinated!" would she
 ' say to me, (for she and her pious
 ' friends then called me by no other
 ' name) "what an affecting spectacle
 ' " is the piety of such an amiable girl
 ' " as thee! I cannot look upon thee
 ' " without praising God; and being en-
 ' " flamed with a more ardent love for
 ' " him." — "Oh, without doubt,"
 ' " cried her religious friends, "her
 ' " piety edifies us all! God has ap-
 ' " pointed her for a more holy state: the
 ' " world stands in need of such noble
 ' " and bright examples—And you,
 ' " child, will be a shining instance of
 ' " the triumphs of his grace." These
 ' discourses were accompanied with an
 ' air and tone which expressed the
 ' greatest surprize, and the most pro-
 ' found esteem and veneration; while
 ' my presence seemed to strike them
 ' with a sacred awe. I was pleased
 ' with being thus honoured; and the
 ' widow had great hopes of bringing
 ' me easily to comply with her designs.
 ' Her house was situated near a con-
 ' vent, where we used to go once or
 ' twice a week: she had a relation
 ' there, who was acquainted with her de-
 ' signs, and promoted them with all the
 ' mistaken zeal and monastick cunning
 ' she was capable of; I say mistaken,
 ' because nothing, sure, can be less
 ' pardonable than the little artifices
 ' they make use of to seduce a young
 ' woman into a desire of being a nun;
 ' they ought rather to exaggerate the
 ' consequences of such an engagement,
 ' than prevent her seeing them. I ne-
 ' ver went to the convent but their re-
 ' ligious friend squeezed my hand, and
 ' spoke to me with a kind of holy ten-
 ' derness; while the nuns flocked about

' me, gave me the most affectionate
 ' caresses, and enchanted me with the
 ' pretty names they gave me, and the
 ' devout and simple graces which ac-
 ' companied all their actions. I never
 ' returned from this convent but the
 ' widow spoke to me in raptures of
 ' the happy life those girls lived there.
 ' While I was so delighted with their
 ' seeming agreeable and peaceful situa-
 ' tion, that I was almost ready volun-
 ' tarily to enter into the same state,
 ' a new adventure, for that time, hap-
 ' pily changed my resolution.

' One day, as the widow was indis-
 ' posed, I asked her to let her chamber-
 ' maid go with me to the convent, to
 ' return a book I had borrowed of one
 ' of the nuns. The lady was ill in
 ' bed; and a young woman of about
 ' five or six and twenty, of a tall and
 ' genteel appearance, came to the grate.
 ' I had observed that she always ap-
 ' peared less chearful than the rest, and
 ' had a countenance full of a melan-
 ' choly softness; and, though she al-
 ' ways spoke to me with the greatest
 ' affability, she was the only person
 ' that never gave me any friendly
 ' names. As she then appeared more
 ' uneasy than ever, I imagined that she
 ' was not well; and told her I was
 ' sorry to see her look so much out of
 ' order: she said she had had a very in-
 ' different night, and offered to call
 ' some of her sisters to keep me com-
 ' pany. "No, Miss," replied I; "I
 ' cannot stay above an hour: besides,
 ' I shall soon have an opportunity of
 ' seeing our good friends, without
 ' being obliged to leave them." —
 ' "How! without leaving them!" re-
 ' turned she. "Have you, then, a de-
 ' sire to be one of us?" — "Yes; I
 ' am more than half resolved," replied
 ' I; "and intend to write to my mo-
 ' ther, to let her know it. Your hap-
 ' piness has made me desirous of shar-
 ' ing it with you," added I, putting
 ' my hand through the grate to take
 ' hers, which she gave me without
 ' making me any answer. I then per-
 ' ceived that the tears came into her
 ' eyes, and she held down her head,
 ' as if to hide her concern. I was filled
 ' with a surprize which for some time
 ' kept me silent; when, recovering my-
 ' self, and looking upon her—"Tell
 ' me, then," cried I, "why do you
 ' weep? Was I deceived in thinking
 ' " you

"you happy?" At the word Happy her tears redoubled; and I was touched, without knowing the cause of her affliction. At last, after many sighs, which escaped her in spite of herself—"Alas, Miss!" returned she, "I am not happy; but, pray, keep that a secret: and I beg you would never tell any body that I could not restrain letting fall some tears before you; and I will trust you with the cause of them; it will not be unuseful to you to know it." Here she stopped to wipe her eyes. "Go on, my dear friend," cried I, weeping too; "and hide nothing from me. I feel myself afflicted at your uneasiness; and I shall regard the confidence you repose in me as a favour that I shall never forget."

"You are desirous of being a nun!" cried she; "the caresses of our sisters, and, I believe, the insinuations of Mrs. De St. Hermieres," (this was the name of the widow) "make you inclined to enter into our state: you fancy you have a call; though you would, perhaps, have never thought so, had you not been deceived by their allurements. Beware, Miss, lest these dispositions vanish with the circumstances which inspire you with them! How dreadful would it be, should you be mistaken! We ought to be born with a relish for the peculiar duties of the convent, or else we cannot taste any satisfaction in them. We have our troubles, which the world knows nothing of; and we ought to be born with a disposition to support them too. I entered this convent at your age; and I was induced to it from the same motives as yourself. I had an affection for a nun whom I thought my friend; and, tenderly caressed by all the sisters, I loved them so much, that I thought I could never be unhappy in their company. I was a youngest daughter; and all our family contributed to the charm that drew me hither. "How delightful," said I to myself, "must it be to spend my time with these amiable ladies, whom it is a virtue to love! How sweet will it be to employ myself in the service of Heaven, in a peace and serenity so charming, so divine!" Alas, Miss! what childish folly! Deceived in the situation of

my heart, I fancied that it was piety prompted me to chuse this retreat, when it was only the pleasure of being with these dear girls, and tasting the sweets of their friendship. This was the childish attraction that brought me hither; this all my vocation: nobody had the goodness to undeceive me, and let me know the uneasiness that would follow. However, this prison began to grow burdensome, and I became disgusted towards the end of my noviciate: but this, they affectionately told me, was only a temptation; and I had not the courage to resist them. The day for my taking the vows arrived; I suffered myself to be prevailed upon; and did whatever they bid me, with an emotion which suspended all my reflections: others decided my lot; and I was only a stupid spectator of the eternal engagements I took upon me!"

Her tears began here to flow afresh; and she could not pronounce these last words without a voice interrupted with sighs. Her affliction at first touched me: but here I was in a fright; her motives for entering the convent so exactly resembled mine, and I saw my history so plainly in hers, that I trembled at the dangers I had escaped; and at once grew disgusted at the house, as well as those that were in it. After a short pause, I thanked her for the confidence she had reposed in me; when she again entreated me to conceal what she had told me. I sincerely promised I would do so; and my tears had such an effect upon her, that she freely told me she had other cares that I was a stranger to; and pulling a letter out of her bosom without any direction, she gave it to me with a trembling hand—"Since my condition raises your pity," resumed she, "pray deliver me from the danger this note exposes me to."—"But have you not already read it?" returned I. "Has it not been opened?"—"No," replied she: "but I fear I should have opened it, and was even going to do so, when my kind Genius brought you hither. My resolutions are even now wavering; and I even regret my having given it you, and fain would have it again: but do not indulge me; and if you read it, I desire you
" never

“ never to mention the contents of it to me. It comes from my mortal enemy; from a man who is stronger than my reason and all my reflections; a man who has lost his senses, and would make me lose mine; and has already but too well succeeded! It is ****!” Judge of my surprise, when I found it was an abbé, of seven or eight and twenty, whom I saw almost every day at Mrs. De St. Hermiere’s! a man who assumed an air of the greatest piety, and whose conduct I had hitherto thought altogether blameless! My astonishment was too visible for her not to take notice of it immediately. “I know,” resumed she, “that you see him often: he has deceived me, and perhaps himself too. He loves me: but, pray, shew him this letter; tell him that I have not read it; and let him know that I will see him no more; that pity for me, and a regard to his own honour, ought to induce him to leave me in repose. Alas! I am unable to resist his attacks,” continued she; “and cannot tell what would be the consequence should I see him again. I am capable of running away with him; of taking away my own life; or of any thing else. I foresee that nothing but horror would attend his designs; and we should be plunged in an abyss in which we should both perish!”

“This discourse was accompanied with abundance of tears; and when she had done, her countenance was so much altered, that I could hardly know her again. I wept with her; and we continued for some time speechless: at last I broke silence, and endeavoured to calm the disorder of her soul. “As you have a tender and virtuous mind,” said I, “you need not fear that Heaven will forsake you in your distress; you will soon triumph over your passion; your trouble will vanish, and you will be delighted with the reflection that you have abandoned a wretch who would infallibly have ruined you.”

“The bell here called the young lady to her devotions; when she arose hastily, and, after desiring me to favour her again with my company, left me. What I had just heard had

created such a revolution in my mind, that I sat for some time quite motionless; seemed as if waked out of a lethargy; and was in such a surprize, that I did not think of leaving the parlour: but, in the midst of my reverie, I perceived it grew dark; when I went again to the chambermaid who had brought me thither. I was then quite cured of my desire of being a nun; I was frightened to think I had been so near entering into that state, and had almost given my word for it: but, happily, I had not yet gone so far.

“Mrs. De St. Hermieres, to whom I returned, was very desirous of having me stay all night; but I not only wanted to be alone to indulge my new reflections, but was afraid that she would guess by my looks what was the disposition of my mind: so I wanted time to enable me to assume such a countenance as might not betray me. As I was going home, I met the abbé who had caused the nun to shed so many tears: I was just entering into Mr. Villot’s house; and had therefore dismissed the chambermaid. The young hypocrite, with a most devout mien, stopped to pay me his respect. “We shall not, Miss, be so happy as to enjoy your company to-night at Mrs. De St. Hermiere’s, where I am going to supper?”—“No, Sir,” replied I, “but I can give you some news of Miss De ****, whom I have just left, and who has spoke much of you.”—“I am obliged to her,” returned he; “I see her sometimes: pray, how does she do?”—“Though it is but three hours since you left her,” said I, “she is so cast down, that you would hardly know her again: I left her bathed in tears on account of a young man, whose visits fill her with horror, and from whom she is resolved to receive no more as long as she lives. She desired me to return him this letter,” added I, taking it out of my pocket, where it accidentally opened. It is probable the nun might have half broke open the seal: however, this must doubtless have persuaded him that I had read it; and, consequently, that I was acquainted with his villainy. He took the note with a trembling hand—“Your servant, Sir,” said I, as I gave it

"it him; "fear nothing from me;
 "for I promise you an inviolable se-
 "crecy: but fear every thing from my
 "friend, who is resolved to expose
 "you, if you continue to trouble her
 "with your visits." She had not de-
 "sired me to frighten him with this
 "menace; but I thought I might add
 "this of my own accord. In effect,
 "it succeeded; he was too frightened
 "ever to revive the intrigue: so that
 "I saved the nun, or rather her vir-
 "tue, from his persecution; though
 "there were some moments in which
 "she would have given her life to en-
 "joy the satisfaction of seeing him
 "again, as she told me afterwards; but
 "her prayers and tears removed this
 "disordered state of mind, and restored
 "her tranquillity. I returned the next
 "day, after dinner, to Mrs. De St.
 "Hermiere's; who was shut up in her
 "oratory, while two or three of her
 "friends were waiting for her in the
 "parlour. As soon as she came down—
 "Are you here, my dear!" cried she,
 "in a whining tone; "I have just been
 "thinking of thee: the time is com-
 "ing when I must no longer have the
 "pleasure of seeing you with us; but
 "thou wilt be the better for it.—We
 "are going to be separated from her,
 "gentlemen," added she; "and it is
 "in the house of God we must here-
 "after look for our predestinated."—
 "Why so, Madam?" cried I, with a
 "smile I put on to hide a rising blush.
 "Why, my dear," returned she, "I
 "have received joyful news for thee:
 "the marchioness thy mother has sent
 "me a letter, in which she consents to
 "thy taking the veil. She says she
 "herself would gladly exchange her
 "present condition for that thou art
 "disposed to embrace; and does not
 "value the world enough to detain thee
 "in it contrary to thy desires. These
 "are her very words: and I foresee
 "thou wilt soon make use of her per-
 "mission," added she, giving me the
 "letter. Here she took notice that I let
 "fall some tears. "What is the mat-
 "ter, Miss?" resumed she: "one
 "would imagine this letter gives you
 "pain. Did I make a wrong judg-
 "ment of you? Are we all deceived?
 "Sure you have not changed your
 "mind, have you, child?"—"I wish,
 "Madam, you had consulted me be-
 "fore you wrote to my mother," re-

"turned I with a sigh: "you have
 "increased her aversion to me; for I
 "will never be a nun; Providence
 "never appointed that state for me."
 "At this, Mrs. De St. Hermieres stood
 "motionless; and all the company
 "looked upon one another, and lifted
 "up their hands to Heaven, with a vi-
 "sible surprize. "You will not be a
 "nun, then?" cried she, in a plain-
 "tive tone that expressed her astonish-
 "ment. It was a severe mortification
 "to her to be robbed of the hopes of
 "an adventure so very edifying to the
 "world, and so much to the credit of
 "her piety; for, after that stock of de-
 "votion I had acquired from her ex-
 "ample, I only wanted a nun's habit
 "to become her master-piece. "Do
 "not be disturbed, Madam," said one
 "of the company with an air of con-
 "fidence; "this is no more than I ex-
 "pected: it is only the last effort of
 "our common enemy. You will see
 "her, perhaps, to-morrow, fly to that
 "happy and holy retreat, which is
 "well worth the trouble of going
 "through a few temptations to ob-
 "tain."—"No, Sir!" returned I,
 "with the tears still in my eyes; "no!
 "this is not a temptation, but a reso-
 "lution; which is the result of deli-
 "berate thought."—"If so, Miss, I
 "sincerely pity you!" said Mrs. De
 "St. Hermieres, with a coolness that
 "was a presage of the indifference which
 "followed.

"From this time I found such an
 "entire change in their behaviour, that
 "I could hardly know again any of the
 "society: I was disgraced in their
 "opinion; and all their tender re-
 "gards, and endearing expressions, were
 "changed into such a disrespectful in-
 "difference and disregard, that I could
 "hardly believe myself in the same
 "company. My visits to the castle be-
 "came now so very rare, that I did not
 "see Mrs. De St. Hermieres above once
 "in a month; who constantly gave me
 "a cold, but civil, reception.

"About five months after this, one
 "of this lady's footmen came from her
 "to desire my company to dinner. I
 "was surprized at the invitation, which
 "appeared so new to me; but more so
 "to see her resume that affectionate be-
 "haviour which she had not indulged
 "for a long time. I found her with a
 "gentleman of about fifty, of a pale,
 "grave,

grave, and meagre aspect. "Come, my dear, let me embrace you," said she, as soon as she saw me; "I have never ceased to love you, though I have ceased telling you so: let us think no more of my silence on that head, or on the motives which caused it. God does every thing for the best: the happiness that is offered you, comforts me for that you have lost; and you shall know what I mean after dinner." While she was speaking, I happened to cast my eyes on the gentleman, who modestly cast down his with a grave and respectful countenance, and with the air of one who had some concern in what she was telling me.

"After dinner, he arose to take a turn in the garden. "Miss," said Mrs. De St. Hermieres, as soon as he was gone, "you have no fortune; your mamma will give you none: but this gentleman, who is the Baron De Sercour, has a very large one; he is a man of very great piety, and thinks he cannot make a better use of his riches than by sharing them with a young lady of quality of your virtue, whose merit deserves a fortune. He offers you his hand; and, if you consent, the marriage will be concluded in a very few days, which will secure you a very considerable estate. You have nothing to do but to write to your mamma: I think you have no room to hesitate upon the course you ought to take, if you consider the circumstances you are in, and those you may possibly be hereafter reduced to. The baron is not of an age that will render him absolutely distasteful. I confess he has an ill state of health: but," added she, lowering her voice, "it is probable he will not live long; and, if you should lose the baron, he will leave you what will make his memory dear to you; and I assure you, the state of a young, rich, though afflicted widow, is less painful than that of a lady of quality without a fortune to support it. Do you accept of the proposal?"

"I was some moments without answering her: I was not unacquainted with the badness of my situation; and saw the advantages that would attend such an union. It is true, his

penitent, melancholy look, rendered him disagreeable to me; and I could not, without reluctance, think of accepting him for a husband. "But I may accustom myself to him," thought I: "and there are few uneasinesses which plenty is not a remedy for." Upon this, I took my resolution. "Well, Madam," said I at last, "if you will write to my mother, I will conform to whatever she pleases." The baron presently after this came again into the room; when I felt a palpitation at my heart, trembled at seeing him, and could not help imagining that he was already my master. "Sir," said Mrs. De St. Hermieres, as he entered, "I must inform you that there is your lady; I found no difficulty to persuade her to accept of that title."—She does me a great deal of honour," returned he, saluting me with a satisfaction that gave some vivacity to his eyes, which usually appeared very dull. He then began a conversation suitable to a devotee in love.

Here I could not help interrupting the nun—"How is it possible, Madam," said I, "you could think of giving your person to a man to whom you could not give your heart? In my opinion, we have no right to dispose of ourselves but where we are called by the tender tie of souls. To consent to be another's without these dear engagements, is to consent to be miserable, by acting contrary to that law of nature which has given us passions and propensities, that, when conducted by reason, point out the object, and are the only foundation of true felicity. We have, surely, no right to enter into bonds which we have not the inclination, the ability, to fulfil; and which, therefore, not all the powers on earth can ever render sacred! And, really, I can only look on these matches as a legal kind of prostitution; since that tender friendship, that sympathy of souls, is wanting, which is necessary to constitute that indissoluble union which is the essence of marriage."

"I believe you are in the right," returned Miss De Terviere; "but I did not then know what love was; and therefore had not the delicacy which that

that passion inspires; and, consequently, could have none of these scruples. It was agreed, that the baron should write to my mother that very day; that Mrs. De St. Hermieres should send another letter at the same time; and that I should add a line or two at the bottom of hers, to shew that all was done with my consent. It was concluded, too, that it would be proper to keep this affair as secret as possible till the day of our marriage; because the baron had a nephew, who was his heir, from whom it was necessary that it should be concealed.

Two days after this, as I was walking in our garden, I was met by the abbé; who, having lost all hopes of preferment, had thrown off his gown; but had still the character of a man of the most profound piety. "Good-morrow to you, Miss," said he, coming up to me: "I am told that you are going to marry the Baron De Sercour; and am come to pay my respects to my aunt beforehand!" I blushed at this discourse, as if I had something to reproach myself with on his account. "I do not know who told you so," returned I; "but you have not been misinformed. I assure you, when I promised the baron, I did not know that you were his nephew; and I am only sorry that it will deprive you of an estate which I never had the least thoughts of taking from you."—"Since I must lose it," returned he, with a forced smile, "I had rather you should have it than any body else." Mr. Villot, who was in another walk, seeing the abbé, came up to us to pay him his respects, which broke off our conversation; when he left me with an affected air of tranquillity. He now came to see me very often; but desired me not to tell any one that he knew of our intended marriage: so that I concealed it from his uncle, as well as Mrs. De St. Hermieres. The baron soon heard of his frequent visits, and asked me the reason of them; but, as I was entirely ignorant of his designs, I told him that I knew of no reason for his seeing me, unless it was because Mr. Villot's was in the way to Mrs. De St. Hermieres's, whom he visited oftener than usual. When

he went to this lady's, he behaved in a manner that quite surprized her: he told her that the greatest difficulty he lay under in the ecclesiastical state, was to conquer a violent passion which she inspired; and that, as he was now discharged from his sacred office, she might do him the favour to accept both of his heart and person. This he said with an apparent confusion; and with eyes fixed on the floor: as she then thought him too young for her, she made no scruple of telling his discourse to me; but she soon after changed her resolution; for though she thought him too young for a husband, yet he was not too young to be agreeable to her.

The baron received a letter from my mother with her consent, with another to me and Mrs. De St. Hermieres; when our marriage was stopped by a long and dangerous illness, from which it was above two months before I was perfectly recovered. The abbé all this while appeared extremely uneasy at my condition, and came every day to know how I did: so that the baron, who had heard him say he would be married as soon as he could fix his affections, imagined he had a design upon me; and asked me if it was not true. "No, Sir," returned I: "your nephew has never mentioned any thing to me on this subject; and seems to interest himself in my health, purely out of sentiments of esteem and friendship." And these were, indeed, my thoughts. At last I recovered; but was very much surprized to find that Mrs. De St. Hermieres did not join with the baron, in soliciting me to fix the day of our marriage. The day before that which was pitched upon for uniting me to the baron, she desired me to come and pass it at her house, and lie there. In the morning she called me aside—"My dear," said she, "I cannot help pitying you; and am sorry to see you look so dull: open your heart to me; there is a possibility of your yet going back. I will engage to excuse you to your mamma; and the abbé shall speak to his uncle; for I would not have you make a sacrifice of yourself."—"Alas, Madam! I have only conformed myself to your advice, and it is too late now to recede: my mother, who does not love

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" me,

"me, would not be so tractable as you imagine."—"Let us say no more of it then," said she with an air more peevish than compassionate. Here the abbé entered; and, addressing himself to Mrs. De St. Hermieres—"I am told, Madam," said he, "you are to have company here to night: is Mrs. De Clarville to be one of your guests?"—"She promised me that she would," returned she; "but I am afraid she will forget: however, to prevent it, I will send her a short note.—Miss," added she, "I yesterday hurt my hand, and can hardly hold the pen; will you write it for me?"—"Yes, Madam," replied I, "with all my heart; you need but tell me what you would have me say."—"A word will do," returned she. "Say—

"MADAM,
"YOU know I expect you to-night;
"pray do not disappoint me."

"Will you sign it, Madam?" said I, as soon as I had done. "No, child," she replied; "there is no need of that; she will know what it means." She then took the paper, and desired the abbé to ring the bell; then, recollecting herself—"No, you need not, Sir," said she: "as you do not stay supper, I think you had better go before the baron comes, and then you may do me the favour to give it her yourself; it will not be a step out of your way."—"Pray give it me then, Madam," returned he; "and I will execute your commission directly:" at this he arose and left us. Scarce was he gone, when the baron entered. We supped very late; and Mrs. De Clarville, whom I had never seen, did not come; nor did that lady mention her any more. Supper was but just over when the clock struck eleven. Mrs. De St. Hermieres put me in mind, that, considering I was but upon the recovery, it was time for me to go to bed, especially as I was to arise at five o'clock in the morning; on which I immediately took leave of the company. But I observed, as Mrs. De St. Hermieres embraced me, she seemed confused, and turned pale. One of her maids attended me to my room, in order to undress me; but I sent her away, because I was not disposed to go to bed.

As I did not find myself inclined to sleep, I sat down in an easy-chair, in a kind of reverie, where I forgot myself for above an hour; after which, being more awake than at first, I cast my eyes upon some books in a glass-case, and arose to take one, that I might try if reading a little would not make me drowsy. I read for about half an hour; and just as I began to grow weary, had thrown the book on the table, and was going to undress myself, in order to go to bed, I heard a noise in a small closet which opened into my chamber, the door of which was but little more than half shut. The noise continued; I began to be terrified, and cried out—"Who is there?"—"Do not be afraid, Miss," said a voice, which I thought I knew notwithstanding my surprise; and immediately appeared the abbé, who, with a smiling air, came out of the closet. I remained some time with my eyes fixed and staring upon him, without being able to speak. "Lord! what do you do here, Sir?" cried I at last, hardly able to recover myself; "who brought you here?"—"Fear nothing," said he, impudently sitting down by me; "I assure you I am here purely for the sake of being here."—"Ah! what do you do here?" pursued I, raising my voice; "get you gone immediately," added I, rising to open the door; but I found it fast, for the maid had locked it, and taken away the key. I then began to be full of rage and despair; and ran to the window to open it, and call out. "No, no! I shall retire in a moment down the back-stairs," cried he, holding me by my arm: "believe me, every body is in bed and asleep; and if you awake them, they will believe I have made use of this silent hour of night, and have not let slip such an opportunity; especially as I am here by your consent."—"By my consent, villain!" Here by my consent."—"Yes," said he; "and here is a proof of it: read your own note," added he, shewing me that which Mrs. De St. Hermieres had desired me to write for her, with the word "Madam," tore off. "Oh, thou wretch! thou abominable villain! Oh, what a horrid monster!" cried I, falling into my easy-chair; "O my God! My surprise!"

prize and tears here stopped my voice, and I was in an agony that nearly resembled madness. He saw my condition without being moved, and with all the calmness of the most hardened villain. I was sometimes tempted to cast myself upon him, and endeavour to tear him in pieces; but my weakness restrained me: and then, suddenly seized by another emotion, I cast myself at his feet—"Oh, Sir," cried I, "why will you ruin me? What have I done to you? Remember your own character; remember the service I have done you! I have not divulged your secret; and will never do it as long as I live." He then raised me up with the same coolness. "Though you should not hold your tongue, nobody will believe you," returned he; "it would only be looked upon as the effect of your jealousy; it is not now in your power to hurt me. Come, be calm; every thing will be over by-and-by: I am only doing you a piece of service, by delivering you from a marriage which you yourself are not pleased with, and which was going to ruin me; that is all." While he was speaking, I heard the noise of several persons; my door suddenly burst open, and the first object which struck my eyes was the Baron De Sercour, with his drawn sword in his hand, accompanied by Mrs. De St. Hermieres, a gentleman who supped with us, and two or three of the domesticks, all armed.

The baron and his friend had lain at the castle, where Mrs. De St. Hermieres had detained them under a pretence that they might be near the church, where they were to go very early in the morning. This lady had caused them both to be awake, and sent word that the servants had disturbed her, and told her that they heard the noise of different voices in my chamber; that, indeed, I did not cry out, but that she presumed I either durst not, or that I was hindered from doing it, and that to all appearance there were thieves in my room, and therefore entreated them, for my sake as well as her's, to fly to my assistance, with her servants. This was the reason why they all came in arms.

The abbé, who knew what would happen, had just set me in the chair;

and when they appeared, had seated himself by me, with one of my hands in his: I turned my head towards them with an air of consternation, and my face bathed in tears. As soon as I saw them, I gave a loud shriek, which they might reasonably attribute to the confusion I was in at being surprized with the abbé: my tears were an additional presumption against me; for from whence could they proceed, since I had not called out for help, but from the affliction of a fond woman, ready to be separated from him she loves. The abbé, I remember, rose with a countenance which had an air of guilt and shame. "How! you, Miss!" cried the baron, lifting up his hands and eyes with a gesture expressive of the greatest consternation; "You! whom I have thought so virtuous! Ah, who can we trust to?" It was impossible for me to make any reply, since I was almost suffocated with my sighs. "Pardon me, Sir, the confusion I give you," said the abbé, in a suppliant tone: "it is but two or three days since I was informed of the interest you had in this lady, and the necessity she is under of marrying you. In the trouble into which this marriage cast her, she desired to see me once more; I yielded to her tender entreaties; to her grief; to this note!" added he, shewing him the contents of it. "In short, she wept; she weeps still: she is lovely! and I am but a man!"—"How! that note!" cried I, and then stopped; I was unable to say any more, but immediately fainted. The abbé now slipped away; and the Baron De Sercour, I was afterwards told, was so disordered, that he was obliged to be carried out of the room; and no sooner recovered a little, but insisted upon going home. For my part, I came to myself through the assistance of the abbé's accomplice, the perfidious Mrs. De St. Hermieres, who retired as soon as I opened my eyes. In vain I desired to speak with her; she would not return, but left me with her women: I was instantly seized with a violent fever, and at six o'clock was sent back to Mr. Villor's, with a mind much more disordered than my body.

You will easily judge, Miss, that this adventure must be soon blazed

abroad, which, indeed, it was in the most cruel manner; and, to say all in one word, it entirely ruined my reputation. The baron and Mrs. De St. Hermieres wrote to my mother about it, and sent back her consent. And a few days after, that lady pleaded so effectually for the abbé, that she made a perfect reconciliation between him and his uncle. The baron, who really loved me, aspersed me with such an air of christianity, and lamented my seeming baseness in terms so interesting, so severe, and yet so pious, that nobody could hear him without being affected. I remained near three months, struggling with death, disgraced and ruined in the opinion of the world, and without any other resource than the charity of my constant friends, the honest Mr. Villot and his wife, who assisted me with all imaginable care, notwithstanding the indignation of my mother, who sent them word that she would entirely abandon and disown me. These good people were all that ever opposed the torrent of reproach into which I was fallen; not that they thought me entirely innocent, though they could not be persuaded to believe I was so culpable as the world was ill-natured enough to imagine. At last my fever began to abate; and I no sooner found myself in a condition to discourse, than my first care was to relate to them all I knew of this unhappy event, and the reasons I had to suspect that Mrs. De St. Hermieres was an accomplice in the abbé's crime: they regarded him as a saint, and therefore I thought it my duty to unmask him, by trusting them, under an oath of secrecy, with his adventure with the nun. This sufficiently undeceived them, and removed the least suspicion of my guilt; and from that instant never ceased to vindicate my innocence, and maintain with the utmost courage, that the publick did not do me justice: but they were only laughed at; and all they could say signified nothing. As soon as I could venture abroad, I endeavoured to vindicate myself: but every body shunned me; and all my companions were forbid to come near me. I then confined myself to my room; and, continually bathed in tears, implored the assistance of Heaven to

clear up my innocence; and my prayers at last were heard. One of Mrs. De St. Hermieres's women, who was married, and ready to lie-in, being in danger of her life, thought herself obliged to reveal the secret; and therefore said, in the presence of several witnesses, that the abbé had made her a present of a fine ring, to engage her to convey him into a closet in my chamber while they were at supper, and, between twelve and one, to tell Mrs. De St. Hermieres that she heard a noise in my room. "I at first," said she, "refused to do it, except Miss De Terviere should approve of it: he then begged me to keep it secret; and told me that his design was only to break off her marriage with his uncle, by which he should lose his estate; and farther presented me with a note for three thousand livres, which I was to receive as soon as the baron was dead. The note and the ring," said she, "corrupted me; I introduced him into the closet; and the marriage was not only broken off, but the young lady's reputation lost: this is all the reparation I can make her; and I beg you will vindicate her to the world, and beg her pardon for me."

This, my dear Marianne, might have been a sufficient testimony of my innocence; for the persons who heard her make this declaration did me the justice to repeat it wherever they went. But this was not all; Mrs. De St. Hermieres going to pay a visit to one of her friends, her coach was overturned into a deep ditch, from which she was taken much bruised, and speechless. This accident threw her into such a violent fever, that her life was despaired of. In this extremity she sent for Mr. Villot; and, in the presence of a number of witnesses, delivered to him a paper sealed up and written by her own hand, charging him to open it as soon as he got home, and publish it to the world. He made haste to discharge his commission; and we broke it open with as much curiosity as surprise: and this, in a few words, was the substance of it.

BEING ready to appear before Him to whom I must give an account of all my actions, I hereby declare

“ declare to the Baron of Sercour,
 “ that he ought not to impute to Miss
 “ De Terviere any part of the adven-
 “ ture which broke off his marriage
 “ with her. It was I and another per-
 “ son who contrived the story of her
 “ having an inclination for his nephew;
 “ and what happened in her room was
 “ a plot concerted between that other
 “ person and myself, in order to make
 “ a breach between her and the baron.
 “ I die with a heart full of the most
 “ perfect esteem for the virtue of Miss
 “ De Terviere, to whom I consented
 “ to do an injury from an apprehen-
 “ sion of the wrong which the said
 “ other person threatened to do me if
 “ I refused to be his accomplice.

“ A. DE ST. HERMIERES.”

“ It is impossible to express the joy,
 “ the satisfaction, and delight, this writ-
 “ ing gave me; you must judge of it by
 “ that excess of misery under which I
 “ had so long languished. Mr. Villot
 “ went immediately to shew this paper
 “ everywhere; and began with the Ba-
 “ ron De Sercour, who instantly came
 “ to pay me a visit, and make his apo-
 “ logy. Every body began now to load
 “ me with the testimonies of their esteem
 “ and friendship: all who knew my
 “ mother, wrote to her on this happy
 “ subject; while the abbé was not only
 “ contemned by his uncle, but became
 “ an object of publick abhorrence; and
 “ was obliged to leave that part of the
 “ country, and hide himself in a town
 “ at some distance; where we heard, a-
 “ bout two years after, that his ill con-
 “ duct and debts had brought him to a
 “ gaol, where he ended his days. Mrs.
 “ De St. Hermieres's chambermaid re-
 “ covered; and that lady herself surviv-
 “ ed her writing that note, which had
 “ cleared me so compleatly, and retired
 “ to a remote country seat of her's,
 “ where she lived when I left the coun-
 “ try. The Baron De Sercour, whom
 “ I used with the utmost politeness, en-
 “ deavoured to renew his friendship
 “ with me, and even proposed to con-
 “ clude our marriage; but he had used
 “ me too ungenerously for me ever to
 “ take such a resolution.

“ I was now about eighteen years
 “ old, when Mrs. Dursan, an elderly
 “ widow lady, who was sister to Mr.
 “ De Terviere my grandfather, return-
 “ ed to this part of the country, which

“ she had left for above fifty years, that
 “ she might see again her family, and
 “ end her days amongst her relations.
 “ She had a son, to whom she had given
 “ a very liberal education; but having
 “ sent him to St. Maloe's, to transact
 “ some business for her, he fell in love
 “ with a young woman of great beauty,
 “ but of a poor, and even infamous, fa-
 “ mily; though her character was not
 “ stained with their vices. Mrs. Dursan
 “ no sooner heard of his design to marry
 “ this girl, than she flew into a rage,
 “ and let him know that he would have
 “ nothing to expect from her, but re-
 “ sentment, if he persisted in his design,
 “ which she thought to the last degree
 “ base and detestable. Her son, finding
 “ that she was not to be prevailed upon,
 “ no longer thought of what he should
 “ lose by indulging his passion, but
 “ coolly resolved upon his own ruin.
 “ He found means to rob the old lady
 “ of twenty thousand livres; went to
 “ his mistress, imposed upon her by a
 “ forged consent of his mother's, whose
 “ hand he counterfeited; and had just
 “ time to marry her before the old
 “ lady, who too late found out the rob-
 “ bery, could think of preventing it, and
 “ obliged her to run away with him to
 “ avoid being pursued, after having con-
 “ fessed that he had deceived her. Three
 “ or four years after this, he wrote two
 “ or three letters to Mrs. Dursan; who,
 “ in answer to the sorrow he expressed
 “ for his crime, let him know, that he
 “ had behaved too ill ever to expect for-
 “ giveness, and that she would never
 “ see him more; so that she had not now
 “ heard from him for above seventeen
 “ years. Mr. De Terviere, my uncle,
 “ being acquainted with this affair,
 “ went to wait upon the old lady, to
 “ endeavour to cultivate a friendship
 “ with her, that he might be substitut-
 “ ed in the room of her son, as he had
 “ been in that of my father: but he had
 “ to deal with a woman who had pene-
 “ tration enough to see through his de-
 “ signs; and was shocked at his ridicu-
 “ lous behaviour. However, she bought
 “ his estate, with the estate that belong-
 “ ed to it, which he was glad to dispose
 “ of, as he usually resided at his wife's
 “ estate in Burgundy. Mr. Villot car-
 “ ried me thither to see this lady: she
 “ was pleased with my company, and
 “ soon began to love me; and was de-
 “ lighted to find that I had a sincere af-
 “ fection for her. He, intending to
 “ leave

“leave me with her only for a few days, came to fetch me away; but Mrs. Durfan was not disposed to part with me. “My dear,” said she, taking me aside, “art thou weary of this house?”—“No, aunty,” said I; “but I am weary of being anywhere else.”—“Well then, thou shalt stay with me,” returned she; “I think thou wilt be more respected here than at Mr. Villot’s.”—“I think so too, Madam,” replied I, smiling. “Well then, I will write to thy mother tomorrow,” added she, “to let her know that I will take thee under my care: between thee and I, Mr. Villot’s is not a house suitable to thy birth. Miss De Terviere a boarder at a farmer’s! A very pretty thing indeed!”—“It is much better than being boarder at a vine-dresser’s, as I once thought I should have been,” replied I. “It is so,” said she: “I heard thy history yesterday, and am sensible how much thou art obliged to honest Villot and his wife. But, not to mention thy mother, what a pretty couple of aunts thou hast got! what relations!”

“While we were talking thus, Mr. Villot entered the room. “Come, Sir,” said Mrs. Durfan, “we were just talking of you: you are come for Miss De Terviere; but suppose I should not be willing to part with her, you will resign her to me, will not you? How much is due for her board?”—“You need not be in haste about that,” replied he: “as to our young mistress, it is fit you should have her, since you desire it; but yet I shall return home very dull at the thoughts of having lost her; we shall think the house looks very strange without her; for we love her as well as our own child, and shall never love her less,” added he, with the tears almost in his eyes. “Nor does your child,” said I, “return your affection with a less degree of tenderness.”—“But, Sir,” cried Mrs. Durfan, with a look that shewed she was charmed at his reluctance to part with me, “you need not disturb yourself; you are not going to lose my cousin entirely, for you may come and see her as often as you please.”—“My wife and I will gladly make use of this permission,” said he with a low bow. I then em-

braced him without ceremony, desired him to give my sincere love to Mrs. Villot; and promised to go to see her the next day. After which he left me.

I now lived in that castle which would have been my father’s, had Mr. De Terviere my grandfather lived long enough to have altered his will. Every thing here, for upwards of five years, conspired to make me pleased with my situation: the beauty with which they now flattered me, gained me abundance of admirers; and I soon became the reigning toast of that part of the country, while my behaviour made me universally beloved, and gained me a great many friends. Mrs. Durfan, whom I loved with the most sincere affection, listened to the praises which she frequently heard bestowed upon me, with an eagerness which expressed the greatness of her affection: she summed up these commendations; and from thence inferred that she had reason to love and admire me, and give me the tenderest place in her heart. But this good lady, who had hitherto appeared in perfect health, began now to experience the decays of nature; her vivacity and activity began to forsake her; and all the infirmities of old age came on apace, and filled me with apprehensions that I should soon lose her. I could not think of her dying, without the greatest uneasiness: yet I resolved not to frighten her, by discovering my concern; and therefore endeavoured to counterfeit my usual gaiety and cheerfulness. But we laugh with a very ill grace in cases like this; and wretchedly mimick the reverse of what we feel! I could not deceive Mrs. Durfan; she saw the situation of my heart, and smiled most tenderly when she looked at me, to thank me for the struggles she saw I was in with myself.

One day, as I entered her room, I asked her, with an affected vivacity, how she did. “I am better, child; to-day,” said she: “but we are not immortal; I have been a great while in the world,” added she, sealing a packet. “Pray, who do you write to, Madam?” cried I. “To nobody, my dear,” returned she; “I have only been taking some proper measures for thee. I have no child-

“it

“It is now above twenty years since I
 “heard from my son; so that I fancy
 “he is dead; but, though he should
 “be alive, it would be the same thing
 “to me; not that I have any resent-
 “ment against him now; may God
 “bless him, and make him an honest
 “man! but neither the honour of my
 “family, religion, nor good manners,
 “which he has equally violated, will
 “permit me to leave him my estate.”
 “Here I interrupted her, to endeavour
 “to soften her in favour of her unhappy
 “son; but she would not even hear
 “what I had to say for him. “Hold
 “thy tongue,” said she; “it is not a
 “fit of ill-humour that renders me so
 “inflexible: the question is not, whe-
 “ther I should be kind to him; but
 “whether being so would not be a
 “weak and criminal indulgence, that
 “would break in upon all order, and
 “be a breach of justice, both human
 “and divine. This silly wretch has
 “had no regard to any thing; and
 “yet thou wouldst have me set such
 “an example of impunity as might
 “prove fatal to thy son, if thou
 “shouldst ever have one. Had he
 “married as thy father did, (I will
 “not say a girl of a noble extraction,
 “but one of a good, or barely an ho-
 “nest family, though ever so poor) I
 “should have been reconciled long
 “ago: but for my son not only to
 “marry one of the meanest birth,
 “but of a family known to be infam-
 “ous; one from among the very
 “dregs of the people; I cannot think
 “of it without horror. But to re-
 “turn to what I was saying. I have
 “no other heir but thy uncle Ter-
 “viere, who is already very rich, and
 “possessed of thy own estate too. I
 “have been told he had the cruelty to
 “take the advantage of thy father’s
 “misfortunes, without ever endea-
 “vouring, by his assistance, to alle-
 “viate them. He would rejoice at
 “my son’s baseness and my grief for
 “him. Though he has thy father’s
 “estate, he nevertheless shews no con-
 “cern for thee; therefore I will not
 “hear of him. Thou hast nothing
 “to expect from thy barbarous mo-
 “ther; and deservest a better situation
 “than thou wouldst be left in: and I
 “shall only make the fortune of a
 “niece, for whom I have a tender af-
 “fection; who I know loves me in

“return; fears to lose me; and will, I
 “am sure, regret my loss, though she
 “is heir to my fortune. My son will
 “not find thee without pity for him in
 “the misfortunes in which he is, per-
 “haps, now involved: thy gratitude
 “is the resource I leave him.” I
 “could make no other answer to this
 “discourse but by bursting into a
 “flood of tears. Methought she was
 “going to expire; and this will seemed
 “a sort of giving me an eternal adieu:
 “never did she appear so dear to me as
 “she did now. I sat down, and gave
 “a loose to my sorrow: she easily
 “guessed at the subject of my grief;
 “came to me; and, taking me by the
 “hand—“Thou lovest me better than
 “my estate, my dear; do not you?
 “Dry up thy tears; this is only a pre-
 “caution which my years oblige me
 “to take.” — “I hope, Madam,”
 “said I, endeavouring to recover my-
 “self, “your son is not dead; and I
 “wish you may live to see him again.”
 “While we were in this discourse,
 “we heard the voices of two ladies in
 “the hall, who were come to pay us a
 “visit; on which I ran into my room,
 “to prevent their seeing my disorder:
 “however, I was obliged to return in
 “a little time to keep them company;
 “when they told us, they had agreed to
 “divert themselves the next day with
 “fishing; and asked us to partake with
 “them in their recreation: but as I
 “could not have Mrs. Durfan’s com-
 “pany, I found means to excuse my-
 “self; and, though I endeavoured to
 “conceal the motive which made me un-
 “willing to share in their amusements,
 “by feigning an indisposition, my
 “aunt easily saw that the only reason
 “was that I could not bear to leave
 “her. Whatever disguises I put on
 “to prevent her taking notice of my
 “concern for her, she saw through my
 “designs; and the daily discoveries she
 “made of my excessive tenderness and
 “regard for her, at last made her love
 “me with all that affection which is
 “due from an indulgent mother to a
 “fond and obedient daughter.
 “One day, when the old lady was
 “asleep, as I was walking, with a book
 “in my hand, in which I was reading,
 “in a grove adjoining to the castle, I
 “heard a noise at the end of an avenue
 “leading to the house, and immedi-
 “ately went to see what was the mat-
 “ter:

ter: when I observed one of Mrs. Dursan's game-keepers, with one of his servants, quarrelling with a young gentleman, and endeavouring to make him deliver a gun he had on his shoulder. I felt myself a little moved at the brutality and threatening tone in which they spoke to him, as well as at the violence they were about to use; and therefore made as much haste as I could to come up with them, calling to them at the same time to forbear. The nearer I approached them, the more their behaviour displeased me, because I could better perceive the young man; whom, indeed, it was difficult to look upon with indifference; his air, his shape, and countenance, struck me, though he appeared in a plain and thread-bare suit. "What are you about there?" cried I, in an angry tone, when I got pretty near them. "We have stopped this boy, here, who has killed some game upon my lady's lands; and are going to take his gun from him," said the keeper, with all the confidence of a man who is proud of his authority, and glad of an opportunity to exert it. The young man pulled off his hat in a very respectful manner, as soon as I came near; and, from time to time, cast upon me a modest and submissive look, while the other was speaking. "Let him alone; let the gentleman go," said I to the game-keeper, who had hitherto called him only boy, whose incivility I was willing to atone for. "Go about your business," added I: "he is without doubt a stranger, and knew not upon what ground he might or might not divert himself."—"I did but cross these fields, Madam," said he with a low bow, "in my way to another place; and they are mistaken if they think I have shot any thing on their mistress's ground: but they are more in the wrong, to pretend to disarm a man they do not know; and who, notwithstanding the ill appearance I make, am not born to be treated thus by men of their station." On this, the game-keeper and his comrade insisted that he deserved no favour; and continued giving him very opprobrious language; but I imposed silence upon them with indig-

nation. At my first coming, I had only found them brutish; but now they began to use him with intolerable insolence. "Hold your tongue," cried I to them; "you talk nonsense: retire a little; but do not go away." And then, addressing myself to the young gentleman, I asked if they had taken any game from him. "No, Miss," said he: "I cannot sufficiently thank you for the protection you have been pleased to grant me on this occasion. I have been seeking some game, it is true; but from a motive which will appear to you very pardonable: it is for a gentleman who has several relations amongst the nobility of this country; he has been many years absent from it, and returned to it the day before yesterday, with my mother. In short, Miss, it is for my father: I left him sick; or, at least, very much indisposed, at the house of a peasant, where we have retired; and you will judge that he can be but ill accommodated there, as he is not in a condition that will suffer him to be at much expence in purchasing what is fit for him. I came out this morning to sell a little jewel I have in my pocket, and took my fowling-piece in my hand, that I might, as I returned back, catch something which my father might eat with less disgust than what they have given him hitherto."

"You are sensible, Marianne, what a mortifying discourse this must be to the young gentleman; yet there was not a single word in it which did not excite my regard as much as my sensibility, and which did not force me to distinguish the man from his misfortunes: nothing could be more opposite than his person and indigence. "I am sorry, Sir," said I, "that I did not come soon enough to prevent what has passed. You may shoot here as often as you please; and I will take care that nobody shall hinder you: here is plenty of game; and you will not go far before you find what you want for your father. But may I see the jewel which you intend to sell?"—"Alas, Madam!" returned he, "it is but a trifle; it is worth but about two hundred livres: but that may be sufficient to support my father, till
his



“his affairs take a better turn. Here it is,” added he, giving it me. “If you please to come again to-morrow morning,” said I, after having taken the ring and looked at it, “perhaps I may have found one willing to buy it. I will shew it to the lady of this castle, who is my aunt; she is generous, and I will tell her the reason that induces you to sell it: it will infallibly move her; and I hope she will spare you the trouble of carrying it to the town, where I foresee you will find but few people who will care to buy it.” This I said as I was giving him back the ring, but he desired me to keep it. “There is no need of that,” Miss, said he, “since you will be so good as to try what you can do for us. I will return to-morrow; besides, it is fit the lady you speak of should have time to examine it; therefore permit me to leave it with you.” I was surprized at the sudden frankness of this proposition, which pleased me, and made me blush without knowing why: however, I refused at first to keep the ring, and pressed him to take it back. “No,” Miss, said he, bowing, “it is much better that you should have it, that you may be able to shew it.” And on this he left me. I stood still to look after him till he got out of sight: I beheld him with pity; I wished him well; saw him with pleasure; and thought that in this I was only generous.

“The game-keeper and his comrade waited in a walk thirty or forty steps from us, as I had ordered them; and I then went back to them. “If you should meet again this young gentleman,” said I, “I forbid your troubling him any more; and I shall take care that Mrs. Dursan herself shall forbid it too.” And then went into the castle, with my mind full of this lovely youth, and charmed with his modest, his respectful, and polite behaviour: even the ring took up some part of my attention; but I did not consider it as an indifferent thing. As Mrs. Dursan was now awake, I told her my little adventure; and she did not fail to approve of all I had done: and this gave me such hopes, that I immediately shewed her the ring, and told

her what I had promised, not doubting but I should meet with success, and have the money for it directly. But I was quite mistaken; my aunt and I were not affected in the same manner; she was only good and charitable; a disposition that does not usually prompt people to buy a thing of which they have no manner of need. “Why, sure thou wast dreaming!” said she. “What should I do with the ring? I could buy it for nobody but thee: and I have given thee much finer ones. No, child; take it back again,” returned she, giving it me with a melancholy and thoughtful air; “take it out of my sight: it makes me call to mind a small diamond I had formerly, which I gave to my son as soon as he had finished his studies; it is so like it, that one would think it the same.” At this I took it again, wrapped it up in the paper I had taken it out of, and assured her she should never see it any more. “Stay,” returned she; “I think it would be proper thou shouldst offer to lend the young man a little money, which he may pay thee again when he has sold his jewel. There is ten crowns for him: I do not much care whether he returns it or no; I will give it him; but do not tell him so.”—“Indeed I will not, Madam,” replied I, taking this small sum, which fell far short of what my generosity would have excited me to have done for him; which, however, joined to what I would add to it, would become a little more worthy of his acceptance; for Mrs. Dursan, who would have me play upon occasion, never suffered me to want money in my pocket. All my concern was to know how to offer this sum to the young gentleman without making him blush at the indigence of his family, or suspect that this loan was designed as a gift.

“The next day, as I was walking on the terrace of the garden with Mrs. Dursan, I was told that a stranger wanted to speak with me: I guessed who it was; and went to him with a secret emotion, and received him with an air we generally assume when we come to tell persons we have not succeeded in our attempts for them. I told him I was very sorry that I could not persuade my aunt to buy his ring;

" she having so many already, that she
 " could not tell what to do with it:
 " but, however, she would be glad to
 " serve him and his family; and, as a
 " proof of it, would lend him a small
 " sum till their affairs would make it
 " convenient for them to return it.
 " He seemed agreeably surprized; and,
 " with a grateful smile, told me he was
 " at a loss to know what he ought most
 " to thank us for; the service we were
 " willing to do his family, or the care
 " I took to disguise the nature of the
 " obligation. " My father and mother
 " will feel as much gratitude for
 " your kindness as myself," said he:
 " but I am come to tell you, Miss,
 " that our uneasiness is over; and that
 " yesterday we found a lady who has
 " been so kind as to lend us all we
 " wanted." Mrs. Durfan, who then
 " entered the hall, prevented me from
 " making him any reply. " Is not
 " this the gentleman who trusted you
 " with the ring you shewed me,
 " niece?" said she. " Yes, Madam,"
 " replied I; " but the gentleman will
 " not sell it now."—" I am glad to
 " hear it," said she: " but, though I
 " have not bought it, can I be of no
 " service to you, Sir?" added she, ad-
 " dressing herself to him. " Your
 " parents, my niece informs me, are
 " just arrived in this country; and I
 " should be glad of an opportunity to
 " serve them." I could hardly for-
 " bear embracing my aunt, I was so
 " pleased with this declaration. " I
 " shall let my father and mother
 " know the obliging manner in which
 " you interest yourself in our affairs,"
 " returned he; " and, meanwhile, I
 " entreat you, Madam, to continue in
 " this favourable disposition towards
 " us." He had no sooner pronounced
 " these words, than Mrs. Durfan seem-
 " ed astonished; and stood for some
 " time silent: when, recovering herself
 "—" Is your father sick still?" said
 " she. " He is better than he was
 " yesterday, Madam," replied he.
 " But pray, Sir," cried she again,
 " what is the nature of those affairs
 " which bring him hither?"—" He is
 " come to accommodate some family
 " concerns, Madam," returned he, in
 " a timorous tone, " which he will ac-
 " quaint you with himself, when he
 " has the honour to see you; but there
 " are some reasons which will not per-

" mit him to shew himself so soon."—"
 " Well," said she, taking hold of my
 " arm, to help her to go, " I have
 " friends in this country; and it will
 " not be my fault if I am not of ser-
 " vice to you." She then left him;
 " and, contrary to my inclination,
 " obliged me to wait on her; for me-
 " thought I had still many things to
 " say to him; and he, on his part, seem-
 " ed not to have disclosed all his mind
 " to me, and, I could easily see, was sorry
 " to part from me so soon. " This
 " young man," said Mrs. Durfan,
 " has a most engaging mien; and I
 " am persuaded he must belong to per-
 " sons of fashion: his voice gave me a
 " strange emotion; I could not help
 " fancying I heard my son speak."
 " Somebody here interrupted our con-
 " versation; when I went into my room
 " in a deep study, while this amiable
 " person took up all my thoughts: I
 " longed to see him again; but waited
 " two days in vain, though not with-
 " out a great deal of impatience. The
 " second day one of Mrs. Durfan's
 " most intimate friends came to pay her
 " a visit at about four in the afternoon;
 " and as I was, out of complaisance,
 " waiting upon her back to her coach,
 " which she had ordered to stop at the
 " great walk which leads to the castle—
 " Let us take a turn this way for a
 " few minutes," said she, turning to-
 " wards a little wood which surround-
 " ed the house, and which had been cut
 " through to make this avenue: " there
 " are some persons who wait for us
 " there, who durst not follow me to
 " your house, and whom I fain would
 " shew you." I smiled at this:
 " May I trust myself with you, Ma-
 " dam?" said I, in jest. " Has some-
 " body any intention to run away with
 " me?"—" No," returned she, in the
 " same tone: " I will not take you
 " far." And, indeed, we had hardly
 " got into the midst of the wood, before
 " we saw, about ten paces from us,
 " three persons, who approached us
 " with great respect and civility, one of
 " whom I at once knew to be the young
 " man I have mentioned; the other was
 " a genteel woman of about forty years
 " old, who seemed to have been a per-
 " fect beauty, and had still a most en-
 " gaging appearance, though her pale
 " and melancholy countenance shewed
 " she had been long involved in distress,
 " and

and been familiar with sorrow: she was dressed in an old gown, which had only the marks of having once been fine. The other was a man between forty and fifty years old, of a very sickly look, and was so ill dressed, that he had no marks of his dignity but his sword. It was he that came up to us first, and with a respectful bow, which I returned, full of curiosity to know what this scene would produce—"Sir," said I to the youth who stood by him, "pray tell me who I am now with?"—"It is my father and mother, Miss, that you see here," returned he; "and, not to keep you any longer in suspense, you are with Mr. and Mrs. Durfan."—"It is true, my dear," said the lady who brought me; "this is your cousin, the son of that aunt who has given you all her estate, as she has told me herself: and I must now beg your pardon; for, sensible of your great soul, I know that, in bringing you hither, I have done you the worst office in the world."

Scarce had she uttered these words, when Mrs. Durfan threw herself at my feet. "It is I who have been the cause of my husband's misfortunes; and therefore I ought to prostrate myself before you, and to entreat you to pity him and his son," cried she, taking hold of my hand, which she bathed with her tears. Whilst she was speaking, both the father and son, with their eyes full, waited for my answer in the most supplicating posture. "Dear Madam, what do you do there?" cried I, embracing her, and penetrated even to the bottom of my soul at seeing this unfortunate family around me, making me the arbitrator of their fate, and soliciting me, with trembling hands, to pity their misery. "What are you doing, Madam?" cried I again. "Arise! you have not a better friend than I am. Is it necessary thus to humble yourselves before me in order to touch my heart? Can your estate be mine whilst you live? I have not received that gift without pain; and shall give it up to you with a thousand times more pleasure than it could ever have given me in the possession." At the same time I offered my hand to the father and son; who took hold of it with

such a tender timidity, as made me blush, notwithstanding the confusion I was in at this moving spectacle: in fine, the mother, whom I had held hitherto with my arm about her neck, arose at last, and left me at liberty; when I embraced Mr. Durfan, who could only thank me by a great many incoherent words, without concluding one sentence. After having left the father, I cast my eyes on the son: he was my relation; and, in these circumstances, nothing ought to have hindered me from giving him the same testimonies of my friendship as I had given Mr. Durfan; but his relation to me was something different. I did not find my tenderness for him so noble: there had passed between us, I do not know what; something so sweet, so tender, as to hinder me from treating him with the same freedom, and which even seemed to awe him. "But why," thought I, after a moment's recollection, "should I treat him with more reserve than the others? What will they think of it?" I then came to a resolution; and embraced him with an emotion which was equal to his.

"Let us first see what you would have me do?" said I to Mr. and Mrs. Durfan. "My aunt has a very great affection for me; and you may depend upon the ascendant this will give me over her. I must repeat it again, that the will she has made in my favour shall stand for nothing; and I will tell her so, whenever you please. But we must take some measures ere you appear before her," added I, addressing myself to the father. "Do not you think it proper," said the lady who brought me here, "that I should prepare her to receive her son, and let her know that he is here?"—"No," returned I, in a pensive tone; "I know she is inflexible with regard to Mr. Durfan; and therefore that cannot be the way to succeed."—"Alas, Miss!" cried the old gentleman, "it would be only granting a pardon to a dying man: I shall soon be no more. It is not for myself that I implore her mercy; it is for my wife; it is for my son; whom I shall leave in the most wretched indigence!"—"Why do you talk of indigence! Pray banish this thought

“from your mind,” replied I; “you do not do me justice. I have already told you, and now repeat it again, that I will withhold from them nothing that is yours; and, from this moment, your condition ceases to depend on the success of your reconciliation with my aunt; unless, upon my refusing to be her heir, she should make a new will in favour of another; which I cannot see the least probability of. But hold! I have a thought just come into my mind. Your mother wants a chambermaid: she has lost one whom, doubtless, you have known; it is poor Le Fevre! Let us make use of this conjuncture, and endeavour to put Mrs. Dursan in her place.—It is you, Madam,” said I to the other lady, “that must present her to my aunt, and give her a character; you must answer for her affection to her, and boldly affirm of her all the advantageous things that can be said on an occasion of this nature. This lady is amiable; the engaging sweetness of her countenance will give a sanction to all you shall say of her; and her conduct will completely justify your encomiums. My aunt will soon love her, and thank you for having given her such a treasure; and she will no longer be able to resist, when, in some happy moment, she will give us an opportunity to discover the cheat. Besides, no woman ought to blush at serving an offended mother-in-law, when it is only a stratagem to disarm her resentment.”

“I had no sooner made this proposal, than they all let me know they approved of it, by thanking me anew, and saying they were surprized at my generosity, zeal, and good-will, to them. “To-morrow morning,” said the lady, who was both their friend and mine, “I will introduce Mrs. Dursan to her mother-in-law: she asked me to-day if I knew of a discreet, sensible person, that might supply Le Fevre’s place. I promised I would look out for one—and I now hire you for her,” added she, smiling, to Mrs. Dursan, who was delighted with my contrivance. We then heard some servants at a small distance; when, for fear of a discovery, we agreed to part; and Mrs.

Du Frainville (that was the lady’s name who brought me hither) and I retired accordingly, and went to the end of the avenue to her coach; in which she waited to take my cousins to her house, while I returned home. The next morning, about ten o’clock, Mrs. Du Frainville came to see us again, and entered my aunt’s room almost as soon as I; when, after a little conversation—“At last, Madam,” said that lady, “you have got another chambermaid; and, I assure you, she is a very extraordinary one. Was it not for you, I would turn away mine, and keep her for myself: and I must needs love you very much to give you the preference. She is a careful, ingenious, affectionate, and virtuous woman; and, in short, I hardly think it possible for you to find her equal.”—“Indeed!” cried my aunt, with some surprize. “Pray, what service is she leaving? How could any body part with such an excellent servant? Is her mistress dead?”—“That is the case,” returned Mrs. Du Frainville, “who had foreseen the question; “her lady died a few days ago, with whom she lived many years; besides, she belongs to a very worthy family, for whom I have a great esteem.”—“Well, Madam, when will you send her to me?” said my aunt. “This minute,” replied Mrs. Du Frainville; “I left her but on the terrace of your garden. How great soever her merit and good sense is, I was not willing that she should be present to hear the encomiums I have given her. She does not know her worth so well as I do; nor is it necessary that she should: you need only send one of your servants for her.”—“No, no!” said I; “I will go myself:” and went immediately. I fancied she must be uneasy, and that she stood in need of encouragement. “Come, Madam,” cried I, as I came up to her, “you are accepted; my aunt admits you into your own house; though she thinks she only receives you into hers.”—“Alas, Miss! I tremble all over; and am afraid of shewing myself in the confusion I am in,” replied she, in a tone which was but too great a proof of what she said. “Pray, why do you tremble?” said I to her.

“Is

"Is it because you are going to appear before one of the best women in the world, to whom you will soon be very dear, and who, perhaps, in a fortnight's time, may tenderly embrace you, and thank you for this deceit you put upon her? Come, Madam, you have no reason to be troubled; what have you to fear? You are sure of Mrs. Du Frainville; and, I hope, of me too."—
 "Of you, Miss!" returned she; "you make me blush. Who should I depend upon, if not on you? Come, I am ready to follow you; my confusion is almost dissipated." On this we went into the room she had been so much afraid of; however, in spite of all her courage, she appeared with an excessive timorousness; but which, joined to her amiable and modest countenance, was only to her an additional charm. For my part, I smiled with an air of satisfaction, in order to excite the same disposition in my aunt, who looked at me to see if I liked her. "You are to stay here, Mrs. Brunon," said Mrs. Du Frainville; "this lady accepts of you: and I cannot give you a greater proof of my friendship than in placing you with her. I have assured her that she will be well satisfied with you; and am not afraid of having imposed upon her."—"I dare not answer for any thing but my zeal and utmost endeavours to please the lady," replied the fictitious Brunon, with a most engaging air. My aunt seemed at once prejudiced in her favour. "I believe," said she to Mrs. Du Frainville, "I may thank you before-hand for my chambermaid; and I am much mistaken if I shall not end my life with her. I shall make no agreement with you, Brunon," added she: "you may trust to my generosity; and, I am persuaded, we shall be well satisfied with each other. You are to lie in a room adjoining to mine; and I will order one of my women to shew it you."—"No, no, aunt!" said I, as she was going to ring the bell; "you need not call any body; I am going to my room, and will shew her hers." As I left my aunt, we heard her say to Mrs. Du Frainville—"This woman has been as beautiful as an angel!" At this I

looked at Brunon—"Do not you think," said I, smiling, "this short discourse is a pretty good omen? Her son is half justified already."—"Yes, Miss!" replied she, squeezing my hand; "it is a good beginning; and Heaven seems to bless the part you have made me take." We staid some time together; for I went out of the room to acquaint her with a great many minute things; which I desired her not to neglect, and which I knew would exceedingly please my aunt. She listened to me, quite transported with gratitude; and it was impossible to express a more lively sense of an obligation than she then did: her heart seemed every minute to swell with new transports of joy; which she always concluded with the most affectionate caresses. In a week's time, my aunt seemed perfectly charmed with her behaviour; and let me know that, if she continued the same, she would be very bountiful to her; which, she said, she knew I would not be sorry for. "I'll treat you to be so," said I; "you have a mind too good, too generous, not to recompense her zeal and attachment to you; for I can see she loves you; and her service is accompanied with a sincere tenderness for your person."—"Thou art in the right," returned she; "I think so too: but I wonder that her virtue and beauty did not, when she was young, turn the brains of some young gentleman; and force him to marry her; for she has actually one of those mischievous faces which are apt to cause the utmost disturbance in a family!"—"It is true, Madam," replied I; "she must certainly have spent her life in a very obscure retirement; and, I fancy, my cousin Dursan must have had the misfortune to meet with just such a person," added I, with a simple, undesigning air: "but in the country where Brunon lived, a girl, though ever so charming, is buried alive." My aunt shrugged up her shoulders at this discourse, and made me no answer. I had seen Mr. Dursan and his son several times in the wood, as before; but the last time I found the father so sick, with such a livid and bloated countenance, and with eyes so dead, that I immediately thought

“ he would not be able to return; and
 “ I was not deceived. “ Dear cousin,”
 “ said he to me, “ I find myself dying.
 “ Mrs. Du Frainville, since I have
 “ been at her house, has procured me
 “ a physician, and all the assistance
 “ that lay in her power: but it was
 “ too late; my illness has increased
 “ ever since; therefore I came to-day,
 “ for the last time, to recommend to
 “ you the interest of my unfortunate
 “ family.” I endeavoured to comfort
 “ him, by giving him fresh assurances
 “ of my zeal and affection, and by re-
 “ lating the happy situation his affairs
 “ were in by his wife’s having such a
 “ share of the old lady’s esteem and
 “ friendship; and therefore entreated
 “ him to be easy, because his misfor-
 “ tunes might possibly be over that
 “ very night. As I could not stay, he
 “ rose up to testify his thankfulness,
 “ and bid me adieu: but whether the
 “ subject of our conversation had ex-
 “ hausted his spirits, or whether he was
 “ too much fatigued by walking from
 “ Mrs. Du Frainville’s coach to that
 “ part of the wood, he was seized with
 “ a stoppage of his breath, and fell
 “ down again upon the place where he
 “ had sat, and where we thought he
 “ would have expired.

“ His wife, who was coming to us,
 “ heard the cries of her son, and ran
 “ to assist him; whilst I trembled to
 “ such a degree, that I could hardly
 “ support myself. As I had a smelling-
 “ bottle in my pocket, I pulled it out,
 “ and held it to his nose. At last, he
 “ came a little to himself; but it was
 “ impossible for him to walk to the
 “ coach, or endure the jolting of it
 “ from thence to Mrs. Du Frainville’s.
 “ His wife and son, both as pale as
 “ death, looked at me with counte-
 “ nances which expressed the distrac-
 “ tion of their minds, and asked me
 “ what they should do. “ There is
 “ no time to hesitate,” cried I: “ he
 “ can be carried no where but to the
 “ castle; and, while my aunt is with
 “ Mrs. Du Frainville, I will fetch
 “ somebody to convey him thither.”—
 “ To the castle!” cried his wife. “ Oh,
 “ Miss! then we are ruined!”—“No,”
 “ said I; “ do not disturb yourself;
 “ we have nothing to fear; I will take
 “ every thing upon myself.” I then
 “ ran to the house, and brought two
 “ men, who carried him into a little

“ apartment on the ground-floor, where
 “ I ordered him to be put to bed, fully
 “ persuaded that he had not long to
 “ live: and, therefore, as it was al-
 “ most impossible to procure him either
 “ a physician or confessor unknown to
 “ Mrs. Durfan; and as I was afraid,
 “ on the other hand, he would die with-
 “ out seeing her; I concluded that I
 “ must begin by acquainting her that
 “ there was a sick person in the house.
 “ Brunon,” said I, abruptly, to Mrs.
 “ Durfan, “ do not leave the gentle-
 “ man.—But as for you,” said I to
 “ the servants, “ you may retire.—And,
 “ pray, Sir,” added I, addressing my-
 “ self to young Mr. Durfan, “ be so
 “ good as to come with me to my
 “ aunt.” He followed me with the
 “ tears in his eyes; and in the way I
 “ acquainted him with what I was go-
 “ ing to say. We found Mrs. Du
 “ Frainville taking leave of my aunt;
 “ and they were both in the utmost
 “ surprize to see us enter the room to-
 “ gether. “ This gentleman’s father,”
 “ said I to my aunt, “ is in the apart-
 “ ment below, where I have ordered
 “ him to be put to bed. He came
 “ with his son to thank you for the
 “ offers of service you have made him;
 “ but the fatigue of the way, together
 “ with a violent illness he has been in
 “ for several months, had so exhausted
 “ his spirits, that we feared he would
 “ die in the court: I ran to his assis-
 “ tance, and have put him in that
 “ room, where I left him with Bru-
 “ non; and really, Madam, he is so
 “ ill that I fear he will not live till
 “ night.”—“ Dear Sir,” cried Mrs.
 “ Du Frainville, “ is your father so ill
 “ as that? I am extremely sorry to
 “ hear it.” She thought fit to imitate
 “ my discretion in concealing his name.
 “ Oh, Madam!” added she, addressing
 “ herself to Mrs. Durfan, “ I am af-
 “ flicted at this melancholy news!”—
 “ You know him, then, Madam?”
 “ cried my aunt. “ Yes, I know him
 “ and all his family; he is related, on
 “ his mother’s side, to the best families
 “ in this country: he came to see me,
 “ some days ago, with his wife and
 “ son, when I offered them my house;
 “ and am even putting an end to the
 “ unhappy affair which brought him
 “ hither. He has a dropsy, Madam;
 “ and is, besides, overwhelmed with
 “ grief: and I implore all your good-
 “ nefs

"ness in his behalf. You can never bestow your favours better, nor on an object who has a greater claim to them. Permit me to leave you; for I must see him."—"Do, Madam," returned my aunt; "let us all go together: my niece shall lend me her arm."

"I did not think it proper that she should see him yet; and considered that, by deferring it a little longer, chance might present us with some more interesting circumstances, in which there might be less danger of success; for I feared so much precipitation might spoil our scheme with a person of my aunt's penetration and inflexible temper, and give our proceedings too much the air of a plot: for she might have considered her son's illness, if he recovered, as a mere farce contrived to soften and work upon her; whereas a little delay might remove every suspicion of that kind. I had ordered a physician and priest to be sent for; and, as I did not doubt but Mr. Durfan would receive the eucharist, I designed to introduce her in the midst of that awful ceremony; a moment that appeared much more likely to ensure success than the present. I therefore persuaded her to stay a little longer, and told her I would take care that nothing should be wanting which might be of service to Mrs. Du Frainville's friend; and, in the mean time, would let her know how he did, and when he would be in a condition to speak to her. Mrs. Du Frainville, who regulated her conduct by mine, was of the same opinion. Young Mr. Durfan joined with us, and begged of her not to leave the room; so that she let us go, after having said some obliging things to this young gentleman, who, as he left her, kissed her hand in a most tender and respectful manner; an action that seemed to make some impression upon her. We found poor Brunon bathed in tears; and the physician, who had just come with the priest, assured us he had but a few hours to live. After confession, the priest told us that he desired him to entreat Mrs. Durfan to come to him before he received the eucharist. "Are you desired, Sir," said I, "to tell my aunt who he is?"—"No, Miss," said he; "my commission extends no farther than

"to desire her to come to him." The patient then called me with a weak voice, and I went to him. "Dear cousin," said he, "I beg that you and Mrs. Du Frainville will second this gentleman's entreaties."—"We will, Sir," said I; "and I think it would be proper that your wife, for whom she has a peculiar friendship, should accompany us, while your son stays here with you." We then went to the old lady: "Madam," said the priest with a most serious air, "I am come to tell you, that the poor gentleman below desires to see you before he dies, that he may thank you for your kindness to him, and acquaint you with something that is of importance to you."—"Of importance to me!" replied she with some surprise: "what can he have to say to me, that I am concerned in?"—"You have, he says, a son," returned the priest, "whom he knew before he arrived in this country; and it is of that son he is desirous of speaking to you."—"Of my son?" "Ah, Sir!" cried she, after a deep sigh, "desire him not to trouble me with any thing on that subject. Tell him that I am extremely sorry for the condition he is in; that in case God should take him to himself, there is no service which his wife and son may not expect from me. I have never, indeed, seen her; but if she has not been informed of the condition he is in, he need only say where she is, and I will immediately send my coach for her; and if the sick gentleman thinks he owes me any acknowledgment, the only testimony I desire of it is, to be dispensed from knowing what that unhappy wretch who calls me his mother, has desired him to communicate to me. However, if it is absolutely necessary I should know it, he may be satisfied with telling it you, Sir."—"It may be a secret proper to be revealed to none but you, Madam," replied the ecclesiastick; "and which you would be sorry to have entrusted to another." "Consider, Madam, that the person who sends me is a dying man; he may have essential reasons for speaking to none but you; and it would be very cruel, Madam, to refuse to hearken to his entreaties in the condition he is in."—"No, Sir," returned

“ returned she, “ the promise he may
 “ have made my son, to reveal his se-
 “ cret to none but me, does not oblige
 “ me to hear it: however, I consent he
 “ should acquaint you with it; and if
 “ I am imprudent in this, I will ac-
 “ cuse nobody but myself.”—“ Pray,
 “ aunt,” said I then, “ let me beg of
 “ you to surmount this reluctance:
 “ the unknown gentleman, who fore-
 “ saw it, begged Mrs. Du Frainville
 “ and me to second this gentleman’s en-
 “ treaties.”—“ Yes, Madam,” rejoined
 “ Mrs. Du Frainville, “ I promised
 “ him to bring you down to him; be-
 “ cause he assured me that you would
 “ infallibly reproach yourself, if you
 “ refused to hear him.”—“ How can
 “ you tease me so?” cried the old lady
 “ with much emotion: “ what can
 “ he have to say to me?—What is the
 “ matter, Brunon?” added she, cast-
 “ ing her eyes upon her: “ what
 “ makes you weep?”—“ It is because
 “ she knows the sick gentleman,” re-
 “ turned I; “ and is concerned to see
 “ him dying.”—“ What! do you
 “ know him too!” replied my aunt.
 “ Yes, Madam,” returned she; “ he
 “ has relations for whom I shall ever
 “ have sentiments of tenderness and
 “ respect: and I would name them to
 “ you, if he did not desire to be un-
 “ known.”—“ I do not desire to know
 “ what he would conceal,” replied my
 “ aunt; “ but since you know who he
 “ is, and that he says he has been ac-
 “ quainted with my son, have you
 “ never seen them together?”—“ Yes,
 “ Madam, I own I have;” said she,
 “ I have even known his son from his
 “ most tender years.”—“ His son!”
 “ returned she; “ has he then children?”
 —“ I think he has but one, Madam,”
 “ Brunon replied. “ Oh, that he had
 “ never been born!” cried my aunt;
 “ what will become of him?—You
 “ pierce my heart, Brunon: but speak;
 “ hide nothing from me; you are bet-
 “ ter informed than you would seem to
 “ be. Where is his father now? What
 “ situation was he in when you left
 “ him?”—“ He was miserable, Ma-
 “ dam,” replied Brunon, casting down
 “ her eyes with a melancholy air. “ He
 “ was miserable, you say; say rather
 “ he would be so,” returned she. But
 “ tell me all; is he a widower?”—
 “ No, Madam,” said she, with a con-
 “ fusion which was observed by none

“ but us who knew her. “ I have seen
 “ them all three; but in such a condi-
 “ tion as, had you seen them, would
 “ certainly have disarmed your indig-
 “ nation.”—“ I have heard enough,”
 “ said my aunt with a deep sigh: “ what
 “ a marriage! She is then with him;
 “ that woman whom the wretch chose
 “ for his wife, and who is a dishonour
 “ to him!” Here the fictitious Brunon
 “ blushed, which gave us a very sensi-
 “ ble pain; but she presently recovered
 “ herself, and replied with a sweet and
 “ composed air—“ I could engage your
 “ esteem for her, if you could only
 “ pardon her want of birth and for-
 “ tune. She is virtuous, Madam; all
 “ who know her will tell you so. Her
 “ virtue alone, it is true, could not en-
 “ title her to the honour of being Mrs.
 “ Durfan; but I myself must be great-
 “ ly miserable, if virtue is not suffi-
 “ cient to prevent our being despic-
 “ ble.”—“ How can you talk so, Bru-
 “ non,” returned she: “ if she was like
 “ you indeed—!”

“ At this I perceived Brunon trem-
 “ bled, and looked at me to know what
 “ she should do; but while I was deli-
 “ berating with myself, my aunt arose
 “ suddenly to go down with us, and
 “ prevented this favourable opportunity
 “ of bringing on the intended reconcil-
 “ liation; and was so quick, that the
 “ opportunity was even lost when Bru-
 “ non cast her eyes upon me; and there-
 “ fore I thought it better to delay it a
 “ little longer. Such critical moments
 “ as these ought to be laid hold of; and
 “ this I saw we had let slip. However,
 “ we went down, not one of us having
 “ the courage to utter a word. As for
 “ me, I felt a palpitation at my heart;
 “ and I began to be uneasy on my aunt’s
 “ account; for I feared we were going
 “ to expose her to more than she could
 “ bear: but the blow she was going to
 “ receive was my own work, and there-
 “ fore I could not go back. At last we
 “ got to the sick gentleman’s apartment:
 “ my aunt sighed as she entered the
 “ room; Brunon had a mortal paleness;
 “ my knees smote each other; and Mrs.
 “ Du Frainville followed us in an un-
 “ easy and mournful silence. The con-
 “ fessor entered the room first, and went
 “ to the patient, whom they had raised
 “ up a little in his bed. His son, who
 “ was weeping by him, retired a little:
 “ it began to grow dusky; the bed
 “ was

was placed in the darkest part of the room, and the curtains were drawn on that side next the light. "Sir," said the ecclesiastick to the poor dying man, "I bring you Mrs. Durfan, whom you desired to see before you received the eucharist: here she is." The son then lifted up his weak and trembling hand, and endeavoured to pull off his cap; but my aunt, who had just come up to him, reached out her hand to prevent him. "No, Sir! no!" said she; "pray remain as you are: you are but too well entitled to dispense with ceremonies." We then placed her in an elbow chair at his bed's head, and stood by her. "You desired, Sir, to speak with me; would you have the company retire?" said she, rather listening than looking at him. Here he fetched a deep sigh; and, as her arm was resting upon the bed, he reached his hand to her's, took hold of it, and, in her surprize, had time to press it to his lips, and imprint upon it kisses intermingled with some sighs, which were half stifled by his weakness and difficulty of breathing. At this action the mother appeared troubled; seemed to have a confused idea of the truth; and looked at him with attention and surprize. "What are you doing," said she, in a voice which her astonishment rendered louder than usual; "who are you, Sir?"—"Your victim, mother!" returned he, in the tone of one just ready to expire. "My son! Oh, unhappy Durfan! I know thee again; but this knowledge is enough to make me die with grief," cried she, falling back in her chair, where she turned pale, and continued motionless, as if she had fainted away; but, however, she did not, though she was not well. Our cries, together with the assistance we gave her, insensibly raising her spirits—"What a surprize, Terviere," cried she, after some sighs, "hast thou exposed me to!"—"Alas, aunt!" replied I, "should I have deprived you of the pleasure of pardoning your dying son? Has not this young man, too, a claim to a place in your heart? Is not he worthy of being loved; and could we deprive him of your tenderness," added I, shewing her her grandson, who immediately threw himself at her feet. The tender, and

already conquered, grandmother, held out one of her hands, which he kissed with tears of joy; and we all wept with him. Mrs. Durfan, who was still only Brunon, the priest himself, Mrs. Du Frainville, and I, all contributed to the softening my dear aunt, who was in tears herself, and saw nothing about her but tears, which thanked her for suffering herself to be touched. But, however, all was not done yet; we were still to soften her in favour of Brunon, who was on her knees behind young Durfan; and who, notwithstanding the signs I made to her, durst not advance, lest she should injure her husband and son, by being an obstacle to their reconciliation; and, indeed, we had hitherto only recalled the tenderness of an offended mother: but now she was to triumph over her hatred and contempt for a stranger, whom she loved indeed, but without knowing her, and under another name. Meanwhile, my aunt continually looked upon young Durfan with complacency, without taking from him her hand, which he still held in his. "Arise, my child!" said she at last, "I have nothing to reproach thee with. Alas! how can I resist thee, when I could not hold out against thy father!" Here the caresses of this young man, and our tears, redoubled. "Son," said she, then addressing herself to the sick gentleman, "is there no remedy to be had for you? Let us send every where for help; we have physicians in the next town, let them be sent for immediately."—"But, aunt," said I, "you still forget one person who is dear to your children; for whom we all interest ourselves, and who begs to be permitted to appear before you." "I understand thee," said she; "well, I forgive her. But I am old, I cannot live long; and may therefore be dispensed with from seeing her."—"That is impossible," Madam," returned I: "you have already seen her; you know her; Brunon is a witness you do."—"I know her!" cried she; "and Brunon says that I do! Oh, where is she?"—"At your feet," replied young Mr. Durfan. My aunt, immovable at this new spectacle, sat some time without pronouncing a

word; and then, holding out her hand to her amiable daughter—“Come, then, Brunon,” said she, embracing her; “come, I will pay you for your service: you said I knew her; why did you not say I loved her too.” Brunon, who from henceforward I shall call Mrs. Dursan, appeared so sensible of my aunt’s goodness, that she seemed almost out of her senses; she embraced her son; she loaded Mrs. Du Frainville and I with caresses: she then ran to her husband, and fell on his neck; entreated him to take courage; when he, though almost expiring, asked for his mother, who embraced him in her turn, extremely sorry to see him so ill. However, he every moment grew weaker; and therefore pressed the ecclesiastick to conclude the rest of his office: but as, after what had passed, he wanted some time for recollection, we thought it proper to retire: and my aunt, unable to support such violent emotions, desired to be put to bed; when her ordinary indispositions increased to such a degree, that she could not rise to see her son again, who expired about ten at night. From this time, she fell into a deep melancholy; and was so extremely dejected, that I sincerely pitied her: and this was followed by a fever, which never left her. I need not mention Mrs. Dursan’s concern for the loss of her husband, nor that of the son for being deprived of a father. The will whereby Mr. Dursan was disinherited was not yet revoked; and, perhaps, they might be apprehensive that my aunt would die before she had made another: though it would not have been my fault; for I had already pressed her several times to do it; but she always put me off till the next day. At last she desired Mrs. Du Frainville and I to leave her alone, and presently after sent for us in again; and ordered Mrs. Dursan and her son to be called; when she gave a paper sealed up to Mrs. Dursan. “This,” said she, “is the will I made in favour of my niece. My intention, since the death of my son, was to cancel it; and she has herself been continually soliciting me to it: and I now leave it in your hands, that you may be convinced I had left her all my estate.” Then taking another paper, she delivered it, sealed

up, to Mrs. Du Frainville. “This,” said she, “is my last will; and I desire this lady to take it under her care; and though I do not doubt but you will be well satisfied with it, and readily fulfil the small dispositions you will find in it, I think it proper to recommend them to you, and let you know that they are what are of the highest concern to me; the sincere desire of my heart; and that you cannot give me a greater proof of your gratitude, nor better honour my memory, than by faithfully executing what I here require of you. And to excite you the more readily to comply with it, I must desire you to reflect, that all the advantages you now receive are so many obligations for which you are indebted to my niece.”

She stopped here, and desired us to leave her to her rest; and six days after this expired. You will easily conceive that my grief must be excessive: Mrs. Dursan used her utmost endeavours to comfort me, though I was very little affected by what she could say, because she did not seem to be sufficiently concerned herself; but her son succeeded better: he had, in my opinion, a more real sadness, and, at least, regretted the loss of his father with all his heart; and, indeed, never mentioned my aunt, but with expressions of the most tender gratitude; without thinking, as his mother did, of that splendor to which they were raised: however, he entered sincerely into my affliction, and this might make me judge more favourably of the rest. Mrs. Du Frainville came again to the castle two days after my aunt’s decease, with the sealed papers, which were opened in the presence of several witnesses, with all the forms that were judged necessary. My aunt, by this writing, restored her grandson to all the rights his father had forfeited by his marriage; but it was on condition that he should marry me; for, in case he should marry another, or that he was not agreeable to me, he should be obliged to give me the third part of all his estates and effects. That the affair of our marriage, however, should be concluded in a year, from the day that the will was opened; and that I should receive three thousand livres, till our nuptials were consummated, or I had

† taken

taken possession of a third part of his estate. "All these conditions," said he, while this article was reading, "are superfluous; I will have nothing without my cousin." At this I cast down my eyes, and blushed with confusion and pleasure, without making him any reply. "Stay, son, till the whole is read," cried Mrs. Durfan, in a tone rough and hasty enough; which neither Mrs. Du Frainville nor I could help taking notice of. "I should have been ashamed to have been silent," replied he in a mild tone; and then they read on. The rudeness with which Mrs. Durfan treated her son, probably proceeded from her being acquainted with the meanness of my circumstances; for he was now qualified to aspire to one of the most splendid rank and fortune. However, some days after, she could not forbear telling Mrs. Du Frainville, that I had great reason to regret the loss of an aunt, who had been so prodigiously bountiful to me. "What do you mean by bountiful?" replied that lady, who was shocked at her ungrateful manner of speaking of me: "you ought not to forget that you would have had nothing, had it not been for her disinterested and generous industry. Pray, do not look upon her as a girl who has nothing; for your son, in marrying her, will possess the heir of all his estate. Thus he thinks of it himself; and you, Madam, cannot think otherwise, without being guilty of an ingratitude, of which I do not believe you capable."—"As to their marriage," replied Mrs. Durfan with a smile, "my son is yet so young, that it will be time enough to think of that some years hence."—"As you please, Madam," returned Mrs. Du Frainville, who would not condescend to make her a formal answer, and who immediately left her with so much coolness, that Mrs. Durfan made it a pretence for seeing her no more. "What a false idea had we formed of this woman! Not satisfied with deferring our marriage, she consulted the most able lawyers, to know if it was not possible to set aside my aunt's will, and deprive me of all that she was so good as to leave me. This Mrs. Du Frainville acquainted me with; but young Durfan durst not

take notice of it to me, though it threw him into the utmost despair. He then loved me beyond expression; nor did I dissemble my tenderness for him; and the worse his mother used me, the dearer he appeared to me, whom I thought so different from her; thus my heart recompensed him for not resembling his mother. But how ungrateful soever she was, she had a prodigious ascendant over him; so that he had not the courage to speak to her as he ought to have done; but his mother's ingratitude extended farther than endeavouring to deprive me of the third part of the estate; she even resolved to drive me from her house, in hopes that her son, ceasing to see me, would overcome his tenderness, and consequently be more easily brought to comply with her desires. "Miss," said she one day, "how comes it that Mrs. Du Frainville is still your friend, though she is no longer mine?"—"I must ask you that, Madam," returned I; "you know, better than I, what has passed between you."—"Better than you!" cried she, smiling, with an ironical air. "You have a mind to be a little pleasant: she would have been more tractable, if you would have been so; the marriage is not in so great a hurry."—"It is not I that would have it so," said I; "but she does not think you ought to defer it, if I consent to it."—"How, Miss! You have a mind to quarrel with me, too," cried she, leaving me. "Do you reproach us already for the service you have done us? Truly, so promising a temper alarms me for my son."—"I have known Brunon do me more justice," cried I as she went off. But from this moment we seldom spoke to each other; and her repeated affronts made her so intolerable to me, that three months after my aunt's decease I was obliged to leave the castle, notwithstanding the sorrow of her son, whom I left sick with grief, and at variance with her. I could neither see nor acquaint him with the day of my going, his mother alledging so many unaccountable reasons for not consenting to it. When the time was come which I had fixed upon for my departure, she told me she could not comprehend why I should desire to

' leave her; and that her son, who was
 ' in a fever, would be unable to sup-
 ' port such a painful separation. So
 ' much deceit gave me such a disgust
 ' to her, that I gave her no answer, but
 ' stepped directly into the chaise Mrs.
 ' Du Frainville had sent for me. I
 ' will not mention the rage that lady
 ' was in at the recital I made her of
 ' the ill-treatment I had been exposed
 ' to at the castle. I had wrote twice
 ' to my mother, after my aunt's de-
 ' cease, but had received no answer;
 ' and had not heard the least news of
 ' her for several years past; and this
 ' gave me very great uneasiness. I saw
 ' myself sure of nothing. "What
 ' will become of me," thought I,
 ' "if Mrs. Durfan should gain her de-
 ' sign, and have my aunt's will de-
 ' clared void?" Nor could I abuse
 ' Mrs. Du Frainville's goodness, who
 ' kindly offered me a retreat: so that I
 ' could only have recourse to my mo-
 ' ther; and, as one of Mrs. Du Frain-
 ' ville's friends was going to Paris, I
 ' was willing to take the advantage of
 ' her company; which I did a fortnight
 ' or three weeks after my leaving the
 ' castle. The day before that of our
 ' departure, Mrs. Durfan came to see
 ' me; paid me what was due of my
 ' pension; and desired, if I should want
 ' any more money, I would let her
 ' know it, and she would remit to me
 ' whatever sum I had occasion for.
 ' This discourse was attended with the
 ' strongest protestations of affection;
 ' which, indeed, had but one fault;
 ' their being too polite: I had thought
 ' them less insincere, had she spoke with
 ' more simplicity and freedom; for a
 ' genuine good heart, and a sincere
 ' friendship, are strangers to compli-
 ' ments. Her son still continued sick;
 ' and as I had no hopes of seeing him
 ' before I set out, I left a letter for
 ' him, which Mrs. Du Frainville pro-
 ' mised to deliver into his own hands.

' My companion and I travelled, with
 ' several passengers, in a stage-coach.
 ' When we were at an inn, about
 ' twenty leagues from Paris, we took
 ' up a lady of a genteel appearance;
 ' she was tall, and seemed near fifty
 ' years old; she appeared as if she had
 ' just recovered from a fit of illness:
 ' but, notwithstanding her paleness,
 ' her features seemed formed with an
 ' admirable delicacy, and had some-

' thing in them that shewed she was a
 ' lady of quality; for her person had
 ' that natural air of superiority which
 ' does not proceed from pride, but
 ' from being accustomed to the regards
 ' and respect of those of the most ex-
 ' alted stations. Scarce had we got
 ' half a league from the inn, when the
 ' motion of the coach disordered our
 ' new companion, on which we pro-
 ' posed to stop; but she would not con-
 ' sent to it, and said that she was only
 ' a little sick; and it would soon be
 ' over. As I filled one of the best
 ' places, I pressed her to change seats
 ' with me, in a manner as sincere as
 ' obliging: she appeared extremely
 ' touched at my entreaties; and refused
 ' me in such an engaging manner, that
 ' I could not forbear insisting upon her
 ' compliance with the greater eager-
 ' ness; but I could not prevail upon
 ' her. However, her indisposition soon
 ' went off. As she was placed near
 ' me, we frequently conversed toge-
 ' ther. Mrs. Darcieere, my compa-
 ' nion, being pretty old, frequently
 ' called me her daughter when she
 ' spoke to me; and, upon this, the un-
 ' known lady thought she had been my
 ' mother; but I undeceived her, and
 ' told her I was going to Paris to my
 ' mother, whom I had not seen for a
 ' great while. "I wish I had been
 ' that mother," said she, with a sweet
 ' and tender air, without enquiring any
 ' farther, or mentioning her own af-
 ' fairs. When we arrived at the place
 ' at which we were to dine, it being a
 ' fine day, I was desirous of taking a
 ' walk in the garden to refresh myself,
 ' by tasting the fresh air, as well as to
 ' recreate myself a little, being weary
 ' with sitting so long in the coach.
 ' When dinner was ready, I went to
 ' rejoin my fellow-travellers, but found
 ' the unknown lady was wanting to
 ' compleat our company; and, upon
 ' enquiry, was told by our landlord,
 ' that she desired to dine by herself in
 ' another room; on which I immedi-
 ' ately went to her, and found her go-
 ' ing to dinner, with a small slice of
 ' boiled meat, and a little soup, before
 ' her. I confess such a frugal meal
 ' surprized me; but I dissembled my
 ' astonishment. "How comes it,"
 ' "Madam," said I, "that you leave
 ' us, and that we are not honoured
 ' with your company at dinner? We

"cannot

“ cannot consent that you should desert us; but I am happily come in good time, for you have not touched any thing yet: you are sent for by the whole company; and not a soul of us will sit down to table till you come.” As soon as she saw me, she rose up in a hurry, as if she would keep me from the sight of her dinner; on which I conformed myself to her behaviour, and advanced no farther. “ Pray, Miss,” said she, “ do not take any notice of me: I have been a great while sick; and must observe a particular regimen which is necessary for the recovery of my health, which I should never be able to do in company; and I am sure, Miss, you would be so far from persuading me to expose myself to any danger, that you would be the first to hinder me from it.” I readily believed what she said, but did not the less insist on her going with me. “ I cannot consent to leave you thus alone, Madam,” said I: “ you may trust yourself to me, and we need only tell the people to join your dinner to ours.” On this I took hold of her arm, and obliged her to follow me, without knowing what to reply, notwithstanding her reluctance to accompany me: when, stopping short, with an air of sadness—“ Dear Miss,” cried she, in a melancholy tone, “ how pleasing, but yet painful, is this obliging tenderness! Shall I be plain with you? I have been in the country, where I intended to stay only a month for the recovery of my health; but, being taken ill of a fever, I have been obliged to stay much longer than I intended, and have but just money sufficient to carry me to Paris, where I shall be to-morrow: this I tell you as a secret; and therefore I beg you will excuse me to the company, on account of my ill state of health.” However carelessly she affected to mention her want of money, I could not help being moved at what she said, and discovering, at the same time, that she wanted that tranquillity in her countenance which she expressed in her words. “ How, Madam,” said I, with a gay and lively frankness, and at the same time putting my purse into her hand, “ shall I have the honour to be good for something to you? Make use of this

money till you are at Paris, where you will get a supply; and pray do not punish us for your want of precaution.” At this she sighed, and, in spite of herself, let fall some tears. “ You are too amiable,” cried she, struggling with her embarrassment; “ your behaviour charms me; and heightens my friendship for you: but I must beg to be excused from taking what you offer with such a good grace.”—“ If it is indifferent to you to stay here alone,” returned I, with a mortified air, “ it will not be so to me, to be deprived of your company; it is a favour I presumed to ask of you; but, indeed, do not deserve to obtain it.”—“ You not deserve to obtain it!” cried she. “ Ah! how can one help admiring you? Well, Miss, what shall I take? Since you threaten me with believing that I do not love you, I will do what you desire, and follow you immediately.” She then took one louis d’or: I insisted upon her taking two; and then we went up, rejoined our company, and ordered dinner to be brought in; which over, we stepped into the coach, and supped together in the same agreeable manner. The next day, when we were about a league from Paris, a coach met us; and an elderly gentleman in it asked if we had not Mrs. Darcie with us: this was a person she had wrote to, to desire him to meet us, and provide us with a convenient lodging. But, as we could not conveniently get at our portmanteau and boxes, we chose not to alight till we came to the next village, about half a mile off, where the coachman told us he was to stop. While they were busy in taking our baggage out of the boot, the unknown lady took me aside to return the two louis d’ors I had forced her to borrow of me; but, as she was not yet at Paris, she could not prevail upon me to take them again; and I insisted that she should keep them to oblige her to tell me where she lived. “ I should have been as ready to tell you that,” returned she, “ if you had taken your money again. My name is Darcie;” (this was only the name of a small country-seat of hers) “ and you may hear of me at the Marquis De Viry’s, in St. Lewis’s Street, who is one of my friends. Tell me,

"me, now, in your turn," added she, "where I shall find you?"—"Indeed, Madam," said I, "I cannot tell that; but I will let you know it to-morrow." Here I heard Mrs. Darcie call me, and immediately went to her; when we both took our leave of Mrs. Darneuil; and I embraced her at parting with the greatest tenderness; and, in an hour's time, arrived at the house Mrs. Darcie's friend had provided for us.

"The next day, my companion and I went to find my mother, and set out in a coach to go to St. Honore's Street, opposite the Capuchin Friars, where I had been informed the marquis my father-in-law lived. Our coachman stopped at the abovementioned place, and asked if the Marchioness De *** was at home. "She has been gone from hence these two years," said a Swiss who came to the door: "after the marquis's death, his son sold the house to my master, who lives in it now."—"The marquis dead!" cried I, with a mixture of trouble and surprize. I began to be in pain for my mother, which increased upon a recollection that he said her son was married: and, in fine, this news struck me, as if it had been attended with a thousand dismal circumstances, which I dreaded without knowing why. "Pray, how long has he been dead?" replied I, in a voice quite changed. "Why, I think it is about seventeen or eighteen months since," said he: "he died about a month or six weeks after he had married the marquis his son, who lives at present in the Place Royal."—"Does the marchioness his mother live with him still?" returned I. "No; I think I have heard that she does not," said he: "but you need only go to his house, to know where she lives; it is likely you may get some information there."—"Well," said Mrs. Darcie, "let us return home, then; we had better defer going to the Place Royal till after dinner."—"As you please, Madam," replied I with a troubled and disordered countenance: on which we returned home. In the afternoon we went to the Place Royal; but my misfortunes were not so soon to be at an end; neither my brother nor sis-

ter-in-law were at home: their porter told us that they were gone to a country-seat that was fifteen or twenty leagues from Paris; that my mother did not live with them, and that he knew not where she lodged; that she had been there that very day, at about eleven in the morning, to see her son; whose absence she had not been acquainted with; that she was much surprized and sorry to find him gone; that she said she was just come out of the country; and retired without leaving any directions. At this, my troubles increased, and I began to be extremely disturbed. "You say she was sorry to find him gone!" replied I. "Yes, Miss," said he: "I thought so by her looks."—"But how did she come here to-day?" said I, from a mistrust of her circumstances, and in order to get some information from his answer. "Was she in her own coach, or in one of her friends?"—"As to coaches," replied he, "she has none: she was alone, and very much fatigued; for she rested herself here above a quarter of an hour."—"Alone! and without a coach! The marquis's mother on foot! Oh, monstrous!" cried I, in a strange kind of amazement. "But do not you know any body hereabouts," added I, "that can tell me her lodgings?"—"No, Miss," said he; "she comes here very seldom; and always at a time when we have no company; and makes her visits so short, that I do not remember I have ever seen her speak to any body but the marquis her son: she always comes in a morning, and sometimes even before he is up." Could anything appear worse, or give me a more frightful picture of my mother's wretched situation? "What shall we do, then? What resource have I left to find her?" cried I to Mrs. Darcie, who began now to have no good opinion of her circumstances. "If we make a careful enquiry, it will be impossible not to find her," said she: "you have not the least reason to fear it." I made her no answer but a sigh. It would have been now very convenient for us to have enquired after Mrs. Darneuil, being near the Marquis De Viry's; but my mother took up

all my thoughts, which were employed about the dreadfulneſs of her condition, and the impoſſibility of ever tenderly embracing her. Mrs. Darcieſe endeavoured in vain to raiſe my hopes and diſſipate my alarms: that mother who came on foot to ſee her ſon, ſo weary that ſhe was obliged to reſt herſelf; that mother who made ſo poor a figure, and was ſo buried in oblivion, that even the ſervants of her ſon did not know where ſhe lived; perpetually returned upon my thoughts.

From the Place Royal, we went to Mrs. Darcieſe's attorney, who was endeavouring to recover an eſtate for her, and whom we took into the coach to carry him to our lodgings, that he might take into his poſſeſſion ſome writings which he wanted. As he was mentioning in the way a perſon he was to ſee the next day, who lived in the Marſhes, which is near the place where I hoped to find my mother, I aſked him if he did not know her, without telling him that I was her daughter. "Yes," ſaid he, "I have ſeen her two or three times before the marquis's death; but ſince that time I do not know what is become of her; and have only heard that ſhe is not very happy."—"Well, Sir, but what ſituation is ſhe in?" cried I, with an emotion which I had the greateſt difficulty to conceal. "Her ſon is rich, and in a very exalted ſtation."—"That is true," returned he; "he has married the daughter of the Duke De N——; but I believe the marchioneſs is at variance with him and her daughter-in-law. The marchioneſs, they ſay, was the widow of a poor insignificant country-gentleman, of whom the deceased marquis became ſo enamoured, that, notwithſtanding his immenſe riches, and high titles, he raſhly married her: but now he is dead, and his ſon has given his hand to the Duke De N——'s daughter, it is eaſy to imagine that the young marchioneſs does not caſt a very favourable eye upon ſuch a mother-in-law, and is not over-fond of being allied to all the petty ſquires and mean relations of her firſt husband's family: among whom they ſay there is a daughter, that they have never ſeen; and probably will have no great cu-

riofity ever to ſee. This is all that I have heard on this ſubject."

The tears flowed from my eyes all the time he was ſpeaking; and when he had done, I was unable to answer him: whiſt Mrs. Darcieſe obſerved my grief, and bluſhed to hear him talk thus. "Who do you call petty ſquires, Sir?" ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as he had done. "The young marchioneſs muſt be very ill informed, if, though a duke's daughter, ſhe can bluſh at the alliance you ſpeak of. I, who am of the ſame part of the country as her mother-in-law whom ſhe ſo much deſpiſes, can tell her that the marchioneſs, whoſe maiden name was De Treſle, is of one of the moſt noble and ancient families in our province. I can tell her that Mr. De Terviere, her firſt husband, could yield in theſe reſpects to none; and that there is not a more ancient, nor has been a family more conſiderable by the extent of it's lands; and that, decayed as it is now in theſe reſpects, Mr. De Terviere might have left above twenty thouſand livres a year to his widow, had not his father diſinherited him, and made his younger brother his heir: and, in ſhort, that there is not any marquis or duke in France, who might not, with honour, marry Miſs De Terviere, that girl whom they have ſo little curioſity to ſee at Paris, and whom no lady here will ever excel, either in the charms of her perſon, her wit, or amiable character." The attorney then, obſerving my eyes moiſt, and probably recollecting that I was the perſon who enquired after the old marchioneſs, ſuſpected that I might probably be her daughter. "Madam," ſaid he, with ſome conſuſion, to Mrs. Darcieſe, "though I have only repeated what I have heard from others, I am afraid I have been guilty of an imprudence. Is not this Miſs De Terviere herſelf?"—"Yes, Sir," returned ſhe, without the leaſt hesitation: "you are not miſtaken; this is that little country girl whom they probably imagine a kind of peaſant; and whom, perhaps, they would be very happy if they could reſemble."—"I do not think any lady, though ever ſo charming, would be a loſer by it," returned he, begging my pardon.

Here

Here our coach stopped, being at home; and I only answered him by a respectful bow.

You will easily judge, Marianne, that, as soon as he was gone, I did not forget to thank Mrs. Darcie for that obliging indignation with which she had defended the honour of our family. The attorney had confirmed me in the opinion I had entertained of my mother's situation: and the more I thought she had reason to complain, the more I was afflicted at not knowing where to find her. It is true, I did not know her; but this made me more ardently desire to see her. How great, how interesting an adventure, is it to find again an unknown mother! That very name carries in it something inexpressibly delightful! But what most contributed to awaken my tenderness for her, was to think that she was despised, and in trouble: her afflictions made me sympathize with her in her distress; while my affection for her transferred to myself those affronts which I imagined she endured; and, methought, I should find an extreme pleasure in letting her know how much I was affected by them. Possibly my desire of seeing her would not have been so lively, if I had thought her happy; for then I could not have flattered myself with being so well received: but I was coming to her in circumstances that insured her affection; and was persuaded that her misfortunes would increase her tenderness for me, and make me find her a better mother.

We sought for her with the utmost care for ten or twelve days together, without being able to find where she lived; when, tired at last with our fruitless enquiries, we went again to the Place Royal, in hopes that in this time she had called there again; and, having heard that she had been enquired for by two ladies, might have left directions where we might find her, in case we should call again: but our search was still in vain; as she had heard that the marquis would not return under three weeks or a month's time, she probably did not intend to come again till that time was expired. But, in the midst of my vexation upon this disappointment, I happened to think that we

were in the neighbourhood of our fellow-traveller, Mrs. Darneuil, whom I was to enquire of at the Marquis De Viry's. We went thither directly; and Mrs. Darcie's footman knocked at the door, but nobody came; he knocked harder a second time; when, at last, an old man, with long white hair, came to the door; and, without asking any questions, told us the marquis and his lady were both gone to Versailles. "They are not the persons we want," said I; "we come to see Mrs. Darneuil."—"Oh, Mrs. Darneuil!" said the old man; "she does not live here. But are you not just come out of the country?" I answered, that we were. "Well, then," said he, "be so good as to stay a little, and you shall speak with one of her servants, who desired me to let her know when you came." On this he walked back with slow steps; and soon after the woman came up to the coach-door. "Can you tell us where we may find Mrs. Darneuil?" said I. "We thought we should find her here."—"No, ladies," said she; "she does not live here.—But did not you, Miss, arrive with her at Paris; and lend her some money a few days ago?"—"Yes; I forced her to take some," returned I; "and should be extremely glad to see her again. Pray, where does she live?"—"In the Fauxbourg St. Germain," replied she; (this was the part of the town in which we lived;) "but I have forgot the name of the street she lives in. However, she ordered me to enquire where you lodged," continued she, "if you came to ask for her; and, at the same time, to return you these two louis d'ors." I took them; and told her, if she would learn the name of the street where she lived, I would send to know it in a day or two's time. She promised that she would; and then we left her.

As we returned home, we observed a concourse of people assembled at a house but two doors from our lodgings: all the neighbours were at their windows, or their doors, as if some considerable accident had happened. This raised our curiosity; but, as we were going to ask the cause, we saw the gentlewoman who be-
longed

"longed to our house making her way
 "through the crowd with an air that
 "shewed she had some concern in the
 "incident: she was full of action,
 "shrugged up her shoulders, and was
 "followed by a little man, very meanly
 "dressed, who was talking to her with
 "his hat in his hand. As she came
 "in, we asked her what was the mat-
 "ter. "I will tell you in a moment,"
 "ladies," said she; "but must first
 "finish a little business with this
 "man:" and then went with him in-
 "to another room. A few minutes
 "after this, she returned to us again.
 "I have been witness to a scene," said
 "she, "that has prodigiously affected
 "me. As I was returning from vi-
 "siting a lady who lives hard by, I
 "observed a crowd about this man's
 "door; he keeps an inn, and is my
 "tenant. I went into the house im-
 "mediately, to see what was the mat-
 "ter; when I observed a woman of a
 "genteel appearance, who seemed un-
 "der the greatest pressure; she looked
 "as pale as if she was going to ex-
 "pire; the tears were streaming from
 "her eyes; and, though her counte-
 "nance had all the marks of the ut-
 "most grief and amazement, she had
 "still a very noble and graceful air.
 "This man and his daughter were
 "railing at her, and endeavouring to
 "force her to leave the house; while
 "her tears were almost the only argu-
 "ments she could make use of to
 "soften their hearts. The man di-
 "rected his discourse with great heat
 "to every one that came in, as if he
 "would appeal to them for the justice
 "of his proceeding; and therefore re-
 "peated his story several times, but
 "always with some additional cir-
 "cumstances. As I was concerned
 "to see the gentlewoman treated with
 "so little ceremony, I listened with
 "the greatest attention; and found
 "that, about ten or twelve days ago,
 "she came to take a room in his house,
 "with promises to let him have some
 "money the next day; but failed in
 "the performance. Two days after
 "this, she was taken very ill of a fe-
 "ver; and the man, who did not know
 "her, provided her with a surgeon
 "and an apothecary; which, you
 "know, must put her to a necessary
 "expence; he even supplied her with
 "every thing proper for a sick person:

"but the man, who is far from being
 "rich, finding she was a little better
 "to-day, and being applied to by the
 "surgeon who had let her blood, and
 "the apothecary who furnished her
 "with medicines, who were desirous
 "of being paid immediately by him,
 "since he was the person who had sent
 "for them, as they had both applied
 "to her for that purpose without re-
 "ceiving any satisfaction, the poor
 "man was frightened to find that she
 "had no money; and, not only afraid
 "of losing what she owed him, but
 "what he might farther advance, re-
 "solved to make her leave his house.
 "He had no sooner taken this resolu-
 "tion, than there arrived a pedlar, who
 "travelled the country, and commonly
 "lodged at his house when in town.
 "All his rooms were full; and there
 "was only this woman's, which he
 "now looked upon as empty, since she
 "had given him no money. Upon
 "this he went up to her, and desired
 "her to provide for herself, and not
 "to hinder him from letting the cham-
 "ber to one who was able to pay him;
 "told her she already owed him a great
 "deal; that he did not desire her to
 "pay him now, but only to leave him
 "something for his security. At this
 "the poor gentlewoman, (for I can
 "hardly help calling her so, notwith-
 "standing her dreadful circumstances)
 "who was still too weak to be removed
 "so suddenly, entreated him to let her
 "stay a few days; told him that he
 "had no reason to make himself un-
 "easy; and that she would not only
 "pay him very soon, but reward him
 "for his care of her; and that, in a
 "week's time at farthest, she would
 "send him with a letter to a person,
 "from whom he would not return
 "without a sum of money. She
 "begged him to have patience; and
 "said that she had no pledge to leave
 "but some linen and cloaths, which
 "would be of no value to him, though
 "they were absolutely necessary to
 "her; and that, if he knew her, he
 "would be convinced that she would
 "not deceive him. But he would not
 "be prevailed upon; he had already
 "forced her out of her room; locked
 "up her box, which he was resolved
 "to keep: and thus the dispute was
 "continued in the hall, where the man
 "and his daughter were railing at the
 "2 L " poor

“poor gentlewoman, who could not think of going. I saw her consternation and shame; which were greater than can be imagined. At last, she cast her eyes upon me, and immediately took me aside—“Dear Madam,” cried she, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress and keep down some rising sighs, “for Heaven’s sake, if you have any ascendancy over this man, prevail upon him to grant me this short delay! I give you my word he shall be paid.” This was spoke with an air which penetrated my heart, raised my pity, and even filled me with respect. The whole debt was only ten crowns: “If I lose it,” said I to myself, “it will not ruin me.” On this, I told the landlord that I would pay him. I desired her to return to her room: her box was restored to her; and I brought the man with me to pay him at my house. This, ladies, is the story; which I have related as minutely as possible. It has made such an impression upon my mind, that I never could have been one moment pleased with myself if I had not advanced the money.”

“Mrs. Darcie and I were sensibly affected at this recital: we gave the relater those praises which her great humanity required; and resolved to follow her example, by endeavouring to relieve this distressed person from her troubles. “Though the master of the inn is appeased,” said we, “the gentlewoman has no money; and may therefore be neglected. Be so good, Madam, as to give her, from us, this small sum.”—“With all my heart!” replied she; “she shall have it this minute:” and immediately left us. When she returned, she told us she left the gentlewoman in bed, much disordered by this unhappy adventure; that she could not receive the ten crowns we had sent, without blushing; and that she begged us to consider it only as lent to her, which would increase the obligation, and render her gratitude more worthy of herself and us. This compliment was so far from displeasing us, that it confirmed the high opinion we had entertained of her; and we were so much prejudiced in her favour, that I wonder we did not make her a visit. It is certain that I thought of pro-

posing it to Mrs. Darcie; who has told me since, that she also was inclined to propose it to me. The dismal circumstances of this unknown person made me reflect on those of my mother, though I could not think there was the least resemblance between them; for I imagined that, though hers were not splendid, yet they were, at least, such as would be comfortable to any woman of a much inferior rank; though they might not possibly be so to her.

Two or three days after this, as Mrs. Darcie and I were returning from church, I thought I saw, at a small distance from us, the servant I spoke to at the Marquis De Viry’s: I had promised to send to her, to know where Mrs. Darneuil lived; which I did the day after, but she was gone out; so that I was glad to see her; and pointed her out to Mrs. Darcie, who knew her as well as I. This woman, who saw us at a distance, seemed to know us too, and stood at our neighbour the innkeeper’s door. When we came up to her, we bid the coachman stop. “I am very glad to see you again,” said I: “I fancy you have been to see Mrs. Darneuil, or else are come from her?” “Will not you tell us where she lives?”—“If you will be so good as to stay till I speak to a lady who lodges here,” said she, “I will come back and give you an answer in a moment.”—“A lady!” replied Mrs. Darcie, with great astonishment; (for we had been informed that the unfortunate unknown woman was the only one of our sex that lodged in this house.) “Who can she be, pray?” added she. Then turning to me—“Possibly the lady she speaks of is the person who had that sad adventure the other day!”—“It is the same,” replied the chambermaid, without giving me time to answer: “she was not born to receive such gross affronts.”—“If you are willing,” said Mrs. Darcie to me, “we will pay her a visit.”—“You may, ladies,” replied the servant, “provided you will let me go first, that she may be apprized of your coming; perhaps she may desire you to spare her confusion.”—“No, no,” said Mrs. Darcie; “we are not afraid of displeasing her: she has heard

“heard of us already. You may go; and we will follow you.” We alighted directly, and waited in the passage to her chamber while she went in. As she left the door upon the jar, we could see her sitting up in her bed with a supine, languid air. On a sudden the tears gushed from her eyes, and she wrung her hands; when Mrs. Darcie cried out—“Heavens, child! it is Mrs. Darneuil!” I then heard her sigh, and saw her eyes fixed upon me with a languishing, mortified, and tender look. Moved at this dreadful and unexpected sight, I ran to embrace her with such a sudden vivacity, that I held her for some time in my arms without her being able to speak a word, whilst the tears incessantly streamed from her eyes. At last, when her first emotions, mixed, without doubt, with humility and confidence, were over—“I had doomed myself to see you no more,” said she with a sigh; “but never did any resolution cost me so dear!” I redoubled my caresses at this discourse. How unaccountable was that resolution!” said I, taking hold of one of her hands, whilst she gave the other to Mrs. Darcie: “how little did you know us! What monsters did you take us for? Alas! who is the person that is not subject to the various unavoidable misfortunes of life? How could you think that we could ever forget the respect we owe you? or that any circumstances of life could ever render you less dear to us, or less worthy of our friendship?” Mrs. Darcie entertained her with pretty near the same discourse; while every look she gave us was a sufficient proof that she was out of her sphere. The chambermaid, all this while, stood at some distance from us, with the tears in her eyes; and I could not help blaming her for not acquainting us, the first time she saw us, with this lady’s unhappy situation. “I would have done it with all my heart,” said she; “but I could not dispense with this lady’s order to the contrary. I have been seventeen years in her service; it was she that placed me with the Marchioness De Viry; and I shall always look upon her as my mistress, and think myself oblig-

ed to obey her in whatever she commands me.”—“Do not chide her,” said my sick friend; “I shall never forget her kindness. Could you believe that she should generously offer me, of her own accord, all the money she had in the world? while five or six persons of the greatest distinction, with whom I have lived in the strictest friendship, have refused to lend me a trifling sum, that would have saved me from the dreadful streights to which I have been reduced, and have shamefully put me off with empty words and an insipid affectation of politeness! It is true, I did not take her money; yours seasonably prevented me. The gentlewoman with whom you lodge has rescued me from the most cutting part of my troubles; and I shall acquit myself, in a few days, of all these debts: but my gratitude will be eternal.”

Scarce had she uttered these words, when Mrs. Darcie’s footman came to tell her that her attorney waited for her at the door, to give her an answer about an affair that would not admit of the least delay. “I know what it is,” said she; “he has but one word to say to me: I will go and speak to him; and shall be back again immediately.—Pray, Madam,” said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Darneuil, “think no more of what is passed; be easy as to your present condition, and only think how to render us of service to you: your situation ought to give a concern to every virtuous mind; and, indeed, we are too happy when we have an opportunity of serving those who are like you.” The sick lady only thanked her by squeezing her hand, and a look inexpressibly tender. “I think myself happy,” said she, as soon as she was gone, “in the midst of my misfortunes, when I consider who it is that gives me relief; that it is neither my friends, my relations, those with whom I have passed a great part of my life; nor even my children, who fly from me, and abandon me. Doubtless I should have perished in the most wretched manner, in the midst of all these resources, if it had not been for you, Miss; to whom I am unknown, who owe me nothing, and who, with the most engaging

" sensibility, and in the most amiable
 " manner, at once are instead of friends,
 " relations, and children. Had it not
 " been for you and your companion,
 " whom I found with you in the
 " coach; had it not been for this girl,
 " (suffer me to mention her with you;
 " for her zeal and affection render her
 " worthy of the honour I do her;) in
 " short, had it not been for the lady
 " with whom you lodge, to whom I
 " am an entire stranger, and who could
 " not see my distress without being
 " moved with compassion; I should
 " have died in the greatest want, and
 " in an astonishing obscurity! Asto-
 " nishing, indeed, for one of my rank!
 " Lord, what is life! what the mis-
 " eries with which it is attended!"—
 " Dear Madam!" cried I, extremely
 " touched, " begin to forget these ter-
 " rible scenes; let me second Mrs.
 " Darcie's entreaties to prevail upon
 " you to lose the prospect of these
 " frightful, painful events. Give us
 " the pleasure of seeing you full of
 " tranquillity, that you may dissipate
 " the uneasiness you have occasioned
 " in our minds."—"Well, then, I
 " have done," said she; "you are in
 " the right; for there is no adversity,
 " no calamity, which such engaging
 " goodness ought not entirely to re-
 " move. Let us talk, then, Miss, of
 " your concerns. Where is that mo-
 " ther you came to meet again, after
 " an absence of so many years? How
 " did she receive you? How tenderly
 " she ought to love you! How happy
 " must she think herself in having such
 " a daughter! Heaven, indeed, has
 " given me one; but I have not the
 " least reason to complain of her; far
 " from it!" She could not pronounce
 " these last words without the utmost
 " concern and emotion. "Alas, Ma-
 " dam!" returned I, sighing too, "you
 " talk of the tenderness of my mother;
 " but I durst not flatter myself with
 " the thoughts of having any share in
 " her affection; and shall think my-
 " self very happy if she is not sorry to
 " see me, though it is twenty years
 " since I was with her. But, pray,
 " let us return to yourself again: you
 " have here but very ill attendance;
 " you want a nurse; and I will order
 " the master of the house, when I leave
 " you, to provide you with one before
 " night."

" I thought she was going to answer
 " me, but was astonished to see her sud-
 " denly burst into tears; then recol-
 " lecting the number of years which I
 " had passed remote from my mother—
 " Twenty years!" cried she, with a
 " pensive and dejected countenance, "I
 " cannot hear of this without the ut-
 " most grief. Just Heaven! What
 " reason has your mother to reproach
 " herself, as well as I! Oh, Miss! tell
 " me," added she, without giving me
 " time for reflection, "why she neglect-
 " ed you to such a degree?"—"I was,"
 " replied I, "but two years old when
 " she married a second husband; and a
 " few weeks after went to Paris, where
 " she had a son, who, without doubt,
 " effaced every idea of me from her
 " heart. Since she has been gone, I
 " have had no friend near her to awake
 " her tenderness for me, by putting her
 " in mind that she had a daughter. I
 " have never received above three or
 " four letters from her in my life; and
 " am just come from an aunt who
 " is lately dead, with whom I have
 " lived six or seven years, without ever
 " receiving any news of my mother,
 " to whom I have wrote several times
 " to no purpose. I have sought for her
 " here according to the last direction I
 " had received; but in vain; my fa-
 " ther-in-law is dead; his son is mar-
 " ried, and is now in the country with
 " the marchioness his wife; but nobody
 " can tell me where to find my mother,
 " who does not live with him. So that,
 " notwithstanding a thousand enqui-
 " ries, I am still as much in the dark
 " with respect to her as ever. But
 " what alarms me most, and fills me
 " with a mortal inquietude, is the ap-
 " prebension that she is in indigent cir-
 " cumstances; for I have heard that her
 " son, whom she has been so extrava-
 " gantly fond of, has made himself un-
 " worthy of her tenderness, by using
 " her unkindly."

" I could not conclude this discourse
 " without shedding tears; but the un-
 " known lady, the fictitious Mrs. Dar-
 " neuil, who had been weeping before,
 " had her eyes eagerly fixed upon mine
 " whilst I was speaking, and seemed to
 " restrain her tears to hear me with the
 " greater attention: her looks were wild,
 " and expressive of the utmost inquie-
 " tude, and she seemed to be full of the
 " most violent agitation. When I had
 " done,

done, she made me no answer; she was stunned and speechless; the air of her countenance expressed the greatest emotion: I participated in the trouble which I saw painted there; and seemed to anticipate the discovery of a surprizing event. We beheld each other without either of us being able to break this profound silence; till at last she spoke, and, with a trembling voice, said—“I believe, Miss, your mother is not unknown to me: pray where does that son live of whom you enquired for her?”—“At the Place Royal,” replied I, with a voice as much altered as her’s. “And his name?” added she with precipitation, as if her breath had been exhausted. “Marquis De ***,” returned I, trembling. “Oh, my dear Terviere!” cried she aloud, sinking into my arms. At this exclamation, which immediately informed me of her being my mother, I gave a loud shriek, which frightened Mrs. Darcie, who had just left her attorney, and was coming up stairs. Uncertain what might be the cause of my crying out in an inn like this, which could be supposed to harbour none but persons of a mean rank, she cried out too, to make the people come up and give me some assistance in case of need. The landlord and his daughter came running to her, followed by her footman, frighted at the noise she made, and asked the cause of it. “Follow me! follow me!” cried she hastily; “I have just heard a shriek from the room of your sick lodger, with whom I left the young lady I brought with me; let us at all hazards go in together.” When they entered the chamber, they found me speechless, weak, pale, and in a kind of stupidity, in which I was weeping through the different emotions of joy, surprize, and grief. My mother was fainted away, and had given no signs of knowledge since I held her in my arms; while the chambermaid, whom I was unable to assist, was using her utmost endeavours to bring her to herself. “What is the matter?” cried Mrs. Darcie as she came in; “What ails you, Miss?” I could give her no other answer, but my sighs and tears; and then lifting up my hand, I shewed her my mother, as if this gesture had been sufficient to inform

her who that dear person was. “What is all this?” added she; “is she dying?”—“No, Madam,” replied the chambermaid; “but she has just known her daughter again, and fainted away immediately.”—“Yes,” said I then, endeavouring to recover myself, “it is my mother!”—“Your mother!” cried she, hastening to her to afford her some assistance: “what, the Marchioness De ***? What a strange adventure!”—“A marchioness!” said the innkeeper, joining his hands together with amazement; “Oh, the dear lady! Had she told me her quality, I durst not have given her the least pain.” However, their endeavours insensibly recovered her spirits; and she at last opened her eyes. But I shall pass over in silence our mutual caresses, and tender endearments. The affecting circumstances in which I found her again; the novelty and surprizing manner of our acquaintance and friendship; the pleasure I found in seeing her, and calling her mother; the long time that she had forgot her duty to me; all the hardships she had made me suffer; and that kind of revenge I took on her heart, by the tenderness of mine; all contributed to render her more dear to me, than, perhaps, she would have been had I always lived with her. “Ah, my Terviere! Ah, my daughter!” cried she, “how guilty thy transports render me!” But this sudden flood of joy at our unexpected meeting soon cost us very dear; for whether the violence of the emotions she had experienced, had caused a too great revolution in her mind, or that her fever, joined to her sorrow, had weakened her too much, a few days after this she was seized with a palsy on her right-side, which soon removed to the other. I was extremely afflicted at her melancholy condition, and should have been quite inconsolable, if they had not flattered me with the hopes that she would soon recover; but, however, they were mistaken. When our transports began a little to abate, I proposed to remove her to our house; but her fever, which was grown more violent, together with her extreme weakness, would not permit it; and a physician I sent for was absolutely against it. So that I then only thought of lodging with

“with her, that I might never be obliged to leave her; but the landlord assured me that his house was already full. “I will then, mother,” said I, “have a bed made by your’s.”—“No,” returned she, “that is impossible: the room is already much too small; and I would not have you think of it. Preserve your health, my dear, for my sake; you would find but little repose here; and your ill accommodation would be an additional uneasiness to me. You live very near; I shall have the consolation of seeing you as often as you please; and a nurse will be sufficient to attend me.” But I did not know how to leave her in this wretched lodging, and therefore begged, in the most affectionate manner, that she would permit me to stay with her; but she would not listen to my entreaties. Mrs. Darcie was of her opinion; and it was resolved, in spite of my inclination to the contrary, that I should be satisfied with coming to see her, till she was well enough to be removed somewhere else. I therefore went to her room every day as soon as I was up, and stayed with her till night.

“As I was very desirous of knowing the cause of her being reduced to such dreadful circumstances, I desired her, the day after we came to the knowledge of each other, to give me an insight into this surprizing part of her history; which she very readily consented to.

“I lived happily,” said she, “with the marquis my husband for near twenty years, which passed on in an almost uninterrupted tranquillity. My son was the object of our fondest love; a love which was attended with such an excessive weakness, as to prompt us to indulge him in his most unbounded desires: we gave him no restraint; entirely neglected the improvement of his mind, and suffered him to imbibe all the silly prejudices of vanity and folly. When he was about nineteen, the marquis his father, who wished to see him married before he died, desired me to speak to the Duke De N—— for his daughter: I did so with joy; the duke was pleased with the match; readily accepted my proposal; and a fortnight after our young couple were married. But while our joy

“was at the height, the marquis was seized with a complication of distempers, which in about six weeks time carried him off. I was left in very easy and comfortable circumstances; and, had I not been blinded by my tenderness for my son, I had never known the miseries I have since suffered; which, indeed, have been a just punishment for my guilty neglect of thee. Infatuated with my affection for this idol of my thoughts, I had the imprudence to renounce all my rights, and to reserve to myself only a very moderate pension; which I voluntarily consented to, as he obliged himself to have me with him in his house, and defray all my expenses. I was received very politely, and the first month passed without having any reason to complain of their behaviour, though it could not be much extolled. I was treated in such a cold, though civil manner, as the heart is never satisfied with, and which we know not how to explain, would we make people sensible of the defects of it. But now my son began to treat me with neglect. My daughter in-law, who was of a proud and haughty temper, chanced one day to see some gentlemen of our province, who came very indifferently dressed to pay me a visit: on this she imagined I must be greatly inferior to the marquis, who had done me the honour to marry me; and upon this redoubled her coldness for me; gradually suppressed those little regards which she had hitherto never neglected; and at last shewed me so little respect, that her behaviour became quite intolerable; and I resolved to let her know it. “I can dispense with that duty you owe me as the marquis’s mother,” said I one day to her: “be as undutiful to me as you please; your honour is more concerned in it than mine; and I shall leave it to the publick to do me justice; but I will never suffer you to treat me with less politeness than you dare to do your equals.”—“I forget politeness to you, Madam!” replied she, turning her back upon me to go to her closet: “truly, this is a terrible reproach; and I should certainly be in despair if I deserved it. As to the respect which is due to you, I hope the publick you threaten me with

“will

" will not be altogether so very difficult in that point as yourself!" Exasperated at this insolent reply, I complained of it to my son; but had not any reason to be better satisfied with him than I was with his wife. He laughed at our quarrel; said it was a mere womanish debate, which we should both forget the next day, and was what he ought not to meddle with. He had frequently heard her make merry with the petty nobility of our province, without being offended; and ridiculously pleased with the justice she did his father's extraction, he readily gave up mine. Her pleasantry; perhaps, he deigned to sit himself, and did not think it his honour to him. What extravagant conceit! What wild ideas may not enter the head of a young man, whose mind is barren and uncultivated! What weakness and folly is not such a person capable of! Thus, forsaken by my son, and scorned by my daughter-in-law, who always treated me with contempt and insolence, I became the laughing-stock of the family; and was soon treated with a disrespectful neglect by the very servants. On this I resolved to leave the house; which I accordingly did one morning when my son was gone a hunting, leaving a letter behind me, in which I informed him of my reasons for retiring, and at the same time desiring him to pay me two quarters of my pension, which was become due, and of which I had not yet received any thing; and also to send me those goods I had reserved for myself. The next day he came to see me; in which he endeavoured to persuade me to return, by saying, that my leaving him was only the effect of an ill-humour which had no foundation; all the grievances mentioned in my letter, he treated as mere trifles that did not deserve my notice; and told me that I ought not to make myself appear the most proud and opinionated woman, whom it was impossible to live with; with many other arguments as little adapted to persuade. The result of this visit was, that he promised to send me the money I wanted, with all the goods which belonged to me; which, however, were changed for such as were

of small value, and were almost of no service to me; when a little after I was obliged to sell them for my subsistence. I received but the third part of the sum which was become due; and my pension continued to be so ill paid, that I was obliged to part with this faithful servant, leave my apartment, and pass from one ready-furnished lodging to another, according to my want of ability to satisfy the demands of the persons of whom I hired them. I was in this situation, when the widow of an officer, for whom I had done an important piece of service, offered to take me, for some months, to her country-seat: there I fell sick; and, notwithstanding the kind assistance of this lady, who was more generous than rich, I spent almost all the money I had brought with me. When I was a little recovered, I resolved to return to Paris, to see my son, with a resolution to have recourse to the law, if his inhumanity should oblige me to it. The widow's country-seat was but about half a mile from the place where the stage-coach used to stop. I walked thither; and there I found Mrs. Darcie and thee. Happy meeting! There I began to feel a friendship for thee, which owed its rise to thy merit; a friendship so soft, as made me wish we had been allied by the ties of blood, and which was, perhaps, inspired by some secret sympathy. What reason have I to reproach myself for my barbarity to thee! How unkind a mother, and how tender a child! As I was loth to give you the pain of seeing a woman of quality in distress, I changed my name, and took another that hindered thee from knowing me. This, my dear, is all that is necessary for me to tell you."

" I could not help being shocked, my dear Marianne, at my brother's ingratitude. About eight days after this, Mrs. Darcie and I resolved to pay him a visit; and, that we might not miss him, we took care to be at his house between one and two: but we were not destined to find him so soon; the marchioness was come to town without him, and did not expect him till the next day. However, we resolved to see her, and immediately went up, after having sent a servant

• a servant to tell her that Miss De
 • Terviere and another lady were com-
 • ing up stairs; when we heard her say
 • that she did not know us. We found
 • a pretty numerous company with her,
 • who probably were to stay dinner.
 • She advanced towards me, as I en-
 • tered the room, with an air that seem-
 • ed to say—"What would she have
 • with me?" whilst I was not at all
 • dazzled with the rank she bore at Pa-
 • ris and at court; nor by her titles, or
 • the grandeur of her house, as I only
 • looked upon her as my sister-in-law.
 • As I had sent up my name, which I
 • fancied she had at least heard of, since
 • it had been that of her mother-in-
 • law, I went to her in a free but po-
 • lite manner to embrace her; when I
 • observed that she hesitated, as if in
 • doubt whether she ought to suffer me
 • to take that liberty: however, she
 • could not refuse returning my polite-
 • ness, though she did it with a visible
 • constraint and a remarkable air of in-
 • difference. We are nicely sensible,
 • my dear Marianne, of this sort of be-
 • haviour; for our own pride suffici-
 • ently acquaints us with that of others.
 • "Madam," said I, "I judge, from
 • the surprize you seem to be in, that
 • my name was not faithfully brought
 • in to you; you cannot be a stranger
 • to it: I am called Terviere." She
 • continued to look at me without mak-
 • ing me any reply; and this I took to
 • be another of her haughty airs; when
 • I added, at last—"I am the mar-
 • quis's sister!"—"I am very sorry,
 • Miss, he is not here," replied she,
 • desiring us to sit down; "he will not
 • be in town these two days."—"I
 • was told so, Madam," returned I:
 • "but my visit is not to him alone; I
 • came also to have the honour of see-
 • ing you." It was not without the
 • greatest reluctance that I made her
 • this compliment; but we must some-
 • times be civil for our own sakes;
 • though very often those we speak to
 • do not deserve we should be so for
 • theirs. "Besides," continued I,
 • "I am come about an affair that will
 • not admit of delay, and which highly
 • concerns my brother and myself, and
 • even you, too, since it relates to my
 • mother."—"She does not usually
 • address herself to me about her af-
 • fairs," replied she, smiling; "and
 • I believe, Miss, you had better stay

"till the marquis's return." Her in-
 • difference on this subject made me
 • angry; and as I observed the com-
 • pany seemed curious of hearing the
 • sequel of our conversation, I imme-
 • diately resolved to punish the mar-
 • chioness for her little concern for my
 • mother, by entering into particulars
 • which could not be very agreeable to
 • her. "Madam," said I, "my
 • mother's affairs are very plain, and
 • easily understood: she only asks for
 • money, and you are sensible that she
 • cannot do without."—"I have just
 • told you," cried she, turning away
 • her head, "that you must talk about
 • it to the marquis, for I never meddle
 • with their agreement upon the sub-
 • ject."—"But, Madam," replied
 • I, turning away my head as well as
 • she, "this agreement consists only in
 • acquitting a pension, the payment of
 • which has been neglected for almost
 • a year past; and you may, without
 • the least inconvenience, interest your-
 • self in the troubles of a mother-in-
 • law who has loved you to such a de-
 • gree as to consent to give you all she
 • was possessed of."—"I have been told
 • that she received from the late mar-
 • quis all she ever gave you," replied
 • she, with a sneer; "and I cannot
 • think myself obliged to thank your
 • mother for her son's being his fa-
 • ther's heir."—"Let me put you in
 • mind, Madam, that that mother is
 • now also called yours as well as
 • mine," returned I: "you speak of
 • her as a stranger, or a person to whom
 • you are sorry for being related."—"Who,
 • told you I was sorry for it, Miss?" said she. "What good
 • would that do me? Would my sor-
 • row make her the less my mother-
 • in-law? I know she is so, since the
 • marquis has been pleased to make
 • her the mother of his son."—"Sure,
 • Madam, you have not well
 • considered what you are saying!"
 • replied I, looking upon her with a
 • kind of pity. "What do you mean
 • by reproaching the old marquis with
 • marrying my mother? If he had
 • not, I presume, his son would never
 • have existed, and therefore could not
 • have been now your husband. Is
 • he dear to you, and can you wish he
 • had never been born? But I believe
 • you only wish his mother had been
 • of a more noble family than she is.

"If

" If this is the case, you have no rea-
 " son to disturb yourself; your pride
 " need not be alarmed; for though
 " the marquis was superior to her in
 " fortune, he was not in birth; and
 " therefore did not dishonour himself
 " in marrying her: and this the whole
 " province will tell you; I am sur-
 " prized that my brother has not let
 " you know it. Therefore, Ma-
 " dam," added I, without giving her
 " time to reply, " you may safely, and
 " without blushing, own her for your
 " mother-in-law: nor need you be a-
 " shamed of paying her all that duty
 " which is due from a daughter, which,
 " I am sorry to say, you have hitherto
 " refused her. Repair the injustice of
 " your former disdain, which must have
 " displeased every witness of it; and
 " which, indeed, would have been very
 " unjust, had she been of much meaner
 " extraction than you have imagined:
 " entertain, with regard to her, senti-
 " ments worthy of yourself, of your
 " education, and good disposition; and
 " make a proper return for the extra-
 " ordinary testimonies she has given
 " you of her tenderness, by that con-
 " fidence with which she has relied
 " upon you and her son for all the
 " support and happiness of her re-
 " maining life."—" Truly, you would
 " make excellent sermons!" cried she,
 " rising, with an air which she strove to
 " render careless and unconcerned:
 " I would freely listen till the conclu-
 " sion of it; but we have been just
 " told that dinner is ready. Do you
 " dine with us, ladies?"—" No, Ma-
 " dam, I give you thanks," replied I,
 " rising too with an air of indignation:
 " I have but one word to add to what
 " you call my sermon. My mother,
 " who has reserved nothing to herself,
 " and whom you both have abandon-
 " ed to the most frightful extremities;
 " who has been forced to sell the piti-
 " ful goods you sent her in the room
 " of those she had reserved to herself;
 " in short, that mother who could not
 " believe that either you or her son
 " would ever want gratitude; who
 " has consented to give up a very hand-
 " some settlement in consideration of a
 " very small pension you were to pay
 " her, through the too-favourable
 " opinion she had entertained of his
 " heart and yours; she whom you in-
 " vited to live with you at your house,

" to be loved, served, and respected
 " there, as she deserved; whom, on
 " the contrary, you have treated with
 " scorn and insult, and abused to such
 " a degree as to force her to leave
 " you, and to live on a small pension,
 " which you have neglected to pay
 " her, and which was too trifling for
 " her ever to look upon as a resource,
 " though it is now the only one that
 " is left her; that unfortunate mother-
 " in-law, whose interest gives you so
 " little concern—I now come to tell
 " you was a few days ago in the ut-
 " most distress, and was so dreadfully
 " reduced as not to know where to ap-
 " ply for shelter and bare subsistence.
 " She is sick; and lodges at a mean
 " inn, where she has only a small,
 " dark room; which she could not pay
 " for, and out of which she would
 " have been turned, though almost
 " expiring, into the street, had she not
 " been relieved by the charity of a wo-
 " man who was passing by, and to
 " whom she was entirely unknown: I
 " say charity; for, however harsh the
 " term may sound, it is impossible to
 " use a softer expression consistent with
 " truth."

" You cannot imagine, Marianne,
 " what an effect this word had upon
 " those who were present; though it
 " would probably have wounded their
 " nice ears, and have appeared too in-
 " delicate, had I not thought that, in
 " order to divest it of it's baseness, and
 " to render it touching, I ought to lay
 " a stress upon it, and appear to sur-
 " mount with pain the confusion it
 " gave me: I saw them all lift up their
 " hands, and, by several gestures, ex-
 " press their surprize and concern.
 " Yes, Madam," continued I, " in
 " this frightful situation was your mo-
 " ther-in-law! this her dreadful con-
 " dition! Her linen and cloaths were
 " ready to be sold, or at least kept
 " for a security, when the lady I am
 " speaking of, touched with compas-
 " sion, redeemed them, even without
 " knowing her, or hoping to be paid
 " again. She is still in the same inn;
 " from whence her illness will not yet
 " permit her to be carried: that inn is
 " in such a street, and at such a sign.
 " Consult, now, with yourself—con-
 " sult with these gentlemen, your
 " friends; for there needs no other
 " judges between you and your mo-
 " ther-

ther-in-law; and see if you can have still the courage to say that you will not concern yourself with her affairs. Here is a letter which she writes to my brother; and I leave it with you."

Here I took my leave, perfectly dissatisfied with my sister's behaviour. During this latter part of my discourse, I observed that she coloured, and seemed agitated with shame and indignation, at having her inhumanity made so publick: but her friends could not conceal their astonishment and concern; and Mrs. Darcie, as soon as we were in her coach, let me know that she was very much pleased with my talking with so much spirit. "Your sister-in-law is a monster," said she. "To what an extravagant excess does her pitiful pride carry her! I find you have little to hope for from persons so insensible; for they who can be guilty of such vile ingratitude, may well be suspected to want every sentiment of humanity." When we returned to the inn, we found my mother expecting us with the greatest impatience; but she did not seem at all surprized at our reception, or at the young marchioness's haughty behaviour. "If my son," said she, "whom I have loved with such an unbounded affection, can abandon me, why should I wonder that his wife should do so too? It is I that am to blame, more than they: perhaps, had I taken care to have had his mind opened and enlarged by useful knowledge; had he been early inspired with a love of wisdom, and a generous concern for the happiness of mankind; he would have been incapable of treating me as he has done! Oh! what reason have I to reproach myself!" Two or three days after this, the marquis sent my mother a note for a little money; and in his letter complained that I had treated his wife with disrespect; exposed him before company; and at the same time desired her to let him hear no more of her clamorous complaints, unless she would speak to him in private; and that, as for me, he did not desire to see me. My mother began now to be something better; and we no sooner found her well enough to be removed, than we had her carried to our lodging, where

we had room enough, and were surrounded with a great many conveniences, which we wanted in the inn: but her palsy still continued; and, notwithstanding she had all the advice that could be procured, we began to despair of her ever being perfectly recovered. But, to keep up my spirits under this melancholy circumstance, I received a letter from Mrs. Du Frainville, in which was inclosed another from Mr. Durian, full of the most tender and pleasing sentiments: I found an inexpressible satisfaction in hearing from my absent lover; his recovery from his illness gave me the utmost joy; and I flattered myself that we should carry on a most agreeable correspondence. After this he wrote to me almost every post: I received his letters with transports; read them over a thousand times; and as often kissed the dear characters, which conveyed to me the most delightful ideas. Our absence seemed to increase our mutual passion; it gave me an opportunity of describing the situation of my heart with greater freedom than I should ever have ventured to have done in conversation: but this was a felicity too exquisite to last long; his letters insensibly grew more gay and sprightly than became a passionate, absent lover. This I at first thought only proceeded from the frankness with which I had laid open my soul to him. "He loves me," said I; "and he knows how tenderly I make him a return; then why should he complain? This discovery makes him think himself happy; and, as he has nothing to fear from my absence, he endeavours, by being cheerful, to render it less insupportable to us both." But, alas! I was soon undeceived; his gaiety increased to such a degree, that his letters at last contained nothing but a trifling, ceremonious respect. My mother, meanwhile, grew so fond of me, that she could hardly bear me out of her sight: she seemed to have transferred all her affection from her son to me; and, upon every occasion, reproached herself for her unkindness, in a manner as severe as tender. My brother still used her with the same neglect; and withheld from her what she had a right to demand from him.

him. As I had reason to be prejudiced against him, on account of his inhumanity to the most indulgent parent, I never desired to see him; but, in order to support my mother, and pay all her debts, I retrenched my expences, and lived as happily with her as her ill state of health would permit. I was pleased with having it in my power to maintain her elegantly; and therefore did not care to apply to the law to recover her just claims from an ungrateful son; though Mrs. Darcie used many arguments to persuade me to it. That lady, at last, returned into the country: and I had not lived in this manner above four months, when my mother had a return of her fever; which in a few days carried her off. How severe was my grief! I had just found a mother; and had just tasted the satisfaction of loving her, when I was at once deprived of her and all my comfort. What an irreparable loss! How painful! how cruel! Forgive me, my dear Marianne, cried she, interrupting herself, at seeing the tears gush from my eyes, for reminding you of the loss of your dear mamma, Mrs. De Valville. I will pass over this painful event; but first dry up your tears; they are both happy; and, perhaps, delighted to hear of our sincere friendship. I then embraced her; and she proceeded.

My mother being dead, I sent to invite the marquis her son, with his lady, to the funeral; but they were in the country; which I was not sorry for, as I imagined the levity of these persons, so nearly related to her, would increase my affliction, and make it exceed all bounds: and, as I was no friend to that ridiculous pageantry with which we celebrate the funerals of the great, I contented myself with having her interred in a private, though decent manner.

I had hitherto lived at Paris, in as retired a manner as if I had been in the country; for my only satisfaction had been in attending my mother; so that I had made but few friends; and, therefore, to divert my melancholy, I went abroad, and visited some ladies whom I had but a very slender acquaintance with before; one of whom I took a particular fancy for: it was the officer's widow

who took my mother into the country; she happened now to be at Paris, and was one of those I had invited to her funeral. Her gratitude to my mother, in her distress, for the service she had done her in her prosperity, was the first motive which induced me to chuse her for my friend; and a little knowledge of her personal merit made me soon look upon her as a very valuable woman. She was a plain, good woman, of a moderate capacity; but then she had a great deal of sincerity: she always spoke as she thought; and scorned to do a base or a mean action; and was so pious, that I wonder she did not end her days in a cloister. This person I made my confidante; for I always preferred a great stock of virtue to every other accomplishment. As my cousin Durfan found that the law would not give her an opportunity of shewing her ingratitude to the world by depriving me of my subsistence, she took a more effectual method to render me unhappy: she constantly sent me what money I had a claim to; her son had not wrote to me for some time; and I began to fear she had prevailed upon him to banish me from his heart. I knew the ascendant she had over him; and looked upon this piece of treachery as the greatest evil that could ever befall me; it was like a dagger to my heart; and this apprehension, together with his silence, continually gave me the most painful inquietudes. But, my dear Marianne, how can I describe my astonishment, grief, and confusion, when I received two letters at the same time; one from Mrs. Du Frainville, and the other from Mrs. Darcie; which told me that Durfan's mother had prevailed upon him to marry a young lady of great fortune, who had been one of my acquaintance! You, my dear, have experienced the same deplorable situation of mind; and, by referring to your own breast, can recollect the same distress, the same torment. My friend the officer's widow used those arguments to me which I did to comfort you under Mr. De Valville's infidelity; and I at last was calmed by the force of her arguments; but began to be so disgusted with mankind, that I resolved to exclude my-

self from their society for ever by shutting myself up in a convent. The reasons which had deterred me before now seemed weak and inconclusive. I considered the world as full of monsters of deceit and ingratitude: I thought it impossible for me ever to indulge a new passion; and was confident that I should enjoy a solid peace and tranquillity in a society where I could be no longer a witness of that falshood which I had sufficiently experienced in the world. My friend approved of my resolution, and persuaded me to put it speedily in execution. This was the convent we fixed upon. I sold the third part of Mr. Durfan's estate, which was my due; gave some legacies to the poor, and settled the rest upon this house, before I took the veil. I entered upon my probation with the hopes that I should be completely happy in this peaceful asylum, and that I should here bury all my cares. The first year every thing seemed to conspire to make me pleased with my situation: the abbess and the nuns perpetually caressed me, and flattered my vanity by the grossest adulation. My beauty was a favourite subject of discourse: when I spoke, they extolled my wit with the most lavish praises; when I smiled, they looked cheerful; and when I was dull, they were melancholy. I was, they said, the life of the conversation, and made a considerable addition to their happiness. This behaviour was at first very disagreeable; and I wished for more plainness and sincerity: but flattery easily insinuates itself into the minds of young people; and, before the year was expired, I began to think they were at least sincere in their professions; which was all that was necessary to make me love them, and regard them as my friends. But I had no sooner taken my vows than the scene was changed; I found that this was all artifice and deceit; I was degraded from all my little honours. This soon disgusted me; and I no

sooner found my error, than I reproached my false friends: they laughed at me, ridiculed my sorrow, and applauded themselves for the cheat. Now the austerities of the place became burdensome to me; I grew frightened at the slavery I was to undergo; found myself a prisoner for life; and therefore abandoned myself to the utmost despair. Instead of religion, I found nothing here but little intrigues, and all the ill-humours which spring from strong passions restrained by violence: and I assure you, that there is hardly a person amongst us who would not sacrifice every thing to regain the dear liberty they once enjoyed.

Thus, my dear friend, I have given you the history of my adventures. You see that I have been very unhappy; and I must now languish away the remainder of my miserable life in an irksome imprisonment, which the twenty years I have been accustomed to it can hardly render tolerable.

My dear friend, cried I, tenderly embracing the nun, what a series of strange events! How lovely do your sufferings make you appear! How closely do your shining virtues bind you to my heart! My dear, my amiable friend! I am shocked at the ingratitude of the world; and could not have imagined that it had been inhabited by such monsters! persons who are such a disgrace to human nature! But what have you heard of Mr. Durfan since his marriage?—Nothing at all, returned she, but that he is to the last degree unhappy: he lives with his wife in a continual strife. I have been told that they are strangers to that union of soul which is the bond of all human felicity, and that they spend their lives in perpetual discord; but I have not heard any thing of them for many years.

I am now, Madam, very weary; and shall therefore conclude this Part. I intend, in the next, to send you the conclusion of my own adventures.

END OF THE ELEVENTH PART.

THE



THE VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART XII.



NOTHING, Madam, could be better adapted to soothe the melancholy turn of my mind, than my friend the nun's story; which received inexpressible charms from her graceful manner of relating it: but you must not imagine that she had an opportunity of telling it me all at once; no, she was sometimes called off to attend the pious exercises of the house: but as nothing material happened in these intervening spaces, I rather chose to give it you altogether, than to interrupt her narration by little circumstances that have no relation to it.

I had been now in the convent five or six days, and was extremely afflicted to hear no news from my dear Valville and Mrs. Dorfin; when, as I was one morning in the garden, I heard, at some distance, one of the nuns mention a young lady's being in the parlour with one of the boarders; and, by the description she gave of her, I thought it could be none but Miss Du Bois: I was seized with an extraordinary joy at this discovery, even before I was certain that it was really her, and ran immediately to the parlour, where, indeed, I found her just taking leave of one of the boarders. As she did not know that I was in that convent, she was extremely glad to see me; and, as soon as the lady retired, broke into the warmest professions of friendship, whilst I should infallibly have flown into her arms, had I not been restrained by the grate. When our first transports were over, 'My dear friend,' said she, 'what is the reason that you resolve to shut

' yourself up here? How can you think
' of withdrawing from your friends, and
' leaving Mr. De Valville in absolute
' despair? He, Mrs. Dorfin tells me,
' cannot support your absence; he is
' surprized at such a sudden resolution:
' and even Mrs. Dorfin herself is af-
' flicted on your account; and would
' have seen you before this time, had
' she not been much indisposed by a
' cold, which obliges her to keep her
' room. Indeed, Miss,' added she, 'you
' cannot think how tenderly you are
' beloved!'—'Ah! how much are you
' all deceived!' cried I: 'I have not
' the least desire to be a nun; and have
' been very uneasy at being constrained
' to be here contrary to my inclina-
' tions.'—'Why, that is very surpriz-
' ing!' returned she: 'what reason, then,
' has the abbess to write such tender
' letters to persuade them not to fetch
' you; in which she extols your piety,
' and says you are inclined to retire from
' the world? Mrs. Dorfin suspected
' that all was not right; for she could
' hardly believe, she said, that it was
' possible for you to be guilty of such
' levity, as to desire her to come for
' you the next day, and then to permit
' the abbess to forbid it. But as she
' could not suspect the good lady's ve-
' racity and probity, she was at a loss
' how to account for such an extraor-
' dinary procedure.'—'Well, my dear,'
said I, 'it is now in your power to do
' me the greatest service by undeceiv-
' ing them. Please to stay a moment,'
added I, 'while I write a line or two
' to Mr. De Valville: you do not know
' how my heart beats with joy at the
' thoughts

thoughts of being delivered from this dreadful captivity. On this I sat down, and wrote as follows.

SIR,
I Do not know what you have thought of my confinement: if I am dear to you, I am sure it must give you the greatest pain. This I know from what I feel in my own breast. Indeed, I cannot tell what the abbess has wrote to you and Mrs. Dorlin, that could prevent your coming for me at the time I appointed. She has heard that my dear mother has left me something considerable, and therefore would prevail upon me to settle it upon her convent: she would be glad to make a breach between us; take care that you are not imposed upon. I have inclosed a letter which she desired me to give you; she expected I should break it open: but she did not know me. I have too much respect for you, to desire to know what you, perhaps, would conceal from me. In short, I see through her artifice; and without your assistance shall be constrained to be miserable. Fly then, Sir, to save the distressed

MARIANNE!

P. S. Pray, if possible, bring Mrs. Dorlin with you.

As soon as I had sealed this letter, I gave it to Miss Du Bois, and desired her to carry it immediately to Mr. De Valville; and then went to acquaint my friend the nun with what I had done; who was so good as to sympathize with me in my joy, though she told me she should be a sufferer by my happiness, as I should deprive her of tasting the satisfactions of friendship. Here we tenderly embraced each other, and said all that the sincerest affection can dictate to two persons who are going to suffer the pain of separation. Meanwhile Miss Du Bois went to Mr. De Valville's; but was there told that he was gone to see Mrs. Dorlin: she then went thither, and soon filled them both with a pleasing surprize. Notwithstanding Mrs. Dorlin's indisposition, she resolved to accompany him; and in two hours time I had the satisfaction of being called for. As I entered the parlour I saw Valville, who

immediately cast upon me a look of transport; which I returned with those lively glances which spring from a mind raised from the depth of despair to the height of it's wishes. O my dear, cried he in a tender tone, as soon as he saw me, have you never ceased to love me? Is it true that you have not desired to snatch yourself from my embraces, by immuring yourself in this convent? Thou dearest, thou best of women! continued he, may I still hope one day to call thee mine? What a sweet vicissitude of passions have you occasioned in my mind! Two hours ago I was lamenting my wretchedness, and reproaching myself as being unworthy of tasting any real happiness, and was even lost in affliction and despair; but now I am only sensible to the most exquisite joy! — Come, Sir! enough, enough! cried I, pray defer this rapture till I am safe from my prison: where is Mrs. Dorlin, that I do not see her here? — She is gone to speak to the abbess, and reprove her for imposing upon us, returned he: she will soon be back; and we will take you to her house. Here we were interrupted by a lay-sister, who came to tell me that the abbess desired to speak to me. On which I went to her immediately, and found her with Mrs. Dorlin, who seemed to be in a heat, as if she had been talking severely to the old lady. My dear child, said the abbess, as soon as I entered the room, this lady and I have had a little dispute about thee. I confess my tender affection for thee, and thy engaging behaviour, have made me strain a point of conscience, in order to keep thee with me; what would not one do to have the happiness of preserving such a lovely creature here, whose piety would be an ornament to my house? Ah, Miss! thou art sensible of my affection for thee; and I dare say wilt do me the justice to believe I should not have presumed to have wrote those letters to this lady, hadst thou not seemed inclined to enter into this most holy state. I knew thy pious resolution; and was willing to give thee time to cherish it, by keeping thee a little longer with us. — Doubtless, Madam, returned I, I must be infinitely obliged to you for your care of me, as well as of my small fortune;

‘tune; since, as you say, I should be infallibly miserable if I did not forsake the world; and that, by bestowing my fortune upon your house, I should certainly purchase everlasting felicity. If we may buy a place in Heaven for such a trifle as two or three thousand livres a year, who would not bestow their money to such an advantage!’ This was spoke with an air that made Mrs. Dorlin smile; she seemed pleased at my gentle, though severe reproof, while the abbess cast down her eyes: when I added—‘Especially, Madam, as my dear mamma was so extremely solicitous about my taking the veil!’—‘That I never heard of before,’ cried Mrs. Dorlin; ‘it is the last thing I should have thought of!’—‘How, Madam,’ cried she, addressing herself to the abbess, ‘could you assert such a notorious falsehood?’ Here she sat for some time silent, with a visible confusion in her looks; and then lifting up her eyes—‘I am sorry, child,’ said she at last, ‘that you put such an unkind construction upon the little artifice I have made use of to keep you amongst us, as to insinuate that it sprang from any other motive than a sincere affection for thee. Thou wilt ever be dear to me; and I shall pray for thy happiness as long as I live. Farewel, child! I will go and order your box to be brought down.—Your servant, Madam,’ added she to Mrs. Dorlin. Here she left us in a manner that shewed she was glad to break off this conversation. Mrs. Dorlin and I went back to the parlour, where I took my leave of the nuns: Miss Terviere, my friend, I found waiting for me in the passage; she embraced me with tears; and I confess I felt a great deal of pain at separating myself from this lady. I then embraced the rest of the nuns and boarders, who flocked about me: and my box being placed in the coach, Mrs. Dorlin, my dear Valville, and I, drove away.

As soon as we were in the coach, Valville pulled a letter out of his pocket; and, giving me a look which spoke a thousand tender things—‘Dear Miss,’ said he, ‘I cannot help applauding your discretion in not breaking open this letter; I confess I wrote it some time ago to Miss Varthion, and she without doubt dropped it in her hurry of going away; but they have altered

the date, that you might imagine it was sent to her after she left the convent; in order, I suppose, to make you think I still carry on a correspondence with her.’ We then diverted ourselves a little with the abbess’s pious zeal for my happiness, which had such extraordinary effects; whilst Valville seemed extremely pleased at the just confusion we had given her, in letting her know that we could see through her hypocritical pretences. When we arrived at Mrs. Dorlin’s, we found Miss Du Bois waiting for our return, in company with our good friend the officer, who very politely complimented me on my being set at liberty; for that young lady had given him an account of the abbess’s plot. I then went to Miss Du Bois, and returned her civilities on this occasion, by giving her the most sincere thanks for the share she had in procuring my enlargement. I, in some sense, looked upon her as my deliverer; and methought I felt a peculiar pleasure in regarding her in this light, as it seemed as if Heaven rewarded me for relieving her from her distress, by making her relieve me from mine. This thought not only filled me with inward satisfaction and complacency, but diffused through my mind a kind of pious delight; which, though calm and secret, yet was nevertheless exquisitely sweet and delightful.

I now lived with Mrs. Dorlin in a manner that shewed the great esteem that lady had for me: she took a peculiar pleasure in my company; and I enjoyed with her all the advantages which spring from the sincerest friendship. She treated me with the same respect and freedom as my mamma had done; and the servants, in all their actions, shewed they modelled themselves according to their mistress’s behaviour. Mr. De Valville came almost every day to see me; and seldom unaccompanied by my friend the officer, a nobleman for whom I had an esteem, mixed with a surprising veneration and regard. Their conversation was always lively and entertaining; though we sometimes discoursed on the most serious subjects, which were handled in a manner that gave us a satisfaction and delight infinitely superior to that of laughter.

One day Mrs. Dorlin led us into her library, which was composed of a very curious collection of all those pieces in
our

our language which are able to improve the judgment, or inform and entertain the mind. Here I had already spent many agreeable hours. Valville and the officer complimented Mrs. Dorfin on the justness of her taste, in her choice of the most solid and polite authors; and expressed the most lively satisfaction at seeing her possessed of such an inestimable treasure. I made some reflections on the sentiments of some of the pieces I had read; and was going on with my remarks, when Mrs. Dorfin arose to bring us the book I was commending, in order to turn to a passage which I had been saying I was charmed with; but she happened to let it fall. I started up in a hurry of complaisance, to take it up for her; but, in stooping, broke my necklace, and the beads were immediately scattered about the room. As they were of pearl, and a present from my mamma, I set a value upon them proportionable to my tenderness for that dear lady; and we were immediately all employed in picking them up. When we had found them all, I desired Valville to give me something to put them in; when the officer hastily putting his hand into his pocket, presented me with a paper, which, upon my going to receive, he drew back, put again in his pocket, and gave me another: 'I beg your pardon, Ma'am,' said he: 'this is the last letter I received from a dear brother, whom I have not seen these twenty years.'—'A brother!' cried Mrs. Dorfin; 'I thought you had never had any but the Count De V——: but, Sir, can you persuade us to believe you set such a great value upon that paper, while you carry it so carelessly in your pocket.'—'Yes, Madam,' returned he. 'I was reading it this morning, when a particular friend came into my parlour unperceived, and tapped me on the shoulder: I started; and, being unwilling to disturb his gaiety by my serious reflections, I slipped it into my pocket, and strove to divert my growing melancholy, which the thoughts of my brother had occasioned, by entering into conversation with him.'—'But, Sir,' returned Mrs. Dorfin, 'you say you have not seen your brother these twenty years: what sort of a person was he? Has he been abroad all this while, or is he since dead?'—'The brother, Madam, I am speaking of,'

said he, 'was in all respects a worthy man: his person was amiable; he had fine sense, improved by extensive learning; he had a heart perfectly generous, and truly noble; and was an ornament to his country, as well as the delight of his friends. He married a most accomplished lady; and, to give you her picture, you must look upon the amiable Marianne; for I assure you that there is something in her countenance which greatly resembled my sister's, who was about her age when she was married; at which time I went into the army, and had been there two or three years, when he sent me this letter, to inform me that somebody had rendered him suspected to the government, of carrying on a correspondence with the enemy, and that he designed to retire with his wife and daughter, a lovely little creature, till his innocence could be cleared up. Since this time, I have never been able to learn in what country he chose to reside, or even whether he be yet living: so that my other brother has taken the possession of his estate and title; which he now enjoys.' I heard this story with a great deal of emotion; but had not the confidence to enquire more minutely into the circumstances of this fact; so that the conversation turned again upon books. Many fine sentiments were taken notice of; and though nothing could be more charming than the remarks which were made upon them, I could not help sometimes glancing a thought at the officer's history of his brother, though I could give no account of the reason of my interesting myself in what apparently so little concerned me. When they were gone, I retired to my room, and considered again every circumstance of this story: my heart fluttered whenever I thought of his brother, and my bearing so near a resemblance to his sister. But as I thought it impossible to prove that I was the daughter he mentioned, though I should be really so, I resolved to conceal my conjectures, since I had so little foundation for them; and not to acquaint Mrs. Dorfin with my thoughts, lest she should be displeased at my vanity. How unaccountable are the strange impressions which even trifling circumstances raise in the mind! Sure some happy, some kind spirits, some angelick beings, have a communication with

with our thoughts, and point out the way to our felicity!

I had now been about six months at Mrs. Dorlin's; in which time I sometimes went with her to pass a day or two together at the country seat which Mrs. De Valville had given me. Every thing now conspired to make me happy: Valville pressed me daily to consent to have our marriage celebrated; but I still found some excuses to defer it. But the time now hastened when I was to find my family, my relations, my friends; when I was to taste the unutterable satisfaction of knowing those whom nature has given us strong propensities to love and revere. I think I told you, Madam, that I brought with me to Paris the little cloaths I was dressed in when discovered in the stage-coach in the arms of the murdered lady: these I had taken out of my box, and put them into my chest of drawers at Mrs. Dorlin's. One day, that lady going up stairs for something she wanted, I gave her my keys, and desired her to look in my drawers for my work; when she cast her eyes upon those pieces of my early finery, and brought them down stairs with her. 'What have you got here?' said she, as she returned. 'Here is something extremely pretty! This silk, though it is old-fashioned, is some of the richest I ever saw!' She then observed my head-dress, and admired the fineness of the lace, and the beauty of the needle-work. 'Is this the dress you was found in, my dear?' said she. 'I think I heard you had brought it with you: and I wonder we had none of us the curiosity to see it before.'—'Yes, Madam,' said I; 'Mrs. De Rosand made me bring it with me to town; but for what reason I cannot tell, unless it was to be proof that I am not of mean extraction.'—'That lady was very prudent,' returned she: 'this is a dress fit for a princess!' She then observed a cypher curiously worked in one of the seams; and then, smiling upon me—'I do not know,' added she, 'but this may one day bring you to the knowledge of your family; when Valville's friends, who now look upon you with contempt, will, perhaps, find themselves greatly honoured by your alliance.'—'This is a very pleasing thought!' said I:

but, was I of the blood-royal, I had rather continue thus ignorant of the grandeur of my birth, than be obliged to forsake my dear Valville; for the highest honours would not make life tolerable to me without him. 'Whatever are my family or circumstances, my highest felicity will be that of being his: he who could stoop to marry me, a foundling and an orphan, unknown to the world, and in the lowest indigence, would deserve me, though I were born to wear a crown. But why do you talk so, Madam?' continued I. 'Is it possible that you can, from these trifles, give me any light into my family?'—'I do not know,' said she: 'but I must see your good friend the officer; and, perhaps, by his means, we may learn something that will not be disagreeable to you to know.'—'The officer, Madam!' replied I, blushing; 'do you think he can give us any information? How I should rejoice to find myself allied to that worthy man! a person for whom I have never ceased to have the highest esteem! But when shall we see him, Madam?'—'I will send to him directly,' said she, 'and desire his company at supper: I am as impatient to see him as thou canst be. Come, do not look thoughtful: if I am mistaken in my conjectures, we are only where we were.'

You can form no idea, Madam, of the excess of my joy on this occasion. I compared the impression the officer's story of his brother made in my mind, and the probability that I was his daughter, since I so nearly resembled his lady; I compared these circumstances, I say, with Mrs. Dorlin's persuasion that our military friend could unravel this event; and I did not doubt but she had some reasons for her opinion, which she was willing to conceal. Full of these thoughts, I made an excuse to retire to my room, that I might be at leisure to indulge my reflections. 'Are my misfortunes, then, at an end?' cried I. 'Shall I taste the delights that result from indulging those social affections which make up such a large part of human felicity? Shall I have a family and a name? Shall I have relations who will be dear to me, though now unknown? What a fund of new and

‘ unexpected delight! — O my dear Valville! shall I have it in my power to convince the world that it is no mercenary views, but the purest, the sincerest, the most tender affection, which has possessed my soul, and makes me consent to be thine?’ Here a gush of tears forced their way, and I melted into the most charming softness. ‘ O my dear mother!’ then cried I, ‘ you have been censured for loving me; and the permitting your son to do so has been regarded as the greatest weakness: now your conduct will be approved, and your unkind relations will blush at their insolence. I shall hear your name mentioned with honour by those who have been most invidious, most ready to defame it by their unkind censures. — But, perhaps,’ cried I, recollecting myself, and drying my eyes, ‘ all this joyful prospect may at last prove a vain chimaera, and every flattering hope vanish as soon as the officer appears! There may be certain reasons to prove that I am not his brother’s daughter; and should we have arguments forcible enough to satisfy ourselves, yet we may want sufficient proof to convince those whose interest it is to disbelieve us. My birth may, at best, be only doubtful; and I may never have it in my power to convince the world of the sincerity of my tenderness; or give Valville any proof of the dignity of my passion, by offering him a fortune perhaps as large as his own.’

Thus I went on, wavering betwixt my hopes and fears; sometimes delighting myself with the most pleasing prospects, and then afflicting myself at the apprehensions of a disappointment: at last Mrs. Dorfin, a little surprized at my being so long alone, sent a servant to tell me she begged the favour of my company. When I went down, she desired to know what it was that had disturbed me; for she saw some traces of the trouble of my thoughts in my countenance; on which I ingenuously opened my heart to her, without concealing the least article of my uneasiness. ‘ I cannot bear to see you so concerned,’ said she, ‘ about the event of our enquiry: is it any great matter whether you oblige Mr. De Valville, or he you? Our military friend

has sent word that he will be with us presently: and I have one piece of advice to give you; that is, to take no notice of what we are about to your lover; it will be time enough to mention it to him when you can do it with a grace.’ — ‘ I am entirely of your opinion, Madam,’ returned I: ‘ Valville shall be ignorant of our thoughts till a discovery of them may contribute to his happiness.’ Here somebody knocked at the door; at which my heart began to flutter afresh. ‘ Now,’ said I to myself, ‘ this important moment approaches! Oh, that this painful suspense was over!’ The officer presently entered the room, and saluted us with an air of unusual gaiety. ‘ I am very much obliged to you, ladies,’ said he, ‘ for the honour you confer upon me.’ — ‘ It is we who are obliged, Sir,’ said Mrs. Dorfin: ‘ we wanted to consult with you about an affair of consequence; and, to prevent our being interrupted by company, we will lose no time, but enter upon it immediately. I have by me some cloaths which belonged to an infant; and I want your opinion of them. Pray, take notice of this head-dress! Nay, Sir, do not smile,’ added she, ‘ before you have heard me.’ — ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ returned he, ‘ I have no judgment in such things!’ — ‘ That may be, Sir,’ replied she: ‘ but I want you carefully to examine some cyphers curiously worked in this seam; perhaps they may give us some light into a certain young lady’s family.’ He then took it in his hand, and Mrs. Dorfin explained the letters to him; whilst I trembled, and was in the utmost pain for the event. After he had observed it for some time, he gave a sigh; and, looking at Mrs. Dorfin and me with an air that shewed some emotion — ‘ May I see the lady?’ said he. ‘ You do see her!’ said Mrs. Dorfin; ‘ it is Marianne! These are the things she was found in when taken out of the stage-coach.’ — ‘ O my dear Marianne!’ cried he, rising, with his eyes full of tenderness, ‘ I must instantly endeavour to unravel this affair: you are, perhaps, my niece! I see here the initial letters of her name: and here,’ said he, pointing to another place, ‘ are those of my brother and sister, whom I have so long lost!’ —

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‘Permit me to embrace you: I will ride post instantly to the count my brother; he is now at Versailles; and, as he lived at Paris when my brother retired from hence, perhaps he, or my mother, who lives with him, may remember all the particulars of this dress; and, if you will give me leave, I will take it with me.’—‘Pray do, Sir!’ said I. He then tenderly embraced me; and parted, with his eyes full of a manly softness.

As soon as he was gone I burst into tears: ‘My dear Mrs. Dorfin!’ cried I, throwing my arms about her neck, ‘I shall be happy beyond my utmost wishes!—My God! what felicity dost thou prepare for me! What gratitude is due to thee! May I never forget thy goodness!—O Madam! my dear friend! what a happy turn this will give to my affairs! Valville will be no more reproached with loving an object unworthy of his affection!’—‘My dear,’ said she, weeping too, and holding me in her arms, ‘I heartily sympathize with thee in thy satisfaction! But let us still conceal it from the world: take care you do not let Mr. De Valville know it! We will surprize him with the news all at once, when we have heard the success of your uncle’s journey.’—‘I agree to it, Madam,’ returned I: ‘but how agreeable the discovery will be to him! I cannot help anticipating the satisfaction he will feel on this occasion!’

As Valville, by some means or other, was prevented from paying me a visit this evening, I had time, against the next day, to confirm myself in my resolution of concealing for some time the discovery which was breaking out, and arm myself with such an equanimity of temper as to make it impossible to discover any thing from my behaviour. As he had not been with me the day before, he came two or three hours sooner than usual; and was at Mrs. Dorfin’s even before dinner. As soon as we were alone, he appeared impatient at my delays in deferring the completion of our mutual happiness; and pressed me to fix upon the day which was to make me his, in such an engaging manner, that he prevailed upon me to be more hasty than I intended; and I consented that I would be his wife in six weeks time. Though he

was pleased with this promise, as I could easily see by his countenance, which discovered an unusual satisfaction; yet he endeavoured to make me shorten that time by every argument which he thought could prevail upon me. ‘And why six weeks, my dear Marianne?’ said he, taking my hand, and pressing it between his. ‘Can you love me, and yet desire to torment me with needless delays? Sure your tenderness must be greatly inferior to mine! Did you know how painful it is to me to be absent from you; did you know with what reluctance I am forced to leave you when I have been blessed with your company; and with what impatience I wait till I can see you again; I am sure you would pity me, and hasten my felicity. But, alas! my follies have justly rendered me less dear to you than I have been; and it would be unreasonable in me, after so much ingratitude, to expect an equal return of affection.’ Here he stopped, and gave me such a look as touched my very soul. ‘Indeed, Sir,’ returned I, ‘you do not do me justice; you have no reason to accuse me of cruelty: and perhaps I might, with the strictest truth, assure you that my tenderness is not at all inferior to yours. How, then, is it possible that I should take a pleasure in giving you pain? You ought rather to conclude that I have some reasons for deferring the completion of our happiness: and, I assure you, they are such as even you will approve of.’ While we were talking thus, Mrs. Dorfin entered the room; on which we changed the subject of our conversation, and talked of indifferent matters till it was time for Valville to retire.

The next day, in the afternoon, as I was reading in the library, Mrs. Dorfin came to me with an air that expressed the most lively satisfaction. ‘My dear,’ said she, smiling, ‘what will you give me for a letter from our friend the officer, whom I must now call your uncle? I have just received one from him, with another inclosed for you. Here, Miss,’ added she, ‘are both.’ I took them, and opened Mrs. Dorfin’s letter; which, as near as I can remember, was to this effect—

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‘Impatient,

‘ I MPATIENT, Madam, to be certain of my happiness in being related to the amiable Marianne, I have endeavoured, ever since I left you, to gain all possible information; and not without success. As soon as I arrived at my brother’s, I went to wait upon my mother the countess dowager, who was a little indisposed in her chamber: there I found my sister, and several other ladies of distinction. I took the first opportunity to shew them the cap I received from you; which I pretended I had found on the road. I gave it to my mother; she looked at it for some time; and then taking off her spectacles, and lifting up her eyes, I saw them swimming in tears. “ My poor child !” said she; “ alas! what is become of thee !—What you have found,” said she to me, “ puts me in mind of your brother and sister.” And then turning to a lady who sat by her—“ This, Madam,” continued she, “ is extremely like the cap you made a present of to my grand-daughter.” The lady then took it; and had no sooner cast her eyes upon it, than she cried out, with astonishment—“ It is the same! I perfectly remember it; for I made it myself. What is become of my dear friend the countess? May I never flatter myself with the hopes of seeing her again?” She then asked me where I found it; on which I related, in few words, Marianne’s history. My mother wept at the loss of her son and daughter; at the same time that she rejoiced at the thought of seeing again her grand-daughter; and was ravished at the idea of finding her a lady of such merit as I justly represented her. Meanwhile all the ladies appeared in the greatest amazement; but my sister held down her head, seemed displeased at the discovery, and made some objections, to Miss Marianne’s being her piece; which, however, were soon answered. My brother says he will joyfully resign the estate, which is her due, as soon as her right to it can be proved. I am now on the road to Bourdeaux, and but a few miles from the village at which my dear niece received her education. I am, Madam, yours, &c.

J. DE N——.

The other letter, of which I have still the copy, was exactly as follows—

‘ DEAR MISS,

‘ I T would be in vain for me to pretend to describe the joy I feel at the reflection of being so nearly related to a person whose shining virtues would give a lustre to the highest stations of life, and make nobility truly noble. I have offered you my heart, and have loved you with all the tenderness of a passionate lover; but you no sooner crushed my hopes of being yours than I gave laws to my desires, and aspired to deserve the character of a sincere, honest, and disinterested friend. To that dear name I have now another claim—that of blood; but this can add nothing to my zeal for your happiness, which, ever since I knew you, was dearer to me than my own. Believe me, dear Miss, I interest myself in all that concerns you; I share in your felicity; and wish you and Mr. De Valville all the satisfactions that virtue, innocence, and love, can bestow. In a few days I shall see you again; when I shall have an opportunity of telling you how much I am, my dear niece, your affectionate friend,

‘ J. DE N——.’

You imagine, perhaps, Madam, that I was now transported with the utmost joy; that I gave a loose to my transports, since the distant prospect of this happiness had given me such delight: so far from it, I read these letters with great calmness, undisturbed by any violent emotions. They contained nothing very surprizing; nothing that I was not already prepared for: reflection had made the thoughts of these new honours familiar to my mind; and they insensibly grew less charming as I was more accustomed to them.

‘ Well, my dear,’ said Mrs. Dorbin, laughing, as soon as I had finished reading these two letters, ‘ do not you think the officer (your uncle I should say) is grown very gallant? He writes as passionately as a young lover, at the same time that he preserves the tenderness of a father. Such a friend ought to be esteemed as an invaluable blessing.’—‘ It is true,’ Madam, replied I; ‘ my being re-

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‘lated to a person of such merit is not the least advantage I shall derive from this discovery; and I shall set a greater value upon his friendship than upon my father’s estate, which I shall obtain through his means: he is not only my friend, but my dear Valville’s too. Such a noble, such a disinterested friend, is one of the greatest blessings of life: he will be, at the same time, an uncle, a father, and a brother, to me.’—‘You are in the right,’ returned Mrs. Dorfin. ‘How assiduous he is in promoting your happiness! What pains does he take to clear up the obscurity of your birth, and recover you from the oblivion into which your first misfortunes have involved you! With what diligence does he endeavour to raise you to those honours you were born to enjoy, and to procure you the possession of an estate which might fall to him after his brother’s decease! Happy the persons who have such a friend; but doubly happy they who know how to prize him as they ought!’

Two or three days after this, Mrs. Dorfin asked Valville and I to go with her to pay a visit to a lady of her acquaintance, that lived at a village a few leagues from Paris: we readily accepted the offer, and set out as soon as we had dined. We were received with a great deal of politeness by an elderly gentleman and lady; and, upon Mrs. Dorfin’s presenting us both to them as two of her dearest friends who were shortly to be married, we were caressed in a very engaging manner. ‘We think ourselves extremely obliged to you, Madam,’ said the old gentleman, ‘for the honour you do us, in giving us an opportunity of knowing those who are worthy of your esteem. I think I have somewhere seen these two amiable persons.’—‘Yes, Sir,’ replied Mrs. Dorfin; ‘Miss Marianne was once at my house with this gentleman and his mother, when you entered just as they were taking their leave of me: I suppose you might see them then. They are both of very noble families; and, I assure you, I think myself greatly honoured in the share I flatter myself I have in their affections. But where are your son and the young ladies?’—‘O Madam,’ said the old lady,

‘they will be here presently.’ She had hardly spoke, when we saw a young gentleman pass by the window smacking his whip, calling his hounds, and, in short, making a most hideous noise. He presently after entered the room with a remarkable air of clownish rusticity: he was booted and spurred; had a great coat on with a jockey’s cap; and, as soon as he appeared, gave such a scrape with his foot, that I verily believe he left a mark a yard long. As soon as he took his seat, Mrs. Dorfin unhappily asked him if he had had any sport; at which he began with his starting his game; and travelled again over all the ground where had been the scene of his morning’s diversion; related all the windings and doublings of the hare; told us who every field belonged to through which he rode; and expatiated on the merit of his hounds: and all this interwoven with a thousand oaths and curses, till we were so weary with his tedious impertinence, that we were about to take our leave, as the only means of extricating ourselves from the trouble he gave us. But what most surprized us, was to see his father and mother, who appeared to be persons of good sense, listening to him with an air that expressed the utmost satisfaction. ‘Is it possible,’ said I to myself, ‘that the tenderness of a parent should degenerate into such a criminal fondness, as to make them delight in the folly of their offspring? What an extravagant weakness for a reasonable mind to suffer itself to be so grossly blinded, as to mistake blemishes for beauties! What service can such a man be of to his friend or his country, who knows no gratification superior to following a hare, or running down a fox; and who is, in all respects, as worthless an animal as those who engross all his attention?’ We had sat an hour without any of us having an opportunity of putting in a word; and were rising, when he stopped to take a little breath. ‘I am glad, Sir,’ said Valville, ‘that you have had such good diversion to-day: hunting is a noble exercise, and much conducive to the promotion of health; but, sure, it ought not to be our supreme felicity.’—‘Sir,’ said the old gentleman, ‘my boy is fond of the chase; and is one of the best huntmen in the country:’ and

‘and when he begins upon these subjects, he is apt to be a little tedious; but I love to hear him talk of them; though I wish he did not swear so much.’—‘I wish so too, Sir,’ said I: ‘these are only useless blanks in discourse; and if they had been left out, all that has been said would have been reduced into about half the compass.—And I assure you, Sir,’ added I, addressing myself to the young gentleman, ‘I am almost angry that you should believe you have so little credit with us, as to think it necessary to swear to every trifling particular. But, however, a torrent of commonplace execrations may certainly be of great service to persons who have so mean a genius as to want such useless explicatives to disguise their want of ideas, and hide their inability to furnish out a discourse without them: but pray, Sir, do not imagine I think you one of this number.’—‘Madam, I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon!’ cried he: ‘though, faith, I hardly know what you mean by your ablatives and ideots!—But I heard a rare story to-day, father, of a gentleman at Paris, who is main rich; and yet is such a fool as to think of marrying a pretty, vagabond girl. Lord! what sapsculls there are in the world! Zoons! had he but half my sense, I know what I know!—But, mayhap, you may know them, Madam,’ added he, addressing himself to Mrs. Dorfin: ‘the young fellow’s name is Valville; and the wench I speak of, I think they call Mari-
anne.’ Here I saw Valville knit his brows, and look upon him with an air of contempt; whilst I could not help blushing: but my relation to the officer no sooner entered my thoughts, than I recovered myself from my confusion. ‘What do you mean, Sir?’ cried Mrs. Dorfin, interrupting him. ‘Mr. De Valville is a gentleman, who would have sense enough to despise your
censure, were the young lady destitute of a fortune: but she is not so; I know her family; she is a person of quality; and is related to some of my most intimate friends; and Valville, though of noble extraction, I assure you, will be greatly honoured by the
alliance.’ This was spoke with such an air of assurance, that Valville, who still knew nothing of the discovery of

my birth, could not help smiling, and giving me a look which told me he approved of the deceit he thought Mrs. Dorfin put upon them. ‘If my son has been misinformed, Madam,’ said the old lady, ‘you must excuse him: I have heard something myself of the same story before; but as I did not know the persons concerned, I could not contradict it. There is little credit to be given to report.’—‘It is true, Madam,’ returned Mrs. Dorfin: ‘I assure you they are both persons of merit; and are every way worthy of each other.’

But I forgot to mention the two young ladies, who were persons of very different characters: they entered the room while their brother was in the midst of his tedious discourse, leaping ditches and five-barred gates. The youngest, who was about seventeen, seemed the favourite of her father and mother; was naturally genteel, and would have appeared quite charming, had not her whole behaviour been discoloured by the most ridiculous affectation and folly, which was so visible as to destroy all the impressions which her beauty was apt to make upon those who saw her. She no sooner saluted us but she sat down by her father, who gave her a look full of tenderness: she immediately began to endeavour to attract our eyes, and especially Valville’s, by fluttering and gallanting her fan, and every moment changing her posture to discover some new charm. While her brother was talking, she had frequently an opportunity of shewing a fine set of teeth by bursting into a ridiculous and immoderate laughter; then threw herself back in her chair; recovered herself, and adjusted her tucker and head-dress, to discover a delicate, round, white arm; afterwards pulled out a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and then looked at her watch: her whole behaviour was forced and full of affectation; and it was this that made all her actions disagreeable; endeavouring, too visibly, to give a grace to every charm, her very endeavour rendered her less charming, and her too eager desire of pleasing made her even disagreeable.

The other lady was much older than her sister; had a complexion very ordinary, and was a little crooked; but had an air so easy, so sweet, and engaging,

gaging, that it more than made up for the want of those charms her sister was possessed of: she appeared to have a great degree of wit and good sense; but received none of those kind glances which were continually bestowed upon her brother and sister, who seemed to engross the whole souls of their parents; while her looks seemed to discover the modest diffidence of a pure and virtuous mind, depressed and labouring under insuperable difficulties; and it was easy to perceive that, as a criminal indulgence had spoiled the others, a contrary behaviour to her had made her ambitious of excelling them in real excellence, as much as they did her in the advantages of their persons. She entered the room dressed rather like a servant than the sister of the other lady; and, after saluting us with a very good grace, retired to the farther end of the room, where I could perceive her frequently blush, and seem in confusion at her brother's impertinence. I was soon prepossessed in her favour; and would have been very glad to have enjoyed her company, could I have hoped to obtain it without being troubled with that of her brother and sister.

As we rose up to go, the old gentleman and lady pressed us to stay supper; but, as we were so far from home, we begged to be excused: when, after exchanging some compliments, and entreating them to return our visit at Paris, we took our leave. We were no sooner seated in the coach, than Mrs. Dorset cried—'How dreadful are the effects of a wrong education! A gentleman, with no other ideas than those of a peasant, is unworthy of the honours to which he is born. This young man will have a great estate; but his happiness must be confined in a narrow compass: while his mind is shut to every great and noble idea, he has no taste for rational pleasures; neither wisdom, the sweet delights of friendship, nor the godlike pleasures of virtue, can have any charms for him.'—'It is true, Madam,' rejoined Valville. 'What a vast difference must there be in the happiness of the virtuoso, who spends his life in the study of those sciences which enlarge the mind by a continual accession of new and great ideas; what a vast disproportion, I say, be-

tween such a one and the man whose views and satisfactions are all confined to the dull round of sensual enjoyments! Can he be happy who has no other felicity than what his dogs, his horses, and his bottle, give him? His hounds rival him in the chase; and, perhaps, are sensible of more pleasure in the pursuit of their game than their master; while every brook affords them a liquor as agreeable to their taste, and with which they can sate their thirst with as high a satisfaction, as he with his richest wines. What a noble taste must that man have who consents to forsake the divine pleasures, of which his nature is capable of, to share only in the delights of his beagles and his horses!'—'But, Sir,' said I, smiling, 'what ever pains men take to deprave their natures, I am persuaded that, was the outward form to degenerate in proportion as the mind did so, we should have few, or none, that would consent to change their form to be any other animal under the sun: they are content with being brutes while they preserve the outside of the man, though they are as really so as if the form was changed too; for, banish reason, and give the man canine inclinations, and what is he but a dog in masquerade?'—'No, no,' said Mr. De Valville, laughing; 'I think you carry it a little too far now: while he is conscious that he has reason, though he suffer it to lie dormant, he is a man still; though he makes no use of his intellectual powers, but lets them lie by till they are so rusty that they can be of little service to him, they are enough to constitute him, in some measure, a reasonable being.—But how do you like the young ladies, Madam?' added he, addressing himself to Mrs. Dorset. 'I sincerely pity them both,' said she: the eldest, though shamefully disregarded by her father and mother, is a very deserving woman; and wants nothing but a more favourable outside to render her every way charming. I am sorry to see persons of good sense have such a partiality for their children; for nothing can be of worse consequence: the cultivation of young minds,' added she, 'is a most important task. Just ideas ought

ought to be instilled as soon as the mind is capable of receiving them: when the tender faculties begin to open and expand themselves, they should begin to feel the force of that truth which ought to be the rule of their after-conduct. And how delightful must it be for the young soul, in proportion as it ripens, to find itself continually entertained with the prospect of new and pleasing ideas! On the contrary, the time for improvement is commonly trifled away; the fond parent is afraid to give his favourite child the trouble of thinking, lest it should damp its vivacity: its little follies take up all his attention; while flattery, and an unjust applause, lay the seeds of innumerable vices, which spring up as soon as he arrives to manhood. On the other hand, the stern and inexorable parent damps the aspiring thoughts, depresses the mind, and makes it too often averse to improvement; since it is taught to regard the acquisition of knowledge as a most painful task. It is for your sake, Mr. De Valville, continued she, smiling, that I make these reflections; you may soon know what it is to be a father, and then such observations may be useful to you: and I know you will excuse me if I add one word more, and that is, that we should never give children any ideas but such as they are capable of understanding with the greatest ease; we should encourage their enquiries, regard the pretty little creatures as our friends; and never use them with severity, while it is possible to work upon them by the gentler methods of tenderness and affection. But let us break off this subject.—I think, Marianne, I ought to thank you for your reproving the young gentleman so smartly: I was extremely pleased with your manner of doing it, though I was afraid he would have been affronted. It is very unbecoming a gentleman, who ought to be acquainted with the propriety of characters, to use, with a wanton freedom, the name of that tremendous Being who supports the fabric of the universe. How impious for man to jest with Omnipotence, and call him to be a witness of their actions, even in the midst of a debauch!

These, with other discourses, passed away the time till we got home; when we were told that the officer, attended by an elderly gentleman, had waited for us some time, but, being fatigued with their journey, were gone home, and had left word that they would return the next day before dinner. I was so disturbed at our being out of the way, that it was with difficulty I concealed my uneasiness. I longed to know the success of his journey, and what news he brought from the village where I had spent so many years. I longed to thank this dear friend for all the trouble he had given himself on my account; to embrace him, and call him my uncle. While we were at supper, Valville observed that I was more thoughtful than usual, but ascribed it to my being fatigued with my journey; and upon that account soon left me, that I might be at liberty to repose myself.

The next morning I arose sooner than ordinary, dressed myself before breakfast, and sent a footman to acquaint the officer that we should be glad to see him; but the servant had not been gone many minutes, when I heard my uncle speak to Mrs. Dorbin, whom he met coming down stairs; and immediately after he opened the door. I was then reading his letter; but threw it down, and arose to meet him: when advancing hastily to me—“O my niece!” cried he, taking me in his arms, and embracing me, “thou dear remains of my lost brother!” This tender exclamation at first softened me to such a degree, that I was unable to speak to him. At last, recovering myself—“Dear Sir,” cried I, looking upon him with a tender kind of pleasure, “you are the first, the only person I know of my kindred. How happy do I think myself in being related to you!” While I was speaking, I heard Mrs. Dorbin and another person coming in: but how great, how inexpressible was my surprize, when, lifting up my eyes, and looking over my uncle’s shoulder, I saw a person whom I had long before thought dead, my dear friend, my indulgent parent, Mr. De Roland! I started, gave a shriek, stood motionless, while a flood of tender ideas flowed into my mind. My uncle, meanwhile, retired a few steps, and Mr. De Roland held me in his arms, while joy tied both our tongues. At last he cried out—“Oh, my child!”

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Here the tears trickled down his aged cheeks, and he was too full to say any more: 'Oh, my father!' then cried I, and stopped too; clasped my arms about him; the tears gushed from my eyes, which, while he kissed me, mingled with his. Sure there never was a more tender interview! What a pleasing, painful transport! Our minds, Madam, are capable of receiving only a certain degree of pleasure; and all beyond that is pain. Our passions are confused sensations, which, when violent, swell the heart; it's emotions become turbulent, and the excess of our delight we find nearly allied to pain. At last, after recollecting himself, and giving me a most tender look—'Never! never since my sister's death,' cried he, 'have I hoped to see thee again! How afflicted have I been on thy account! I have had a thousand fears lest thou shouldst be reduced to straits dangerous to thy virtue; I feared thou wouldst be prevailed upon to blot thy innocence by some unworthy action: but I thank God my fears were vain. Thou hast not disgraced the education I have given thee. This worthy gentleman has given me the history of thy behaviour in town: I heard the pleasing story with a father's tenderness. I rejoice in thy innocence; and congratulate thee upon thy present happiness, the pleasing fruit of it. But oh, my dear! how couldst thou forget me, so as not to let me hear from thee all this while? Indeed, that was unkind: but thou didst not know, perhaps, how very dear thou wast to me. Not know that, did I say? Sure thou didst. I have given thee such proofs of my tenderness, as must make thee fully sensible of it.'—'Pray, dear Sir,' cried I, 'do not wound my soul with the suspicion that I could be so ungrateful as to forget you, who, indeed, have been a second father to me. I thought you had long ago left this world; for the last letter you sent to Mrs. De Rosand, which acquainted me with the dreadful news of your fall, and the loss of your benefice, told us, that a few days were the utmost you could expect to live. I lamented your loss, at the same time that I did that of her. Lord! in what a dreadful grief was I involved! no words can express my distress. You had, besides, been obliged to quit your house;

and, as I knew not where to direct to you, the messenger I sent came back without being able to learn where to find you, or so much as knowing whether you were alive or not: this, joined to my thinking that so worthy a man could not be so much concealed, made me conclude that you were no more. But, O Sir! with what joy do I see that I was mistaken! my transports are quite insupportable!'

Here I dried my eyes; and, looking round, observed my uncle and Mrs. Dorfin bathed in tears. I found myself very weak; the sudden flow of spirits occasioned by this unexpected interview made me almost ready to faint: I therefore sat down, and endeavoured to compose myself; Mr. De Rosand took a chair, and sat by me; when Mrs. Dorfin interrupted our conversation, by expressing the satisfaction she found in having an opportunity of thanking Mr. De Rosand for his affection to me; and even discovered such a lively and warm gratitude, that you would have thought she alone had been the person obliged. 'Your generosity and affection for my dear friend,' said she, 'is so very extraordinary, that I cannot help regarding you as a person who has a peculiar right to my esteem and friendship. You have been doubly a father to her; since, without being obliged to protect her, or concern yourself in her affairs, you have discharged all the duties of a parent. It is now our turn to let you see that we acknowledge these benefits, though we can never repay them. I hope, Sir,' added she, 'you will do me the favour to accept of my house till Marianne is married; I shall esteem this as a farther obligation.'—'I am greatly obliged to you, Madam,' returned he, 'for the honour you do me; but I have already given my word to this gentleman.'—'Yes, Madam,' returned my uncle, 'I have ordered a room to be fitted up for him: and as he is the preserver of a noble branch of our family, I think I ought to take him under my care. My dear niece, as you say, is infinitely more obliged to this gentleman than even to my brother: he only brought her into being; but this worthy man has made that being a blessing to her, by embellishing her mind with all that is great, noble, and generous. Without

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his care, my niece would either have perished, or wanted those improvements which now make us rejoice in her alliance.—I therefore think myself obliged to give him that support which he has given you, my dear,’ added he, looking at me. ‘Sir,’ said I, returning him a look full of gratitude, ‘I thank you: you have not only, by your industrious and ardent zeal for my happiness, placed me in a rank to which my highest ambition could never aspire, but have, as it were, raised from the dead a gentleman on whom my most early affections were placed, and for whose supposed death I have shed many tears. He, Sir, shall be my care: I will still pay him all that respect which is due from a daughter to the most worthy and best of parents. He shall live with Valville and I, as with a son and daughter; whilst I shall ever pray that his life may be preserved as a blessing to us all.’—‘Ah, my dear!’ cried Mr. De Rosand, with a mixture of joy and tenderness in his looks; ‘to see thee thus is a sufficient reward for all my pains, my care, and concern for thee. I have no ambition for the glittering honours of this life, and must soon think of leaving it; but while I do live, methinks I should desire it should be with thee. But, perhaps, Mr. De Valville will be unwilling to admit me into his family; young men have little respect for grey hairs: and I may, perhaps, be looked upon as an intruder.’—‘No, Sir,’ cried I, interrupting him hastily, ‘Valville is already too well acquainted with your merit not to esteem your company as a very great blessing; besides, his tenderness to me must inspire him with the most grateful sentiments for you: but I thought, Sir,’ added I, smiling, ‘that you had too good an opinion of my discernment, to think I would marry a man who could look coolly upon a friend to whom I am under such obligations.’—‘Indeed, Sir,’ returned Mrs. Dorfin with a frank air, ‘you will have no reason to complain of Mr. De Valville. But must my friend here engross all your attention? I assure you I have a very great desire to have a share in your esteem; and must expect that you would think yourself as welcome a guest here as even Marianne; since it is to you that I am indebted for

having her; and to you she is indebted for herself; you have transferred to her your own goodness, your own great and generous ideas; and in giving her yourself, you have conferred not only upon her, but upon us, the greatest benefit; a benefit which will, I hope, be extended to persons yet unborn.’—‘I am at a loss, Madam,’ returned Mr. De Rosand, ‘to make a reply to so many compliments: all that I can say is, that I am as much charmed with your tenderness to my dear child (for I cannot help calling her so) as I am with your goodness to me.’—‘Pray, Sir,’ returned Mrs. Dorfin, with a smile, ‘let us have no more ceremony; friendship is a stranger to it.’—‘Sir,’ added she, turning to my uncle, ‘I long to know what success you have had in your journey: will you favour us with a particular recital of what passed since you honoured us with your letter? I hope you have made some new discovery that will effectually clear up this affair.’—‘Yes, Madam,’ returned he, ‘I have so. When I arrived at the village where Marianne had spent the first part of her life, I made it my business to wait upon those gentlemen who had been Mr. De Rosand’s friends, and from them I hoped to get some circumstances that might be sufficient to clear up every doubt; but they could tell me no more than I had already been acquainted with: at last I was informed that this gentleman, who was generally thought to have been dead, was retired to a nobleman’s house at a small distance from thence, where he lived a private and retired life. I immediately went to him, told him the situation Marianne was in, and the business which brought me thither; a piece of news which he could not receive without rapture. He shewed me a writing drawn up by a scrivener, which related all the particulars of her being found in the coach, with some circumstances that I had not then been acquainted with; and this was dated but six days after the date of my brother’s letter, which told me of his design to retire. I made strict enquiry after the canon of Sens, who had escaped being murdered with the rest, and had saved himself by flight. In short, I found him. He told me that the gentleman

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and lady were the parents of the child; that he had learnt from them that they were obliged to leave the country, and had therefore concealed their names, and assumed those of foreigners. This he learnt through the indiscretion of one of the footmen, whom he heard inadvertently call him by his title; the count seemed a little angry, and to prevent his suspecting his being guilty of any unworthy action, gave him an account of his reasons for concealing his name and quality; but, however, without letting him know who he was. But what puts it beyond all doubt is, that this account of his reasons for retiring exactly corresponds with what I received from my brother. The present count can make no exception to proofs like these, and therefore proposes to give up the estate, which would have been his had his brother died without issue—but he hopes that, as he is obliged to support the dignity of his title, and I will add, as he has constantly exerted himself in liberally supporting the indigent, and been a friend to the distressed by an unbounded munificence, you will not, my dear niece, insist upon his returning more than half of what he has received as his brother's heir; since he is not able to do it without involving himself in insuperable difficulties. You will see him to-day; he comes to congratulate you, and join in the general joy. I have provided an entertainment for you and Mr. De Valville—and I hope, Madam, added he, looking at Mrs. Dorlin, that we shall not be without your company; for I imagine there will be a scene that will be more than a little diverting, as I have engaged most of Mr. De Valville's friends to be with us, that my niece may triumph over their insolence and ill-nature.—Sir, returned I, you must excuse me if I am at a loss for words to thank you: the gratitude that swells my heart is too big for utterance. As to the count, continued I, I rejoice that he has laid out the produce of my father's estate to such great advantage; and am sorry that he will be the poorer for knowing his niece: I will therefore do more than he requires. But why, Sir, will you give me the pain of introducing me into

company that hates and despises me? I can dispense with giving them any confusion, and have not the least inclination to triumph over their ill-nature: but, however, Sir, I will submit myself to your will, and cheerfully consent to whatever you require.—Nay, my dear, said he, it is fit they should all know their error as soon as possible, and this will give you an opportunity of letting them see that you can forgive the injuries they have offered you. Besides, I long to hear how your lover will vindicate his choice, from your own intrinsic excellences, without the vain blandishments of wealth and honour. This will shew that he is worthy of you, and that his heart is fixed on those charms which will ever be your brightest ornament.—Well, Sir, said Mrs. Dorlin, I cannot help approving of your reasons; Mr. De Valville has not the least suspicion of this happy discovery: but, if we must go with you, it is time to prepare for it; we shall soon be ready to wait upon you.—Gentlemen your servant.—Come, my dear, added she, as we left the room together, a very little alteration in your dress will be sufficient: I would have you appear to-day as plain as possible, and without any other jewels than those which nature and education have given you.—With all my heart, Madam, returned I, and retired to my room, when in a few minutes I was ready to go; but as I returned to the dining-room, I saw Valville enter just before me. My dear, said he, turning to me, I heard you was one of the party invited to this gentleman's house, and therefore have brought my coach for you.—Sir, I thank you, returned I. But you must know this gentleman; it is Mr. De Rosand: you have heard me mention him.—What! the person who has been such a sincere friend to you, cried he, and to whom I am obliged for many of your charms!—Yes, Sir, returned my uncle, this is the gentleman who has been a father to Miss Marianne.—Then, Sir, said Valville, you must be a father to her still: we thought you had been dead; but I rejoice to find that we were mistaken. This is a very happy meeting; for I assure you you are very dear to

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Marianne,

Marianne; and I am sure will not be less so to me. I have reason to look upon you as my best friend, since I receive a treasure from you which I esteem more than my life! Here they embraced each other; and after some reciprocal protestations of friendship, Mrs. Dorlin being now ready, we all set out in my uncle's coach, and Valville sent his own home.

We soon arrived at my uncle's; but, being told that but few of the company were come, and that they were in the garden, we proposed to walk there too, and converse till dinner-time. We were here entertained with several agreeable prospects; and walked some time before we saw any of the persons who came before us. At last, as we were rambling through a pleasing kind of labyrinth, we saw, at a small distance from us, the long meagre lady who had carried me from the convent: she was talking very warmly to another of our sex, whom I had never seen before; she was much younger than the other lady, and had a countenance of a most satirical cast. When she laughed, there seemed to be a great deal of ill-nature hid under it; and a smile had the appearance of a most severe invective. Valville observed them first; and, turning to me, pointed to them; on which we stood still to observe their gestures, which appeared very extraordinary: they were so earnestly engaged in conversation, that they had not the leisure to look about them; and therefore did not see us; but walked slowly on, wholly taken up with their subject. When we had viewed them for some time, I proposed to walk on; but we had no sooner turned our backs, than we observed the old lady raise her voice, and cry out, in a haughty tone—'If she is to be here, I am resolved to affront her.'—Nay, Madam, replied the other, 'what end will that answer?' 'I suppose she is to dine with us?'—'Dine with us!' cried she; 'she dine with us! I hope Mr. De N— does not intend to affront us! Dine with us! I say, dine with us too!' 'What! oblige ladies of quality to dine with a girl that has been a servant at a little paltry linen-draper's!'—No, no! I will never submit to that! 'She shall not dine with me!'—Hold, Madam! said the other, 'she is a

lady of quality, you know: why, you cannot tell what an honour her alliance may be to your family! She is certainly some princess!' This was spoke with a laugh more bitter and piercing than the keenest reproaches. However, I could not help thinking that I should soon be revenged for the insults they were offering me; and this thought, in spite of myself, gave me some pleasure; and, indeed, I could not help indulging it. It was too agreeable to glance through my mind, on an occasion like this, without giving me some emotion; especially as this was the only comfort I then had to support me. Valville, I observed, coloured a little, and seemed under some confusion at this discourse; but he had an air that expressed the utmost indignation, mixed with that noble pride, which swells the mind at the reflection of it's having done nothing unworthy of itself. My uncle, I observed, whispered to Mrs. Dorlin, and both smiled with an air of satisfaction; while Mr. De Rosand seemed the only unconcerned spectator, as he could not guess, from what was said, who was the subject of their satire. We now thought it time to retire, since we found we were likely to be entertained with nothing but invectives. And as we began to turn into another walk, Mrs. Dorlin came up to me; and, whispering, desired me not to be concerned. 'Your uncle,' said she, 'has ordered his servants to acquaint the guests, who are chiefly those of Mr. De Valville's friends, and your most inveterate enemies, that you are to be here at dinner; and he is pleased to think how warmly he is likely to be attacked; but I do not doubt but he will bring himself off with honour.'—I am sorry, returned I, that you have resolved to give my dear Valville any uneasiness. I know he cannot bear to hear me used ill without pain; and sure it is cruel to sport with his affection to me; and to make that tenderness, upon which I found my happiness, the cause of his inquietude. Indeed, I cannot help feeling for him all the uneasiness which I believe he will feel on my account: I wish he once knew who I am.—Have a little patience, my dear, replied she; 'Mr. De Valville will soon be acquainted with this agreeable

agreeable news; and the proofs he will now give you of his insoluble affection will afford you very agreeable reflections. We now took a turn down another walk, which led us to a painted alcove, where we sat down, and explained to Mr. De Rosand the conversation we had just heard, by giving him a particular account of my life at Paris; and, after sitting some time, walked in.

We found Mrs. De Fare, the old disagreeable lady, and her companion whom we had just seen in the garden, with several gentlemen, in the dining-room, who immediately rose as we went in; but as soon as they saw me, I observed several of them look upon me with an air of contempt, turn away their heads, and whisper to each other. We were no sooner seated, than the lady we had seen in the garden asked Mr. De Valville, with a sneer, when he was to be married to Miss Varthon. 'She is certainly,' said she, 'a most accomplished lady; and I hope they injure you very much who have the assurance to say that you are capable of being false to a lady of such extraordinary merit, as well as fortune.' — 'I do not dispute Miss Varthon's merit,' returned Valville with a smile; 'she may perhaps deserve a more worthy person than I am: but she was never formed to make me happy; and was I ever so much her humble servant, I should, perhaps, never be able to obtain her, as I shall probably never see her more. I shall therefore marry a lady whom I think, at least, of much greater merit; and who, in my opinion, has not only more charms than Miss Varthon, but than all her sex.' — 'A lady!' cried the old spectre; 'a lady! No more of your ladies, I beseech you! You mean that forward slut there, whom I ordered to be carried to the prime-minister's! — Pr'ythee, my girl,' added she, looking at me, 'hast thou the vanity to think thyself a match for a gentleman? Do not you think yourself very happy in having such a cully? I know you think him a fool for having any thoughts of marrying you; do you not, now? Come, be plain; tell me what is your opinion of him?' — 'I will, Madam, be plain, since you desire it,' returned I; 'and must therefore tell you, that I think

him superior to your malice; and that he looks with as much contempt upon your spleen and ridiculous pride as I do. If I want an estate equal to his, I do not want those dispositions which will make me always strive to render him happy: this shall ever be the business of my life, and this the end of every action.' Here Valville gave me a glance which seemed to thank me for this tender declaration. 'How pert the little creature is!' cried she with a haughty, supercilious air. 'I would have you to know, that I expect to be treated with more respect! — Valville, you ought to teach her to use her superiors in a manner more becoming her! But you are a foolish, giddy, young fellow; and are resolved to ruin yourself; this will be the consequence of marrying this little adventurer; remember I tell you so.' — 'Dear Madam,' returned Valville, 'do not be so hot; indeed, it does not become you; you will never be able to make me consult you in what concerns my happiness: you may despise my dear Marianne as much as you please; we shall only laugh at your ill humours.'

Here a little old gentleman at the other end of the room, who had been looking at me very attentively through his glass, desired he might be permitted to speak. He had a countenance dry and formal; had hollow jaws, and no teeth; was dressed in a thread-bare velvet coat, which had been many years out of fashion, and seemed to have been made in the days of our ancestors, with the inside of the flap plentifully stuck with pins. After clearing his voice, blowing his nose, and taking some pains to prepare himself, he addressed himself to Mr. De Valville — 'Young man,' said he, with a slow voice, 'you ought to consider that this good lady would not have been so desirous of hindering your marriage, did not she fear that you are about to ruin yourself, and throw a disgrace upon her family; and, for this reason, you ought to pardon her warmth. Pray, now, let me reason coolly with you. You are about to be guilty of an action that, I am afraid, you will repent of: consider, the girl, though she is pretty, has no money; or, however, but little in comparison of your estate. Now, was you prudent, you might

‘ might get a lady with a fortune of
 ‘ many thousand livres a year—aye,
 ‘ many thousand livres! Consider
 ‘ that! And is not such a treasure more
 ‘ valuable than all the beauty in the
 ‘ world? Is beauty or virtue, or any
 ‘ of your imaginary fine romantick
 ‘ qualifications, an equivalent for her
 ‘ want of money? Consider, Sir, you
 ‘ may have a large family; and then
 ‘ will these trifles give fortunes to your
 ‘ children? No, no! when you are as
 ‘ old as I am, you will regard money
 ‘ as the only blessing of life! Your ex-
 ‘ pences, as soon as you are married,
 ‘ will increase; and that girl, though
 ‘ she brings you little or nothing to
 ‘ support them, will expect to live in
 ‘ as splendid a manner as if she had
 ‘ brought you an estate of fifty thou-
 ‘ sand livres a year.

All this while he had one of his
 hands in his waistcoat-pocket; and at
 every word I heard chink, chink: for
 there seemed to be such a connection
 between his thoughts and the subject
 of them, that he could not talk of one
 without fingering the other.

Valville could not help smiling at the
 old miser’s discourse. ‘ Sir,’ returned
 he, ‘ your sentiments and mine are very
 ‘ different: I have no ambition to hoard
 ‘ up heaps of useless treasure. I marry
 ‘ to be happy; and to be blessed in the
 ‘ possession of a woman whose consum-
 ‘ mate goodness will sweeten all the
 ‘ unavoidable cares of life, and who
 ‘ will be to me a more valuable pur-
 ‘ chase than all the treasures of the
 ‘ earth. I am rich enough, and have
 ‘ an estate much greater than all our
 ‘ wants; an estate that will render my
 ‘ children as happy as wealth can make
 ‘ them; since, should I have a nume-
 ‘ rous offspring, it will place them all
 ‘ above the cares of life; and I could
 ‘ only wish to have more, that I might
 ‘ be able to render my fellow-creatures
 ‘ more happy. Of what advantage is
 ‘ wealth, if I have not a heart to make
 ‘ use of it? if the poor do not bless me
 ‘ for tasting the fruit of it; and the
 ‘ dejected honest man has not his anxi-
 ‘ eties removed? While I have enough
 ‘ to render myself and my posterity
 ‘ easy, and to make the drooping heart
 ‘ exult in transports of joy, I shall
 ‘ think myself rich enough.—‘ Well,
 ‘ Sir,’ cried the long-meagre relation,
 ‘ pray how long will this generous fit

‘ last? It will not be long before you
 ‘ will think all this stuff, mere rant,
 ‘ and extravagant nonsense: you will
 ‘ call yourself fool for not taking our
 ‘ advice, and upbraid this pretty an-
 ‘ gelick creature for her want of a for-
 ‘ tune; aye, and give her the most bit-
 ‘ ter curses, too, for her hindering your
 ‘ preferment! Who, do you think, will
 ‘ keep you company? Who, do you
 ‘ think, will own this girl, this dis-
 ‘ grace to our family, for a relation?
 ‘ Have you stupidity enough to be in-
 ‘ sensible to all the slights that will be
 ‘ put upon you by your relations, your
 ‘ friends, through the means of that
 ‘ little impertinent hussy; that—
 ‘ Hold, Madam!’ cried Valville, in-
 ‘ terrupting her; ‘ do not think you
 ‘ have a right thus publickly to vent
 ‘ your spleen against this charming
 ‘ creature; and to assume liberties
 ‘ equally repugnant to good manners
 ‘ and common sense. I have told you
 ‘ already that I shall never ask your
 ‘ advice, or desire you to direct me
 ‘ where to fix my heart. As to my
 ‘ dear Marianne’s being a disgrace to
 ‘ our family, I shall only say that the
 ‘ best wish I can make you, is, that
 ‘ you may be like her; and I do not
 ‘ question but, if I was so happy as to
 ‘ know her birth, I should find myself
 ‘ greatly honoured by her alliance.
 ‘ Had she, indeed, no other charms
 ‘ than those of a most lovely person, I
 ‘ know I should soon cease to admire
 ‘ her; but her mind has beauties even
 ‘ more attractive than her form. On
 ‘ these I build all my hopes of feli-
 ‘ city; these will ever be the same, and
 ‘ render her charming even in old age.
 ‘ As to your being ashamed to own
 ‘ her for a relation, I am not at all
 ‘ concerned about it: and, believe me,
 ‘ if there are any who call themselves
 ‘ my friends that behave in the same
 ‘ manner, I shall look upon them with
 ‘ contempt, and think they only envy
 ‘ our happiness; which, however, nei-
 ‘ ther they nor you will ever be able to
 ‘ disturb.

Could any thing be more pleasing at
 this time, Madam, than for me to re-
 ceive such marks of my dear Valville’s
 sincerity and affection? My heart re-
 bounded with joy at the strong assur-
 ances I received of his fidelity; and
 then melted into a pleasing softness;
 which, I dare say, he might easily read
 in

in my eyes. I did not, indeed, before question the truth of his passion; nor could I admit a thought of his wanting those tender sentiments which I knew informed his soul: but yet this publick acknowledgment of his inviolable love, this visible proof of his unshaken constancy in the midst of opposition, had something extremely engaging in it; it gave me a new kind of delight, and made him then seem dearer to my heart than ever. The old miser all this while seemed very attentive to the debate, and at every tender sentiment shrugged up his shoulders and shook his head. Mrs. De Fare had not yet spoke one word, and by her looks seemed much at a loss how to behave; whilst most of the other company, methought, were inclined to declare themselves in my favour. My uncle and Mrs. Dorfin appeared resolved to stand neuter; and had only by their smiles, and some looks which expressed a kind of applause, encouraged Valville: but Mr. De Rosand, who more nearly felt the reproaches which were cast upon me, could hardly tell how to stifle his resentment; he frequently coloured, bit his lips, and seemed to struggle with himself to keep his temper, and preserve silence. But to proceed.

Valville had no sooner made this tender reply to the disagreeable old lady his relation, than her companion, with an ironical laugh, cast her eyes upon him. 'La, Sir!' cried she, 'how mighty prettily you talk! Why, all this is very heroick! Bless me! I thought I had heard Oroondates and Statira! How charmingly romantick you are! Come, pray, let us have some more of your flights; for, really, they are very diverting. You ought now to turn to your fair goddess; tell her that her divine beauties alone could captivate your heart; and, like a true innamorato, assure her, that one smile from her will gloriously reward you for all the scorn, insult, and reproach, you can suffer for her sake; and that you will esteem yourself too happy if she will permit you to die at her feet!' This was uttered with such a comical air, that even Valville could not help smiling. 'Madam,' returned he, 'you may rally me as much as you please; nothing that you can say will be able to make me think virtue, beauty, and

fine sense, ridiculous: my tenderness is founded on reason, since it is only a love of what is, in its own nature, most lovely. I do not raise my expectations to any extravagant heights; nor form any ideas of my dear Marianne which all who know her will not allow she deserves. — This lady — these gentlemen,' added he, turning to Mrs. Dorfin, my uncle, and Mr. De Rosand, 'will do me the justice to say that she deserves all I have said of her; and that she has even a mind more amiable than I have represented it. — Well, enough, enough!' cried the old lady, 'I am sick of this stuff! If you will ruin yourself, I cannot help it; I have done my endeavour to prevent it: all that vexes me is, that your family must be disgraced; you ought to have regard to that; and to consider that you have no right to make us suffer for your follies. Had you taken her into keeping, and spent your whole estate upon her, I should not have troubled myself about it: but to pretend to marry a vagabond, an orphan, I have not patience to think of it! and nobody but such a silly coxcomb as you would ever behave thus!' While she was railing in this manner, we were desired to walk into the next room, and were told that dinner was upon table. We all went immediately; but, as we were taking our seats, this lady called to my uncle — 'Sir,' said she, leaning upon the back of her chair, 'do you propose to suffer that little impertinent girl to dine with persons of quality?' — 'Who do you mean, Madam?' returned he: 'there is nobody here that deserves that character.' — 'Who do I mean? who should I mean but Marianne?' replied she. 'I hope you have not invited us here to affront us; I will not sit down to the same table with her, I tell you: no! I will never stoop so low as to put myself upon a level with such a creature!' — 'Well, Madam,' returned he, smiling, 'if you will not sit down at this table, you shall sit where you please; my house is at your service.' — 'What! I must dine by myself, then, must I?' cried she, in a greater rage than ever. 'Pray, let somebody order my servants to get the coach ready! I thought, Sir, that you

‘ you had known the world better than to treat persons of my rank with so much rudeness!’

While she was speaking these last words, the Count De V—— entered the room; and, after having whispered something to his brother, who stood near the door, came forward, saluted the company, and embraced me with an air equally tender and polite. ‘ I do not think, Miss,’ said he, as he approached me, ‘ that I can be mistaken; you must be the lady my brother has so well described to me; and I am glad to find I have such an amiable niece! Let me congratulate you upon your knowledge of the family to which you belong; and beg, at the same time, that you would regard me as a man who will always have your interest at heart: for, upon the fine encomiums my brother has given me of you, I am ambitious of joining the character of your friend to that of your uncle.’—‘ Sir, I need not tell you,’ returned I, ‘ how much my vanity is flattered at the discovery that I spring from your noble family: but, I assure you, I am more delighted at the thoughts of your’s and your brother’s worth, than at all the honours I can receive through your alliance. You will both find that I shall constantly behave to you with all that duty which might have been expected from me had I been always brought up in the knowledge of my near relation to you.’

You cannot imagine, Madam, what an odd groupe of figures were formed here in a moment! The tall meagre lady, who was got to the door, but stepped back to make way for the count to enter, turned her head, and stood all this while stiffened into a statue; her mouth was open, and her hands lifted up in a posture of amazement; her eyes stared wide open; and her brows, raised into a high arch, crowded her shrivelled forehead into a confused heap of wrinkles; in short, nothing could appear more grotesque. The old miser leaning upon the back of his chair, biting the nails of one hand, and with the other scratching his bald head; and thus, with his wig almost off, stood with his eyes fixed on the count and me: the satirical lady was immovable too; and, with a mortified look, pressed the extremity of her fan against her lips. Mrs.

De Fare seemed as much astonished as the rest, but appeared less confused, and had an air that shewed she was glad she had not ventured to say any thing against me; though her silence proceeded rather from Mr. De Valville’s being present, than from any regard to me: in short, all who did not know of this discovery had a gesture which expressed their astonishment. Valville, who stood close to me, (for, Madam, I must not forget him) fixed his eyes upon me, and then cast them on the ground, with a kind of tender confusion, mixed with diffidence and surprize: while Mrs. Dorfin, Mr. De Rosand, and the officer, smiled in a manner that expressed their inward satisfaction.

While we were talking thus, my uncle, the officer, put us in mind that it would be more proper to defer all farther ceremony till after we had dined, since the dinner would soon be cold. ‘ Here are more persons, brother,’ said he, ‘ that you must be acquainted with: but first sit down to table.—This gentleman,’ added he, looking at Mr. De Rosand, ‘ must be our chaplain.’ On which he immediately said grace, and we took our seats.

Here the old lady, composing her countenance, came to us with a disordered air; when Mrs. Dorfin, giving her a look full of affability, desired her to sit down: she did so; and the rest of her friends followed her example. We were no sooner seated, than I asked how my grandmother, the countess-dowager, did. ‘ She is well, Miss,’ said the count, ‘ but too old to undertake such a journey: she longs to see you; and I have promised to take you with me to her to-morrow.’—‘ Sir,’ returned I, ‘ I shall gladly attend you; and I assure you I have at least as great a desire to see her as she can have to see me: I shall now be informed with those dear, those social affections, of which I have hitherto been deprived.’ All this while Valville seemed wrapped in thought, and very uneasy; which Mrs. Dorfin perceiving, asked him, with a smile, how he did; and added—‘ We must beg pardon, Sir, for concealing circumstances from you in which you are so nearly concerned: Marianne is, indeed, the late Count De V——’s daughter, who was leaving France incognito, when he and the countess

‘ were



‘ were robbed and murdered; but you must not blame her for her reserve, for she is not at all in fault; our friend here has unravelled this affair; and it was not till this morning that we were perfectly certain of the truth.’ Here Valville sighed; and was going to make answer, when Mrs. De Fare cried out—‘ Is it possible! Is this lady, indeed, a person of quality? Bless me! how have we been mistaken!—May I hope that you will forgive me, Miss?’ added she. ‘ Had I known who you were, I should have treated you with more respect than I did when you was at my house. How glad am I that I have said nothing here to your prejudice! My daughter will be overjoyed at this news: and how happy shall I think myself, if you will honour us with your friendship!—Well, but how did you make this wonderful discovery?’ continued she, addressing herself to Mrs. Dorfin. ‘ I really long to hear every particular: methinks the young lady has charms which I never observed before.—Why, Mr. De Valville, you will be vastly happy; every body will envy your felicity.’—‘ Very true,’ cried the lady who had been so satirical upon Valville and me: ‘ Miss Varthon ought not to be brought in competition with this lovely creature; she is pretty, indeed, but, then, she is a most intolerable coquette. La! how could she be so vain as to rival Miss Marianne?—Why, Mr. De Valville, I now think your commendations of this young lady fell very short of what she deserves: she is infinitely more lovely than you have represented her. The Count DeV——’s daughter! Well, you must certainly be very happy. I have, upon my word, a mighty respect for you both; and heartily wish you all imaginable joy.’

While they were running on in this manner, I could not help seriously reflecting on the instability of the human mind, and the strong prejudices which most people indulge in favour of the glittering advantages of birth and fortune. ‘ Half an hour ago I was looked upon with contempt,’ said I to myself, ‘ by those very persons who now endeavour to court me to a good opinion of them, by the most ridiculous flattery, the grossest adulation.

‘ Am I better than I was then? Have I more virtue, beauty, or wit? Have I one qualification to authorize this change? No. They find I am the daughter of a count; there lies the charm. Ye right honourable sounds; ye vain blandishments, that dazzle weak eyes; what wondrous charm do you contain! Will you make me more wise, more virtuous, or more happy? Will you render me a more worthy friend, a better wife, or a more tender parent? Will you disperse the care from my heart, when it is oppressed with grief? or have you the power to remove the slightest head-ache? No. What art thou, then, but a mere name, a breath of wind! And can a breath in a moment work such a mighty change? But Valville’s down-cast looks tell me that all these honours give him no joy, and that he longs for an opportunity to open his heart to me.’ These reflections were interrupted by the old meagre lady’s drinking to me; when, setting down her glass—‘ I have behaved too much like an enemy to you, Miss,’ cried she, ‘ ever to hope that you will forgive me: however, when you consider that all the injuries I have offered you have proceeded from a mistaken opinion that you were of low birth, and from a regard to the honour of our family, as well as a concern for the happiness of my cousin Valville, you may think that I might have some reason to oppose an alliance which to me appeared dishonourable to us. However, I sincerely beg your pardon; and hope you will forget what is past, since I am sorry for and ashamed of my behaviour.’—‘ Nay, Madam,’ returned I, ‘ I do not think you have any reason to alter your opinion of me; and can therefore dispense with your shame and concern: I am the same person as I was when you treated me with such contempt; and can lay no greater claim to your esteem than I could then. The honour of a virtuous mind is derived from itself, and can receive no addition from the accidental advantages of birth or fortune; nor can the want of them render a person, truly valuable, worthy of reproach: however, Madam, I readily consent to forgive your treatment of me, and all the uneasiness you have

'made me suffer, on condition that you mention it no more, and behave with the same freedom as if you had ever been my friend.'

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. De Rosand, the count, and the officer, joined in conversation; when I retired for a few minutes into another room: Mrs. Dorfin whispered Valville to follow me; he did so with a dejected look; took a chair, and sat down by me; when, after a few moment's silence—'Ah, my dear Marianne!' cried he with a troubled voice, at the same time giving me a glance that at once expressed the diffidence, the anxiety, and tenderness, of a lover suspended between hope and fear, 'what am I to expect? Have I not reason to be apprehensive that this discovery will ruin my hopes, and prove fatal to the repose of my life? While your birth was unknown to me, I loved you. Ah! with what tenderness I loved you! My passion can admit of no increase from the honours to which you have now a claim. I am still, still the same; and must with you had yet been ignorant of your birth, if that discovery can for a moment make me seem less worthy of sharing your heart. May I hope I am yet as dear to you as ever?'—'Come, Sir, let me beg of you not to make me uneasy by these unkind suspicions,' returned I with a smile, at the same time giving him my hand: 'I rejoice that it is now in my power to offer you a fortune that will be worth your acceptance; and, was it ever so great, it should be entirely at your disposal, since you could be so generous as to think of marrying me without any. You will now be saved from the reproaches of your friends. Come, resume your gaiety; and do not be so unjust as to injure my tenderness.'—'O thou dear, lovely creature!' cried he, tenderly grasping my hand, 'how can I enough admire your goodness? Will nothing be able to take off your thoughts from me? Forgive my suspicions; forgive the pain I have given myself by entertaining such cruel fears. O my dear charmer! I will now forget them all. This proof of your affection is infinitely more transporting than the consideration of every other advantage I can possibly enjoy from the discovery of your birth and fortune. Love

has left no room for ambition in my soul; no room for sordid avarice: I am all tenderness; all delight and admiration!' While he spoke this, his cheeks glowed with pleasure; and he cast upon me a look the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld. 'Dear Sir,' returned I with answering looks of affection, 'I do not know how to blame you for your injustice to me, while the discovery of it gives you such satisfaction. What a charming thing is love,' continued I, smiling, 'since its very pains are succeeded by such pleasing transports! But I must thank you, Sir, for the engaging manner in which you have vindicated your affection to me while my birth was unknown to you, and while you thought me without relations or friends. It was, indeed, with some reluctance that I was brought over to consent to your suffering such a severe trial; but I cannot now repent of it, since it has given you an opportunity of discovering to the world upon what noble and generous principles you proceed: and I assure you I shall never think of this adventure but with pleasure.'—'I am happy, indeed, my dear,' returned he, 'if I have said any thing that gives you pleasure on reflection; this I could not have hoped for. What happiness may I not expect from the possession of a person who kindly considers all my actions in the best light?'—'Nay, Sir,' returned I, 'I should have been highly pleased to have heard any other person vindicate himself in the same agreeable manner, though, perhaps, not equally so. If a conformity of sentiment can render us happy, I may flatter myself that we shall enjoy as great a degree of felicity as is consistent with human nature; if we do not, it must be our own faults. It is necessary, however, that we should always preserve that settled complacency which is needful to support a friendship which ought never to be interrupted: and, as it is impossible that we should always behave well, it is absolutely necessary that we should be sometimes a little blind too to each other's imperfections. This is a rule which, I am sure, you will have frequent occasion to put in practice; though, I hope, upon the whole, I shall behave in such a manner

ner as to gain your approbation.—
 'Ah, my charmer!' replied he, 'I shall find but little need of this caution: you are incapable of an ill-intention; and I must surely have too much complacency in you, my dear, or rather too much justice, to be offended without it. I shall daily find in you fresh subject of admiration; your native sweetness of temper will soothe my mind into an habitual calm, and preserve me from being ruffled by the ordinary cares of life: one joy, one care, one pleasure, will employ both our minds; while our only contention shall be who will, with the greatest assiduity, promote each other's happiness. Thus, when tired with the impertinence and folly of mankind, (for it is impossible that we should be always in the most agreeable company) I shall return home to a friend, who will receive me with an open heart; into which, with an unrestrained confidence, I can pour all my concerns; a friend, whose gaiety will divert my chagrin, and whose good sense will inspire me with a delightful tranquillity, and charm away every uneasy thought.'—'I wish, Sir,' returned I, 'you would not carry your expectations to such a visionary height, for I am terribly afraid you will be disappointed: methinks such exquisite happiness is too much, my dear Valville, too much to be even hoped for.'—'Why so, my dear?' cried he, hastily interrupting me. 'What can hinder us from being completely blessed, since we shall want nothing that can render us happy in ourselves, and agreeable to each other? A love of virtue, and the charms of that union which is founded on the same desires, views, and interests, must render our conversations too agreeable for us to suffer any of those dull intervals of life which are the punishments of most of those who, from less laudable motives, enter into the marriage-state.'—'But do you imagine, Sir,' returned I, 'that we shall meet with no rubs in life; that nothing will make us forget ourselves? We are not always wise; and I am persuaded we shall not always think ourselves happy, unless we take a resolution to be so in spite of all opposition: a thousand little incidents may start up and interrupt our mutual felicity; we should there-

fore take a peculiar care not to be too much affected by trifles; for I have observed that the most insignificant things commonly render people unhappy, and create those distempers which must be attended by the most fatal consequences. Here we are apt to be off our guard, and therefore lose ourselves before we are aware; are lost in a labyrinth of ungovernable passions, and involved in inquietudes which we should never have experienced from the most reasonable causes of discontent: we need only, I believe, attend to this caution, to render us completely blessed, and as happy as the sincerest friendship, the tenderest love, can make us. Your solidity and good sense will put a restraint upon my levity; and my vivacity prevent the wiser disposition of your mind from degenerating into a musty and unpleasing gravity. But come, Sir,' added I, rising, 'let us rejoin the company; they will not thank us for being so rude as to leave them so long together.' Valville endeavoured to persuade me to stay a little longer, but I desired him to excuse me; and we immediately returned to them.

As we entered the room, I observed the old miser listening very attentively to the count and his brother; and found that he was asking them some questions relating to my fortune. They all arose as soon as they saw us; when Mrs. Dorbin, taking me by the hand—'You have been away a great while,' said she, smiling; 'and if I had known how long you would have deprived us of your company, I should not, perhaps, have sent Mr. De Valville after you: but, however, you are very excusable; and we are not overfond of ceremony.—Well, Mr. De Valville,' added she, 'how do you do now? I find Miss Marianne has brought you to yourself; and we may hope to find you good company again: indeed, I was concerned to see you look so uneasy.' Here the count took Valville by the hand—'I am glad, Sir,' said he, 'that I am to have such a worthy gentleman for my kinsman: since you left us, Mrs. Dorbin and my brother have given me an account of your passion for my niece; and such a character of you as makes me think her very happy in having

‘placed her affections upon a person of so much merit.’ Valville returned this compliment in a very handsome manner; when we sat down, and entered into a general conversation.

But, perhaps, Madam, you may think these long discourses quite impertinent; I shall therefore wave repeating any more of them for the present, and pass on to some incidents which you may possibly find more diverting.

We spent the rest of the day very agreeably; and the evening was concluded with a ball, which lasted till morning. Instead of jarring discord, ill-humour, and petulant remarks, we were now surrounded with nothing but mirth and gaiety; every thing past was forgotten; and we were, in a little time, as good friends as if we had never been enemies. But I must not forget to tell you that the old miser, who had, I fancy, drank my health with a higher relish and larger draughts than the rest, as, perhaps, wisely considering that it was unnecessary to use restraint when at another’s expence, was resolved to honour us with a dance; and though he could hardly hobble along without his cane, cut such capers as gave us the greatest diversion, which we testified by applauses that he ought rather to have looked upon as censures than commendations. The lady of the satirical cast of mind was most maliciously profuse of her praises; and extolled his agility and sprightly vivacity in such a ludicrous and extravagant manner, that, thinking her in earnest, he imagined he was as young and agreeable as ever; and therefore, in the pride of his heart, resolved once more to cut another caper. But, alas! how short-lived is human glory! In the midst of his performance, he unhappily took a false step, overset a side-board of glasses and sweetmeats, and fell, with them, to the floor. The gentlemen ran to his assistance; whilst, terrified at the dreadful crash, he lay without sense or motion: they helped him up, placed him in an elbow-chair, and took up his wig, which lay at some distance from him, whilst we all consoled his misfortune. Mrs. Dorbin and I were at first really concerned for fear he had hurt himself; but that concern was soon dissipated; for, after rubbing his shins, and making a thousand wry

faces, he recovered his breath; when we waited to hear him complain of his bruises: but how greatly were we surprized to hear him cry out, in a dismal tone—‘Oh, my poor silk stockings! they are stained; they are entirely spoiled: I have wore them, upon occasion, these seven years. Ah! what a misfortune! Had I but staid at home——’ ‘But, Sir,’ cried Mrs. Dorbin, interrupting him, ‘your legs, your legs! How do they do?’—‘My legs!’ cried he. ‘I should not have cared for my legs, had not I stained my stockings: I do not mind bruising my legs; they will be well again; but my stockings—Ah, that confounded claret!’ Here we stood looking at each other with amazement; when the satirical lady, lifting up her hands, cried out, with a very serious look—‘What a dreadful catastrophe! The gentleman has stained his poor dear stockings with cursed claret; a loss that can never be repaired! Had it been blood, instead of that pernicious liquor, I should not have cared; then they might have been washed!’ ‘Oh, the dear, dear stockings!’ We could contain ourselves no longer, but burst into a general laugh; at which the poor miser was so offended, that he took the first opportunity to retire, after having first desired my uncle, the officer, to lend him his coach.

I might, possibly, Madam, make some very smart reflections upon this adventure, were I disposed to it, since nothing in nature makes a more ridiculous figure than a person, bending under the weight of years, mimicking the gay and sprightly airs of youth; but this was not, I believe, his natural character, since all his pretty, jaunty airs, were owing rather to the influence of an enlivening cup, than any settled disposition: he seemed, indeed, to have no vice, but an insatiable avarice; or rather, his avarice swallowed up and contained all his other vices. What a vile and infamous disposition must that be which lays waste the foundation of every virtue, stifles that moral sense which is implanted in the heart of every good being, and renders the mind that is actuated by it the most compleatly wretched! What a sordid pleasure to look upon treasures which it dares not use, and to glut the eyes with the sight of what it can only enjoy by seeing?

seeing! Such a person may hug himself with the poor delight of enjoying what he dare not enjoy; for since riches are of no other use than to supply us with the necessaries and conveniences of life, we can only be said to enjoy them when we make use of them.

Mr. De Rosand behaved, on this occasion, in a manner agreeable to his character: he was chearful, and yet wise; his mirth was sober and polite; and his good-humour and vivacity, far from making old age appear less venerable, gave it charms which commanded respect, at the same time that it inspired with pleasure. His joy was like the transports of a father exulting in the happiness of his child: every paternal affection gladdened his heart, sparkled in his eyes, and diffused over his whole person a satisfaction, a delight, a gaiety, truly parental.

The disagreeable old lady, who now desired to appear my friend, caressed me in a manner peculiar to herself: she was very liberal of her praises, and endeavoured, at the same time, to insinuate herself into my esteem by flattering my vanity, in letting me know the greatness of the family to which I was going to be united; which, indeed, was not much inferior to my own. She began with giving me a history of her family, with all the marriages and intermarriages into those of the first quality: and, before we broke up, had informed me how many marshals, constables, and other great officers, it had produced; circumstances which Mrs. De Valville's modesty had not permitted her to mention, and which her good sense did not suffer her to lay any great stress upon; though this lady could not speak of them without rapture, and betraying a ridiculous vanity which discovered itself in every word. Her friend, who had been so maliciously severe upon Valville and me, took another way to ingratiate herself into my favour, which she, doubtless, thought would have proved an infallible one: she assumed all the outside appearance of friendship; she conformed herself to all my words and actions; she was always of my mind; smiled when I smiled; and when I was grave she appeared serious; she hung upon my looks, watched every motion; and even governed her wit by my glances, till I was heartily sick of being thus ridiculously

aped. In fine, they were now both changed to persons of the most servile complaisance. Thus the proud, when humbled, are the most obsequious, fawning creatures, in the universe.

You cannot imagine, Madam, how very disagreeable these persons made themselves; or how much I was disgusted at their nauseous flattery and ridiculous attempts to please. I was always a friend to truth and sincerity; and I believe I should not, in my vainest moments, have thought such a behaviour even tolerable. They who have a high relish for the pure delights of friendship, cannot bear to have the sacred name of Friend usurped by those who have neither sense nor delicacy enough to know what it means. The very pretence made by such a person is like using the name on purpose to betray: besides, this polite kind of complaisance, as it does not spring from the heart, loses all its winning graces; for nothing can touch the heart that does not originally spring from it. But I must proceed.

The next day about noon, Valville, my two uncles, Mr. De Rosand, and I, set out for Versailles; after taking leave of Mrs. Dorfin, who embraced me, and gave us the usual compliments of wishing us a good journey. Our conversation upon the road was gay and sprightly, and made the time pass away very agreeably. In the evening we arrived at the count's house, a magnificent edifice near the city. When we stepped out of the coach, he gave me his hand, led me in, and presented me to the countess his lady; who, I could easily perceive, regarded me with a cold and restrained countenance, which she discovered in spite of herself; and which, perhaps, was more visible by her endeavouring to conceal it, for her very smiles were clouded with an air of discontent. She was pretty fat; and, though above forty, had beauty enough to render her person agreeable; though she had something in her look which did not please me; something that, methought, shewed a disposition selfish, and a little mercenary.

While this lady was bidding us welcome, my grandmother entered the room; and no sooner saw me, than she cast her arms about my neck—'My dear child,' cried she, 'I rejoice that I have lived to see thee again before I die.'

‘ I die: thy looks are enough to convince me that thou art, indeed, my grand-daughter. What a resemblance there is between you and my son’s wife! Methinks I see again that dear lady before me! They are both revived in thee.’ Here I threw my arms about her neck; the tears gushed from my eyes; while I felt some new, some unknown affections, rising in my breast; sensations which I had not hitherto either experienced or formed an idea of; a tenderness very different from that of love or friendship. ‘ Now,’ cried I with a sigh, ‘ I am happy indeed! Oh, my mother! my dear grandmother!’ She wept too; whilst joy shone through her tears, and all the emotions of her heart were visible in her countenance. After our first transports were over, we sat down; when the old lady asked Mr. De Rosford a thousand questions concerning me, with an eagerness which expressed all the affection of a parent; then called him her best friend, the patron of her family, and the father of her dear child. At last, she desired to know if Mr. De Valville was not the gentleman that was shortly to be her grandson? the count told her he was; and that we were to be married in a few days. ‘ Well,’ cried she, ‘ may Heaven pour down upon you both its choicest blessings! May your happiness exceed even your wishes.’ We thanked the old lady for her blessing, and then insensibly entered into a general conversation.

The next morning the count took Valville and me aside; and, telling us he wanted to have some private conversation with us, conducted us into his closet; where, being seated, he shewed us the writings belonging to my father’s estate: in which I found, that though a considerable part of it went with the title, yet I should receive a fortune, in money and lands, greatly superior to Valville’s. ‘ Here, niece,’ said the count to me, ‘ you see the estate you were born to enjoy, and which you have hitherto been deprived of: I have possessed it for many years; and therefore you may make a demand upon me for the produce of your rents ever since my brother’s decease; but I am persuaded, from the amiable character I have heard of your humanity, and greatness of soul,

‘ that you will not insist upon all the arrears which you may claim as your due. I have lived in a manner suitable to the estate which I thought had been my own; and therefore am unable to answer such large demands, without bringing inevitable ruin upon myself and family.’ Here he paused, and I turned my eyes towards Valville, who, in the same instant, met them with a glance, which seemed to desire me to follow the generous sentiments he observed in my looks. ‘ Sir,’ returned I immediately, (for these glances which conveyed our thoughts to each other were over in a moment) ‘ my uncle has before mentioned this to me; and I thought he would have told you my resolution: which is, that I will never, if I can help it, give you any reason to repent your knowing me. I would not for the world occasion you or your family the least uneasiness: I readily throw up all such claims as you mention; and am sincerely sorry that you cannot know me without losing part of your estate; and will therefore give you an acquittance for all the sums you have received upon it, as soon as you are pleased to deliver it to me.’—‘ What! my dear!’ cried he with amazement, ‘ sure I do not understand you! you cannot mean it! Have you considered what you say?’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned I, smiling; ‘ I do not desire any of the arrears which are due to me: I shall have enough without them; and therefore am resolved not to accept of any thing from you which would be a prejudice to your family. You have hitherto laid out the profits of my estate in a manner that reflects a glory upon yourself and name; and it would be barbarous in me to accept of what would give you reason to regret the tenderness you have shewn for the unhappy and the miserable.’—‘ My dear,’ returned he, ‘ it is impossible for me to express my surprise at your generosity: I neither expected, nor desired, you to carry it so far. I can spare you fifty thousand crowns without any inconvenience; and this I must desire you to accept of, since it falls very short of the sum which I am indebted to you.’—‘ No, Sir,’ returned Valville, ‘ you must not expect that Marianne will recede from her resolution, since it is to oblige a person

son for whom she has such a great esteem: I approve of her sentiments; and must join with her in desiring you to lay aside these thoughts.' But all our arguments could not prevail upon him, they rather strengthened his resolution; so that I was at last obliged to accept of notes for the money. This done, he went to fetch me a box of jewels which belonged to my mother.

As soon as he was gone, I took the pen and a sheet of paper, and wrote as follows.

THESE notes I present to my dear cousins, daughters of my honoured uncle the Count De V——, as a testimony of my early affection to them; which I desire may be equally divided amongst them, as they come to age, or upon the day of their marriage.

MARIANNE.

Valville seemed much pleased at this thought; but as I was sealing up the notes in this paper, we heard the countess's voice; when, listening, I heard her go with the count into the next room, which was only divided from that we were in by a slight partition; so that, as they talked pretty loud, we could understand almost every word they said. 'What, Sir!' cried she, 'refuse to accept of fifty thousand crowns! It is hardly to be believed! I was afraid your niece would have insisted upon having all that the law would allow her. But how did her lover look? Did not his countenance shew his discontent?'—'No, not at all,' returned he: 'there was nothing but joy and satisfaction spread over his face; and his eyes told me that my niece's behaviour gave him an infinite satisfaction.'—'Well,' said she, 'they will force me, I find, to love them in spite of myself; though I have not been able hitherto to look upon them without uneasiness, as imagining that this discovery would entirely ruin the fortunes of my children. I am glad, for the poor dears' sakes, they would not accept of the money.'—'What do you mean?' replied he: 'as I can very well spare that sum, I could not help pressing my niece to accept of it; gratitude, honour, and every consideration, made me resolve to take no denial: at last

I was so happy as to prevail; and have therefore given her notes for it.'—'How! sure you have not been so weak!' cried she. 'I am amazed at your folly! How many of our nobility would have sold their country for such a sum! But you have a greater regard for your niece than for me and my family. They knew, I suppose, who they had to deal with, and behaved accordingly. Their generosity was only a pretence to ingratiate themselves into your favour, that they might accept of it with a better grace.'—'Madam,' returned he, 'you use me very ill: but I cannot wonder at it, since you can injure, by your unjust suspicions, persons to whom you are under such surprizing obligations. I love you; you know I do: and I have the greatest tenderness for my children: but these affections shall never corrupt my integrity, or make me guilty of an action unworthy a man of my quality! These last words, methought, were delivered in a tone that expressed a noble kind of pride, and a dignity of soul truly great; but he had no sooner said this, than he entered the room to us with some disorder in his looks; when, after paying me some compliments, he presented to me a casket of jewels, which he told me had been my mother's: I received them without hesitation, and returned him a great many thanks. He then took a chair, and sat down by me; when, observing the small packet I had just been making up, which I held in my hand, he asked me what it was. 'It is, Sir,' said I, 'a present I would make to my cousins, your daughters, to buy them some baubles when they come of age, or against their marriage: you will be so good as keep it for them. But you must not take it ill, that I have reserved nothing for your son; since I have not omitted the young gentleman out of disrespect; but only from a consideration that, as his fortune will be much superiors to theirs, he might, perhaps, be above accepting of presents from me.'—'Well, Miss,' returned he, 'I see you are resolved to lay us all under obligations, and to do it, too, in a manner peculiar to yourself; for you have already much obliged my children, by your generous behaviour to me: but may not I know what it is that you have here inclosed for

‘ for them? Let it be what it will, it must be a very acceptable present, as it comes from you; and I will have them called in, to return you their thanks.’—‘ You are at liberty, Sir,’ returned I, ‘ to satisfy your curiosity, since I find it would be painful to you to forbear.’ Here he broke open the packet, and immediately cast his eyes upon his notes; when, turning to me with an air of surprize and pleasure—‘ My dear niece,’ said he, ‘ I should be much more astonished at your behaviour did I not know you to be my brother’s daughter; for, notwithstanding the great resemblance between you and my amiable sister, you are more like him than her, since you have his soul, as well as her lovely form; his solidity, as well as her delicacy of sentiment. But as it must be agreeable to you to hear the character of this great, this generous man, I will, in a few words, give you such instances of it as must fill you with admiration, and render his memory still more dear to you.

‘ My father, who sincerely loved his children, took care to give us all a very liberal education, every way suited to the greatness of our family: my two brothers and I began early to be united by the most generous friendship; a friendship of greater force than all the ties of blood. As our inclinations were the same, all our diversions and amusements were so too; so that we became inseparable; and might have continued so, had not I, by the heat and extravagant madness of youth, been drawn to commit such follies, as not only insensibly weaned from me the affections of my brothers, but at last exasperated my father to such a degree, that he resolved to disinherit me. Your father used all his endeavours to reclaim me; and, with the tears in his eyes, frequently laid before me the stupidity of my conduct: but I was too far gone to hear reason. One day my brother was sent for into my father’s closet, when the good old man desired him to sit down, took hold of his hand, and gave him a look, which, he afterwards told me, pierced his very soul—‘ My dear boy,’ said he, ‘ I am very sure thou art sensible of my affection to thee and thy brothers, which has been so equally divided, that I have not

known who has had the greatest share in my heart. I have flattered myself that you would all have been the delight and support of my age: the perfect unanimity and concord which have been preserved amongst you have given me a satisfaction which you can form no idea of till you yourself are a father. But, alas! how are all my hopes vanished! Your brother, child! your brother will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I have done my endeavours to reclaim him; but in vain: his conscience makes him fly from me, his father, as if he thought me his enemy; he fears my reproaches, but does not fear to deserve them. Oh! how little does he know the yearnings of heart that I feel for him! When I consider what he was, and what he is now, all the father rises in my soul, and I feel my resentment mixed with tenderness and pity. What a degenerate age is this, in which rapes and adultery are called by the specious name of gallantry; in which every debauch is fashionable, and virtue represented as only fit for those queer fellows who are unqualified for society! I have now no hopes left of reclaiming this undutiful son; and have therefore resolved to punish him, by casting him off. I will make a new will, and give that part of my estate which I intended for him, to thee; but I beg, when he is in want, thou wouldst remember he is thy brother.”

‘ Here your father cast himself at the old gentleman’s feet; and, lifting up his head, with the tears streaming from his eyes—“ Dear Sir,” cried he, “ let me on my knees beg you would remember that he is still your son, your once dear son: what can you hope for by driving him to extremities?”—“ Arise, arise!” cried he, interrupting him, and giving him his hand, “ I have considered him in that light till he has almost broke my heart. Had he my whole estate, he would squander it away; and therefore what I now do will only make him unhappy a few months sooner than he would have rendered himself so. I have now sent for an attorney, and will this day reward your affection to me, as well as let him know what it is to injure the tenderness of
“ a father.

" a father. Perhaps this step may re-
 " claim him; and then I shall gladly
 " receive him again to my favour."
 " My brother again interposed; but to
 " no purpose: my father was inflexible;
 " and my brother went away full of
 " grief at the misfortune that was fall-
 " en upon me. Impatient to find me,
 " that he might impart to me the trou-
 " bles of his heart, he sent his servants
 " to seek me; and went himself to take
 " a walk under those tall elms you see
 " there behind the garden, whose me-
 " lancholy shades were proper to soothe
 " his affliction. Meanwhile I, return-
 " ing home from a debauch which had
 " detained me all night, was told my
 " brother had enquired for me; and,
 " after searching for him some time,
 " found him walking there in a pen-
 " sive manner, with his arms across,
 " and his eyes fixed on the ground. I
 " flew to him, impatient to learn the
 " cause of his uneasiness. The noise I
 " made awaked him from his reverie;
 " he turned, came back to meet me, re-
 " lated all that had passed, and repre-
 " sented his grief in such lively colours,
 " that I began to pity him, and abhor
 " myself; but could not be prevailed
 " upon to forsake a beautiful creature
 " whom I had provided for. The will
 " was made that day, which excluded
 " me from possessing any part of my
 " father's estate: and a few weeks af-
 " ter the good old man sunk under the
 " weight of his uneasiness, which was
 " too great for his age to support.

" I now began to sink into despair:
 " my mistress was denied to me, and
 " would not give me an opportunity to
 " see her; when, stung with shame and
 " grief at the reflection of my past con-
 " duct, I privately retired to a small
 " town where I was unknown, and en-
 " deavoured to get a commission in the
 " army: but, as I wanted money, all
 " my endeavours were ineffectual; so
 " that I was soon reduced to want and
 " misery. I now looked upon myself
 " with horror; reflected on my father's
 " tenderness, and the pains he had
 " taken to reclaim me, with confusion;
 " and continually reproached myself
 " with being the cause of his death.
 " The friendship that had subsisted be-
 " tween me and my brothers, and all
 " their tender admonitions, had now such
 " an effect upon me, that I looked back
 " upon that virtuous union with re-

" gret; wondered how I could forsake
 " that happiness for the mad tumultu-
 " ous joys of vice and folly; and was
 " almost ready, in this last extremity,
 " to fly to them for succour; but was
 " restrained by conscious guilt and
 " shame.

" The young count (my eldest bro-
 " ther, and your father) had no sooner
 " taken possession of his estate, than he
 " made it his business to search for me;
 " and at last got information not only
 " of the place of my retreat, but of al-
 " most every circumstance of my re-
 " pentance; and immediately sent his
 " servant with orders to ride post to me
 " with the following letter.

" DEAR BROTHER,

" AS you had reason to believe me
 " sincerely sorry for my dear
 " father's severity, you ought not to
 " have given me the pain of hiding
 " yourself from me at a time when it
 " was in my power to soften the rigour
 " of his resentment. I have this mo-
 " ment been informed of your situa-
 " tion; and cannot help letting you
 " immediately know the joy I feel at
 " the delightful news of your reforma-
 " tion. Oh, that my father had but
 " lived to see this change! he would
 " then have died with comfort. I have
 " found amongst his papers a will that
 " was made when our friendship, and
 " his affection for you, was at the
 " height. Had he lived to see this
 " happy day, he doubtless would have
 " gladly restored you to his favour,
 " and have given you the same part of
 " his fortune as he designed to do
 " when you had never offended him:
 " I therefore think myself bound to
 " do it for him; and have accordingly
 " sent you the writings, which your
 " return to wisdom and virtue give
 " you a just claim to. Let me see you
 " as soon as possible; which will be the
 " greatest satisfaction to your affec-
 " tionate brother,

" De V.

" P. S. I have inclosed a note for a
 " sum which, I hope, will be suf-
 " ficient to pay what debts you
 " may have contracted, and de-
 " fray the expence of your jour-
 " ney; which you need not re-
 " turn me till it suits with your
 " convenience."

‘ It is impossible, my dear niece, to give you an idea of the greatness of my surprize and admiration at reading this letter; I could hardly persuade myself but it was all a dream: I read it over and over, while my heart swelled with the most warm and grateful affections. How lovely did this noble act make him appear! What a superiority did it give him not only over me, but the rest of mankind! I could hardly help persuading myself that he was some superior being, some guardian deity. Virtue now had a thousand graces hitherto unobserved; she appeared all lovely, all divine! I hastened to Versailles, and was received with open arms by my brothers: but when I would have thanked your father, my gratitude arose too big to find utterance in words; I could only press his hand, and tell him that my full heart thanked him, though my lips refused to do it. “Come, come, man,” replied he, laughing, and giving me a tap on the shoulder, “do not talk of thanks with such a solemn face; let us have no more on this subject: my brother and I rejoice equally to see you thus; and are resolved to shew the world that, for once, brothers can be friends, and sincere ones too. You must now see that I have done you justice: here are the two wills; this gives you an estate; and that takes it from you.”—“Well, then,” cried your uncle, “suppose we should shew our resentment against this last testament, which has been so prejudicial to our friendship as to make you fly from us, by committing it to the flames?”—“It is generously spoken!” returned the count: “you are willing, then, to give up the right you now enjoy of possessing my estate, if I should happen to die without an heir?”—“Yes,” cried he, “that I will most heartily; and would do much more for such a brother.” Here I embraced them both; and the last will was accordingly, after I had read it, thrown into the fire.

‘ We now became better friends than ever: my brothers virtues were ever before my eyes; I aspired to be like them, and cherished the noble seeds they had sown in my breast. Your father, soon after this happy meeting,

‘ married a most accomplished lady; and, in less than a twelvemonth, you were born as a pledge of their mutual tenderness. About the same time, my younger brother, thirsting after glory, bought a commission; and has served almost ever since with great reputation in the army. But, alas! the count’s joys were of short duration; since, in less than three years after your birth, a period was put to his felicity in this life, and that of his lady.

‘ I have now given you, my dear niece,” continued he, “a short sketch of your father’s virtues, and the obligations he has laid upon me to reverence his memory. From this you may form an idea of the greatness of his soul, and the resemblance you bear to him in the divine part of his noble character. I am under the greatest obligations to you both; nor can I help being surprized to find in you, who have never been so happy as to copy any part of your conduct from him, the same dispositions which distinguished him from the rest of mankind. Happy is the father who has such a child! But there is one thing that I ought to add, to compleat the character I have attempted to give you of this great, good man; and that is, that his benevolence was unconfin’d and diffusive: and he was looked upon as the father of all the miserable and distressed.”

I listened, Madam, to this short history of my father’s life with a great degree of pleasure: the repetition of these heroick virtues in a person whom nature had rendered so near to me, fired my heart, and filled me with a laudable kind of vanity; and yet, at the same time, I could not help lamenting his loss, and shedding some tears at the reflection that this dear and valuable man was deprived of life before I had the happiness to know him. Methought I should have embraced him with a transport of joy, as soon as I had been able to thank him for this generous behaviour to my uncle, and was sorry that I had never had an opportunity of doing this.

As soon as the count had done, and I had thanked him for this pleasing story, Valville made some very just reflections on the nature of true greatness; and proved that such god-like dispositions

tions render a character more shining than that of the greatest heroes who have only sought for glory, however great may have been their success. 'It is the rectitude of the heart, and the truly benevolent disposition of the mind,' said he, 'that constitutes a great character; for the man who is so disinterested as thus to sacrifice private advantages to the good of others, would doubtless, from the same motives, give up his life, and all that is dear to him, to save his country.'

The count now proposed our joining the rest of our friends, imagining that Mr. De Rosand and his brother would not be pleased at being so long deprived of our company; on which we arose, and went to look for them; but were told that those gentlemen were gone to take a walk in the garden. Valville and I resolved to follow them; while the count went to have some discourse with his lady. We rambled about till we got out of sight of the house; when my dear Valville looking round, and seeing nobody near enough to observe our actions, took hold of my hand, kissed it, and with a tender air pressed it to his bosom; then fixing his eyes upon mine, cried, in a moving tone—'May I not prevail upon you, my dear, to hasten my happiness? Since it is in your power to render me completely blessed, why do you delay it any longer? I long to call thee mine; and hardly know how to wait till the six weeks are expired.' Here I happening to look up, observed the gentlemen we came out in search of; but, as I was not now so impatient to speak with them as I was a minute before, I whispered Valville to be silent; and we both hastily turned down another walk, and ran so fast that we soon got out of sight again, without their observing us. When I had recovered my breath a little—'I do not question,' Sir, returned I, 'but you have guessed at my reason for deferring our marriage: you now know who I am, and are satisfied as to my birth and family, which makes any farther delay needless; but yet I cannot think of it's being near without feeling some kind of uneasiness; my heart flutters with some little painful apprehensions: but, however, I will not let these groundless scruples have any greatest effect upon me; and will therefore

refer it to you to fix on the day of our nuptials.'—'O my dear!' then cried he, clasping me in his arms, 'let it be to-morrow!'—'No, Sir,' returned I, disengaging myself; 'that will be too soon; I cannot resolve upon being so very hasty; besides, we must make some preparations; nor am I yet fixed whether it ought to be celebrated here or at Mrs. Dorfin's.'—'It shall be where you please, my dear,' returned he; 'though, I fancy, the count will not part with us till we are married; we will send for Mrs. Dorfin, and whatever friends you please to invite; and as for our cloaths, I will give orders for them to be made with all possible expedition. You agree to this, my dear, do not you?'—'Yes, Sir,' returned I; 'but, I think, I should rather chuse that our nuptials should be celebrated at Mrs. Dorfin's; I shall be more at my ease there than with the countess: however, I must be ruled by my uncles.'

After some farther conversation on this subject, we agreed to look for our friends, whom we had purposely avoided a little before; and therefore turned back to the walk where we had discovered them: but not seeing them there, we went in, and found them waiting for us in a parlour facing the garden, with the countess dowager, the count, and several persons of quality, some of my father's and mother's friends, who were now come to pay their compliments to me. Amongst these was a lady who, at first sight, caressed me with an air of much friendship; and whose behaviour was too engaging not to prejudice me immediately in her favour. This was a person who had been my mother's bosom friend, and the same lady who had made me a present of the head-dress which had been the means of the discovery of my family. But I shall forbear giving you a portrait of her person, or the qualifications of her mind, since that would be needless, after I have told you it was the Marchioness De R——, with whom you are perfectly acquainted.

Dinner was hardly over, when I was agreeably surprized with the arrival of Mrs. Dorfin and Miss De Fare; who were too eager to share in my happiness to stay till they were sent for. Their company, you may imagine, Madam, was a very high satisfaction to me, as

I wanted such friends of my own sex as I could be perfectly free with, whose advice I might ask on a hundred occasions; for I could not help feeling a little reserve, and being under a kind of restraint, with people whom I had but just come to the knowledge of: but methought I now began to breathe a little more freely; and, really, the sight of them gave a surprizing addition to my happiness. Valville put me in mind to consult with them about my cloaths; I did so: several tradesmen were sent for; and, after a long dissertation upon dress, in which all the ladies bore a part, we at last fixed upon some very fine silks, laces, and cambricks; which were ordered to be made up with all expedition.

The next morning Valville and I went out of mourning for my dear mother; when the count proposed our going to court, which was immediately agreed upon; and, as soon as dinner was over, we dressed as gay as possible to make our appearance there. The countess, who now began to look upon me with a favourable eye, resolved to accompany us; but it was with much difficulty that we prevailed upon Mr. De Rosand to do so. As I entered the palace-gate, I felt an unusual tremor upon my spirits, which I found increase upon me every moment: however, we went on; and the cheerfulness I observed in the countenances of those about me, alleviated a little this disorder. I found the eyes of every one fixed upon Miss De Fare and me as we passed along, in a manner that discovered their admiration; and even heard several whispers from gentlemen who passed by us, which were too agreeable to escape unobserved. But we had no sooner entered the anti-chamber, than I observed a plain elderly gentleman stop the count, and shake him by the hand with a very friendly air: they whispered something together, and then came up to me; when I was surprized to find that this person was the prime-minister, who would have forced me to marry Villot; and who, at last, was so affected with my behaviour, as to declare that he could not help approving of my mother's affection, and my lover's passion. He saluted Valville and me in a frank and obliging manner, congratulated us upon our happiness, and the

discovery we had made; and even offered to introduce us to the royal presence. We thanked him, returned his compliment, and accepted of his obliging proposal; on which we immediately followed him; though I trembled so that I was hardly able to walk. We found his majesty talking to some persons of quality, and so engaged that he did not see us; when the minister and the count went up to him: but they had not left us many minutes, before we observed that, on a sudden, all eyes were fixed upon us; and, methought, their looks seemed to single out me; on which the count came to us, and let us know his majesty desired to speak with us. At this we all moved forward; and Miss De Fare and I threw ourselves at his feet; when, with a gallant air, he offered us his hand to help us up; gave us a salute; and, after some compliments upon our beauty, welcomed us to court; and gave Valville and Mr. De Rosand the honour to kiss his hand.

I had now recovered myself so far as to be able to take notice of the magnificence that every where surrounded us in this palace. Several of the nobility, who seemed to take a pleasure in hearing themselves say what they thought fine things, were continually buzzing in our ears discourses upon the pretended conquest we had made of their hearts; and a thousand little soft, tender, silly things, which were uttered in a manner as gallant and fluent as if they had incessantly repeated the same smart things; as, indeed, it was their custom to do so to every lady of tolerable beauty. We should have been very glad to have dropped this troublesome company; but we found it impossible: for they were resolved, as Miss De Fare and I had never been at court before, to shew us every thing worthy of admiration; though we had no need of their assistance, since my two uncles were as well acquainted with every thing of that nature as they could be.

After we had viewed the curious paintings in the gallery, as well as the most magnificent of the apartments, we agreed, by common consent, to take a turn in the garden; where every thing appeared new to Miss De Fare and me; and I could not, indeed, restrain the admiration that seized me, where every thing

thing I saw was a new subject of wonder and surprize. The grotto; the triumphal arch, so richly adorned with marble statues, that it seemed endued with all the powers of intellect and passion; the cascades, supported by satyrs and cupids; the ships, barges, and yachts, in the canal, and, among the rest, the man of war which, I think they told me, carried fifty guns; were a very agreeable sight to me, who had never seen any thing of this nature before: nor, indeed, was I less delighted with the fountains; particularly that of Neptune and the Sea-nymphs, and those of the Fables of Æsop. Struck with a profusion of delight at the sight of such triumphs of art, I was at a loss at first how to make known my astonishment, and could only express my wonder by my silence: but Valville told me, that even that had a voice which plainly discovered all my sentiments. He had his eyes continually fixed upon me; and seemed more delighted at the dumb satisfaction I discovered than if I had given it words. But, at last, my ideas of all these harmonious dispositions, this scene of wonders, were disconcerted by a sudden gust of wind, which brought such a whirl of dust in our faces as was very troublesome to us. This gave me a disgust against the walks; which were so far from being ornamental, that a little wind rendered them quite incommodious.

But admiration, Madam, is, perhaps, one of those sensations that is of the shortest duration; the most wonderful and astonishing pieces of human art soon grow familiar to us, and even, upon a second view, lose a great part of their striking beauties: thus I have since enjoyed the same objects a hundred times, without the least part of that agreeable astonishment which they at first occasioned.

As we now thought it time to return home to the count's, we took coach; and the gentlemen who had hitherto attended us, left us at liberty more freely to enjoy our own reflections. As soon as we were seated, Mr. De Rosand, Valville, Mrs. Dorfin, and I, who filled that lady's coach, entered into a general conversation on the beauties of the place we had left; when, after we had freely given our opinions of all we had seen, Mr. De Rosand made some excellent reflections on the infinite dif-

proportion there is between the finest and most curious pieces of human art, and the common, unregarded mechanism of nature. This introduced some pleasing observations upon natural philosophy, which the old gentleman managed in such an agreeable manner as to render his discourse equally entertaining and instructive to us all. But I must proceed.

The next morning, soon after I was dressed, I heard somebody rap softly at my chamber-door; and, upon opening it, was surprized to see my dear Valville richly dressed in the cloaths that he had ordered to be made for our wedding. 'I am come, my dear,' said he, as soon as he saw me, 'impatient to let you see that my taylor has been as expeditious as if he too had been spurred on by love; and to let you know that there are several persons below who wait to try on your cloaths.' — 'How!' returned I, secretly pleased; 'have you been able to prevail upon them to do impossibilities? I did not expect that my cloaths would be tried on these two or three days at soonest; it was but the day before yesterday that we employed them.' — 'O my dear,' returned he, 'love and gold can do wonders!' I then went down; and was soon dressed in a manner more gay than I had ever yet been; and, to deal ingenuously, I never in my life appeared more agreeable in my own opinion than I did now. I had often thought that I had conquered every degree of my natural vanity; but I soon found myself entirely mistaken: my heart beat with a quicker motion under these rich brocades than under a plain silk or a sable mourning; and this, I dare say, at once made my eyes sparkle with an additional lustre. But who is she that can pretend perfectly to know herself? We judge of our hearts by our present dispositions; and since these dispositions are almost infinitely various, no wonder that we have not always a command over ourselves. My afflictions, and the many mortifying circumstances I had gone through, joined to the examples of my excellent and dear mother and Mrs. Dorfin, you have, perhaps, imagined, had perfectly killed this folly; and I should have thought so too; but, alas! I found I was a mere woman still, and far from being above the little foibles of my

my sex. A large glass, in which I viewed myself at leisure, from head to foot, conspired against me, and even said as many flattering things as the persons about me; or at least persuaded me that all they uttered was strictly true. The countess now said many obliging things to me; and I was so pleased with the justice that I thought she did my charms, that I began to feel a real friendship for her: for the pleasure, Madam, that attends self-applause, is so very sweet, that, whoever inspires it by teaching us to be pleased with ourselves, gains the readiest access to our hearts, the surest way to our affections. This we find, from daily experience, to be strictly true; for, whether this self-complacency be laudable or not, whatever contributes to it inspires the most flattering and insinuating, though not always the most reasonable, pleasures.

But a mere accident soon checked my folly, and brought me to myself; for, going afterwards into my apartment, in order to look into a portmanteau, which I brought from Paris, for something I wanted, I happened to cast my eyes upon a paper which I had by mistake put into it, which, as soon as I opened, I found to be one of the letters my dear mother had sent to me while I was in the convent. This sight in a moment gave a turn to my passions, and at once melted me into a most tender softness; and, indeed, I now felt a more solid delight in indulging my tears than I had before done in all that folly which had just swelled my little proud heart. The reflection of her humility and condescension made me now blush with shame. 'How ill,' cried I, 'do I imitate her lovely example! and how far fall short of attaining to her virtues!' I amused myself for a long time with these thoughts; and had hardly recovered myself when a servant came to tell me that dinner was on the table: when I went down, and, by degrees, resumed my usual gaiety.

But now the time, from whence I am to date my happiness complete, approached; for not only Valville and Mrs. Dorfin, but my two uncles, Miss De Fare, and the countess, joined, while we were at dinner, to persuade me to give my hand to that dear man the next day; and, as I had no mate-

rial objection, I could no longer refuse it; though I felt, in granting this request, a painful kind of timidity, which struggled with my love, and made me, at the same time, wish and fear the same thing. I longed to call Valville mine, and to reward his tenderness with an unreserved affection: I longed to let him see that my whole study was to render him happy; but yet the step I was going to take never appeared of such importance as it did now. The change in my life that I was suddenly to undergo, appeared the more surprizing the nearer it approached: however, I endeavoured to overcome this thoughtfulness, and to seem as cheerful as ever all the rest of the day; and, while we were at table, the glass went gaily round to our mutual felicity. But at night, I could not close my eyes; I no sooner laid my head on my pillow, than I began to revolve in my mind the various incidents of my life, from the first moment in which reflection began to dawn, and of which memory had retained but faint and obscure traces: at first I considered myself as sporting amidst sylvan scenes, endued with native innocence, and happy amidst my childish amusements and rural pleasures; then, as growing up to riper understanding, and equally improving in wisdom and folly; listening to the instructions of my kind benefactor, and attending to those who flattered my growing vanity. Then again, in that humble state, receiving the caresses of that dear lady Mrs. De Rosand, or walking with her and her brother in her garden, or through the adjacent fields, and hearing their tender admonitions and pious lectures; while my imagination painted the well-known landscapes before my eyes, the happy scenes of innocence and peace: then I surveyed the many calamities, joys, and pains, the strange vicissitudes of misery and felicity that had since been my portion. Here the most sensible grief; there smiling joy; here unutterable anguish and despair; there hope and comfort; here every mortifying circumstance, and there exulting in transports of delight, or calmly blessed in a happy tranquillity. These reflections took me up some hours; when at last, casting a glance forward to the rapturous hopes that lay before me, I cried out, in a low voice—

'O my

‘ O my God! from what miseries,
 ‘ from what scenes of complicated
 ‘ distress, hast thou relieved me! How
 ‘ often have I been sinking into despair!
 ‘ Oh! what gratitude is due to thee!
 ‘ Now am I to spend my life with the
 ‘ dear object of my tenderest affec-
 ‘ tions! May no unforeseen accident
 ‘ blast our felicity! O thou most bene-
 ‘ volent Being! render this union pro-
 ‘ pitious! Bless this dear man! And
 ‘ may we ever be the objects of thy
 ‘ care, thy esteem, and approbation!’

Thus did I employ my thoughts till the morning began to dawn, when a soft slumber stole upon my senses, and hushed them into calm and peaceful dreams, from which I was at last awakened by Mrs. Dorfin; who, wondering that I did not come down to breakfast, came to tell me it was ready, and that they only waited for me. As soon as I heard her rap at my door, and call me by my name, I rubbed my eyes, started out of bed, and let her in; when, after merrily chiding me for my slothfulness, she wished me joy of the happy morning; congratulated me on my approaching felicity; and told me she hoped that, to the last day of my life, I should look back upon this with the most lively pleasure and satisfaction. I thanked her for this compliment; and immediately began to dress me with all expedition, when she told me that the countess’s woman had been several times to listen at my door, in order to dress me; but, hearing no noise, they all began to fear that I was indisposed: and added, that she would ring the bell for her to come now; but I entreated her to forbear, and desired her to stay with me till I was ready to go down, which she readily consented to.

As soon as I was ready, I went down with Mrs. Dorfin into the parlour, when all the company saluted me, and gave me many obliging compliments; and in particular the countess-dowager, my grandmother, who clasped her feeble arms about my neck, called me her dear child, and said such tender things, that the tears started into her eyes: Valville’s countenance at the same time sparkled with joy; every feature in his face expressed his contentment; and when he told me that he thought himself the happiest person upon earth, his full heart seemed to say

so too. But nothing affected me more than Mr. De Rosand’s behaviour; who, having saluted me, and taken hold of my hand, began a compliment too tender for him to utter; the soft swelling of his heart stopped his voice; some affectionate drops rolled down his cheeks; when he turned away his head, and sat down, abashed and unable to proceed.

As I desired that the marriage should be performed as privately as possible, we invited nobody but those friends of our family whom I was already acquainted with: the day, however, was spent with all imaginable mirth and gaiety; but it was a mirth untainted by that obscenity which, upon such occasions, is too often looked upon as the very quintessence of wit; for nothing was said in this polite company which the purest and most perfect modesty might not bear without a blush. Our dinner was very grand, and, indeed, perfectly elegant; and, while we were at table, we were entertained with a fine concert of vocal and instrumental musick, performed by the most skilful masters that could be procured. When this was over, play and dancing were proposed; and we fixed upon the latter: but my thoughts were so taken up with the importance of the engagement into which I was entering, that I hardly knew what I did; they saw my disorder without seeming to do it, and endeavoured only to bring me to myself, by diverting me and fixing my attention upon other objects. Valville frequently took me aside, and endeavoured to raise my spirits, by saying all the tender things that love could dictate. About ten at night, we all went into the count’s chapel, which was finely illuminated with wax-candles; my heart here fluttered afresh; I trembled; and my concern increased to such a degree, that I hardly knew how to behave. The ceremony was at first proposed to be performed by Mr. De Rosand; but, upon his declining it, we unanimously agreed, that, as he had hitherto discharged the duty of a parent, he should stand in that character now, and the count’s chaplain discharge the office of the church. The solemnity of this sacrament filled me with a surprizing kind of awe, (for I was never in my life more pious) and increased my confusion to that degree, that

that I hardly knew how to proceed; but it was no sooner over than I began to recover myself; my heart, in a moment, became less heavy, and I received the caresses of my friends with a pretty good grace: a sudden kind of joy seemed at once to diffuse itself through my soul. 'Valville,' said I to myself, 'is now mine, for ever mine; and I can have no reason to fear being happy, since that depends entirely upon myself, entirely upon a heart so well disposed to render him so. What felicity may I not expect from an unreserved conversation, from the tender endearments, of this dear, amiable man!'

We now received abundance of congratulations and warm wishes for the long continuance of our mutual joys, which lasted till we sat down to supper; where Valville and I were agreeably surprized to hear a very fine epithalamium sung to soft musick, which we afterwards found was wrote upon this occasion by Mrs. Dorfin and Miss De Fare.

After supper, the ball continued till about twelve, when the gentlemen and ladies accompanied us to our apartment; and, after the usual ceremonies, retired.

The next morning we arose to breakfast, and again received the caresses of our friends, who, by a charming vivacity and lively conversation, endeavoured to disperse the natural confusion which I knew not how to disguise: but I was not in a disposition to enter much into the conversation, till Mrs. Dorfin mentioned Miss De Terviere, and desired me to favour the company with her agreeable story, since none but Valville and she were acquainted with it. This I looked upon as a very kind effort to bring me to myself, and therefore readily complied with her request; but first proposed, as it was a very fine day, that we should remove to the summer-house in the midst of the garden, which was surrounded on all sides by a thick grove of trees. 'There,' said I, 'we shall breathe all the fragrance of nature; and if I should be a little flat in the repetition of the history of this charming woman, the pleasure we shall receive from the situation of the place will render my impertinence the more to-

lerable.'—'We shall all chuse to be where it is the most agreeable to you,' Madam, returned the count; 'but the pleasure we shall receive from hearing you will admit of no addition.' Here we all arose, went into the garden, and took our seats in that agreeable little building; when I began this affecting history, to which they all listened with the greatest attention. When I had done, all the company expressed their concern for the poor unfortunate lady; and Mr. De Rosand made the most severe reflections on the conduct of the abbess, who, he said, had behaved with greater inhumanity than any of her relations, since she had rendered her miserable without a possibility of redress. We now agreed to walk on the parterre till dinner; but we had no sooner opened the door than we heard the bells from several neighbouring steeples, which made us all imagine that the marriage was made publick; and, indeed, this was not a groundless supposition, for dinner was no sooner over than the porter's whistle informed us that company was at the gate, which proved to be several persons of quality, who came to congratulate us on this happy occasion: but their conversation was far from being agreeable to me in the present disposition of my mind; however, I was obliged to bear with it.

About a week after this, we resolved to return home to our country-house near Paris; but, as we were preparing for our short journey, a messenger from court came for me, and told us that the queen desired to see me. I was much alarmed at this order; but immediately prepared to wait on her majesty, and went attended by my dear husband and the countess. We were received with much affability and good humour; and, after a little discourse on indifferent subjects, her majesty desired me to wait on her to her closet; where having made me take a seat—'I have heard, Madam,' said she, 'much discourse concerning some remarkable passages in your life, the whole of which, they say, has been very singular; and therefore have the curiosity to desire to hear a particular account of it from your own mouth.'—'I am afraid,' returned I, 'your majesty will find very little

‘ little entertainment from the low scenes in which I have been engaged; but I think myself greatly honoured by your condescending to hear me talk to you of myself; and will therefore immediately obey you.’ Here I related the most remarkable scenes of my life, only disguising a little some part of Mr. De Climal’s behaviour, and forbearing to mention Valville’s infidelity. Her majesty seemed extremely delighted with my narration; and, as soon as I had done, made some very warm encomiums on my virtue: told me that there were few like me at court, and that she would find out some way to let me see that she had a real esteem for me; and then permitting me to kiss her hand, gave me leave to retire. Valville and the countess I found waiting full of expectation for my return; and, after they had enquired what had passed, conducted me back to my uncles.

Were I writing a novel or romance, I should, perhaps, Madam, according to custom, have left off at our marriage, since all the pleasing scenes which arise from tender distress are supposed there to have an end. The professed enemies of that state, indeed, will tell you, that however desirable it may appear at a distance, a husband and wife are the most flat and insipid creatures, when together, of any in the universe; and, in short, that they have nothing to expect but a dull round, a continual repetition, of all that is disagreeable. But, believe me, Madam, this is mere commonplace declamation, and has not one word of truth in it: the happiness of the marriage-state is more uniform, but it is not, on that account, less exquisite. It is not often so full of changes as the single state; but that may be because our felicity rises nearer to perfection: and this may be a good reason why I now pass swiftly over the incidents that have happened between that time and this. But so much for digression; now to return to the thread of my story.

Our departure was now put off for a day or two longer; but as nothing material happened in this interval, I shall pass it over till we came to our villa near Paris, whither we were attended by several of our friends: there we kept open house for several days. The morning after I arrived there, I made some excuse, as soon as we had breakfasted, to retire from the company, that I might

be at leisure to indulge a crowd of reflections which forced themselves upon my mind. ‘ I am now,’ said I, (as soon as I was alone) ‘ happy in the possession of my utmost wishes; but the continuance of these blessings in a great measure depends upon myself: for that sweet harmony of sentiment, that union of soul, and all those dear tender sensations, which unite me to my husband, must ever render us worthy of each other: but will no gloom ever overspread our minds; no clouds obscure our joys? Ah! what must I do to preserve his affection, and keep alive that tender friendship which is the foundation of all my future hopes? Beauty is but a slender tie, and can charm only for a moment; what then must be done? He must ever think me his friend; and that I am most sincerely. Friendship is the most lasting bond; and surely it is the only one that can render our union indissoluble.’ While I was thus employed in endeavouring to fix upon some principles that might enable me to behave in such a manner as to render myself ever agreeable, Mrs. Dorfin came to me, and desired that I would freely tell her what employed my thoughts. I did so without scruple; when, taking a chair, and seating herself by me—‘ My dear,’ cried she, smiling, ‘ this concern is both the highest instance of your affection and prudence; for nothing can now be more worthy of your thoughts, or of greater consequence to yourself and family. As all your happiness depends on the tenderness of your husband, to preserve that is a care worthy of your highest ambition; for this you should still dress, and make yourself appear as lovely as possible, that he may still admire you, and others approve his choice. Some of our ladies are no sooner married, than they lay aside all attempts to please at home: if they dress, it is not for their husbands; as if they would appear to all besides gay and lovely, to him alone disagreeable. They behave as if they thought their point was gained, and all attempts to appear in a graceful light to him were now unnecessary. This shocks his natural delicacy: and it is no wonder that she, who once appeared almost divinely charming to the admiring lover, sinks in his esteem when she thus degrades herself;

‘ herself; for the transition is too great to fall at once from angel to a flat-tern. In the marriage-state there are a thousand nameless decencies to be observed; these will even render your wit more pleasing, give a grace to your ordinary behaviour, and make the most trivial actions appear lovely. —You will, my dear,’ added she, ‘ forgive my saying so much on this subject, since it is a fault that we are apt to overlook in ourselves, though it be of the greatest importance; and since so very few take care to observe this undescribable elegance of behaviour.

‘ But this, my dear,’ continued she, ‘ is not all: as he has justly a very high opinion of your wit and fine sense, you should take great care to preserve that too; you must read, in order to retain a fund of pleasing and judicious ideas. This will make him ever consider you as a dear and valuable companion; he will then hear your voice with transport; and always find a new delight in your company. You will then have none of those heavy stupid hours, in which life flags and seems at a stand; for while you do not want subjects to enliven every moment, you can never experience that lethargy of being, which arises from the dull conversation of two persons whose minds are exhausted, and who are obliged to be either silent or impertinent, for want of new ideas to entertain each other. O how happy will Valville find himself, when he sees you always capable of filling up the serious, as well as the gay and sprightly hours of life! What an inexhaustible pleasure must he find in the conversation of a wife whose charms are ever new; whose wit is ever sparkling; whose delicacy and tenderness appear in her whole behaviour; and whose mind and person are both employed to preserve his love and esteem! He will feel a happiness unknown to friendship itself; a happiness that will exist even beyond the charms of youth and beauty. The joys you thus inspire will reflect back upon yourself with a double brightness. Thus, my dear, the good sense of each, with complaisance and tenderness, will render you mutually charming, mutually blessed.’

Here Mrs. Dorfin ended; when I thanked her for her advice, and told her

that I resolved to follow it in every particular. And then we agreed to rejoin the company.

As we now became settled in our family, we chose Mr. De Rosand our chaplain, which was an office that he accepted of with the utmost pleasure. But as Mr. De Valville thought it would be ungenerous to lay a gentleman under any restraint, to whom I was under such infinite obligations, he chose, instead of a salary, which might be taken away at pleasure, and implied a kind of dependence, to settle upon him a pretty estate, which would have maintained him in a very genteel manner had he been entirely at his own expence.

We now went frequently to court, it being removed to Paris; and, about three months after our marriage, Valville was made Count De G——; which was an honour conferred upon him through the interest of the queen and the prime-minister; for her majesty had conceived a singular affection for me from the time that I was first introduced into her presence; and the minister had a very great esteem for us both. But this honour could make no addition to our happiness; which, before this, arose to as great a height as possible, and was now settled into that calm and peaceful tranquillity which is the summit of all human felicity. Innocence, truth, a mutual forbearance, and a reciprocal desire to please, made our time pass on with an unruffled serenity. We have had no separate desires, no contending interests. Our friends were such as reason approved; persons of a fine taste, an excellent understanding, and perfect enemies to slander and defamation; the blackest, but yet the most fashionable of all vices. My dear husband’s humanity, affability, and tender sense of the sufferings of his fellow creatures, fills us with that joy and inward delight, which naturally accompanies the exercise of those humane and generous dispositions, when exerted upon proper objects. What greater happiness is human nature capable of? What more exalted pleasures can fill the mind of man?

When we had been married about a year, I was brought-to-bed of a fine boy; a happy pledge of our mutual love. Now new sensations arose in my mind, new pleasures and new pains; for the wider

wider the mind is expanded, the greater is our capacity for affliction and distress. I have, since this, had three girls and a boy: but though I have been so happy as to bury none of them, yet there are a thousand little tender cares and fears as well as pleasures, which a parent feels, that are unknown to all the world besides.

All our little offspring have the same place in our hearts: our earnest endeavours are to inspire them with an early love of virtue; to represent it to them in it's own amiable and attractive light;

to give them, betimes, every wise and noble sentiment; and to direct their un-experienced minds to a generous love of their country.

Thus, Madam, I have finished the task you enjoined me, with all the freedom of a sincere friend. I have laid open my heart before you; and discovered all it's foibles and imperfections, without the least fear of injuring myself in your esteem. I am now heartily weary; and shall therefore without ceremony conclude, and lay aside my pen.

F I N I S.



